

THE
TROGLODYTES



SUMMER CAMP
1919.

Vol. I

No. 1.



W. H. ...
1915



35 THE CAMP

W. H. ...

C O N T E N T S

	Page
The Camp, ...	Frontispiece
Editorial, ...	3
The Spelers Camp.	3.
The Varsity War-cry,	5.
Things we want to know,	5.
The Coat of Arms,	6.
The Mendip Dog	7.
Camping at Burrington,	10.
Cave formation and denudation,	11.
Reminiscences of Goatchurch	12.
Scalpings, ...	19.
Courts martial,...	20
Extracts from Camp Orders,	22.
Correspondence,	24.
Enquiry Bureau,	24.
Children's Corner.	25.
Review	28.

EDITORIAL

One night towards the end of the Speleological Society's Summer Camp; we were sitting round the fire when someone jocularly suggested a Camp Magazine. Many a true word is spoken in jest, and we place before you the outcome of the jest - the result of our labours and the badgering of other members for contributions. It is so easy to promise, so hard to fulfil.

This first issue of "The Troglodytes" has no connection with the officially published proceedings of the University of Bristol Speleological Society, but is a chronicle produced as a memento of the Society's Summer Camp.

Although some of the articles are mainly concerned with the camp there is much of general interest in many of the other items which should appeal to anyone interested in Speleology.

We feel certain that this general interest will insure the large circulation, upon which the life of this Magazine depends.

THE EDITORS:

The Troglodytes.

THE SPELERS SUMMER CAMP

It goes without saying that this camp was a tremendous success from start to finish, for all the campers combined to make it so. There were quite a number of factors which contributed to the making of the success.

What more could be desired than a site half a mile from the highest point of the Mendip ridge, so sheltered on three sides by high hedges as to be almost invisible from without, and with the remains of Mendip Lodge Wood behind.

Among other factors might be mentioned the clear ice-cool spring water for all purposes; bracing air blowing straight from the Channel, and bringing with it the smell of the sea: we had only six hours rain and that on August 4th.

Above all we were away from civilisation and the conventionalities of everyday life. Away care-free on the health-giving hills, away from strikes and rumours of strikes, but yet not so far that those who hankered after the hustle and bustle of towns could not reach them within an hour and a half.

Our appetites were amply satisfied by the excellent catering of Mr. J. A. Davies, who was entirely responsible for all messing arrangements. To him, for his entirely successful efforts we campers pass a unanimous vote of thanks.

The camp sing-songs were one of the best features of the camp. Our repertoire was extensive but even from that miscellaneous collection of songs

and nonsense several distinct favourites could be chosen. Of these perhaps the most popular was that pathetic and plaintive ballad beginning: "The Only Song That I Do Know". It is needless to say that these sing-songs were greatly appreciated by the villagers and anyone else within earshot. Distance evidently lends enchantment; witness the words of an old dame returning from market, "They do sing lovely at night, my son George, he says, 'Here, mother, you've got an ear for music, do come out and listen to 'em'!"

One thing more we owe to the camp sing-song, and that is the revival of the Varsity War-cry till now almost buried in oblivion.

We had quite a number of visitors, among them being the Misses Wills, and their friends, and Mr. Miles Burkitt, who came to see us on many occasions. He expressed his great appreciation of the work we had done, were doing, and intended to do. We in our turn heartily thank him for all the information and useful hints which he gave us in his own delightful manner. We all hope sincerely that we shall both see and hear more of him. Mr. L. Barrow and his son from Birmingham were two more welcome visitors and we were sorry they could only stay so short a time.

Besides our daily work in the caves of Burrington Coombe, two trips to other caves of interest were arranged, The first one to the caves at Milton near Weston, and the second to the two caves at Banwell.

To all who love photography or sketching there were numberless varied scenes suitable within close range of the Camp.

Thanks to the practical kindness of our Hon. President, Geo. A. Wills Esq., the site for our camp cost us nothing.

5.

Finally, we come to the proposals which were formulated from time to time. First: That the camp shall be an annual one and last for three weeks. Campers may come at any time, for any period, provided that the Camp Secretary is informed at least fourteen days in advance. Second: That the kind offer of the same site for next year be accepted. Third: That this Camp Magazine be published annually.

