

— The —
Troglodytes



Summer Camp
1920.

Vol. 1.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

Once more we place this magazine of the Speleological Society's camps before our readers, trusting that they will extend their hearty reception of last year to this our second issue, which, though dealing mainly with the camps, will be the chronicle for the other activities of the Society which are outside the range of the official Proceedings.

As some misunderstanding has arisen in one or two cases, we wish to point out again that this magazine has no connection with the Proceedings of the University of Bristol Speleological Society, which are published annually in March.

Apparently the regulation re the registered dentist has prevented the number of entries for competition of last year being as great as was expected. The two prizes of 2/6 each have not yet been claimed.

THE EDITORS

The Troglodytes.

THE CAMPS.

The suggestion of last summer's camp that it should be held annually has been more than fulfilled for three separate camps have been held since then.

Of these the first was held just after Christmas for the purpose of re-erecting on the Mendips the hut. Eight members were present and thanks to the hard work of all the job was completed in one day. A visit to the Keltic Cavern to ascertain if the water from the West swallet passed through the cave, completed the camp.

An Easter camp of ten days was held from April 3rd to 12th; the average number present was nine. The weather could only be described as very wet, yet in spite of this the programme made out by the committee was kept.

The new entrance to the Keltic Cavern was not quite completed as it turned out to be a more difficult task than had been anticipated. Well over thirty tons of earth and boulders were removed during the ten days camp. On April 7th we spent a very enjoyable day with Mr Balch at Wookey Hole, from whence the whole party returned by train as far as Banwell, where those going back to camp took an affectionate and hearty farewell of those proceeding to Bristol. On the 10th we were unable to show Mr Balch over the Keltic Cavern, as owing to the wet the entrance was not sufficiently safe to risk a descent.

The cycle tour to Hutton and Loxton caves was carried out under fair weather conditions. The entrance to the Hutton cave was found to be filled in. The Loxton cave was explored thoroughly and provided some interesting crawls and an example of a chimney still open to the surface. Some holes in a quarry were investigated; one member was discovered by the owner with his head down a hole and was accused of poaching rabbits. The short conversation which ensued left the farmer

uttering that he would not stand their d---d
 in ideas.

While the party was collecting outside Brown's
 cafe for tea their garb created quite a sensation. It
 is only fair to state that certain of the 'promenaders'
 caused us considerable amusement by the great weight
 of sweater and paint about them.

The usual evening sing-songs round the fire had
 to be abandoned owing to the wet and pontoon in the
 hut was instituted instead.

Programme EASTER CAMP.

April 2nd Arrival at camp.

April 4th Sunday.

April 5th Preliminary excavation for new entrance
 to Keltic Cavern.

April 6th Continuation of excavation.

April 7th Excursion to Wokkey by invitation of
 Mr Balch.

April 8th Continuation of excavation.

April 9th Visitors day to Keltic Cavern.

April 10th Cycle tour to Hutton and Loxton caves.

April 11th Sunday.

April 12th Return to Bristol.

The summer camp after August 2nd was fine. An
 advance party went down on July 28th and all preparations
 were completed by noon of July 30th. A much felt want
 was catered for by the construction of an oven. The
 addition of the chimney to the fire will, we fear,
 excuse the descent to the Traverse in Goutchurch to
 be more difficult.

A visit was paid to Eastwater Swallet by
 invitation of Mr Balch. The inside of the swallet
 proved to be as wet as the outside. We were lucky in

having a dry moonlit ride home with a ~~good supper~~ awaiting us at the ~~end after our~~ twelve hours spell underground.

On Monday August 9th Mr Balch, together with his brother and nephew, paid us a visit and were shewn over the Keltic Cavern which they much appreciated. Mr Balch expressed himself pleased with our methods of working the three caves on which we are at present engaged.

On the Tuesday we spent a very enjoyable and instructive hour with Mr Balch in his museum at Wells, afterwards proceeding to Ebbor Gorge where we were shown the work being done by him and his colleagues. From Ebbor we went to Wookey Hole and paid a visit to the Hyena Den and Badger Hole. The ride back to Barrington through Cheddar and Shipham was the finishing touch to a perfect day.

