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EDITORIAL

Well this is the first Newsletter of 1983 and the first since the A.G.M. So we have a new committee, and two new Honorary Members but we still seem to have a problem with students caving, especially locally. But as the Secretaries can't even manage to get the President to pay for his Dinner! what hope have we all!

The annual dinner was very well attended this year, but the food wasn't to the expected high standard considering the cost. Anyway the after dinner stomp was very good, but as usual only enjoyed by the select few. As usual the evening was not long enough, why can't we get an extension? After leaving the Grad Club, Coffee and Drinks were served at Granby Hill.

U.B.B.S.S ELECTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS 83

| | |
|--------------------------|--|
| <u>President</u> | Bob Savase |
| <u>Vice President</u> | Arther McSimon Desmond Donovan |
| <u>Hon. Secretaries</u> | Nick Patrick Chris Shirt |
| <u>Hon. Treasurer</u> | Oliver Lloyd |
| <u>Student Treasurer</u> | Tim Barton |
| <u>Committee</u> | Ian Edsall Karen Lewis Sam Moore Alison Newey Linda Wilson |
| <u>Honorary Members</u> | Dave Drew Willie Stanton |

POSTS

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| MICTE | Ian Edsall |
| MICPHOT | Tony Philpot |
| Hut Warden | Chris Pepper |
| Rescue | Sam Moore |
| Librarian | Tony Boycott |
| Museum Curator | Chris Hawkes |
| Sales | Karen Lewis |
| Editor | Chris pepper |

Disclaimer

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

The Northern Students spent several weekends caving in Yorkshire and Derbyshire over the summer months for something to do between signing-on dates. We had managed to save one rope from soins to Austria and armed with this and several ladders, that we managed to set Oliver to part with we set off to 'do Yorkshire'.

Fortunately we managed to plan most of our trips to the Dales on nice wet weekends so we spent most of our time in the pub or Lons Churn. We learn' many things caving in the Alum Pot System:-

1. Chris 'Bou Wonder' Shirt decided it was only worth caving on sunny days because there were more Tourists there to pose for;
2. You look out of place trying to be a Super Hero/Spelaeoaknist. What you really need is a bunch of kids following you down the cave, so Nick P. went home to fetch some pet scouts.

After warming up several times in Alum N.P. decided that caving was too hard and went home! 'Ol Blue Eyes' Shirt wasn't the type to give up that easily and drassed Nick 'I've got a cold, I'm soins back to my tent' Patrick down to Derbyshire. Braving the spooks we went down Hillocks Mine to ladder it for a through trip from Knotlow. After poking around in Knotlow and getting stuck, Nick and Chris 'What are these growins on my chest' Shirt decided that Derbyshire wasn't very nice either!

New Blood was obviously needed so Chris 'He's so pretty but.....' Shirt drove down to Bideford to get the North Devon Bender (I don't think he'd been havins much luck with Gwen) and we attacked Yorkshire again in the rain. This time we were safe inside 'Bernie's' and then the New Inn, but unfortunately the skies cleared, so the Bender and Nick whissled down Black Shiver just to prove they really could do it.

G.B. Latest

The bolt on ladder dis has been replaced (in record time) by a new 5/8" Ring Bolt, with a new backup belay 1m away. Anyone wishing to enter the extensions needs 3 Bolt hangers with 8mm bolts to reach the chain.

NOTE the passage at the top of the ladder has been known to fill with water from the main stream, as one party found to its dismay. So if its raining heavily on the surface don't go to Great Chamber/Bat Passage.

The Bolt at the top of Ladder Dis climb was replaced on the Sunday after the Dinner, the party consisted of CJP, GJM, AB(Dr), PB, JAC & LJW. The bolting was done rapidly (less than 20sec per hole) due to the use of an Air Drill (courtesy SMCC) attached to one of AB(Dr)'s diving bottles. Carrying the bottle to the climb resulted in a rather amusing conversation with a party on there way back from Bat Passage. On seeing AB(Dr) washing mud off the bottle in the lake at the bottom of the climb, one of them asked "How far does that sump go?", "About 15ft replied AB casually." He then attached the bottle to a rope and it was hauled up the pitch. The other party watched, puzzled, and then made their way slowly out, with several backward glances at us.

Linda Wilson

CHARTERHOUSE CAVING COMMITTEE

The Annual Meeting took place on Saturday, 16th April, 1983.

Tim Large was re-elected Secretary/Treasurer. There was of course a lot of hot air, but no cats were let out of bags, no injuries were paraded and there was nothing to get excited about.

We were asked by the Bristol Waterworks Company to look into our insurance policies for two things: were we covered for the use of explosives? Were we covered for subsidence due to digging? They wanted to know this before issuing the relevant permissions. I find that the U.B.S.S. is not covered for explosives, but could be, if we negotiated a supplementary premium.

There is still some work to be done on the Charterhouse Cave blockhouse, which is now adequately gated, at a cost of about £50. The annual subvention for Member Clubs was therefore fixed at £10 for this year. Permits will cost the clubs 10p each and will be sold to cavers at 30p each.

A new permit has been devised, which will have the permit on one side of a sheet of A5 and the rules on the other. These should cost the C.C.C. about 2p each to have run off. A blind eye was turned to those clubs that make a 'key-handling charge'. This is a device for extracting more than 30p from the caver for his permit. That mouser was put firmly back in the bag!

They want us to put a notice in the G.B. Cave blockhouse warning cavers against the risk of flood. Brian Prewer has offered to make the notice and to let me have it for erection.