E. Z. TRATMAN,
Camp Secretary.

THE WAR-CRY

Bristolia! Bristolia!
Heya Bena! Heya Bena!
Nahwal Eda, Nahwal Eda;
Nahmil Balad, Nahmil Balad.
Nahno Regal, Nahno Regal;
Heya Bena! Heya Bena!! Heya Bena!!!
BRISTOLIA! BRISTOLIA!
HURRAH!!!

(Potassium Chlorate and sugar is the orthodox illuminant to accompany the above ... Ed.)

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

The name of the device for grinding steam into its elements, and who bought it?

- Did "Leo" find the passage difficult after a week's hard striving?
- The North country town that entered so largely into camp calculations?
- How a certain gentleman enjoyed a dance?
- Who decided to go straight on and then changed his mind?
- Who smoked "Woodbines"?
- What are vocal fireworks?
- What the defending counsel said when he knew he was briefed?
- Who can supply reliable information on the habits and idiosyncrasies of the insect known as the night-jar or lesser Mendip cricket?
- Do any of our readers know of a cheap effectual remedy for adder-bites?
- Whether 'prevention is better than cure' is the motto of the careful bed-beater?
- Was Mr. Pinkelstein a pawn-broker?
- Do the natives of Burrington give members of a certain learned society credit for a fair proportion of sanity?
- Why do mad-men always make good music?
- If distance lends enchantment whether "Mother" was a judge of real music, and whether her forte is either Gilbert and Sullivan, Bach, or Fieldings Annual?
- Who formed the bottom of the grease trap on Sunday night?
- Who played tanks?
- If the single spoked wheel has been patented yet?
- What is flue brush action?
- Who had corn for lunch and why?
- Who is the "Human pull-through"?

THE COAT OF ARMS

"Argent on a Cross quadrant, Gules a representation of the Summer Domicile of a Speleologist, between, in pale, a Spider blind and rampant, and a Skull and bones proper crossed with Adder entwining, and in fesse to the dexter an Ichthyosaurus blotto, and to the sinister a Mastodon squiffo both of the third".

THE MENDIP DOG

"..... and he was acquitted on the plea of self-defence and commended for a great display of self-restraint".

"Do tell us the whole story", said the Quartermaster.

"Yes, we know he was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter, but how did it all arise?" said the Camp Adjutant.

Thus it came about that late one summer night as we were seated round the camp fire we heard this story of "The Mendip Dog".

"You must know that it was the accused's first time on a Speleological Expedition: he arrived late for he had come by train: the others had gone up the Coombe before him and he had no idea where Goatchurch Cavern was; any more than the Man in the Moon. However boldly tackling the station master he enquired the way to Goatchurch. "You cross the field over the way, pass the Church and walk up the Coombe, take the first bend to the right and there you are. It's a fairly dangerous place you know. Mr. Box, over yonder, lost his dog down there a year or so ago."

"Really! How interesting. I'll take care not to lose myself however. Many thanks, Good morning."

The Church was easily reached, but an intelligent locking inhabitant - there are some in Burrington - was able to direct him to the Coombe more exactly.

"Zo yew be agoaing down Goatchurch be yew? 'Tiz a terrible plaze, yew know. Zam, our vather's man, 'e 'ad 'is dawg vur nigh lost thur, e' did. 'Ur went in a small 'ole after thic thur bushes and 'ur came out again, 'ur did, up again they rocks, zum 'undered yards

above. Ah, 'twere a near thing vor 'un, 'twere .
 Good luck to 'e zur. Thank yew, zur."

So far so good. He safely arrived at the entrance to the Coombe and seeing a cottage near by, thought a further enquiry might prevent his going astray higher up the Coombe. "Would you kindly tell me if I am on the right road for Goatchurch Cavern, please?"

"Oh! yes, kip straight hon hup this 'ere Coombe and taake the virst durning to the riight. If ye vind our dawg in thur at all, d'ee mind letting of uz knaw, cause my 'uzband, 'e lost poor Vido thur not zix months back? They du zay as 'ow 'e 'ave cum hout again three weeks later zome tew miles up the Coombe, but we never cud vind 'un. Good morning to you, zur."

Someone evidently must have lost a dog or something, for there is generally some foundation in rumours, but "I DO wish they wouldn't keep on about it all the time. However I shall no doubt know, when I overtake the others". Such thoughts passed through his mind as he wended his way up the Coombe.