During the whole period of camp there were enough members present, an average of 14, to form two working parties per day, so that work was carried on steadily at all three caves, each cave being given two days out of three. It says much for the energy and enthusiasm of members that over 35 tons of material were removed and sorted from Rowbarrow Cavern alone. Any further records of the work accomplished are to be found in the Log Books which are kept in the Society's Club room.

Several new favourites turned up at the sing-songs. Of these the two greatest favourites were the Lullaby, as sung by B r i c, and the song of the 'old man and the Ford'!

It is impossible to close this account without mentioning the hearty vote of thanks, which was carried unanimously, to our O.M. Mr H. B. Peet for his entirely successful efforts.

Programme SUMMER CAMP.

July 31st. Arrival at camp.

August 1st. Sunday

- August 2nd. Visit to Eastwater Swallet by invitation of Mr Balch.
- " 3rd. Work at Rowberrow and Keltic Caverns.
- " 4th. Work at Rowberrow Cavern and The Cave.
- " 5th. Work at Rowberrow and Keltic Caverns.
- " 6th. Work at The Cave and Keltic Cavern.
- " 7th. Work at Keltic and Rowberrow Caverns.
- " 8th. Sunday.
- " 9th. Visitors day to Keltic Cavern and work at The Cave.
- " 10th. Visit to Ebbor, Hyena Den and Mr Balch's museum at Wells.
- " 11th. Work at Keltic and Rowberrow Caverns.
- " 12th. Work at The Cave and Rowberrow Cavern.
- " 13th. Work at The Cave and Rowberrow Cavern.
- " 14th. Return to Bristol.

E. K. Tratman
Camp Secretary.

THE COAT of ARMS.
(Reprinted).

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 a Ichthyosaurus blotto, and to the sinister a Mastodon squiffe both of the third.

It has been beautifully said by myself and others that the development of man from birth onwards follows closely the rise of man on his way from the fungus shore to his present elevated position. I'm sure the new Shakespeare (sorry, must decline, I'm too busy) will be very glad to get these few hints from me when he appears. The new Shakespeare will look at life in a vaster present day manner; that is only natural and no blame to the old'un. Poor chap, what did he know about Anthropology or Einstein? The Stone Ages were not invented in his time. Why when he was alive we have, on no less an authority than Lord Macaulay, the rugged miners pouring to war from the sunless caves of Mendip. Fancy miners in Goatchurch! they were rugged too; just think no char-a-bance, no beer mugs, no Bass bottles, no Silurian caps, no anything. Probably the poor fellows had no trade unions and when they wanted a holiday had to ask for it. But I digress. Excuse it. The emotion aroused by the contemplation of these poor miners' state is enough to freeze the hair off the back of a brass monkey.

I mentioned the new Shakespeare. Let us think of the new "As you like it". The new melancholy Jacques is holding forth in the forest of Arden or its modern equivalent, say St John's Wood, or Clifton Wood, or Leigh Woods, or even the Downs. After all people do talk on the Downs.

Well the new $\frac{1}{2}$ melancholy Jacques lets rip. Listen and wonder! Omitting all the protoplasm, the protozoa, the metazoa and the Regents Park concern -----

We have first the infant human race, that is the human race in its infancy. Mowling means they rode on mules: none but a very low sort of race would choose that method of locomotion anyway.

The muse of course was dear old Mother Nature, sweet old thing. As a mother she is rather out of date now, poor soul, since some of us found out all about her, but still she served her purpose, bless her. I don't quite know about puking. Its not a very nice word; rather unworthy of the --er ---swan;; I expect it means that they drank their beer through their whiskers. Manners must evolve like everything else. Besides thick whiskers would make a most excellent filter in a rough and ready time when whole hops were liable to get into the beer.

In the second scene the poor fellows were learning to talk. For people in that stage it must have been uphill work, though why is not very clear to me. (The medicals or dentals will make it quite clear to you one way or the other ,if you give them half a chance).

They carried bags in which they kept flints which, schoolboy like, they used for everything; also sandwiches of the Rhinoceros Merckii, the red painted elephant and the boss eyed Ibez.