A review of digs was made and it was found that we had omitted to include the Ladder Dig in G.B. Cave. This is being remedied. It was also noted that Pete Smart had negotiated a dig in the Ooze Passage. I asked about the unofficial digging, which had taken place recently in a 'sensitive' area of the G.B. Gorge and was assured by Tim Large, that he knew who the culprits were and had had words with them. In the circumstances, I said that the U.B.S.S. would not wish to know who they were. (Back into the bag, pussy!) It was agreed that on no account should we allow the two caves to be merged.

There will be only ten member clubs after the end of August 1983, as Tom Elkin will be finishing then at the Charterhouse Outdoor Centre. The membership was originally made personal to him. Two applications for Associate Membership were refused, the feeling being that this status carries with it no advantage for the clubs concerned.

After the end of the meeting, Tim and I went with Glyn Bolt to G.B. Cave to inspect the door and discuss the locking problems. We have provided an Ingersoll lock and keys, but as it is a left-handed lock the door will have to be turned round, so that the new hinges will be on the right. The existing

square opening will have to be closed, so that the handle of the lock on the inside cannot be operated from without by means of a stick. It was agreed that we must be able to revert at a moment's notice to the old padlock, in the event of someone damaging the new lock. Two provisions will be made for this: a couple of perforated lugs will be fitted on the outside, so that they can take the padlock in an emergency; if the emergency is prolonged, the present square opening can be re-opened from the inside, so that the old bolt and padlock can be used. It will be essential for all visiting parties to carry an old and a new key. The cost will be around £60, of which we have only £30 in the G.B. Cave Capital Account, so I shall ask our Auditor, if we can put it into the red on the right hand side of the Balance Sheet. The debt can then be repaid, as tackle fees come in.

Oliver.

SELF APPEAL

Needed urgently, a survey of OFD for CAS. Please give generously.

Question

Which famous cave diver on having slept, lying on one arm, woke up thinking he had the bends.

Answers to M Farr etc.

N.B.

Sealion Super Star (RB Dr) when riding an exercise bike, needed extra support from the spectators to prevent him falling off.

IRELAND, JULY 1983

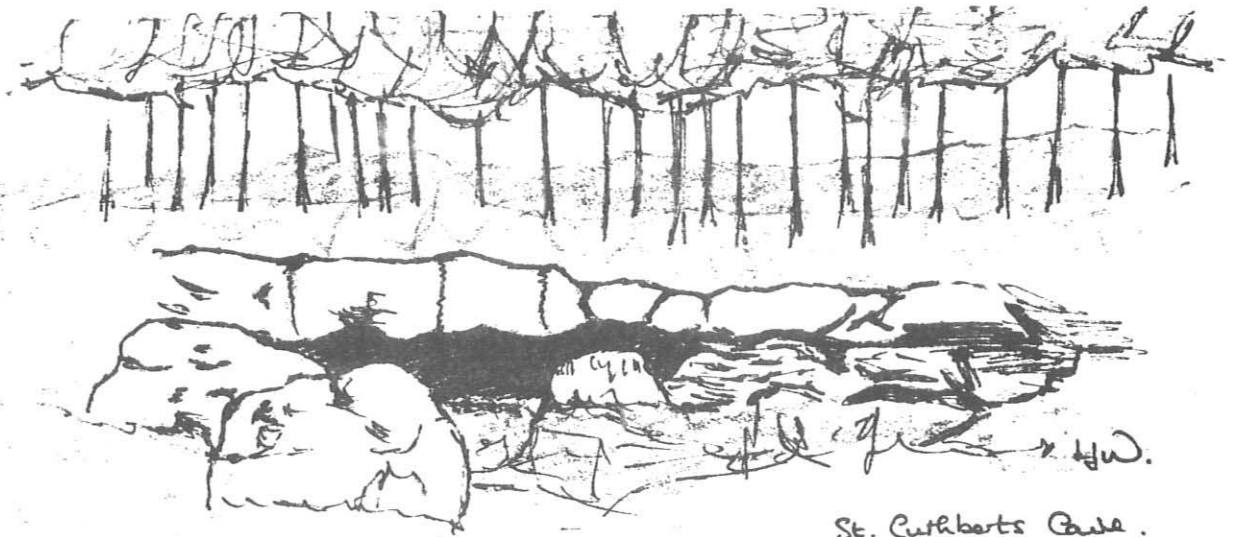
The U.T. .A. trip to Ireland this year will be from Thursday 14th July to Saturday 30th July. I have booked a passage from Fishguard to Rosslare, sailing at 3.15 pm on the morning of Friday 15th July, returning by the boat sailing from Rosslare at 9.40 pm. on Friday 29th July. This means that we leave Bristol after dinner on the 14th and get back here again in the small hours of the 30th. Dawn is expected to break over Cardiff.

I still have some places left in the Floydicle for participants. Others may wish to travel by coach, only please make sure of your booking beforehand. At last year's prices the boat fare was £16.50 return. The coach fare was, I think, 18.50. Food cost about IR£23 per person for the fortnight. A subsidy was available from the Traillan Fund and this paid for the cottage rental and most of the travel money.

Oliver.

ST.CUTHBERT'S CAVE.

Last year, on holiday in Northumberland, Graham & I decided to visit what, as far as we know is the most northerly cave in England, listed in Vol. 5 of the Northern Caves. As we did not have an O.S. map of the area we took the next best course & asked the landlord of "The Salmon" in the nearby village of Belford, where we had been drinking for the last few nights. Sandy, the landlord, very kindly lent us his own maps of the area & armed with these we set off to find the cave.