"This is a grand place, Guv'nor!" said a passing quarryman. "Wonderful place in fact. They say the whole Mendip Hills are full of holes and caverns; and it's true, too! Here, do you know, 'tis a fact that the dog of the post master, in some small town on the other side of the hills, went in at Wookey Hole and was missing for three whole months. Then, one day, he came out at Goatchurch Cavern, up the Coombe there. You should have seen him when he came out. He was that thin you could see right through between his ribs, and he had no hair on his body at all."

"Did you see him come out yourself?"

"Well, no, but my pal Jim, he knows the farmer whose man Sam saw the dog coming out by those rocks there. He has the dog to this day, and I'm sure its true, for you can see the dog yourself as well and as fat as ever he was."

That just about finished it. With all his patience gone he fled up the road leaving the quarryman wondering at his sudden lack of interest.

With thoughts full of what might happen to him in this awful underworld where you have to sit and starve in order to get out again he rushed up the Ccombe, charged into a man who was coming up out of a cave by the roadside, and pulled up suddenly and breathlessly on top of him.

Bubbling a mixture of apologies and incoherent phrases about men, hair, dogs and caves, he picked himself up and assisted the other man to his feet. With a bland smile the stranger said, "Ah, I know what you are trying to tell me, its about a dog. Yes, I know the story, they say he went in at Whitcombe's Hole and after three years came up at Cheddar with no skin or -----CRASH!!

The stranger sank to the ground with a gurgle as of water running into a swallet, and the party at Coatchurch saw a man with staring eyes, brandishing a huge stick, come tearing up the Ccombe, chattering like a madman about dogs and caves and hair.

He recovered shortly afterwards and at the subsequent trial he was acquitted on the plea of self defence and even commended for his great display of self-restraint

That's the true account of the tragedy which all arose from that everlasting story of the Mendip Dog. C.R.S.

CAMPING AT BURRINGTON

So all day long the sighs of men who strained
 To shift their heavy loads up gradients steep,
 Resounded up the rough and stony path,
 Till all at last had laid their burden down.
 Their final burden of that sweating day,
 And on the greensward laid them all around.
 Then came the noise of masticating jaws,
 Of tea that swiftly poured through oral ways,
 Of cries for bread, for pozzie, or for beurre,
 Until at last there came contented sighs,
 Of lately famished men now satisfied.

Again the noise of labour did arise
 And strange commands came forth from many mouths,
 Which, mingling with the powerful mallet strokes,
 Awoke the echoes of denuded woods:
 And as I looked there rose before my eyes
 Three stately canopies of stained white, .
 All noise among these three did soon abate
 While from afar came echo'ng joyful sounds
 With noise of water splashing in some pool.

The sun in crimson clouds has sunk to rest;
 The gentle sighing of the evening breeze
 Is lost amid the sounds of joyous song
 Which, from a 'rough and ready choir' arise
 Where stretched around the fire the campers lie.

The golden sun gleams in an eastern sky
 While from a tent there sounds a tuneless voice
 Which tells us of the fate which did befall
 A horse, a cow, a donkey which is dead,
 For this was our reveille whilst at camp.
 Now heard you E'er the like of this before.

The scent of burning wood pervades the air.
The sound of kettles singing on the fire
Steals on our ears, and joins with nature's hymn.
And now the cooks are clattering with the gear
And lo, there in the doorways of our tents
They stand, and for us each they bring a mug
Fill'd to the brim with "char" that's boiling hot.

The hills they have been bathed in dew o'er night
And everything awakes in joyous mood
As from our tents we turn our morning steps
Towards the clear cold waters of a stream,
That ripples in the open fresh and pure,
And there we bathe beneath the rising sun.
Thus after peaceful sleep begins again
Another glorious day of life at camp.

P.I.F.L.

CAVE FORMATION & DENUDATION.

The Mendips contain numerous examples of cave formation in all its stages. First are the joints in the rocks which are being gradually widened by the chemical and mechanical action of water charged with carbon dioxide and grit. Next we find places where the joints have been so widened as to form passages which turn and twist sharply at all angles following the general lie of the rocks.

