

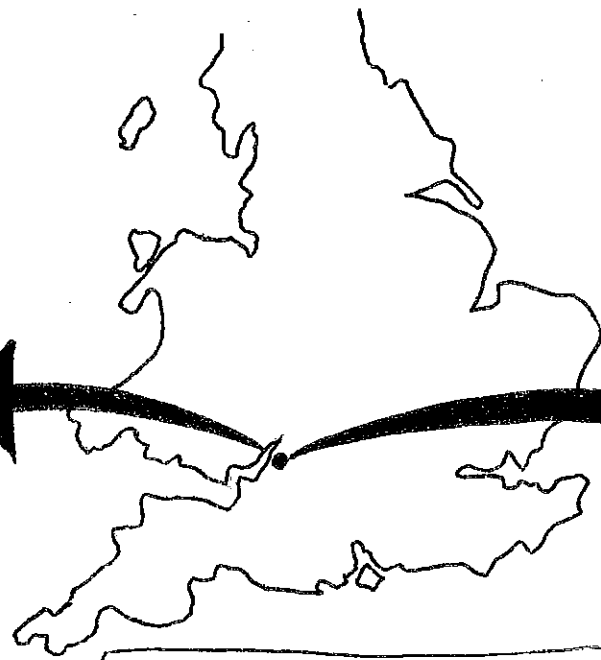
NEWSERIES No 16  
SUMMER 81

NEWSLETTER

IRELAND



IS GOOD  
FOR  
SPELAEOLGY



AUSTRIA



UBSS  
Going places



## EDITORIAL

Well it's been a long time since the last Newsletter was printed and there have been a few changes. Charlie has resigned as editor and gone on to bigger and better things (Read Privateer).

This is my first opportunity as editor and I hope to introduce some new ideas into the Newsletter. i.e. How about a letter page? You must have an opinion about something! so write in and tell me. I may print it.

What do you think about Privateer! Printable items to me others to Charlie. If you like IT, it become a regular and independant voice of opinion.

Finally if you want another Newsletter in the near future write something. I'm not going to do it for you!

Chris Pepper

Send all articles to me at 7 Reedley Rd W-G-T Bristol BS9 3SR

## Newsletter Flash

U.B.S.S. gets computerised is this the end of the Newsletter as we know it? !!! For this and many other uninteresting facts set the next thrilling installment of U.B.S.S. in Wonderland.

Have you heard of the event's of the year:-

Best regards to the following happy couples:

Clive and Wanda  
Graham and Linda  
Charles and Di  
Phillip and Di

And may the Best Couple win!

## U.B.S.S. Dinner 1981

Didn't manage to make it to the Colston beforehand but still managed to get in a pint or two at the Grad Club before eating. Found myself sitting next to Bob - a fatal mistake - I think he'd had more than a pint or two because he started throwing butter papers at Kirsten's cleavage then was harassing the waitresses and throwing bread rolls around. The food was good, I think, but people kept making me laugh too much.

Mike gave Charlie an award, which nearly pleased him, even though it was a one way ticket to Greenland. Then Ken got a few awards, I liked the removal van Ces gave him, but I don't think he's taken the hint yet. (Last heard of in Leeds..ed) Bob and Jen showed extreme generosity in giving Ken a caving boot (quite a good one - it had a sole and an upper part) in appreciation of an enjoyable Boxing Day! Steve McDoobery was given something and Mike Martin was jealous because he wasn't. There was a raffle - the mystery prize being little Mick - wish I'd bought a ticket - perhaps not though..... the booby prize - almost won by C.A.Self - was C.A.Self Esq.

Of course everyone admired Charlie's flashing jacket - at least it was only the jacket. Wanda and Clive announced their engagement, and Steve was there with Jane, which must have pleased those who've heard such glowing reports from Ken. When the tables were cleared away music and dance followed, a good box made a change from drink, for some, at least.

The second part of the proceedings involved a barrel of beer at Christina Terrace. An anonymous person decided that her feet were too hot and went for a paddle in the Chemistry School pond en route. At Christina Terrace it appeared to me that people were being well behaved and sticking to drinking rather than any other activities - perhaps this is a reflection on the absence of sweet young ladies amongst the student members (apologies Linda). I must admit that I don't quite know how Bob managed to get stuck in the loo - But he had to climb out of the window. And so it went on. By 4am the chance of a lift back to Elmdale Rd was definitely more appealing than more drink - an opinion showed by the other 99 or so people in Chris' car.

Back at Christina Terrace the "hard" core kept up the drinking, but regrettably even Mike Martin failed to finish the barrel before crashing out - secretaries ain't what they used to be!

And Sunday passed as Sundays do in such circumstances.

J.A.C.

p.s. The Montgomery Canal is going to be THE place to go for Holidays in 1982 so book early.

