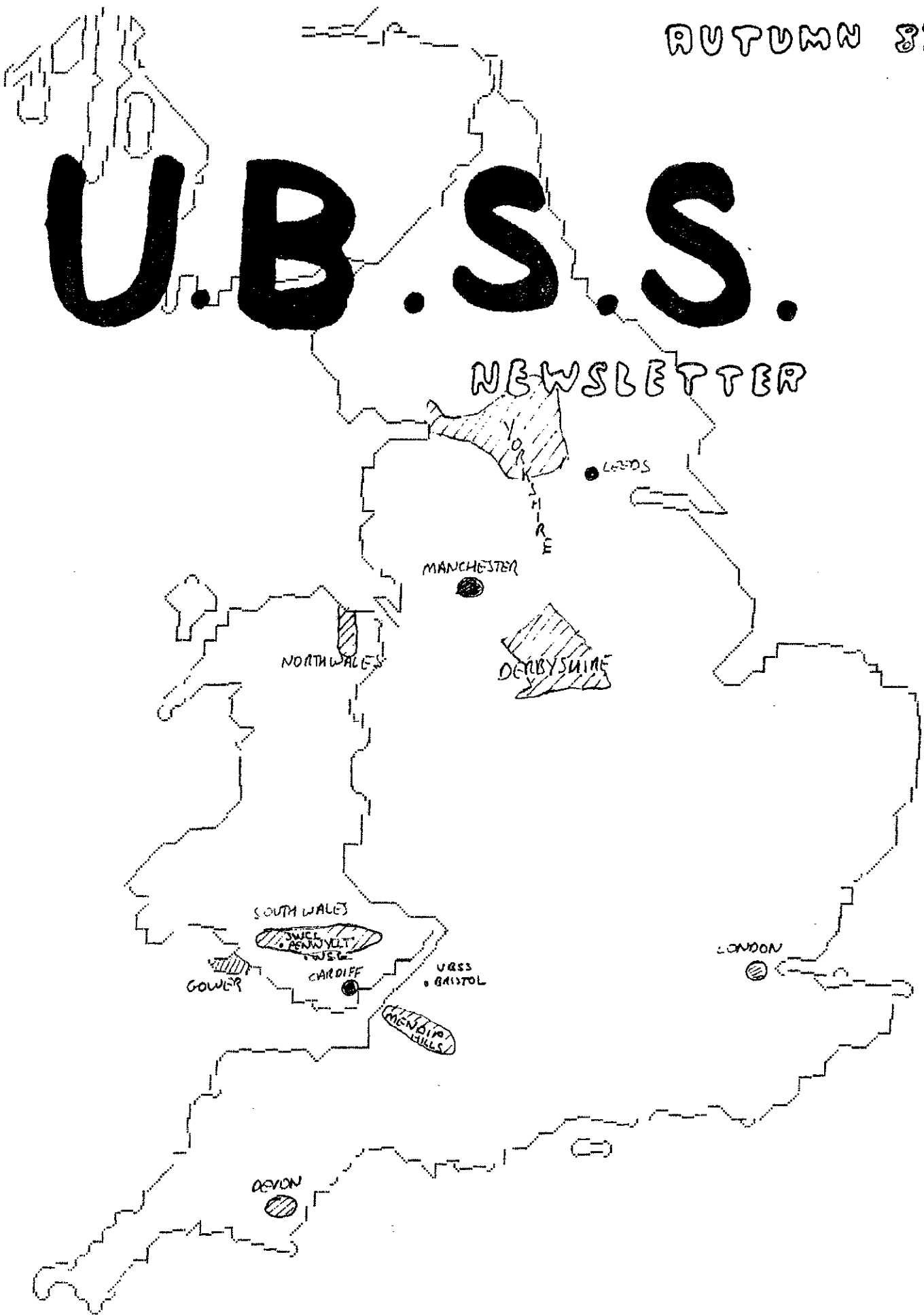


AUTUMN 82

U.B.S.S.

NEWSLETTER



NEWSERIES N.18

EDITORIAL

The time for the annual infusion of new blood into the society, is again upon us. By the time you read this we should know if it's been a good or bad year.

As usual the continuing problem of the editor, is finding a solution to the problem of getting someone to write for the newsletter. But with a bit of pressure and OCL all things are possible.

UBSS DIARY

Sessional Meetings.

To be held in the Geos. Dept. at 8.15pm on Wed 17th Nov. Pete Smart will be talking on Cave Development. ~~Good wasn't it~~

New Years Eve Dinner.

To be held as usual at the Hut, if commins please let Oliver know.

AGM and Annual Dinner.

This will be on Saturday 19th March 1983. More details nearer the date.