St. Cuthberts Cave .

As it turned out, this was not difficult. We parked about a mile away & followed a track towards a wood on the side of a long, low hill. On reaching the wood, we walked along its edge, keeping the trees on our right & open fields on the left, until we reached a break in the trees & a wide sweep of bracken leading up to an impressive sandstone rock-shelter lying between the arms of the wood, with a ridge of scots pines standing above it on the skyline.

A path led up to it & a few yards along we came across a wooden sign nailed to a short stake, on closer inspection it proved to bear the words "CONSECRATED BURIAL GROUND." Somewhat puzzled, we continued up the path. Outside the cave lie several large boulders & on one of these we noticed carved words, with difficulty it was possible to make out the inscription, "GERARD FREDERIC TOWERTON LEATHER / BORN 16AUGUST 1865--DIED 14APRIL 1911." Beneath this were two lines of poetry, partly indescipherable. On a nearby rock we found another inscription, commemorating "MILDRED LOUISE LEATHER / 1877--1966 / WIFE OF / EARNEST LEATHER / 1868--1916." Another of the rocks also ^{bore} some words but the letters were too badly weathered to be clearly read.

The same night in "The Salmon" we returned Sandy's maps & asked the barman if he knew any thing about the writing on the boulders. By chance it turned out that several years earlier he had worked for the Leather family, who owned a lot of land in that area, & had known the grandson of Gerard Leather. Apparently, the land outside the cave was consecrated as a private burial ground for the use of the family & several generations of the Leathers are buried there.

According to the barman, who knows the area very well, spring is the best time of year to visit St.Cuthbert's Cave, as then the whole of the approach to the rock-shelter is covered with a mass of daffodils, planted there in memory of the Leather family.

The cave is said to be named after St.Cuthbert because following his death on the Farne Is. he was first buried on Lindisfarne but after the Viking raids intensified around that area of the coast, his remains were removed & hidden for a while in the cave before being taken to Durham, where they found their final resting place in the cathedral.

LINDA WILSON.

YORKSHIRE - EASTER '83

by Martin Warren

The traditional Easter meet in Yorkshire took place again this year - we camped again behind the tennis courts at Clapham in a field getting ever more full of sheep.

Our first trip was down Ireby Fell, which the Whemside Manor people had rigged on ropes. We laddered all the pitches and the stark contrast between the standard of the respective rigging was noted by all! We returned to the surface to find that a bus belonging to the York University speleos had been broken into. It had been parked further up the hill than our transport.

Our next trip was the subject of much debate and it nearly was Heregill. However in the end we opted for a Providence - Dow through trip (scene of M.H.'s heroic exploits in years gone by!). We went through at high level and all enjoyed the travourses. Most of us that ended up doing a sump found the water indescribably cold.

The next day Bowten was looked at and found to be too wet, and so quite a large party went down Sell Gill. That cave is now famous for witnessing P.A.H.'s return to the underground world. Worth a mention too is Ken and Tony's impressive 10 hour wander around Ingleborough and venture into Bar Pot.

Perhaps the best trip of the week end was Penyghent Pot on the Sunday. Clive, Nick and myself rigged in and Chris, Steve and Nick brought it all out again. We got down below Myers leap to the top of the 11th pitch - but the amount of water at this level stopped us going any further. The freeclimbing involved was perhaps the most enjoyable part of the trip. The crawling made you very cold, as much of the water was snow melt water.

After the last three days efforts the people who hadn't gone home decided to abseil off Malham Cove. In the end M.H.M., P.A.H., M.J.H., T.C. and H.N. made the jump, which was watched by a bank holiday audience. M.N. also earned 10 points for clutch control earlier that day.

All that remains to be said is to mention that O.C.L. did his usual amount of walking while we were underground, but it is rumoured that he didn't find the greatest purple saxaphrene this year - can it be true?

SURFACE WORK

by Oliver

Martin is right and wrong about my surface work. I did not do my "usual amount of walking", because it was too cold and showery. Neither did I look for the early purple saxifrage (a saxaphrene is surely something you hear in a jazz band!) because it is confined to the tops of the mountains, where conditions were utterly bleak. Nevertheless the Society's reputation for hardihood was upheld by T.A.W., who did climb to the top of Ingleborough on Good Friday.

On that day the rest of us rendezvoused at the lane junction above Masongill, where the Turbary Road starts. When all had changed I heard somebody say, "Oh by the way, Oliver, do you know where this cave is?" Oliver obliged. After seeing them down the hole he returned to his car, the only warm spot, and did some work. After a few hours one of the York University cavers came down the road and asked me, if I had seen a couple of lads running away. I had not. One of them had hurled a boulder through the back window of their bus and he had come upon them just as they were clearing off. I had however noticed a yellow car with four passengers, of whom the two on the back seat fitted the description. The car had backed up the road from the junction, where I was parked, earlier on and had since driven away. I understand that thefts from cavers' cars are becoming increasingly common, particularly in out-of-the-way places such as this.

The only remarkable thing about the caving on Saturday was the fact that the party rendezvoused just above the Hill Inn, before driving off to Wharfedale. Chronic indecision leads to last minute changes. However a surface party remained and located all the cave entrances between the Hill Inn and Meregill, where we found the Sheffield lads just about to descend. On the way back our weather prophet said "Look at that snowstorm coming." It did. "Never mind, it will only last half an hour." It did!