Then there is the stage in which the admission of some considerable stream has rounded off the sharp angular twists and turns, and in removing local weaknesses has caused large chambers to be formed. Owing to the streams being diverted down more suitable passages subsequently many caves are now dry, but plainly indicate their method of formation.

Wockey Hole still shows how it is done. A stream starting on the hill at Priddy finds its way through passages formed in the manner described and finally discharges itself in a considerable cavern from which it issues at the foot of the hill in a deep ravine. Without doubt the final cavern is being gradually enlarged and ordinary weathering outside removes the surface rock. In this way the roof of the cave disappears and a little more is added to the ravine. Probably the whole ravine was so formed. It is believed that Cheddar Gorge was excavated by such a process. The stream inside makes and enlarges caverns, and the weather is constantly removing the surface. When the two meet, as it were, the cave is gone and only a gully or ravine remains. The modifying agencies in such a case are numerous. Passages and caverns may become choked by cave earth and boulders. The roof may be supported by stalactite and stalagmite pillars, or the stream may become diverted thus stopping internal excavation. All this however serves to illustrate how susceptible to denudation limestone hills are. If the work ceases in one place it is starting in another.

PILOT JACK.

REMINISCENCES OF GOATCHURCH.

Have I ever been to Goatchurch? I should say so! But will you catch me there again in a hurry? Will you, steam! You see, as an Arts student, I naturally looked upon the Speleological Society with great suspicion, especially as it was being run by Science and Medicals. Why they of all people should boss the Society always was beyond me. I don't suppose any one of them even knew what the word speleology meant; they had to go and look

it up in a dictionary, or else come sniffing around me and the other Hons Classics.

Of course you might have guessed that it was Perkins who led me to my downfall, with his infernal photos and sketch maps. I suppose everybody knows Perkins, but in case there does exist an unfortunate student, probably a plumber or hospital medical, who has never met Perkins, let me say that Perkins is high priest of the Speleological Society, the incarnation of Piltown Persons, if you like: in fact I have even heard Burrington Coombe described as a piece of land surrounding Perkins.

He cornered me in the common room, up against the notice board. He produced photos of stalactites of all kinds: coloured ones, musical ones, some going straight down from the ceiling, some that started off straight enough, but changing their mind, thought better of it and grew up again. He paralysed me with talk about curtains tufa-erratics and ended up with a neat little sketch of a pithecanthropus erectus. That did for me: I told him that as an Arts student I thought cave hunting was a little above me. He admitted that it was rather a pity I haunted the Baptist College but that after all the essential things in cave exploring were to wear big boots, smoke Woodbines and say: "Tut-tut", whenever ones head came in contact with the roof.

Upon that I agreed to turn up on the next outing.

We met outside the University at 9.a.m. just as dawn was breaking. They started off by making me strap a pick to my bicycle and then wanted me to carry an entrenching tool and a box of dynamite. I struck at that however, pointing out that I was already laden with overalls, candles, matches, lunch, Woodbines and other bare necessities of life. Perkins said that it

was nothing to what he was carrying. I looked at his cycle and believed him.

We at last pushed off and reached Burrington somewhere about 11 a.m. We really could have got there before, but members of the party kept getting lost or else they dropped behind to see a dog about a man. We were safe enough at Burrington, however, because the brewers have forgotten that village in their missionary efforts. We are hoping that this unfortunate state of things will be remedied under the present reconstruction scheme.

After a ten minutes walk up the Coombe we halted in front of an iron gateway - about four by two - leading into the bowels of the earth. We now proceeded to take off our civilised garments and don our overalls. When I came out in my gear I was at first unable to recognise the other members of the party. I discovered Perkins behind a rock looking like a fairy queen in pyjamas. Our noble secretary appeared in the role of the Maid of the Mountains in a bathing cap. Fellows that had never before worn hats now appeared in vile looking blinders. Chaps that were usually so particular about the crease in their trousers were now scraping the candle grease off their overalls with jack-knives.

At last we were all ready. We made one final count of our money before making a pile of our clothes: lit candles, formed a queue and entered the pit door. As my hands were comparatively free, having only lunch, two candles and a coil of rope, I helped Perkins down with his camera stand, chloroform bottle and tuning fork. In return he promised to show me where there were some disabled insects, deaf or paralysed or something. He also asked me to keep an eye open for bats, as he wanted to take a photo of one of them defending its young.