CLUB MEETS

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| Nov 19,20,21 | South Wales.
Staying at Westminster's Cottage, leaving Friday evening. |
| Nov 26,27,28 | South Wales.
Details as above, but no novices! |
| Dec 10,11,12 | Derbyshire.
Staying at Peasus, Leaving Friday evening. |
| Jan 28,29,30 | South Wales.
Staying at S.W.C.C. |
| Feb 25,26,27 | South Wales.
As above. |

DISCLAIMER

All articles etc. contained herein are the views of the individual authors, and thus are not necessarily those of the editor or society. All cave names used in this newsletter are as originally published.

THE FIELD HQ. BARRINGTON

As the Hut Warden, I felt it is time I put pen to paper, and let you all know what is and what will be done, to the hut in the near future.

THE WATER SUPPLY

During the end of August beginning of September, all the old tanks up at the Annex (Married/Ladies/Members Quarters) were removed and disposed of. In their place is one 300 gal closed plastic tank, this feeds another 300 gal tank placed on the roof of the Grandchild (Gas store).

At the moment this tank feeds the shiny tap in the hut. This tap will eventually be removed, and in it's place will be installed a double drainer sink unit, fed by both hot and cold water from the Grandchild tank. The hot water being heated by the backboiler in the fireplace.

The other tap in the kitchen, fed from the catchment in the woods, is to remain at present. But it is hoped to move the catchment further back into the woods to a small clearing. This will give enough head to feed the tank on the grandchild via a filter, as this system has a problem of rotting vegetation getting into the supply.

KITCHEN

The kitchen at present is cramped and difficult to keep clean. It is proposed to replace the existing work surface with a more stable easy to clean surface. Probably moving the cooker to the end wall and removing the sink. This should give more space for preparation and cooking.

If anyone has any comments or suggestions about the above, please let me know, so any other ideas can be incorporated.

C.J.P.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Poll Poul and Pol:

I am writing to say that the confusion in the Irish language should certainly be rationalised. This ridiculous spelling situation just isn't British, I wholeheartedly support the unambiguous stance taken up by Dr Loid.

Yours

Sean McAcca

VULTURES? OH NO!

Sometimes, when observing the feeding habits of cavers, I have described them as vultures. This is an overstatement; cavers are still a long way behind vultures in voracity. Grubb (1980) writes that "about 150 vultures were once noted to finish off the skinned carcass of an adult bullock (c. 300kg) in 30 minutes." This may fairly be compared with the performance of 24 cavers at the last UBSS New Year's Eve Dinner, who polished off an 8.86kg turkey in about the same time. A simple calculation will show that the voracity ratio of vultures to cavers is 5.4 : 1.

I apologize!

REFERENCE

GRUBB, R.B. 1980 The Griffon Vultures of Gir Forest: Their feeding Habits etc., Jour. Bombay Nat. Hist. Soc., 75, Suppl. p. 1064.

Oliver

IRELAND -82!

The party in Ireland this year consisted of Oliver Lloyd (O.C.L.), Martin Warren (M.W.), Steve McArdle (S.McA), Ken Harold (K.H.), Tim Barton (T.B) and Mike Martin (M.M). We spent a very hot two weeks in County Clare -- again staying at O'Loughlin's cottage at Lisdoonvarna.

We started with a 'warm up' through trip from Poulelva to Poulnasollum, which all but M.W. did. (Plaster casts don't help on a 30m pitch!) Next day we hoped to get a dye connection, and perhaps even a voice or light connection, along the Poulelva streamway to Bullock Pot. Armed with a police whistle (courtesy of the Garda) S.McA. went down the Poulelva streamway and released the dye at the prearranged time. The whistle, when blown, echoing around the cave nearly deafened him. But all was for nothing, as the Bullock Pot team (M.M. K.H. T.B.) foundered at Fat Man's Corner, (M.M. being too FAT!) and returned to the surface. Whether the dye turned Killeany green we never bothered to check.

Another day we decided to repeat the Radio-Location at the Smithy Series of the Doolin System. However we again failed, O.C.L. and M.W. received no signal from the cavers down below. However we established that the fault was not human; It was the main battery pack, which was worn out! It was not possible to recharge it. However the trip was not a total failure as, while wandering around the cave, a new piece of passage was found. It runs from the Smithy Oxbow behind the back of the Smithy Grotto, where it breaks into the Smithy Aven. If you then go straight on down a low passage, you enter the Smithy Streamway from a hole in the roof. This hole is downstream from the one used for access to the radio-location point, which is in the northern continuation of the Smithy Oxbow.