More indecision on Sunday involved a wait at Valley Entrance while our party of two decided not to go down Swinsto. So we all went off to Dentdale and called on Ken Lyon, who runs Whernside Manor. He is modifying his training schemes so as to set standards which are within the competence of the cavers who go there on study courses. One such course is to be aimed at second year students, who, having been bitten by the caving bug in their first year, are likely to become club leaders in their third. My first thought was, "What a good idea." My second, "Students have no money". My third, "Might we not get something from one of the University Trusts, if we stated a case?" I am following up this idea. The projected expedition to Yorkshire in August, by Steve, Martin and Nick is on the right lines, but will only have a lasting effect, if it attracts second year students.

After leaving Whernside Manor we walked up the River Dee locating cave entrances from Pimple Cave to Ibbeth Peril. I found the site of the new cave "Pimple Hole": it looks most unattractive.

Driving a heavily overloaded car gives me that 'Irish feeling'. Roll on July!

IRELAND — EASTER 1983.

This Easter's trip basically consisted of myself, Graham Mullan, Tony Boycott, & Janet Cooper, all travelling together & sharing Mrs. Kelly's cottage in Kilshanny, Co. Clare, with Peter & Angie Glanvill (Cerberus members) & their baby, Sally. Charlie Self joined us for the first week & during the latter part of the holiday we were visited by Sally Britton & Ted Popham, an ex-Cerberus member.

For most of the time it was impossible to go anywhere in the Burren without tripping over hordes of cavers. Martyn & Sally Farr were spending a few days in the area, as were Julian & Carol Woolford & there were several groups of the B.E.C. littered about the countryside. One of the B.E.C.s most notable exploits over Easter involved a trip down Faunarooska with Shaun O'Connor after a few lunchtime drinks at Shaun's insistence, followed by a few later on then a few more, etc. etc. When we arrived in O'Connors that night we found a couple of the B.E.C. serving behind the bar & Tony Jarratt diligently collecting empty glasses -- & some full ones. Mrs. O'Connor had decided that as they had finally brought Shaun home somewhat the worse for wear, she would get some work out of them as compensation !

The first caving trip of the holiday consisted of Graham, Janet & Charlie visiting Polldubh, then the following day Pete, Janet & Charlie dredged up enough enthusiasm for more caving & went over to The Cave of the Wild Horses in the Kilcorney Depression. After a brief examination of the Lower Series, they arrived at Gour Passage, where Peter followed the narrow rift passage through several deep gour pools, lured on by the sound of water cascading over the gours in the distance. The water disappeared down a previously unknown pitch of about 8m. At this point there was a strong inward draught, but as there was no natural belay anywhere along Gour Passage, they could go no further. That night Peter wrote in the log, "We ought to return !"

The same evening, at about 9 o'clock, we heard a frantic knocking on the cottage door & in staggered Martyn Farr, looking extremely dishevelled, hugging his ribs & limping, with blood streaking down his hair. Peter dashed off to fetch his medical kit, whilst Tony went in search of his camera. The rest of us crowded round staring with unholy curiosity at the nasty gashes on the top of Martyn's head. Peter did a neat job of cleaning up & stitching them, although when Martyn saw Peter advancing on him wielding a large needle, the anaesthetic almost wasn't necessary. As a spectator sport it was all most entertaining & Tony took a couple of nice photos, one showing Peter in a mad doctor pose, looming ominously behind a stricken-looking Martyn. Meanwhile, Pat Cronin who was with Martyn when our hero made his ill-fated attempt to join the Cave Flying Group, told us what had happened. Apparently Martyn had fallen off a climb in the High Road area of Polnagollum, although what he was doing attempting something that has never been thought of as freeclimbable is still something of a mystery.

Peter gave Martyn strict instructions not to go either underground or underwater for the next few days, this advice resulted in Sally & her very miserable husband spending a couple of hours in our cottage the following morning, drinking tea, with Martyn muttering at frequent intervals.... "a whole day of my life, **wasted!**" Eventually, they drove off & spent some time sitting in the car outside the entrance to the Cave of the Wild Horses, because if he couldn't actually go caving Martyn seemed to think that being near an entrance was the next best thing.

While all this was going on above ground, somewhere under the Kilcorney Depression, Graham, Tony & Peter were busily putting in a bolt at the head of the Gour Pitch. This was successful & they were able to enter a further 25m. of high rift passage which ended in a small sump. The three of them arrived back at the cottage in a state of great excitement & Tony intended to return with a bottle & dive the sump. The following day Tony, Graham, Janet, Charlie, Peter, Ted & myself set off for Kilcorney with Tony's diving gear. We arrived at the sump within an hour, although on first seeing it I thought it looked nothing more than an underwater mousehole. After getting into all his gear Tony barely managed to insert himself into the sump, which almost immediately became too tight, but as he got his helmet underwater, we all heard water splashing through on the other side of the sump. Tony shot out like a cork from a bottle, exclaiming, "Why aren't we pushing that squeeze?" & pointing to a four inch slot next to the sump.

The lump hammer was promptly extracted from an ammo box & we proceeded to attack the roof of the squeeze & then the somewhat softer floor, which consisted of lots of very tiny gours. After an hour & a half we had made enough progress to be able to insert Tony through the narrow slot (after all, it was his birthday, so we decided to give him a stretch of new cave passage to explore as a present). His first words after wriggling through were... "Oh, s--t, it's a sump." followed by, "No, it's not." & then, "Ooh, it's interesting, you'd better come." & then he disappeared.