## YORKSHIRE-EASTER '81

The advanced guard left Bristol on thursday evening. This consisted of Clive, M.J.M, M.M and Mark Owen. All arrived safely in Clapham around 24.00 Hrs having stopped for food and other refreshment on route. Unfortunately no one knew where the campsite was (behind the tennis courts). This was hastily located and the tents erected.

The next morning having eaten in Berni's we headed for Irby Fell as a nice intro. However this was occupied by a large group on an assessment course. We chose to avoid them and turned our attentions to Marble Steps.

Back at the campsite we met the "Evil Savage" (not my words), Uncle Bob, Jane, Julian Griffiths and a tentless Ken B. After some shuffling around and a few pints everyone had a place under canvas.

Saturday morning - breakfast in the Fountains Cafe followed by a site seeing trip in Lancaster and out County (we correctly assumed someone would have missed that end). On route we or rather Mick Matson attempted to locate Cape Canaveril? While the rest scurried behind. Bob decided this wasn't his scene and went on a wander with Ken. When we emerged back into Lancaster we were questioned as to whether we had seen Bobs knee pad which he had lost in the beginning of the Irby Series. M.J.M replied "Yes but I left it where it was", Bob wasn't very pleased.

Sunday was the worst day weather wise with a very light drizzle. I martyred myself by fixing Mark's wetsuit, only to bust my own zip just before going down Sleets Gill Beck. It's a bit chilly in Hydrophobia with a bare chest. The ramp at the end was definately worth seeing, once!

Monday-SRT trip into Stream Passage. K.S.B & M.M had a little problem locating the entrance but eventually followed M.J.M & Bob. Clive & Steve 'Pendry' missed in with Bob's help. Having caught the others up at the top of the 3rd pitch. Clive left (to return to Birmingham) Bob left -"cos i saw it was turning into a mesa-fester" and Mick retreated cos he'd had enough for his first SRT trip. Meanwhile Steve Ken & I continued on to the bottom. The last pitch was rather loose and I don't know why anyone would ever go there, I doubt whether I shall. (Reference to boulder choke down out of Stream Passage to get to last pitch.) For some unknown reason Ken chose to bring a spare 65m of rope to the bottom. Perhaps he's training for Austria.

Tuesday-The final fling by most of the party. Steve suggested a visit to Birkwith, the site of Oliver's 1st caving trip. The canal at the end was freezing. On exiting Oliver was heard to say "Why did I do that in shorts and tee-shirt last time?"

After this the party returned to Bristol M.J.M, Bob and myself via Leeds (visitins) but not before Oliver and Steve had seen the snow arrive on Wednesday and Steve gained many Hero points for his solo decent of Lons Kin West in four hours and ten minutes. (161m deep) Or did he just hide out of view of the surface?

M.M

### OBITUARY: F. FROST

It is sad to have to tell of the death of Frank Frost during Easter Week, 1981, at the age of about 75. He was famous as the Hon Secretary and later as the President of the Wessex Cave Club. He was elected an outside member of the U.B.S.S. in March 1952 and always maintained an interest in the affairs of the Society. He was particularly good at photography, including cave photography, and sometimes accompanied Trat on his archaeological digs.

O.C.L.

### OBITUARY: Dr. F. G. JENKINS

I read in the Evening Post on January 16th, 1981, that the last of our Founder Members had died at the age of 79. This was Dr. F.G. Jenkins, who lived at 51 Redcliffe Hill, Bristol 1, with his sister. During the first World War he served as a Boy Scout orderly at Southmead Hospital. After that he entered the Medical School of the University of Bristol, and was a first year student, when he helped to found the U.B.S.S. in March 1919. He took a practice in Redcliffe in 1929. I only met him once and that was at a meeting of the Bristol Medical Chirurgical Society some years ago.

O.C.L.

### A BIRTHDAY PARTY INVITATION TO ALL MEMBERS

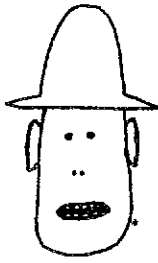
Oliver proposes to celebrate his 70th birthday in the Old Grotto of Swildon's Hole, on Tuesday, 4th August, 1981. You are all invited. Sherry and Cake. Catering by Nick Barrington. Meet Frida's Upper Green, that is the one by the church, at 5 pm.

### CHARTERHOUSE CAVING COMMITTEE

The Committee held its Annual Meeting on the 22nd February, 1981. It was noted that the Sandhurst club was only one year and a bit in arrears with their subscription and therefore should not have been thrown out at the last meeting. The new system of permits seems to be working all right. The accounts show a surplus of £115 and the U.B.S.S. representative was successful in obtaining a rise of £5 in the G.B. Cave subvention, for two years, dating from 1.1.82. The sub from each constituent club is being held at £5 p.a. The Mendip Exploration Group's application for membership as a constituent club was turned down. The next meeting is arranged for 28.3.1982.