Up to now we had been holding on to some iron railings, these suddenly came to an end, so I got ready for the return journey. I was soon informed, however, that we had not come to the real cave yet, and that the candle grease was dropping down his neck if I didn't mind. I was inclined to stop and argue it out, but a dig in the back with a crowbar and a coil of rope about my right ear persuaded me to shut up and carry on.

We now commenced a perilous and vertical descent. I commenced by seating myself on the seat of my new 14/11 overalls, and letting myself slip. I did the first lap with only the loss of two knuckles, a square foot of overall and Perkins' camera stand. I, however, seriously imperilled my soul when my head came into contact with a beautiful sample of calcite formation. My fellow speleologist, who was in front of me and managed to scramble about like a chamois, at the same time blazing a pair of pince-nez and an evil smelling pipe, had evidently been out to Salaplonk, judging by his frequent references to Allah.

In this way we went along for miles and miles. At one time we were letting ourselves slide down vertical descents, and at another climbing to dizzying heights. We crawled gingerly over rocks that rocked and crags that were cracked and finally we arrived at what looked like a water shoot only frozen. I sat myself down on it, trusted to Providence, shut my eyes and let myself go. My past life flashed before me as my new overalls were left behind me hitched on a stalagmite, and finally with a great crash, I landed in the second Boulder chamber on my own accord.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900



To everyone's satisfaction, including my own, a halt was called for lunch. Parcels were produced containing cakes harder than the limestone, pig-ear sandwiches, and other delicacies. Bottles were rummaged out of haversacks and contained a liquid that looked like water but smelt like Old Tom. Our secretarial physicist "Phyzzed" about with a theodolite, while the medicals fizzed out of a Thermos. One ardent medical went off to look for a "stream of Bass" that he had read of in Coatchurch. Perkins thought that he would go too as he would be likely to find a blind spider or two near such a spot.

Woodbines and other Turkish cigarettes were now produced, and the company even went as far as to burst into song. How strange, I mused, to think of the silence of this mighty underworld, that had known no intrusion for countless ages, now awakened by the haunting strains of those sweet melodies: "When this wicked war is over", and "The Old Dun Cow".

The best of things must end and we were ordered to push on to that mysterious place The Tunnel. What the Tunnel was I had no idea, in fact I even asked my Mohammedan friend with the glasses and pipe, but he merely told me that I would soon jolly well know.

And I did. Imagine yourself placed before the upper end of a bucket and told to crawl through for a space of 40 feet. Why, the idea would put the wind up a cobra or a human pull-through, let alone a law-abiding Arts man. But I had to do it very gently; my haversack was taken off me and tied to my ankles. I laid myself down on my stomach with my arms in front of me as if I were diving. At that moment I remembered I had forgotten to take my gold repeater out of my waistcoat pocket, but it was too late now. In a moment the only parts of my anatomy that I could move without coming into contact with the walls, roof

or floors were my eyelids and my toes. By combining these movements, very slowly I pushed myself on a length of five or six centimetres. I don't know how many centimetres there are in forty feet but I know it took me twenty minutes to get out of that drain pipe.

I then found myself along with fourteen others in a kind of box room. The air was thick with the combined smell of sardines and Wills' cigarettes. One sniff of the atmosphere was sufficient, as the poet puts it, A snuff's as good as a feast. I turned and once more entered the tunnel.

Back again through that elongated sewer; I thought it would never end. Sweat streamed from every pore. I felt like a bookworm boring its way through a Liddel and Scott or a lump of nicotine in the stem of a clay pipe. There was a nasty little kink, too, in the middle that nearly broke my back. It was just at that point that my candle went out. Then my foot started itching. Next I wedged my elbow between the wall and my side. I thought I should go mad. I made a superhuman effort & broke my braces. One other such effort and I was free.

For ten minutes I lay on my back and gasped. By that time the other members had emerged and we all started back.

Of my return journey I remember nothing. My mind has simply a confused memory of perilous climbs, of dizzy heights, blistered hands, skinless knuckles, cut heads and bruised shins. It was all just like a lobster supper nightmare.

After what seemed like a century we at last came across the daylight shining like a pin point in the distance. At that blessed sight I pulled up my socks and made a dash for the little iron gate. Soon I was

lying on my back among the bracken, with Perkins beside me enquiring for his camera stand.