An interesting feature of these people was their shiny face. This was produced by frequent accidents while walking on the glaciers. The continual friction between the face and ice would melt the ice and polish the face thus producing a warmer climate and rubbing the chin down and pushing the forehead back. These features are all found in the people of this age according to myself and other push authors. Nature here kills two birds with one stone: she ameliorates the climate and rubs some of the fundamental roughness off the people of the age with one effort. The people were rather slow: short legs would account for this and hence the name of the Molluscan period. (Does he mean Mousterian? Eds).

The third stage is highly characteristic. Hitherto the human race has done very well without women; but Adam, I believe, lived at this time and

caused alot of bother. The ~~trumpeting~~ of the last age ~~had been replaced by an energetic sighing~~ due to dyspepia and inherent gentleness. I don't know whether they sang but they excelled in other forms of art/ such as drawing, painting and sculpture. In the last form of art they run Epstein quite close.

They were fond of drawing cattlye. Now these cattle are meant to represent something else. A hint is found in the modern miner's sylvan term endearing his wife. " You old cow" he says. I have said enough: again during this age personal adornment was first in vogue with necklaces of pigs' teeth and red ochre. Just the sort of thing for a low down people with no sense of humour to do.

The fourth stage is the most interesting. We are in the fourth stage right at the end of it. Experienced veterans we are. Just think of it. Why we know all about everything when we want to. Of course Shakespeare's men , though living in the same period , were not quite so clever as we are. They used muzzle loaders and high saddles and did not wear pyjamas. That was not their fault. They used horrible language . Nobody swears at all since the Bamberger case. True the moustache does not always resemble the whiskers of a leopard; my own beautiful growth through the influence of naval forbears follows, in its active moments, the sea-lion and the gold leaf electroscope.

Our regard for personal honour is unlimited. Only the other day, on reminding him, a dear friend paid me the 2/6 I won off him at the Oaks of 1919. He walked off his last debt discharged, head in the air and ready to face the world again.

Think of the ~~reckless~~ bravery of this age. Right ~~all do I remember that terrible night at Le Havre.~~
 But I must not boast. Think of the many thousands who daily cross the Tramways Centre at their peril.

I suppose the next age will arrive when the Yanks have grown sufficiently pot-bellied. They will judge everything with aplomb. However it will take them a few thousand years to fill the aforesaid P Bs half full of wise saws leaving the rest of the space for Maryland spring chickens and grape nuts. The last two scenes would naturally follow this advent.

I have only given the barest outlines for the new Shakespeare to work on; I will tell him more if he applies with credentials. He really should be able to work up a most interesting and instructive little speech.

CASUAL INFORMATION for SPELEOLOGISTS

Speleologists dig for sarimps, nice diamonds and gold; the last named being the commonest.

Goatchurch Cavern goes to Cheddar. The Mendip dog went in at Goatchurch and came out at Wookey Hole with no hair on. Therefore Cheddar is connected with Glastonoury Lake Village.

The cliff above Aveline's Hole is the Rock of Ages. The cave goes down 190 feet below the road and a dog----
 (We know the rest thanks Eas).

"Some MAN has been doing a BIT of digging and found an old Keltic Cavern; lots of fossils; awfully interesting. (He must have been SOME MAN to shift those rocks by himself). Eas.

THE LATEST INVENTIONS.

It was during the summer camp of 1919 that the great idea was first conceived. At first it was not taken seriously, but the suggestions made by Sir Oliver Lodge about atomic energy quickened the Speleological 'Thought-monger'. What was, a short twelve months ago, the dream of a poet has now materialised. The modern Eureka has been constructed; and it works! The Wim-wam for grinding steam up into its elements has at last been evolved. On the first trial one unbiassed and eminent authority calculated its output as being nearly two tons of elementary matter, plus almost infinite atomic energy measured in B.T.Us and reduced to N.T.P. whatever that means.

The Speleological Wim-wam is a triumph of common sense reasoning although it was thought out in the rain and at a time when two members were having a breathing exercise competition. There can be no doubt that fitted with domes of silence or a gyroscopic attachment the Wim-wam would do anything you wanted it to or didn't for that matter. At any rate it successfully cooked all the meals for fourteen people for fourteen days and that is saying a lot.

