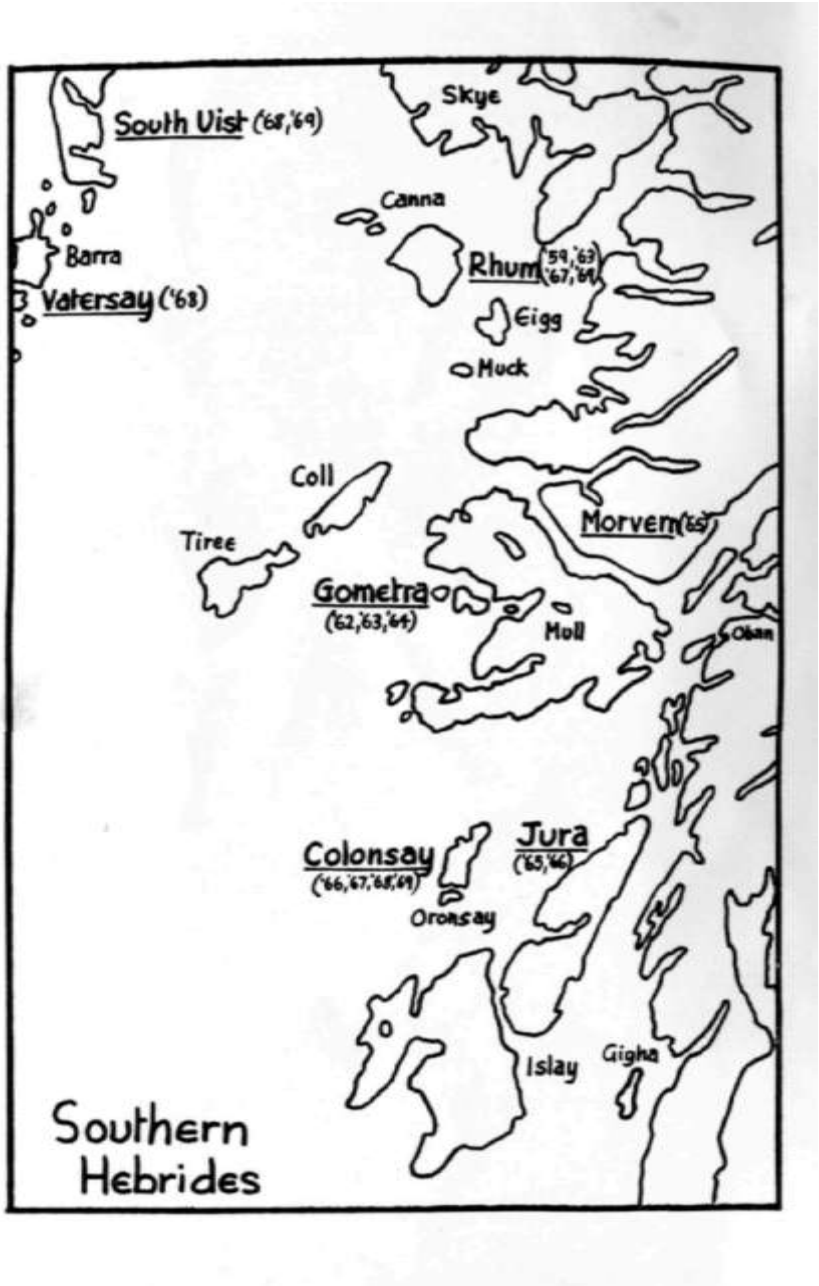

THE 1969 REPORT OF

THE SCHOOLS HEBRIDEAN SOCIETY

(Founded in 1960)

Proprietor

THE SCHOOLS HEBRIDEAN COMPANY LIMITED *(Registered as a Charity)*

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The Editor of the Report is C. J. Dawson, 14 Southwood Road, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. SK2 70G

FOREWORD

I am particularly glad to be able to write a foreword for this Annual Report for no one who has received the reports of earlier years and knows what the Schools Hebridean Society has done and is doing can fail to be impressed by its work. This is Geography in its widest sense, done on the ground; a taste of that field work which is so essential to geographical research. But there is more to it than that. It is good, in the first place, that the content of these Schools' expeditions is not wholly academic. There is scope for adventure. There is the invaluable experience to be gained from sharing in the organization of expeditions, in running them, indeed in just belonging to them, and camping and working at close quarters with others. Personally, I know of no better, no more salutary, experience than taking part in an expedition, whatever one's subsequent profession may have been. Few experiences provide more useful lessons for later life.