He took our photos, standing up, sitting down, with caps on and with caps off, with shovels in our hands and with beer bottles too. He then crossed over to the other side of the Coombe and took a photo of us from the distance. Returning he told us of the spoils of his insect hunt. He had actually found THE blind spider. He knew it was blind because it had carried a label saying so.

At this point we discovered that one of our party, Little Tich, was missing, there was instantaneous wind-up as they all feared that he had been carried off by a bat or something, but at last he reappeared from behind a fern.

We then made our way back to the village and sat down to a little quiet tea which lasted an hour and a half. It was estimated that over three tons of eatables and five gallons of tea were consumed, Perkins being responsible for the disappearance of most of the drinks.

We then started back to Bristol only stopping to make the same enquiries at the same places about the dog.

I was in bed all the following day and only with a great effort did I manage to arrive in time for Monday morning's lecture.

What then do I think of Speleology? Well, it's very nice to read about in books; and it's very gratifying to see photos of yourself in overalls, leaning on a pick and drinking cold tea out of a can. But as a regular Saturday afternoon pastime, a hobby mind you, I think it's the rottenest idea in all the civilised earth - and Burrington

S C A L P I N G S

Since you wonder, since you ask me,
Whence those tall yarns and wild ravings
Of a tribe of mighty warriors
Mighty with the pick and shovel,
I will answer, I will tell you,
From the Upperland at Black Down
From the moss and bracken bushes
Where the slow worms sneak and wriggle
Making out that they are adders,
Here there dwelt a tribe of Speleos,
Speleos whose fame was far spread
Even unto Blagdon city.
Chief above them all was "Goodscheme",
Famous for his snorting warhorse,
And his wondrous box of gadgets,
"Pemmican" the stolid hunter
Thinking all the while of bully,
Mustard, margarine, molasses,
Swallowed by the greedy --
Many were the sturdy warriors,
"Longdog" strong to smite with hammer
In the rifts and rocky places.
"Bullrush" wielder of strange weapons,
Calabashes full of liquid,
Thrown at those who had offended,
In the dead of night by firelight.
Many more were there and mighty
"Go-straight-on", and many others,
Making often much big medicine,
With the sticks that go off bang-pop
Blowing everything asunder,
Working with their wondrous wimwams,
Wimwams used for grinding steam up,
Grinding steam as squaws grind barley,
Making charms with magic boxes,
Hunting for the bones and relics,

Bones and relics of their fathers,
 In the ancient caves of Dipmen.
 After they had eaten mealies,
 Yellow tack, by cooks made sloppy,
 Lumps of buffalo with berries
 From the hill whence run the Twin streams
 Long they smoked and long they pow-wowed
 Smoked the pipe of peace and comfort,
 Singing of the deeds of heroes,
 Ballads handed through the ages,
 Of "Two Crows", "Yipidee" and "Rish-rash",
 Long into the early morning.

A STOUT WONK.

COURTS MARTIAL.

Rules of Procedure, Speleologists, for the use of.
 Types A. and B.

A. Serious.

- (1) Decide that it would be a good scheme to court martial "him".
- (2) Decide what offences he has committed.
- (3) Discuss the charges in "stage whispers" in the open.
- (4) Choose a ghastly punishment.
- (5) Convene court, electing Judges, with special grudge, one: Prosecution, Counsels for, amiable, one: Defence, Counsel for, Unwilling One: Constable, muscular, One: Jury, complete, hostile, One.
- (6) Build Dock with fire to windward that the prisoner may be duly caused to shed tears.
- (7) Escort prisoner to dock.
- (8) Refrain from all mirth.
- (9) Judge to talk hot air.
- (10) Counsel for the prosecution.
- (11) Silence prisoners retort by a blow on the head with a portion of the dock.

21.

12. Counsel for the defence (personalities allowed).
13. Prisoner's statement, not to exceed an hour and a half.
14. Judge to sum up on conclusion of party remarks. Jury to retire to confirm verdict previously decided upon, i.e. guilty on major counts not guilty on minor counts.
15. Judge to pronounce sentence from beneath prisoners camera cloth.
16. The Court to be dismissed.