All good camps have proper bathing places within easy reach and of course ours being a good camp it behoved us to make a bath. A suitable stream being discovered all that remained was to build a dam across its bed and hey presto you bathed. Yes all you had to do was to build the dam; but when it comes to taking it in turns to lean against the dam to preserve its integrity! ----- well you ask the camp adjutant??!!! .

1111

This newly invented type of dam holder might have been alright in theory but it was hopeless in practice and hence resort was made to the old fashioned method of placing piles to take the pressure.

All new communal baths have to have an opening ceremony, and so ours had one. We had no prosy speech making, no golden key but something far more practical. In the presence of a distinguished assembly a member just down from Oxford jumped in with all his clothes on, the remainder having satisfied themselves that he was decidedly wet, the baths were declared open.

On returning to camp late one afternoon I was surprised to see nearly all our members lying prostrate in various attitudes. On closer examination I was startled to find that they were in a condition of torpor or semi-coma. I was naturally anxious to know the cause and as the cook was wearing a look of malignant triumph I tackled him.

He volunteered the information that each had had the V.C. I was unable to see how that could cause a condition of torpor. Had it been an O.B.E. I should, of course, at once have understood. The culinary expert saw my puzzled sad look and proceeded to explain that V.C was an invention of his, "Vulcanised Cornflower" in fact. By a secret process known only to himself (for which Allah be praised), a simple blancmange shape can be converted into a substance with the consistency and durability of best vulcanised rubber. The only known solvent for this wonderful material is hot strong tea.

Its effect on the human system has been described above: its value as a rubber substitute must be beyond computation: but in achieving the cook's desire, namely to lay out the whole crowd, it has not a parallel in all my experience.

PILOT JACK.

AN IMPRESSION of EASTWATER.
August Bank Holiday 1920.

The way was long; the air was cold.
The guide was prudent wise and bold.
The lamp, alas, refused to work
So naught but candles lit the mark.
But ere that damp intrepid band
Had gained a spot where one might stand
Their leader halted, foiled 'twould seem
And sent a message "Dam the stream"
Through rocky passages it passed
And, echoing, reached the end at last
So there, without, in pouring rain
To move that flood they tried in vain.
But soon their labours they forsook,
They could but damn, not dam that brook.

Then through the waterfall they leapt
The stormiest night, and near the crept
A lady, but their skill despite.
The wetted matches WOULD NOT light

The boulder chamber saw a meal
Gladly consumed, and when the pool
Of each banana was concealed
Once more the party took the field
Straight down the canyon's rift they went

And oft they bowed and bent they bent
The minstrels now had ceased to shout
When lying flat their breath gave out.
And ever back the count was passed
"Ten bags, four ropes, spikos, ladder--last
Man chuck them up, and do it fast.

The tiny tanks were left behind
 While on/ the party pressed, to find
 A ywaning chasm, black and deep,
 Down which the boldest dared not leap,
 But forth into the depths below
 A rope the leader wise did throw;
 And swinging like a spider small
 Each passed right down the ebon wall.
 Far off the candles' gleam was seen
 As faint as glow worms might have been.

A second void was next descried
 And all in vain those foremost tried
 To get the ladder firmly tied,
 Yet finally with many a spin
 The last adventure did begin.
 But when the bottom was attained
 Oh, great Jehovah, how it rained!
 The waterfall shut out the way
 And either one might down there stay
 Or else come back a drie day.

The homeward way was cold and long
 And e'en the sternest felt less strong,
 Though some still cheery chirped a song
 "Hop, sister Mary, hop along".

So one by one they reached the light
 To find the day had turned to night
 While in the sky the moon shone bright.

MATRONA..

A QUIET DAY at BARRINGTON.