Peter grabbed the hammer & attacked the slot furiously. A minute or so later, Janet & I tried to get through, by lying flat on our backs & hardly breathing at all we managed to get through without too much difficulty (& the slot was afterwards named 36B Squeeze). However, there was no sign of Tony, so we continued on down a wide, low phreatic tube with about a foot & a half of water on the floor, held back in places by a series of attractive & fragile gours. The passage continues for about 70m. to a point where the water disappears down an impenetrable hole. It was here where we finally found Tony, sitting on a mud-bank. He had spent a couple of minutes looking around that area & had found a low passage off to the right, which continued as a series of phreatic ducks for about 15m. eventually leading to the top of a 3m. drop into a larger passage with a very muddy floor. We looked at the rather smooth climb & decided it would be wiser to come back another day with a rope. By that stage we had discovered approximately 200m. of new passage.

After a short while spent exploring a number of short side passages we returned through & soon met Charlie, Graham & Ted, who went on to look at the new passages to the start of the ducks. Meanwhile, back at the squeeze, Peter was still frantically hacking at the floor, determined to widen it enough so he could get through. Finally he managed it but still had to remove his wet-suit jacket. The rest of us had by then decided to go no further that day so we de-tackled the cave intending to return soon. The most difficult part of the whole trip proved to be convincing an extremely enthusiastic Dr. Glanvill that spreading the news to every caver in O'Connors would not be sensible, until we had finished the exploration.

Three days later Graham, Tony, Janet, Charlie, Angie & myself returned to the cave & rigged a sling on a convenient flake of rock at the top of the climb (by now known as the 6ft.Frog, due to my belief that once we got down the climb we'd find a very large frog lurking around the corner). The passage below the climb was revoltingly muddy & after about 60m. it closed down to an evil looking duck/sump, Peter attempted to go through this a few days later but after 5m. it sumped completely.

As we appeared to have reached the end in that direction of our new discovery, Tony, Graham & Janet began to survey out along the new passages. This proved to be an appalling job in that area as everything immediately became coated with dreadful, clinging mud, making reading the instruments & recording the information almost impossible. Charlie, Angie & I returned to the area around the 6ft. Frog, they explored the boulder choke to the left of it & I crawled up a long, low side passage for around 15m. until it finally choked with gravel.

The survey from the end of Frog Passage to the beginning of Gour Passage took a couple of hours to complete. On our way out, as we reached the bottom of the first pitch we heard voices above us & to our surprise discovered that Martin Grass, Graham Wilton-Jones & some others of the B.E.C. had decided to take an interest in the Cave of the Wild Horses. The B.E.C. do indeed get everywhere but on this occasion they were slightly too late.

The final trip down the cave consisted of Peter, Angie, Ted & Julian Woolford. The boulder choke above the Frog didn't prove to go anywhere, & climbing in it was unpleasant because of the difficulty in distinguishing solid rock from mud. None of the other side passages in the new extensions went any appreciable distance. However, Charlie, Peter & Ted have made further discoveries in the Lower Main Series & believe that other passages can still be found in that area.

Nothing quite as exiting happened during the rest of the holiday, we did a few pleasant tourist trips such as St.Catherine's to Doolin, Pollballiny, Aillee, Polnagollum & Cullaun 5. Tony dived in Polduagh Cave in Gort to survey part of sump & also to retrieve the line reel Martyn Farr had dropped there the previous week whilst having problems with his dry suit during decompression. After Tony's dive we did a surface survey for Martyn from the entrance to Polduagh to Blackwater, about 1km. away along the road, so he could attempt to tie it in with his underwater survey.

On our last caving trip of the holiday down Cullaun 5, Janet & Tony discovered that Fluorescein Link is now blocked with organic debris & as Graham & I had already left the cave, taking the ladder out with us, it was left to Tony to find out whether the pitch is free-climbable. It is, & in Janet's words from the log, "AB. was awarded 10 hero points & a 5 minute respite from insults."

The final event worthy of note took place on the return crossing from Rosslare to Fishguard. A voice over the Tannoy asked, "Is there a doctor on board? If so, could he please contact the information desk." An extremely scruffy & disreputable looking Tony slid further down in his seat, muttering, "Stop pointing at me." However, his finer feelings & the Hippocritic oath prevailed & he offered his services, narrowly beating a consultant obstetrician in the race to the desk. Apparently about five other doctors turned up, all looking smarter than Tony, but as he got there first he earned the pleasure of treating a very drunk Welshman who had fallen down the stairs & broken his collarbone. (We were all convinced he'd been called to attend to one or more of the B.E.C. who were last seen at the head of the duty-free queue!)

All in all, it had been an eventful holiday.

LINDA WILSON.

ABOUT PORTHOS

I have had a particularly nice letter of appreciation from an old Spelaeo. He writes thus:

"Porthos was the very first spelaeo I met at the Hut in 1922. I'd gone down for a week end and found him alone in the place; he was exceedingly kind in welcoming a newcomer. A little later we were joined by Bertie Crook and Miss Wilmore, and they took me down Goatchurch - my first ever trip in a cave!

I shall always remember the scrupulous attention to detail that Porthos showed in excavations whether at barrows or King Arthur's Cave.

His death is a great loss to the Society. I've not seen Burrington since 1926. I don't suppose I'd recognize the Hut with all the mod. cons."

I have replied assuring the writer that he would have no difficulty in recognizing the Hut. It may be a little larger but its general appearance is unchanged; the old shutters are still in front and the roof is still on crooked. It even smells the same!

Oliver

ABSEILER'S GREEN

As I walked to the Helwith one evening so rare,
For to drink the weak beer and to breathe the stale
air,
I heard an old Spealeo singing this song,
Buy me a pint, lads, for time is not long.