O.C.L.

THE  
ALTERNATIVE



VICE

Bruce Sport writes

The snooty, nationalistic, Pommy caving press has for years been indulging in a conspiracy of silence to prevent the true facts about what is happening Down Under from getting out. It is totally obvious that the UBSS has been acting as a mere puppet to the State-run BCRA in censoring all references to the well known Australian sport of Downing, where eight tubes of ice-cold lager are downed in less than five minutes, which as all right-minded people know sorts out the real men from the pooftahs and gives stomach cancer to the namby-pamby intellectuals who comprise (cont. page 24)

#### Cave Bores

".....it's only a hundred yards from the entrance but we have to bring the spoil right out, so it's pretty exhausting, 4 or 5 hours of lying flat-out on your stomach clawing the stuff out, just like clay. You

## Book of the Month

CAVES OF COUNTY CLARE

COMPILED BY C.A.SELF

UBSS Publications, £9.00

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Was it a work of pure genius?

A trail-blazing standard for the Club to parade in the 1980's?

A book of such unquestionable merit that E.K.Tratman's classic 'Caves of North-West Clare, Ireland' would flicker dimly in comparison to its glorious brilliance?

Or was it just a hoax?

The question has been on the lips of Club members for the past 18 months - unfortunately, I can't give them an answer.

have to scrape it into the bucket, then you have to back all the way out, no room to turn around, and of course there's only room for one of you to work at a time, so by the time you've done a few bucketfulls you're absolutely knackered. But there can't be more than another three hundred feet to go and we've done at least 25 feet already so give it another couple of years and half a dozen really keen blokes....."

# UNIVERSITY TOWN ROCKED BY. EMOTIONAL OUTBURST

The studious calm of Bristol, gateway to the quiet backwaters of the West Country, was disturbed for only the second time this century when two of the most eminent members of the Spelæological Society, a Mr Graham Mullen and 2nd Lt. Clive Owen announced their engagement and forthcoming nuptials later this year.

Not since the Luftwaffe laid the foundations for the Broadmead Shopping Area has a comparable sense of excitement been felt in this sleepy city where (cont. page 24)

## Poetry Corner

LINES ON THE CONTINUING LAP-DOG  
SITUATION

Mind-Racing  
Brain-in- Neutral  
Just this side of panic

Self-Effacing  
Purposefully  
You think I am manic!?

Oh no!  
Not me  
Seriously  
You have got the wrong person  
there and I mean that

Keith's Mum (37)



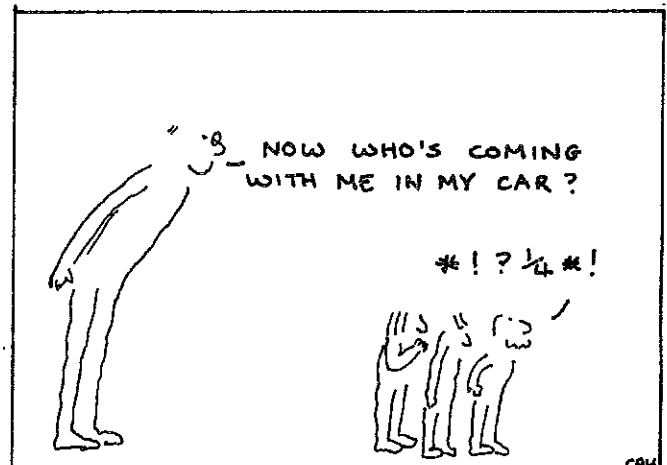
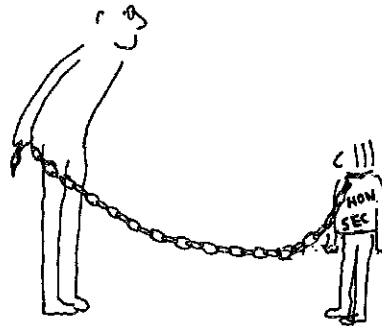
● My spies inform me that the Hon. Arbuthnott now wears his hair quite short and that he has recently gone clean-shaven. He has even been seen wearing lumberjack shirts. Friends in the Church of England advise me that as yet there is no cause for alarm, but if he grows a moustache the younger members of the club should take the precaution of wearing both belt and braces. I believe the term currently in vogue is 'coming out'. I do hope he isn't.

I do hope my old drinking companion, Ken 'bunch of cunts' Baker, is doing well for himself. It is such a long time since I saw his happy, smiling face.