Faunarooska was also visited, but this time S.McA. had to join

O.C.L. and M.W. on the surface, having stepped on a piece of glass and driven it the best part of an inch (25mm) into his foot. The party got as far as the wet pitch before deciding to come out. The surface party looked at the Ballinys Depression. Having surveyed a small auxiliary depression, we walked down the main outflow channel, where we found a large water storage tank, fed by seepage water, which we felt could be the Pollballin resurgence. However, consulting the O.S. map and air photographs, we worked out the distance from the 'end' of the cave to the tank was 770m, while the vertical distance was only 2m, which obviously rules out the tank as the resurgence from that cave. We also looked at Wet Sink and Ferny Sink in the depression. Wet Sink had been dug by S.McA. and P.H. last year, but S.McA. felt someone had been digging since. Ferny Sink also looked as if it had been dug and a ring of stones had also been put around it, similar to that at Wet Sink.

Meanwhile the tourist trips continued: K.H. and T.B. visited Pol an Ionain while S.McA., M.W. and M.M. went down Callaun 5 to the end of the Red Carpet Series, and out via the Fluorescein Link. This cave has therefore been proved possible with plaster cast (well wrapped up in bin liners!).

Another day passed easily on Inisheer, the nearest of the Aran Islands. We hoked, but failed, to find Loch Mor Cave, which has been reported to exist!

Again this year O.C.L. conducted his Tour of the Burren, via Mullah Mor, Black Head and O'Donoghue's!

Towards the end of the trip O.C.L., M.W., T.B. and S.McA. did the Doolin through trip and all enjoyed it thoroughly. The 1964 Grotto is well worth the climb up to see. The last trip of the 'holiday' was Callaun 3, done by M.W., K.H. and T.B. We bottomed Surprise and Rotunda Pot.

Lastly a word on Guinness. This July it cost 95¢ a pint. Is drinking becoming a luxury?

Martin Warren

WHY IN PLASTER?

Some of you, after reading Martin Warren's account of our Irish Trip, may be wondering why he had his right forearm in plaster. The answer is as follows. When the examination results were posted, it was seen that he was the only one in his year to have gained First Class Honours in Law.

Accordingly he celebrated.

The results were very aptly described by Euripides in 440 BC. (Green 1957).

"I can't stand up! Oh, what a lovely feeling!
The earth's the earth ... nex' minute it's the ceiling!"

Falling on an outstretched arm, he then sustained a classical Colles' fracture (compound).

REFERENCE

GREEN, R.L. 1957 THE CYCLOPS (Translated from Euripides), Penguin Books, line 637.

Oliver

TREASURER'S NOTE

Student Members not in their first year are reminded that they should renew their subscriptions before the end of 1982, otherwise their membership of the U.B.S.S. will automatically terminate. The rate for student members this year is 50p and should be paid to one of the Treasurers, Oliver Lloyd or Tim Barton. Please at the same time give your Bristol address.

Students in their final year may continue membership, provided they write to the Hon. Secretary saying they wish to do so, before the end of the year. They may purchase Proc. U.B.S.S. 16(2), 1982 at the student rate. This publication should be out by the beginning of December. Their subscription for 1983 of five pounds becomes due on 1.3.83.

Oliver

PORTHOS

We have just said goodbye to our senior Vice-President. To others he was known as Dr Herbert Taylor, but to us he was always Porthos; He entered the Bristol Medical School just after the first world war and was our last surviving Founder Member. He was one of those that carried the Spelaeo Hut up the hill at Burrington and erected it where it now stands. After qualification he became a general practitioner in Bristol. His principal line was archaeology and he was also a very good photographer. Those of us who caved on Mendip during the late fifties and early sixties will remember Porthos and his wife Betty, together with Mr and Mrs Masterman, who used regularly to come out to the Hut and excavate the barrow T5. Porthos was something of a perfectionist and found it difficult to complete a piece of work, so T5 has not yet been written up. But his claim to fame amongst the Bronze Age enthusiasts is his account of the Tynins Farm barrows (Proc. UBSS, mostly Vols. 2 and 4).

He requested that when he died his ashes should be scattered in the wood behind the Spelaeo Hut. So this afternoon Betty and other members of the Taylor family met me out at the Hut and we acted according to his directions. We feel that his wishes reflect credit on the Society and we are grateful. We also planted an oak tree out of his garden on T5. He was 85 years of age.

Oliver 15.10.82

CHARTERHOUSE CAVING COMMITTEE

At a meeting of the C.C.C. held on 5.6.82 the delegates of member clubs decided what to do about the new cave, which has recently been discovered in the Head's Grotto Dig. In the first place they decided that it was to be called CHARTERHOUSE CAVE, since that was already the current name for it.