There was no doubt it I was decidedly run down; neurasthenia" I think they call it. And there was no denying that it was all due to my exhaustive studies. My hands trembled, my knees shook: I used to break out into a cold and clammy sweat ---- sorry perspiration. Every time I heard a knock at the door I thought trouble was coming. I even saw double at times! and yet people tell you that arts students do not work

At last I could stand it no longer and I sreaked down the stairs and into the medical library, siezed upon the largest and most formidable looking tome and proceeded to look my complaint. Before I had done an hours reading I came to the conclusion that I was suffering from every disease known to the profession from Swine Fever to Weavers something or other. At first I was strongly convinced that I had a severe attack of diabetes complicated with rickets and may be a slight touch of pyosalpinx. Eventually I gave it up. I closed the volume with a sigh, and took a long last lingering look around the library, fully convinced that I should never be spared to see those dear old shelves again.

As I left the building I ran into a couple of Medicals, and into their sympathetic ears I poured out my catalogue of symptoms. I am afraid I derived but little satisfaction from their advice. One suggested that I should "take more soda with it", while the other said he could put me on to a very good surgeon whose technique was excellent (mortality being only 85 %) although the fees were rather tall. With a mournful shake of my head I left them and proceeded to crawl home.

Suddenly a brain wave struck me! To-day was Saturday. Monday was Whit-Monday; the weather gave promise of being glorious and there was an expedition to the caves at Barrington. What more did I want? nothing: not even jam on it. To Barrington would I go

and after a pleasant stroll over the bracken clad hill tops up among the pines, far, far away from the sordid city and all its grime; --- then would I fling myself down on some grassy sward and rest. Perhaps I would even take a stroll into one of those caves perpetually talked about and after a little ramble through its calcite caverns I would emerge again into the glorious sunlight. Then with renewed vigour would I make my way to some kindly old farmhouse where my hunch of bread, my chunk of cheese and my dish of buttermilk were awaiting me. Such were the pleasant thoughts that flitted through my mind.

Whit-Monday dawned--- so my landlady told me --- with every promise of a beautiful day. I leisurely dressed myself in my new sports coat and flannel trousers which had, fortunately, arrived the Saturday before. I confess that I felt quite proud of myself after I had stuck a ^{taken} purple silk handkerchief in my breast pocket and a farewell look in the mirror. With a last admiring glance at the crease of my trousers I went down to breakfast.

The Burrington express was due to start at 9.30 am, but it was nearer ten when the train lumbered out of Temple Meads. The first hour was endurable but the second seemed to pall, and when twelve thirty came and still no Burrington I began to go all of a Tis-was as the ladies say. My tremors started; I had a violent desire to shriek aloud; I saw coloured lights and would have given untold wealth to have smacked the bald head of the apoplectic-looking old buffer who was sitting opposite me. The craving grew worse and worse: at last I could stand it no longer and I rose to my feet, spat on my hands ----- when the train suddenly stopped with such a jerk as to throw me into the old party's lap. With a mumbled apology I rose to my feet and made myself scarce via the carriage door.

A friendly porter, (without the permission of his union I'm afraid), kindly directed me to the Coombe, but I found I had to ask about twenty more people before I discovered the way to Mendip Lodge Wood. Up past the women students' Agapemone I climbed. The path grew steeper and steeper. I felt like the young man in Excelsior. Then there was a stretch of flatness, and all of a sudden there burst upon my view the pleasing vision of a tent and hut arrangement.

A few yards off a young man was kneeling down and putting sticks on a camp fire. Raising my my thirty five shilling velour with my customary politeness. "Could you direct me to the Celtic Cavern?" I asked. The young man looked at me sourly "Keep straight on" he growled "and buck up, you'll be just in time". He did not mention what

I should be in time for but I hurried on in the direction he had pointed out and sure enough 5 minutes brought me to a kind of cliff near which was a stream. Immediately at the foot of the cliff was a gang of tough looking quarrymen hard at work. Without paying much attention to them I continued my way when suddenly a rucus shout struck my ears.

"Hi! Spud-face! what the blazes are you doing down here". Now "spud-face" -- I am grieved to state -- is a term that has been occasionally applied to myself and something in the familiarity of the expression made me turn round. Imagine my surprise to see the Hon. Secretary of the Speleological Society leaning on a pick and waving to me. I went up to him and as I drew nearer I recognised the other "quarrymen".