Chorus:

Dress me up in me Petzl and Jumars,
No more down the pots I'll be seen,
Tell me old clubmates, I'm off to the pub mates,
And I'll see them one day in Abseiler's Green.

Now Abseiler's Green is a place I've heard tell,
Where Spealeos bounce on their way down to hell,
Where the belays are good and the pitches hang free,
And the cold Yorkshire waters don't fall upon me.

The cave divings good down in Abseiler's Green,
The carries are easy, the sherpas are keen,
So bloody keen that they do all the dives,
You don't get much fame but you get out alive.

I once was a hard man, or so I've been told,
I free-dived the sumps and never felt cold,
Or maybe I did, but I never let on,
For if I had done so, my image was gone.

My caving is over, and time draws nigh,
My sins prevent me from resting on high,
So Abseiler's Green is the one place for me,
So if one day I see you, then the beers are on me.

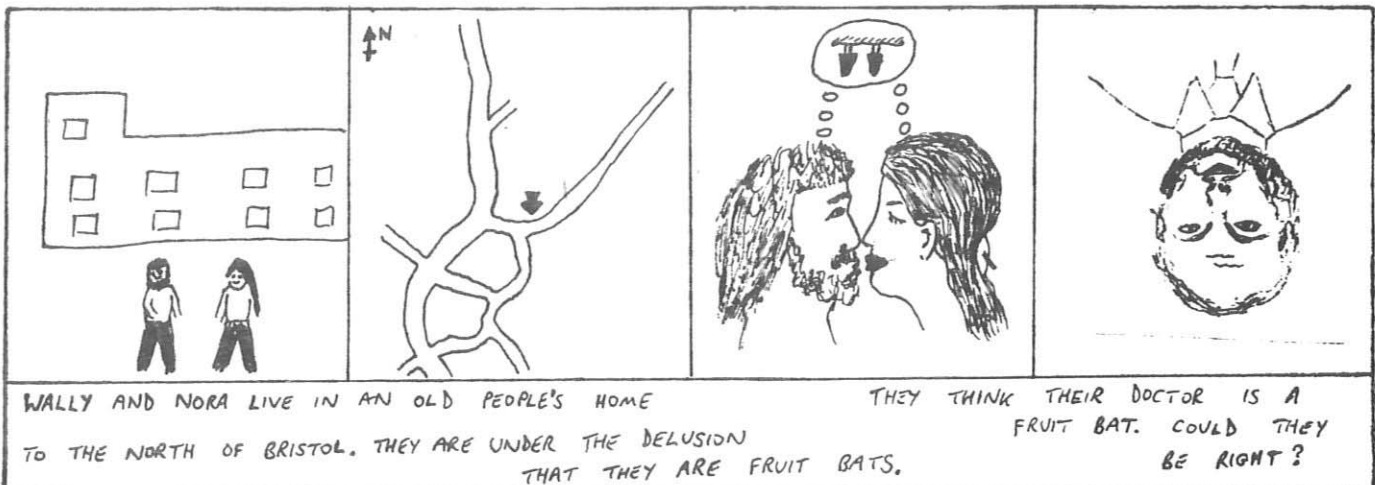
Captain
Maxim
presents :-

The PRIVATEER Spring Awards

- One tin of Brasse : Ian Cassely, to go with his NEW Nife cell
- Three Shredded Wheats : Sharon Crawford, for winning a ladies' squash tournament the afternoon after the UBSS Annual Dinner
- One sachet of powdered rhino horn : Kate Thomas's new boyfriend, for resisting temptation during and after a candlelit dinner for two with all the trimmings (black stockings and suspenders)
- A jubilee clip : Martin Warren, who mistook Dr Wanda for a bed of nettles
- A breathalyser test kit : (unpublishable for legal reasons) and Highway Code booklet
- A book of luncheon vouchers : Martin Warren, to save the embarrassment of the Hiatt Baker dinner ladies who keep having to turn him away
- The Golden Boot : not awarded this year, though the Hawaii Expedition came closest to a rescue, returning 7 hours overdue and drunk
- The Golden Steering Wheel : Chris Pepper, to go in his next car
- A toothbrush and bar of soap : Sam Moore who, when peat solutes got into the water supply at Penwyllt declared, "it must be the water's time of the month"
- A Marathon chocolate bar : Ken Harold and Tony Chard, for a marathon Bar Pot trip
- A waiter's bill : Bob Savage, for fleeing the country after the Annual Dinner

The Batties

an unusual saga of cave-loving folk



Toblerone Warr's Diary

Tuesday

I really don't wish to seem bourgeois, but I must tell you about a funny thing that happened this afternoon when I sabred a champagne bottle. For the plebs I shall explain the technique. If a champagne bottle is struck sharply on the neck with a knife, the cork and the head of the bottle fly off leaving a fresh-cut surface. Unfortunately on this occasion the cork flew out through my window, which was open, and in through the window opposite, which belonged to the concierge and was closed. It is amazing how many problems can be solved with a 100 franc note.

Wednesday

Some of my readers, I know, have had a genteel upbringing. The girls I caution against reading further, the boys I advise to read on.

There are in the club some girls who are a little on the wild side. I have documented a few of their misdemeanours in the past. They are always at their worst after they have had a few drinks and on New Year's Eve they were particularly bad.