Next we had a review of its history. From 1972 to 1978 it had been dug off and on by the Sidcot School Spelaeological Society under the supervision of Willie Stanton, and it was to this Society that the rights still belonged, even though they had not been exercised for four years. They had constructed a beautiful entrance but had reached a dangerous area of loose boulders.

In April of this year Pete and Alison Moody had a look at the dig, pushed it a bit and it went, giving them access to a second G.B. Cave, running parallel with the first and not connecting. Pete was attending the meeting and keeping a very low profile, while the C.C.C. hawks called him a pirate and threw the book of rules at him, in which it is written, "Thou shalt not make a success of other people's failures without their permission." However, in recognition of the Sidcot's work, Pete was asked to name the entrance after them.

The geomorphological research and survey would be done by Pete Smart, who had already started work. A biological survey was to be done by Phil Chapman and it was decided to restrict general access until this had been done. The topographical survey is being done by Pete and Alison. Various people have been asked to do the official photography.

The digging and exploration rights were granted to the Wessex Cave Club and through them to the S.S.S.S., which was one of their affiliated clubs.

Paul Hodge of the Bristol Waterworks (BWW) asked to be kept informed of who had official digs in the Charterhouse area.

It was decided to double gate the cave in the belief that two gates are better than one. (The U.B.S.S. has had experience of this sort of thing in G.B. Cave and knows better). The inner gate has a simple lock. The outer gate was to be placed in a blockhouse, covered over to look nice and fastened by an Ingersoll lock. The estimated cost of £120 was regarded as too low and the eleven member clubs agreed to subscribe £15 each towards the cost.

Access and conservation led to a prolonged discussion. The suggestion by your scribe that effective conservation in an open cave could only be done by getting a good photographer in the first place, was not greeted with satisfaction. In the end a leadership system with a limited number of keys was decided upon: two leaders from each club, appointed by the members of that club and approved by Tim Large on behalf of the C.C.C.; one key per club; a book in the entrance for making notes; party size limited to three plus one leader.

The publication rights were arrogated by the C.C.C. to themselves. They will publish as soon as possible a survey and description of the cave, so as to satisfy demand and to make some money out of it. The U.B.S.S. is to be allowed to publish the scientific work in Proc. U.B.S.S., 16 (3), 1983.

G.B. Cave Shakehole

This has been partially infilled by means of three car bodies and a mixture of boulders and mud. It is forecast that this will eventually all finish up in the Gorge. The B.W.W. did not seek the advice of cavers before deciding upon this course of action.

Rogues in G.B. Cave

Tim has penalized the London Ambulance Club for infringement of rules by banning them from the cave. The ban was confirmed to run for a year until the next A.G.M. A similar ban had been imposed upon two naughties from the Hades Club. The Club has expelled them.

G.B. Cave lock

It is not expected that the new Ingersoll lock will be fitted for another month. Meanwhile U.B.S.S. has prepared fresh agreements, similar to those signed by all keyholding clubs in 1975, to cover the issue of the new keys, which should be ready for sending out very soon now.

Access for divers from the B.W.W. for the Cheddar Rising and Rodney Stoke was between the C.D.G. and Paul Hodge.

Burrington Adit no decision. U.B.S.S. wants to hear about it officially, owing to their special relation with Sir John Wills.

The meeting lasted 3¹/₂ hours.

Oliver.

P.S. Since writing this I have taken a closer look at the Sub-Licence under which the U.B.S.S. controls access to G.B. Cave, and I find that the issuing and revocation of permits to visit the cave lies in the absolute discretion of the Society. Since there appear to be extenuating circumstances, Tim has agreed to lift the ban on the London Ambulance Caving Club.

Welcome to:

~~C H A N G E~~ ~~A~~ ~~N A M E~~ ~~G A M E~~
alter the title exercise

4/4 very good

How to play: ITS EASY !!!