There was one well known science man standing stripped almost as far as possible and round him were gathered other familiar countenances, now begrimed with clay: and even, I was startled to see, a couple of young ladies in rather unacademic costumes.

After a few preliminary greetings I enquired the way to the Keltic Cavern. "This IS it" the Hon. Secretary informed me, pointing to an orifice in the rock, which would perhaps admit a ferret at a squeeze. "We shall be able to go down as soon as we have shifted this bit of rock" said he laying an affectionate hand on a boulder the size of the Botanical greenhouse. "Hang on to this rope and help pull". I ventured then to point out that although I was extremely willing to lend a helping hand, I was at that moment wearing a bran new pair of flannel trousers and sports coat and moreover that I was at Burrington trying to avoid a severe attack of neurasthenia.

"Damn your ruby trousers and you know what to do with your neurasthenia", I was told. Somewhat shocked I looked to see if the young ladies had heard. They evidently had because one was saying "Hear, hear!" and I could almost swear that the other one said "For the love of Mike get a move on". at the same time comparing me to a "spare part".

Very much against my will I took up the rope and the others did likewise. At a given signal we all pulled vigorously. For a moment nothing happened and then slowly the rock began to budge. At last after colossal efforts we succeeded in rolling the boulder out of the way. At that identical moment I lost my foothold and landed with much gusto in the stream.

When I had gathered myself up I was told that the Keltic Cavern was now open for inspection but that the gang had to descend in twos for fear of brain-ing each other by kicking stones down on the heads of the people below. In my capacity as visitor I was granted the honour of of being among the first pair, although it was a favour I would willingly have swapped for a pair of overalls.

Already my new bags were assuming a shape that would have made Mr Skewes of Park Street shrink with horror.

We started off and I entered the bowels of the earth at a run. Cautiously we let ourselves down dislodging stones at every movement. My companion would insist on dropping hot candle grease down my neck but I had my own back when I accidentally stepped in his face. The next hours work I must pass over hurriedly as I have absolutely no clear remembrance of what happened. I have a vague memory of dizzy descents, perilous adventures with tottering boulders, visions of perspiring cave men with their shirts hanging out and hot candle grease everywhere. Clearest of all there stands out in my mind the apparition of a pair of a 30/- pair of flannel trousers torn and completely plastered with mud.

I was dragged out of the cave by my coat collar and deposited in the sunlight with in a comatose condition. For about an hour I lay there helpless blinking at the sun. My speleological companions had gone off for their tea and left me to my fate. At last I struggled to my feet and staggered back past Mendip Lodge Wood, past the camp fires of the quarrymen and past the women's students' Agemone. I made my way to the village but alas not a blooming pub for miles! Standing in the market square I called down curses on the head of Pussyfoot and all his works, and having somewhat relieved my feelings I made my way to the station. The next train back to Bristol was not due for another hour and forty minutes so I had plenty of time for silent meditation.

I arrived back at my "Digs" at about 9.30 pm. That was a month ago. This morning the doctor told me I might perhaps get up for a little and if all was- went well I might be allowed out next

month for a short motor drive. But it will not be to Burrington you can bet your boots on that.

B. B.A.

THINGS WE WANT to KNOW.

- Who found the gear wheel of Beadicoa's two speed chariot and who bought it?
 Was the bee absorbed in the small intesyine of the cow?
 Who has an alarum watch ?
 Has the Piaola been patented yet ?
 What small(?!?) boy (?!?! ?) was found in a hole and why did he say "Rabbits be damned" ?
 Who is a bye-product of indigestion ?
 Who and why was Heroward the Wake and what did he play on the piaola ?
 Which of the Deans is an authority on cooking spuds on a camp fire ?
 Why did the maidens(?) stand and laugh at swallet H ?
 Who is Mr Pawlmer ?
 Is Ec-lixirum Tremens is a connoisseur in hats ?
 Who was annoyed when it was found out ?
 Whether The Rev. De L--- OVL---y really enjoyed his climb out of the Keltic Cavern ?
 What was the battle of The Cross and what were the casualties ? (One Will's Goldflake cigarette)Eds.
 Why did knights errant ?
 What was the origin of the proverb "Two things cannot be in the same place at the same time unless in a manger ?
 What was the new answer to the old rider "What made Crook('s) peak" ?
 Who was responsible for the muddle over Gunfire and Char one morning ?