Phil Buckberry, in an unguarded moment, described how when his wife wanted a bit of slap and tickle all she had to do was undress him herself and he would be ready for her. The girls put the matter to the test and the experiment proved a great success. Having discovered a new game we can expect them to try a repeat performance. Their victim is likely to be very pretty, very young or very slow. Captain Maxim tells me he has started a sweepstake. I have bought myself some new running shoes.

Thursday

I am very pleased to be able to report that our new Honorary Member, Dave Drew, has been elected to

membership of the Irish Bat Appreciation Society. His efforts at prusiking in an aven in Aillwee Cave, Co. Clare, were given high acclaim by the selection committee of this elite upside-down club.

With regret I must also report that a nomination for Martyn Farr of the CDG for his efforts with an over-inflated dry suit at -30 metres in Pollduagh Cave, Co. Galway, was disallowed on the grounds that bats are not known to roost underwater.

Friday

Great news! The IBAS has accepted Martyn Farr for membership since he made a perfect upside-down landing after a fly-about in Poulmagollum, Co. Clare. Everyone down to O'Connor's to celebrate!

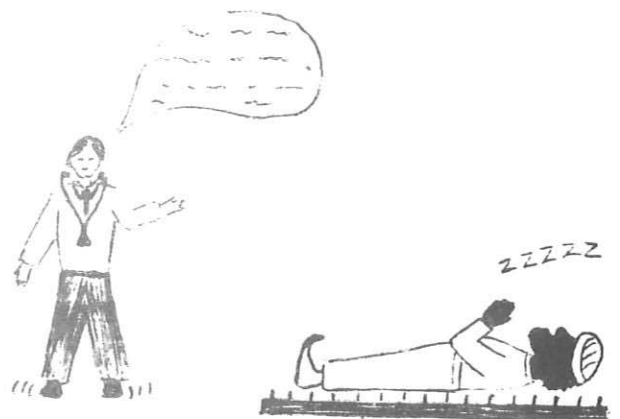
Saturday

"Where did you get that lovely suntan?"

"Oh, do you like it? Yes, I acquired it in Peshawar. Pakistan, you know. I have just come back from my medical elective there. Interesting country etc...etc..."

Such would probably have been the conversation if my old friend Steve 'the Shuffler' Perry was capable of a suntan. Alas, when he was last in Bristol he was still using the "probably the best caver of my generation" routine.

Perhaps we should all start calling him 'Carlsberg'.



"Because they thought I couldn't get myself a girl friend, if I wanted one."
Alice looked a little further and saw the Queen of Hearts, also hanging upside down. "What is that for?" asked Alice.

"Oh, somebody saw me taking off my clothes," replied the Queen.
Further on Alice spied the March Hare, also upside down. "Why did they do that to you?" she asked.

"Well you see," replied the March Hare, "I tend to fall rather painfully, when I get drunk."

So then the three asked Alice, "Why did they hang you upside down here?"
Alice replied, "because I dared to spell the name of the Sacred Cow VACCA."

They didn't say anything to this, and after a while Alice noticed that nobody was speaking to her any longer.

MAGER ROW OVER EVICTION NOTICE

O'Gorblimey, it's the Building Society bailiff!

"What do you mean, 'it's not my house'? I bought it off a bloke in a pub. He said it was his grandmother's".

Was the vendor really named 'Gormless'? Will Dave still buy the house, now that he has been evicted from it? What does Di think?

For the answer to these and many other questions, buy Dave Mager a pint of Bass and keep a very straight face.



KILCORNEY DEPRESSION



A.B. Doctor writes

Kilcorney Depression has featured several times in the news in recent weeks. Unlike many of these so-called media illnesses, Kilcorney Depression is not a new ailment. It has been known for at least two centuries and, though its causes are not yet completely understood, we doctors are still hopeful of a breakthrough. Kilcorney Depression is not usually considered to be serious, but if you think it is causing you any problems it would be advisable to consult a doctor.

NOOKS CORNERS Pue



making
way
for a



development

Alice wandered even further into the wood. At last she came to the Spelaeo hut, where she found the Mad Hatter and all his friends worshipping a Sacred Cow. She knew he must be a hatter, because he was wearing a handsome hat with the price label tucked into the brim. On it was written, "In this style 39.50."

The Mad Hatter explained. "We have worshipped this Cow from time immemorial. We take it with us wherever we go."

Alice did not believe in cow-worship, but was curious to know more. "What is its name?" she asked.

"Wacko", came the answer.

This sounded so strange to Alice that she asked how it was spelt.

"W-A-C-K-O, of course", replied the Mad Hatter.

"That's a very curious name", said Alice.

"Not at all", said the Mad Hatter. "It's the Latin word for a cow."

"Oh no it's not", said Alice, who had learnt Latin at school,

"The Latin for a cow is 'vacca' and it is spelt V-A- double C-A."

"Well", said the Mad Hatter, "you can forget it. This is the name given to it in the original publication, and this was how it was spelt."

"Perhaps the authors weren't very good at spelling."

The Mad Hatter gave Alice a dark look. Then went on, "We always stick to the original names, as long as it suits us."

"Well I think I shall call it 'vacca'."

The Mad Hatter gave her an even darker look. "If you do that", said he, "we will pillory you upside down."

Alice didn't really fancy that, but at the same time she felt like making a silent protest. So, while the others weren't looking, she got a lot of pieces of slate and wrote on each of them WACKO, crossed out and VACCA written underneath. Then she buried them all in different places near the hut.

Now it was about at this time, that they started digging a pit for the new Ivy Row, and of course the first thing they came across was some of Alice's slates. They knew at once who had perpetrated this crime, because nobody else would have dared. So they belayed her by the ankles and hung her upside down in an obscure place.