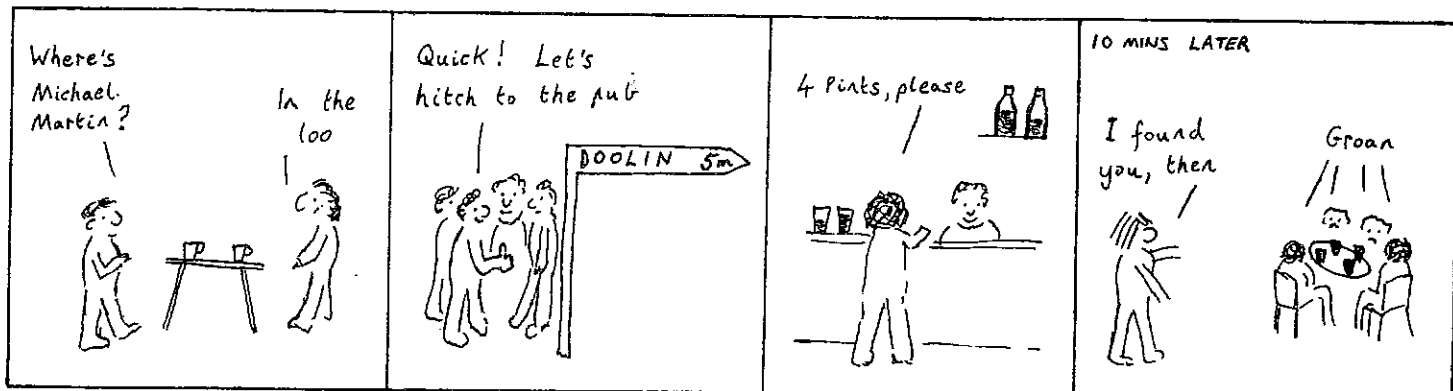
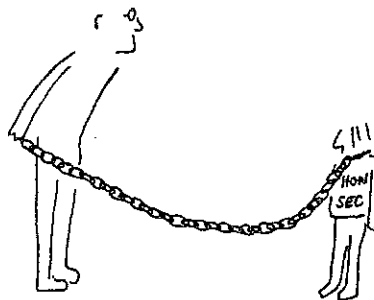
Below we have a list of famous caves, both from England and from abroad. Their names have all been slightly altered, so what you have to do is change them all back again and post your answers to:-

Dr Oliver Cromwell Lloyd
Withey House
Withey Close West
BRISTOL BS9 3SX

1st PRIZE a seat on the committee of Proceedings
2nd PRIZE to be thrown down the new Poll being dug outside the hut
3rd PRIZE dinner for two at Withey House

Here they are: Rod's Poll, Wookey Poll, Penyghent Poll, Gaping Poll, Poll 8, Pen Park Poll, Bull Poll of the Witches, Blue Polls, Poll Ffynnon Ddu, Little Neath River Poll, Porth yr Poll, Poll Parau, Postojaska Poll, Poll Berger, Stallewegpoll, Poll de la Pierre St Martin, Doolin Poll.

HON. SEC.



Diary Addition

Dec. 2ND . There will be a lecture on

British Quaternary Mammal Sequences
from caves in Mendip and Devon
by Dr. T. Suttcliffe

This will be relevant to any speleologists,
archaeologists, zoologists, geologists, palaeontologists
or Homo sapiens amongst you.

The lecture will be held in the Geology
Lecture Theatre on the 1st floor of the
Queens Bldg on University Walk.
at 5.15 pm.

Any suggestions for future Sessional Meetings
to the Hon. Sec. - Nick.

NOOKS and CORNERS

It has always been considered by the caving fraternity to be very bad form to rename caves once an original name has been established in print. The reason for this hardly needs my comment: that it leads to confusion. Sometimes, though, a cave is rediscovered and accidentally renamed. This is the most common way for a cave to acquire several names. The fault usually lies with the original explorers whose description of the discovery was either so badly written or so lacking in detail that any cave would fit. Sometimes, though, a pure accident occurs when the journal containing the description is not well enough known to have been read by the second party visiting the cave. These are unintentional tautonyms and will always occur.

A second route to confusion concerns caves not located in England. Though it would be absurd for an English caving party to anglicise the name of the French cave Bouffre Berger (Berger's Pot, perhaps), abbreviation and simplification is a well established tradition. Réseau de la Pierre St Martin (France) is known as "PSM"; Cgof Agen Allwedd (Wales) to most people is "Aggie". The converse of this tradition also has its adherents. Little Reath River Cave (Wales) has been rechristened Cgof Afon Fedd Fechan, a literal translation into Welsh. If used by Welsh speakers or published in a Welsh language journal such usage would have strong support; at present this is not so.

In Ireland the problem with names is endemic. The (British) Ordnance Survey mapped the country in the last century and when they came to a cave they asked the local inhabitants what its name was. Gaelic as a written language is even now not properly established; academics still argue over spelling as well as etymology of the words, never mind the wide variance of regional dialects. The Ordnance Survey did the best that they could and an anglicised spelling form resulted. The Gaelic name for a cave is "Poll". The pronunciation, however, is "Poul" as in "Round" (Rownd). The Ordnance Survey uniformly used this "Poul" form and thus the names of the caves of County Clare first came into print.

The serious exploration of the caves of County Clare did not begin until long after independence, and the correct Gaelic form "Poll" was soon seen in the caving literature. Unfortunately the English cavers (who have done almost all the original exploration of the Clare caves) performed a second anglicisation of the cave names. Foulmagollum, cave of the doves, whose correct Gaelic name is the apparently impossible Poll na gColm, became Pollmagollum and was pronounced "Poll" as in "Doll" (Dol). Sometimes, quite often the original O.S. name was used.