FROM THE VOYAGE of PYTHEAS
Surnamed The Liar.

Now in the land of the Mendipii I saw a great marvel; for the land being mountainous many of the streams sink through the hollows of the rocks and issue forth again at a distance, so that if a man wash himself at the top of the hill those living many stades away do, as they told me, taste soap in the water which they drink; but this story I do not believe, for the natives of the plains drink only a drink which they make from rotten apples, and call *Idros*; for they hold that water being descended from heaven is sacred, and therefore use it for ceremonial purifications only on every seventh day after sunset. But those who dwell in the hills are of another race, for they are *Troglodytes*, and their habits are different from ours; for they spend all the day in dark caverns and only at nightfall emerge.

And arriving in the even at their city, which is but a collection of huts and tents made of alinen cloth, I was hospitably entertained; for when darkness came on they who were appointed for the purpose kindled a great fire so that I feared that they intended to sacrifice me to their Gods; but instead they cooked huge masses of ox flesh and whole coneyes and a root which they dig out of the ground and in their language call a *Spud*; and when each had eaten as much as three men would eat in a day among us, they called for more, and the serving men having made incantation over a sort of oven, which they called a *Wim-Wam* or some such barbaric name drew from it flat cakes of flour with fruit spread upon it. And when they had eaten these they brought logs and tree trunks and kindled a fire as high as a mountain, and sitting round it began to sing.

Now their songs are not like ours intended for the solace of the soul by their soft and melting harmonies, but are sung to terrify all who hear them by their barbaric discords, like the war songs of the Sythians. And when they had sung enough they rose and stood in a circle and their high priest, whose name was Leon, exhorted them to sing once more in praise of their Gods. And of the nature of these Gods I could learn nothing, but the song was like the songs or hymns of other nations of this country.

And having fallen asleep I was roused by a noise louder than thunder resembling a mighty sneezing as of a giant or one of the Cyclopes that inhabit Etna, and of this they could tell me nothing but that it was heard every night and was thought to be the sneezing of some earth born demon.

And ere we went to the tents the priest exhorted me to beware of the Chattoi; these are a kind of flying insect and resemble our gnats, but about the size of a partridge. This I did not at first believe, but on waking the next morning my skin was inflamed and covered with bumps about the size of an egg, which they said were caused by the biting of the Chattoi. This you may believe if you will.

At sunrise, having sung a dirge, they descended through a hole in the rock, and lowered themselves by a rope into a deep cave, sought in the mud for broken stones and pots and other worthless things. They make no use of these but carry them with great care to the light and wash them and set them in boxes in a kind of temple, as sacred offerings, I suppose, to their Gods.

In these caves too are blind spiders, which they seek diligently and regard with veneration.

Some of them also are said to worship toads, like certain of the people near Syene; but whether or not they received this custom from the Egyptians I could not ascertain. So much of the habits of the Troglodytes.

DECANUS.

ENQUIRY BUREAU.
Answers to correspondents.

Anxious. No, evening dress is not 'dowrigueur' at Sing-Songs.

Traffic. We are sorry we cannot inform you when the widening of the tunnel will be begun. It will certainly not be carried out under the present government.

Enquirer. Crepe de Chine is only worn down Zed Alley if you are desirous of leading in the bare skin fashion on emergence.

Coffin. Coffin Lane is not included in the reconstruction scheme. The traffic returns for last August were four persons.

THE CRIME.
A true tale of camp.

The old man in the Moon was rubbing the sleep out of his eyes on the edge of the world when the last strains of the Unnatural Anthem died away with extray-ordinary harmonies. Then the horny handed toilers completed their vesper rituals by a salutation to the four corners of the earth in tones which suggested the misuse of cayenne popper as snuff, and staggered wearily to their beds. Ever again the

tuneful numbers of their lullabies were interrupted by the cries of some poor victim, who, helpless before superior numbers, piteously demanded aid from faithless allies. Thus the nightly drama of music and drama tragedy was acted, and soon the silence of the hills wrapped the camp in its eternal folds. The weary spoilers slept.