Presently Alice's eyes got used to the darkness and she saw that other people were hanging upside down beside her. There was the Lizard. "What did they hang you here for?" asked Alice.

I hear that Mike Norton, a former Hon. Sec. from the not very recent past, is once again a Secretary - this time at the British Embassy in Washington. Do Americans need GB permits?

One of my spies has just informed me that two girl members of our club fought each other for the privilege of delivering a copy of Newsletter to the very beautiful and talented Mr Philip Chapman. The spy demanded a quite outrageous fee to name the girls concerned, so I must leave my readers to speculate on their identity.

For those readers with long memories, Jenny Peat's lump (as reported last issue) turns out to be a baby boy. The proud parents continued to call the baby "Lump" until the Registrar of Births finally became petulant. The poor child is now known as Kelty Ross Peat. He will probably be called "Fisons" at school, worse luck.

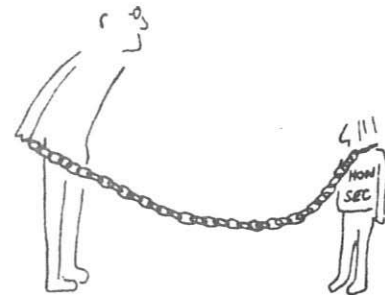
Surprise presents are always the best. When Willie Stanton heard that the UBSS were making him an Honorary Member, he phoned Chris Hawkes to ask if it was a leg-pull. When he found it was true he cried, "this is the nicest thing that has happened to me for years".

Why is Duke of Edinburgh Gold Medal winner Chris Shirt now known as Action Man? Read all about it in the High Peak Reporter.

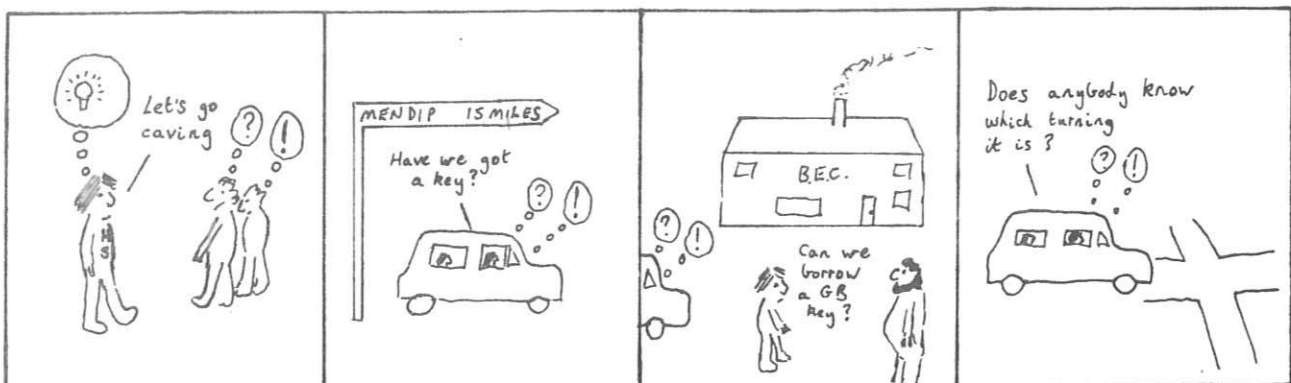
A well known prophet of doom has been warning for years that Dr Timothy would be demoted to plain Mr Lyons. Now it has happened, but not through any act of imprudence. Tim has passed his surgeon's exams. Well done, sir!

An extraordinary wedding for Ian Cassely. His friends all turned up in military uniforms, Sheila's all in tartan. I felt slightly underdressed.

HON. SEC.



The students go caving



Maxim



Gravel

Again I feel obliged to correct a misunderstanding amongst the less intellectual recipients of my vessel. While it is true that the last issuing stirred little comment and absolutely no criticism this is not as a result of being ignored. On the contrary, my vessel and I find a warm welcome wherever we go. Some of my hosts have even come to realise that public ridicule is a catharsis from which true wisdom may later emerge. One or two have even forgiven me. I hope to continue for many years giving opportunity for such Christian virtue.

R. Matey

pp Captain Maxim

The Bishop's Head Inn

The Mount

St Just

Cornwall

A Christmas card from my old friend Steve Perry announces that he will be spending New Year among the dervishes of the North-West Frontier. I shall be abroad at New Year too - I am going to Scotland.

Congratulations to SAM and Alison on their engagement. I do hope marriage doesn't mellow the old rascal too much - he is such a useful in-fighter at committee meetings.

Question: how many ladder pitches are there in Giant's Hole, Derbyshire? Answers on a postcard, please, to Dick Willis, 6 Worcester Terrace, Clifton, Bristol 8.

Question: what goes 'snap, crackle, pop, oh f***!' at midnight in the Llanberis Pass?

Answer: a high mountain 'igloo type' tent with Mic Seavers inside it.

"Pretty Boy" McHale has just come across the first problem of teaching practice in his Cert. Ed. course - 12 year old schoolgirls. They think he's wonderful!

The UBSS Beautiful Persons Spelaeo-biology Expedition to Hawaii (Phil Chapman and Mick McHale, of course) still have a little to learn about saunas. It may be cheaper to walk over the fissuring ground of an erupting volcano, but it does leave a dreadfully sulphurous and lingering B.O.

Tony Chard is a nice lad, but he thinks wetsuits are comfortable for surface work! Perhaps we should keep an eye on this one.

PRIVATEER

No 5



What's
Happening?