The UBSS compromised in their publications. Where an O.S. name existed they used the "Poul" form. Where a new name had to be given they used the "Poll" form followed by the townland name, occasionally with an intruding hyphen. The UBSS, mainly through the definitive reports on the Clare caves published in Proceedings, became the acknowledged experts on the region and the UBSS name forms the definitive names. With the publication of the Society's two books, Caves of North-west Clare (1969) and Caves of County Clare (1981), these names reached the widest audience.

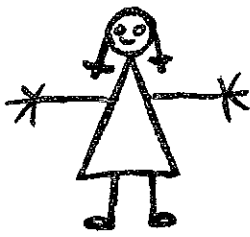
Cliver Lloyd, as editor of Proceedings, has now decided to rename all the Clare caves whose names begin with "P", using the double anglicised "Poll" form. Hyphens and other exceptional features will disappear. He says that this will put some order and consistency into what is at present a muddled picture. Thirty years ago, before the UBSS began publishing the names that are now so widely accepted, this would have been a good idea. I mean no disrespect to the Irish when I say that the structure of their language is alien to the English reading public, and that an anglicised form is necessary. But to try to change an established system of names, and to compete with the Society's own definitive guide to the area, is absurd. The "confusion over names" is at the moment a complaint suffered solely by the editor of Proceedings. I just hope it isn't contagious.

~~Poll Eilbhe~~

~~Poulélva~~

Poll Elva

Pollélva



Katy Bolts the Door

by Bill Cream

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE KATY DID

"Oh dear what can the matter be" Katy sang as she did her ironing. On the board in front of her was her favourite dress, a Red Indian style garment made of grey suede, and she had to keep damping a cloth to lay over it because the creases were being so stubborn. Never mind. It was worth it because tonight was the night of the Annual Dinner and Dance. All the cavers were going to be there and Katy was going to surprise them by wearing a dress instead of her usual rompers. Tonight would be a very special night.

When Katy arrived at the Dinner it was she who was surprised. There were no T-shirts or jeans to be seen. The cavers had all dressed up in their very best too and dinner jackets and evening dresses abounded. Of course Charlie was wearing shorts and Oliver didn't have any socks on, but you had to expect something of the sort from people who were so very clever and used long words all the time. Not only was everyone dressed up, but they were all on their best behaviour too. Katy lost count of the number of times she was offered another drink and, very ladylike, she said "Thank you very much" to all of them.

Now you and I know what happens to a girl who says "Yes" too often but Katy was oblivious to warnings of caution. She was having the time of her life and she didn't want to miss a minute of it. The dinner was lovely, the dancing was lovely and Katy enjoyed herself. But there is an old saying that if you burn the candle at both ends, it only lasts half as long. Katy suddenly came over very tired.

"I think I will go to the ladies' room, just for a few minutes" she said to herself.

In the ladies' it was lovely and quiet, such a relief from the frantic bustle of the party outside. Time passed. The party quietened down and finally moved away to Bob's house. Katy was still locked in the ladies'. Knock, knock. A girl's voice "time to go, now, Katy".

"Shan't" replied Katy. It was nice here.

A man's voice, the manager's, "will you come out, please. We want to clear up and go home".

"Shan't" said Katy.

But eventually she did come out and, very embarrassed, resolved to try to say "No" sometimes at the next party.

For those who have been wondering what Jenny Feat is carrying under her pinnig, the baby was planned and not an accident. As Bob has always told us: "there's life in the old dog yet".

Question: how many ladders do you need for a beginners trip down Manor Farm Swallet? Answers on a postcard, please, to Dick Willis, 6 Worcester Terrace, Clifton, Bristol 8.

Some stories are just too awful to be repeated, now or ever. One such tale is how Doubric came to be rechristened "Steradent" McArdle.



STAR KERS



A gripping adventure story as the pulchritudinous Princess Layer upon Layer Organic, with a little help from her myriad admirers, breaks the ice at parties by taking off her clothes. This inflames the passion of Daft Vader, a stereotypical villain if ever there was one, who asks the Princess to restrict her circle to a few close friends, namely himself. Not realising that he is completely outclassed, the Spacin' Vader fails time and time again to join the fun or otherwise spoil it.