So still it was that the uncanny call of the Wee-Joe in the trees by the Wim-Wam seemed an

outrage on the sacred quiet; and the rustle of the dying camp fire a blasphemy. So at least thought the lean grey man who crept furtively along the wall behind the camp with murder in his heart. The Wee-Joe seemed to know of his presence; it was like an invisible eye that read his inmost thoughts, a witness of the fearful deed he was to do: of the crime he had planned day after day as he lay brooding on the hills, scowling down on the hated camp.

Again the Wee-Joe called, and an OO-Jah took up the cry; the last embers of the fire glowed and broke into a fitful glare. With a snarl he crouched lower by the old grey wall, where a tree trunk made a corner of impenetrable gloom. It was not for himself he feared; coward he was (also how could he have planned such a deed against men peacefully sleeping?) but his malignant purpose drove him on, and he dreaded discovery only because it would mean failure.

At last the camp fire flickered out, the Wee-Joe flew away. With a cry of triumphant malice the lean grey man drew from his sack a round, dark, deadly looking object the size of a man's head, and flung it full on the roof of the hut!

When the cruelly awakened sleepers rushed forth and found the stone hurled by impious hands on the sacred roof, the villain was already far up the hillside in the dewy bracken.

JACK UNDONE.

THE CHATS.

In sad memory of August 1920.
Tune Old Hundred.

There were two chats buzzed round a tree;
They were as hungry as could be;
Said the first chat unto his brother
"I've had one meal and I want another",
Said the other chat "A man I spy,
Who in yon tent asleep doth lie;
We'll crawl up high above his knee
And suck his femoral arteree.
And when of him we've drunk full doep
We'll bite his comrades in their sleep
But if they scratch away we'll fly
And call our brothers to suck them dry."

J. F. D.

GENERAL NOTES.

Last winter's programme was ushered in by the Guild Reception. By the kind permission of the Committee a whole room was placed at the disposal of our Society and a very interesting display was arranged.

The winter lectures were well attended and proved of great value. During the Christmas vacation a party went down to Burrington to erect a hut on the hillside. This hut was a very welcome gift from our President. A very successful camp was held at Easter, the hut proving a valuable camp centre.

Many members found this hut useful for extended weekend working parties and it was again in demand when the main annual camp was held in August.

Last May the society was asked invited to make a display on Founders Day and materially helped to make the reception a success.

A room in the O. E. C. wing by the Rifle Range has been turned into a comfortable club room and museum through the combined hard work and goodwill of several of our active members.

It is gratifying to note that all our active members have been successful in their examinations.

H. C. G.

CHILDRENS CORNER

Dear Chicks,

Some of you sent me such nice letters while you were at your annual camp; I enjoyed reading them so much. Little Peto, for one, assured me that he knew I had a kind face although he had never seen a photograph of me. It was awfully of two of my little nephews to get a hot meal ready for you when you returned from that nasty cold cave. You must have been surprised especially as you understood from the cooks that you were only going to have custard and jelly.

I could not understand what you all meant by the WIM-WAM. Really my dears it is terribly provoking to have such well nurtured children using slang like Air force pilots.

You may be quite sure that I am glad that none of you hung about L---f---d post office this year. Was this due to having more work to do?

55.

You must bear in mind that playing Peeping Tom with a V.P.K. is not done in the best society. I did not appreciate some of the views at first but on second thoughts I think they might form a suitable set of prizes for our annual competition.

COMPETITION:--

He is tall, he is dark.
He is all out for a lark.
He loves gadgets and schemes.
He'll work till he streams.
He knows heaps about caves
And wireless and waves.
He likes bridge and pontoon
From ~~midnight~~ ^{midnight} till noon.
Who is he?

Answers should be addressed to

Aunty Annie

C/O the Editors

The Troglodytes

Name, age next birthday, and full particulars about your Sunday school teachers false teeth should be enclosed.

Yours affectionately

Aunty Annie.