B. FARCICAL.

Persons, four, have committed offences. Two ring-leaders to be tried.

- (1 to 4) See above.
- (5) Convene the Court, not to exceed four in number.
- (6) Elect constable (must be an offender).
- (7) Prisoners to become refractory and take up pieces of dock.
- (8) Call remaining offender to assistance of constable.
- (9) Realise with terror that four offenders are side by side and armed.
- (10) Counsel for the prosecution hastily to arm himself with bucket of water.
- (11) Prisoners to throw dock at bucket.
- (12) Prosecution to throw water at prisoners, drop bucket and disappear at the double "through gap in hedge".
- (13) Constable to assault Judge: Court to break up in confusion.
- (14) Counsel for prosecution to mimic glow worm in bracken by means of cigarette.
- (15) All exit at the double "through gap in hedge" and indulge in "A GENERAL ROUGH HOUSE"; counsel for prosecution to keep warm at bottom of pile.
- (16) First aid to the injured.

O.C.

Bristol Excavatory Force.

EXTRACTS FROM CAMP ORDERS.

Aug. 1st. Information.

Members are hereby notified that "Lec" has forced the passage.

Aug. 2nd. Discipline.

Members must either be clean shaven or wear moustaches. On no account must moustaches be grown during camp.

Aug. 3rd. Sick Parade.

The sick will parade for Beechams Pills and F.B. Action at 09.30, outside Leicester Lounge. F.G.Jenkins will superintend the issue of Pills.

Aug. 4th. Parades.

L.S.Palmer, R.Read will parade in Colston Avenue at 09.45. Dress Caving order with two ropes. After inspection by the Adjutant the party will proceed in charge of L.S.Palmer to the bottom of the West Twin Stream Valley. Head of the column to pass the entrance to the Flies Delight at 09.55.

A.G.Edwards, R.H.Coysh. Parade in Marching order in Colston Avenue. The Party will march off at 10.00 and proceed in charge of R. E. Coysh to Burrington, where hats and collars will be drawn, and then proceed to Bristol stopping only ONCE at the Darlington Arms.

Strength.

Table H₆ D₁₅ (G₁₀ S₅) 2 having arrived is taken on the strength for rations and discipline. On no account must feet be placed upon the table during meal-times.

Information.

Copies of the charges and proceedings of the trial by Court Martial held on August 3rd can be had by applying to the Clerk to the Court.

August 5th.

1. (a) In future when a GENERAL ROUGH HOUSE ordered all members must participate from date of commencement.

(b) Members wearing pince-nez or other form of glasses will be given 25 seconds to remove or empty same.

(c) At the same time all pipes and cigarettes will be smartly extinguished with a sharp downward movement of the right hand.

2. In future when a member is being tried by court-martial on charges named

(a) He will behave in an orderly manner.

(b) He will not pick up pieces of the dock in an attempt to intimidate the Counsel for the prosecution.

(c) The constable will keep the prisoner or prisoners under proper control and will not join with him or them in disorderly conduct calculated to be to the prejudice of the good order and civil discipline of the camp.

(d) If the prisoner or prisoners throws or throw pieces of the dock at the Counsel for the prosecution, the said counsel is free to retaliate by throwing water over the prisoner or

or prisoners. The Counsel for the prosecution should then retire rapidly into the bracken.

August 6th. Parades.

Night singing will take place on the Seventh inst. in Burrington, Rendezvous, the Square, Burrington at 23.45.

Dress: Singing order.

August 7th. Information.

- (1) In forming a chain the distance to be covered should be divided into equal sections; the number of sections to vary inversely as the number of men available.
- (2) When the order to handle an article "carefully" is given at the head of the chain it must be passed on to the end and must be obeyed as laid down in Camp Regulations.

CAMP ADJUTANT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENQUIRY BUREAU

If in doubt about anything consult our Enquiry Bureau enclosing Enquiry Fee of £32. 6. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$.
Freshers specially invited.

25.
CHILDRENS' CORNER

My dear Chicks,

While all your fathers, uncles and big brothers are busily investigating swallets I thought that I might spend a few hours of my valuable time for your amusement. I therefore spoke to your kind Editors who have very generously given us some space in their book.

The wet weather we have had recently reminds me of a story I heard. Once upon a time there was a little dog who was always obedient. One day however in July when every dog has his day, he fell from the path of virtue into Wookey Hole! (Did I tell you this dog lived at Wells?)