"Entertainment for all the family" - Descent

"Not for the squeamish" - Caves and Caving

Starring

Princess Layer Organic, Senator of Aldebaran, the willful heroine, as in "I will if you will"	Janet Cooper
Luke Skinwalker, the handsome 20 year old hero from T'twins	Chris Shirt
QIRC, a feisty rebellious automaton	Graham Mullan
ICUB4, a tall lifelike robot who speaks both human language and machine code	Chris Pepper
Ken (Open (ne) Canobeer, last of the Jaded Nights, currently wandering in the Northern Wastes	Ken Baker
Eschew Burgher, Applied Scientist from the planet Zanussi, a huge anthropoid whose communication includes little more than a series of grunts	Steve Warr
Hand Solo, the overly confident pilot of the Kiserium Falloffcar	Martin Warren
Daft Vader, Dullard of the Sixth, a malevolent figure whose face is masked by a grotesque breath screen	Michael Martin
Grand Nick Taking, Governor of the Outlandish Regions, forever doomed in his scheme for control of the Entire	Charlie Self

MAY THE FARCE BE WITH YOU



A.B. Doctor writes

BALLINY DEPRESSION

Patients often ask me if Balliny Depression is ever fatal. Well there are still some things that we doctors are not sure about at present, but if you think you have died recently from Balliny Depression you should not hesitate to consult your pathologist at once.

Toblerone Warr's Diary

Thursday

I am sure my readers know that I don't generally indulge in idle gossip, but I have a story which is such a gem it would be a shame not to share it. The hero is my old drinking companion Clive "The Brigadier" Owen who found himself en route to Belize on a tour of duty with eighty squaddies. The plane that was carrying them chose to break down in Washington DC, which left Clive as Officer in Charge for two days. Now it is a little known fact that HQ is quite generous in such circumstances when it comes to hotel and food bills but refreshments of a more liquid nature are out of bounds. Fortunately for all concerned Clive has a degree in alchemy and managed to effect a transubstantiation. What a jolly good chap!

Friday

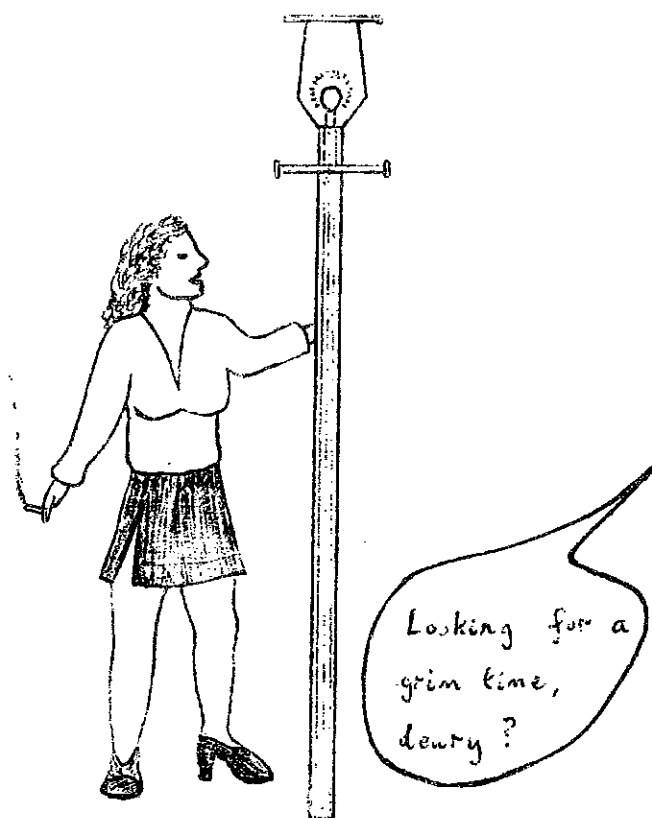
It is not often that I am put off my beer, but I happened to be in Crockers one evening, when Linda was discussing the best way to avoid having babies. She particularly recommended the "Celestial Contraceptive" which she demonstrated by bringing her fist down with great violence on the table in front of her. It was not this, however, that soured my digestion but the sickly grin on the face of Graham, her husband.

Saturday

Join me in commiserating with Len Harold who celebrated his first UBSS dinner by drinking himself insensible. Unluckily for the young sot, one of the more responsible of the old lags gave him a lift home and left him unconscious on top of his bed. His non-caving student flatmates then panicked and called an ambulance and poor Len woke up to a hospital bed and a stomach pump. It just goes to show how careful one must be when choosing one's drinking companions.

Sunday

I have another tale of drunken incompetence. Martin Warren, out celebrating his first class degree result, fell off the bonnet of a car and broke his arm. He would have thought that for a 1st he would have got properly drunk and so rolled with the fall.