Neighbours of the Eccentric Septuagenarian fear that he has finally gone deaf in both of his ears. He has been heard practising on his newly acquired drum kit - a far more formidable musical instrument than any he has previously owned.

● Is the callipygian Ms Janet Cooper really trying to surpass the Big Pongo's disgusting record for 'collecting' past Hon. Secretaries? The usual glass of ale is offered for further details.

# HON. SEC.





# Maxim

Rumours of the most opprobrious nature have been circulating amongst the lower orders during drinking sessions held in a well-known den of iniquity not a mile from the seat of learning in this our city port of Bristol. The main content of these entirely unfounded and malicious lies is that my vessel has not only been infiltrated, but is entirely crewed by members of the so-called UBSS Mafia. On a personal level I am distressed to hear my good self accused of being Godfather to this disgraceful horde.

May I warn my readers that I can no longer tolerate a slander of this nature and that any further attempts to impeach my good name will result in me asking my good friends, the Messrs. Smarmi, Grizi and Riski, to remedy the matter in their own inimitable style.

I sincerely hope that this warning will suffice and that further ill-will can be avoided.

R. Matey

pp Captain Maxim

Dun Nothing

Place des Innocentes

Port Vendres

Roussillon

FRANCE



# Gravel

I hear no news of the Greatest Living Englishman. Since he began his self-imposed exile in Cambridge he appears to have returned to the native condition of his beloved fens.

May I warn him against what happened to the erstwhile holder of his title, a Dr Adrian Wilkins? He married.

● Sounds of domestic strife reach my ears from the downhill side of trendy Clifton. It would appear that Stephen 'Mr Suave' Warr believes himself a victim of the Socialist Conspiracy. Having toiled all winter for the Gadfly of the Desert, he came home to find that his County Council had changed from blue to red rosette and were even flaunting their propaganda from his study window. Whatever must the neighbours think?

Of course, it doesn't help matters when the mistress of your heart is a card-carrying member of the Labour Party.

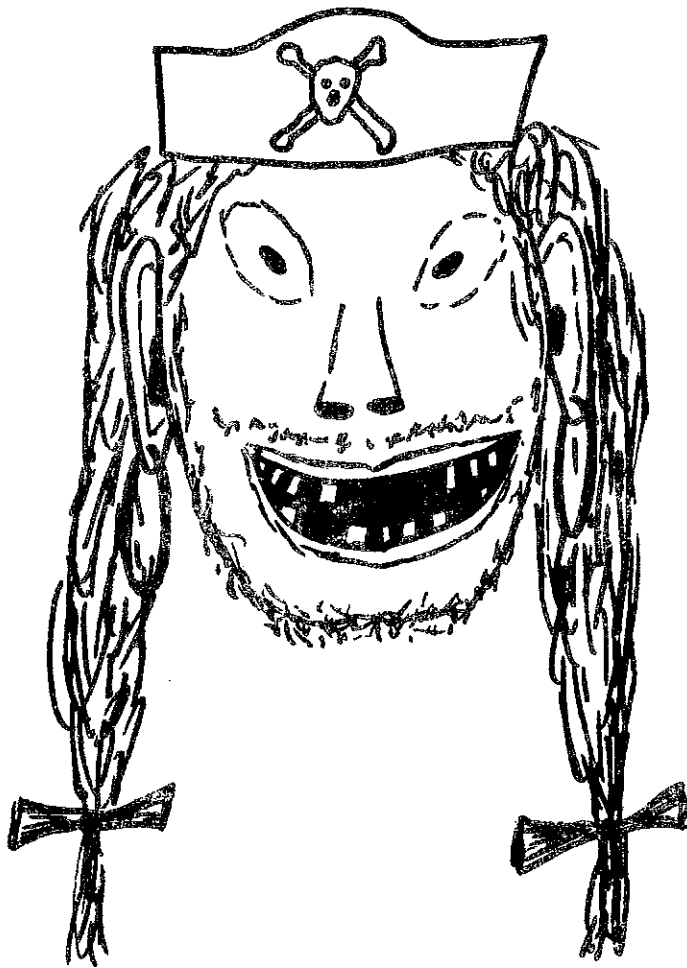
**A**larming reports have arrived from the provinces. It appears that visitors to the Land of the Three Feathers are offered a local beverage known as Felinfoel which induces the participant to talk with an unnatural accent whilst under its influence. On further imbibing of this concoction the speech defect accelerates until the poor victim can only pronounce the first letter of any word and goes caving down O.F.D., or D.Y.O., and joins the S.W.C.C.

When travelling abroad I always drink Perrier Water, though a gentleman might like to take a little gin with it.

# PRIVATEER



No 1



Welcome aboard,  
me hearties.  
Har, har, har.

PLAIN SAILING FOR  
NEW : PRIVATE VENTURE