When he reached the bottom of the vertical drop he found he could not return and like a sensible dog he really was he exclaimed "We will go straight on". Days lengthened into weeks and weeks into fortnights whilst he described a straight line except for an occasional vibratory movement whenever he fell out to kill or eat a blind spider or drink of a subterranean pool. (I am sure all you chicks know what subterranean means)

At last after many weary months he arrived at daylight again, but not before he had become so thin that he rattled as he walked, in fact he was even like unto a second year medical student, the noise being magnified in that still and impressive atmosphere to a sound like a thousand thunderstorms or Bristol during Convocation Day. He crawled feebly into the glare of the midday sun, but found the light too strong. His situation was truly awful. He had

not the strength to return to Wookey Hole where the light is not so strong as at Burrington - this explains why the people of Burrington are more enlightened than those of Wookey - so he therefore lay alongside a boulder and waited for sunset; but his luck was out as you will soon see.

A cave millipede was living above the boulder and while emerging from his house he slipped with several scores of his feet and fell on to the boulder, which was balanced on one corner. The boulder merely vibrated at first, but alas, it was in a state of unstable equilibrium! It toppled over and fell right on poor old Towser, which was the name of the dog. He collapsed inwards without a sign, and settled down to wait for the dog's resurrection.

Now this is what happened several years after:- Some Spelers were carefully demolishing a wall which had been constructed for the safety of the public when they found the bones of old Towser. These they articulated with great glee and conveyed to their camp where some were allotted to the Jazz Band, some more to the specimen box, and the remainder to the stock pot.

Thus ended poor old Towser, but it is said that his restless spirit still roams the underground byeways of Mendip causing much inconvenience to the fauna of that region.

The Moral, dear Chicks, is quite plain. Always be sweet and obedient, and so whenever Mother or Nursie chides you for eating jam with a knife or putting your elbows on the table, remember the sad fate of poor Towser.

I have thought out a nice letter competition for you. You will see it below. I will give two prizes of 3/6d to the boy and girl who send in the best and neatest results. The results should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope together with the competitors name, age, sex, religion, number of back teeth. (This must be certified correct by a registered dentist. Eds.) and forwarded to Auntie Annie, c/o the Editors, the Troglodytes.

Well, children, goodbye for the present: I hope to continue our chat in the next issue.

From your loving

AUNTIE ANNIE

THE COMPETITION

Fill in the blanks correctly.

A famous entomologist ---k ---s.

A scene of many hard won victories G---c---h.

A word much used in Speleology - a m - .

R E V I E W *

(By the author of Ninepence for --)

It is with great pleasure we have received a magazine which we believe has been seen before in the University. We think that it might be the result of enzyme action.

The Nonesuch is the chronicle of the University of Bristol, and it will quite fill its purpose if it is of use to the future historians in their search for knowledge of the state of decay following the Great War. This we consider it has done.

We sympathise energetically with the Editors who evidently agree with Sir J. Hamilton that "Inertia has conquered".

The routine of the University seems very inviting although one sees no notices of the Bath Chair Club. Further the hypochondriacal tendencies of a few of the contributors may be regretted by an outsider, but they are really praiseworthy efforts to secure the spirit of the place, and very good efforts they are too.

One has vivid visions of wild, wild men and women busily tearing their hair whilst declaiming to the world their mental maladies with

2
29.

fitting references to the cold tomb and the accompanying worms.

The best articles of wider interest are to be found on pages 315, 317, 328-329, 330. Lines 18 and 19 on page 353 are of great interest but the old joke near the bottom of page 350 seems rather unnecessary.

Of closer interest is the account of the Guild Reception by A. M. R. who certainly possesses tenacious creative and romantic talents. Very interesting is the account of the formation of the Speleological Society and the exquisite pun reduced us to a colloidal state. Mr. Jenkins I am sure now possesses a sore back; unfortunately he was quite innocent of the charge.

The magazine contains no photographic illustrations but our tame herald has placed the front cover in his album.

It remains only for us to extend a hearty welcome to the 26th number of the Nonesuch and to wish every success to the Spring term of the University.

(* c.f. Page 349. The Nonesuch. No. 36. E1s.)