Monday

I know that a 21st birthday is an excuse for a rather extravagant celebration - indeed I remember my own - but the antics of "Norbert" are not those of a gentleman. To relieve Linda from his seemingly insatiable lust for "birthday kisses" we bundle him into a car and dump him on City Road. Joining us in a pub afterwards he revolts us with details of a cheap-back-of-a-car-job with a short, overweight blonde. And then to prove his right to the epitome "insufferable little prick" he complains of the quality of the merchandise. I would say the poor girl earned every penny.

Maxim



Gravel

There seems to be some confusion concerning the forthcoming election of a new Vice President to our fraternity. Though I am flattered by the suggestion, it is entirely erroneous that my name has been put forward for this distinguished position. As anyone who spared a moment's thought to the matter would know, my modus operandi has always been that of a Privateer. Aboard my own small vessel I rule supreme. Sailing a wider sea, I would have to learn the conventions and courtesies of committee when, quite frankly, I prefer to use cutlass and keelhaul.

I hope I have clarified this delicate issue.

R. Matey
pp Captain Maxim
The White House
Vice Lane
Washington
Co Tyne and Wear

Why do people now refer to Martin Warren as "the North Devon Bender"? It all stems from an incident at the Hut, when Martin was on the top bunk and Chris "he's very pretty but is he an object of physical desire" Shirt was on the bunk beneath. The "Bender" version of the story is that he was drunk at the time and must have fallen out of bed, fortuitously landing on the inner side of the bunk below. The Chris version is that it was dark at the time and he thought it was a dog called Gwen.

Rule 3 was not invoked, but they have both been cautioned.

I always enjoy a good "doctor" joke. Clive was chatting in the pub with the boys, enjoying a favourite and well-travelled yarn which he said he "pissed himself" each time he heard. His dear wife, sitting beside him, unsheathed her claws:-

Doctor Wanda: If I'd known you had a problem with incontinence, Clive, I'd have bought you a penile clamp.

Clive: There's no need, I married one!

Doctor jokes are sometimes more subtle and rely on an ambiguity. For example, Tony complaining about a sore shoulder:-

Graham: You're the doctor.

Doctor Tony: Yes, I know, that's why I'm worried!

Hearken to a new euphemism, invented during a moment of uncustomary paranoia by my good friend Graham "Marvin" Crisp. "Haystacks", if used in such a phrase as "are you coming out on Thursday night to look at a haystack?" means "would you like to come to Wiltshire with me to look under a pile of straw for cleverly concealed ICBM missiles?" Really!

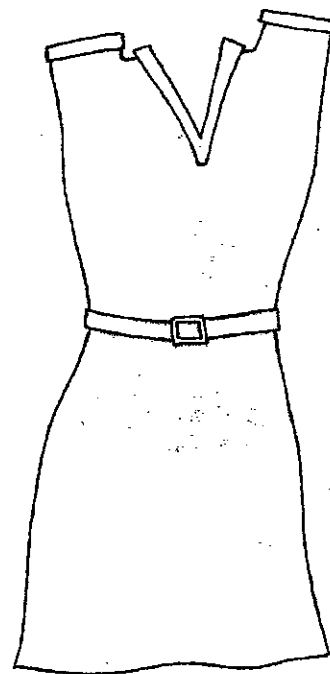
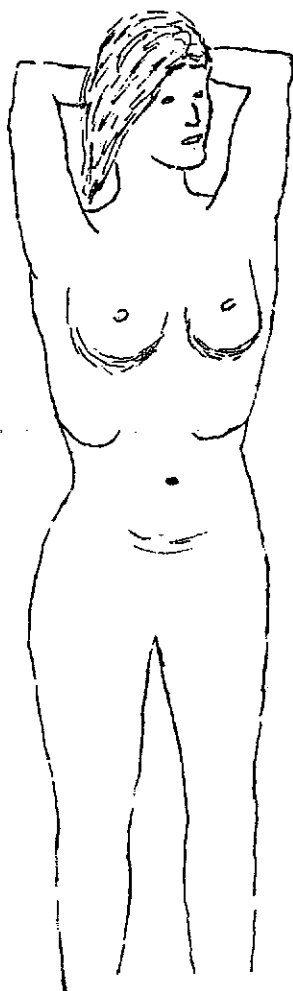
I am invited to a birthday party at the hut and it is the usual sordid and drunken affair. What makes this party memorable is Karen, more drunk than I have ever seen her before, looking me straight in the eyes and asking "am I dreaming"? For once I am at a loss for words.

PRIVATEER

No 4



PARTY TIME AT THE UBSS



How to play:-

First you must dress Janet. Make her some clothes out of paper and cover her up. If in a hurry, you can use the simple frock and panties outfit provided. Then you shout "party, Janet" and all her clothes come off. If you have any difficulty try blowing very gently.