Added to all this, there is of course the beauty of the Hebrides, their special geographical, and indeed archaeological and historical, interest and the new developments taking place there, in industry and agriculture, for example. All these are prospects which should ensure that the Schools Hebridean Society goes from strength to strength in 1970.

L. P. Kinvan

EDITORIAL COMMENT

You will notice that the directory of Society members has been removed from the Report. We have found that more space is needed for reports and articles, but at a minimum cost. It has therefore been decided to duplicate the directory separately. This way amendments might also be kept more up to date.

This Report also has several additions. As it is ten years since the Society was founded, I thought that we would include some non-Hebridean articles by some of our members. Tim Willcocks* article on conservation is practical as well as topical. Barry Smith joined the Society while at School and is now a Director of the Company. Perhaps we can lake some credit for his enthusiastic organisation of the Southampton University Expedition to the Grenadines. Mike Baker and Stephen Gethin turn our eyes to the east and south, to places they have recently visited.

When we are feeling down-hearted and self-critical it seems that we arc achieving little. It docs us good to look back from whence we came and around at what we and our members are doing. For instance, last year we had our first expedition to Shetland- celebrated by the portraits on the centre page—and this year an expedition will be there again. This summer. Geoff David's archaeological expedition to Uist will be another new departure.

We have talked for a long time about having a permanent store and now it is within sight of being a reality. Phil Renold has worked hard on possible sites and plans and Richard Marshall, who, like Phil, is another newcomer to the Board, is co-ordinating the appeal for funds.

It was when three of us went to Brathay Hall last November that we realised that the S.H.S. has got on to its feet in the ten years since it was founded. Here we met with representatives from the other major organisations involved in "youth exploration", together with representatives from the Nature Conservancy, the Field Studies Council, the Royal Geographical Society and other interested people. The reason for the meeting was to decide whether it was not time that some co-ordination existed between the various organisations, so as to help others in the running and organising of expeditions. By giving help and information it was hoped that we might help to bring about an improvement in the standard of expeditions. We ourselves must always seek to improve, but, at the same time, remember that we do have something to offer others.

For help in the preparation of this Report, my thanks go to those who wrote articles and submitted illustrations to the sub-editors who sorted material and to the printers for the final article.

Chris Dawson

THE FORT WILLIAM STORES AND BOATS APPEAL

Following the 1969 Conference it was decided to acquire a permanent base in Scotland and to acquire more boats for use on expeditions. Clearly this was going to involve considerable outlay far beyond the Society's normal resources. Thus it was decided to launch a special appeal to enable the plans for the building of a base and the provision of more boats.

The appeal was planned to be carried out in three major stages. The first was to be directed at parents of members of the 1969 expeditions and to other people closely connected with the Society; the second stage to be directed at all other Society members not included in stage one; the third stage to be directed towards outside organisations who are in sympathy with the Society's activities.

The appeal was actually launched on 21st September, 1969 and at the time of the 1970 Conference was nearing the conclusion of stage one.

The following summary shows the value of the appeal on 5th January, 1970 and the form in which it has been raised.

	£	$.	d.
28 Deeds of Covenant worth	•1,765	15	8
33 Single Donations amounting to.....	245	3	0
1 Seven year Banker's Order worth	14	14	0
	2,025	12	8

(•This figure anticipates that the deeds will run for the full seven years and that income tax standard rate is at &r. .V. in the pound.)

We still have a long way to go before the target comes into sight so please publicise the appeal amongst people you feel may respond to our cause and, of course, if you yourself have not yet contributed I should be very pleased to hear from you.

Richard Marshall, Appeal Co-ordinator, I Martin Way, Morden. Surrey

THE FORT WILLIAM STORE

Provisional plans for a Society store in Fort William were drawn up a year ago and were based upon the assumption that it must provide:

1. Storage space for all equipment and boats.
2. Repair and servicing facilities for the above.
3. Comfortable accommodation for six people whilst servicing equipment, also during independent visits.
4. Adequate space for a full expedition to assemble and to spend a night in briefing and de-briefing.
5. A library common room where all material collected on the expeditions can be written up and where a reference library can be built up.

The accompanying plan includes:

1. Kitchen.
2. Common room/library.
3. Main storage area.
4. Workshop.
5. Bathroom with toilets and showers.

This gives a rough idea of what we hope to build but it may be that we will have to convert existing property. At the present time no definite plans have been made and if anybody has any comments or suggestions please let me know. Illustrated is a possible design.

P. N. Renold

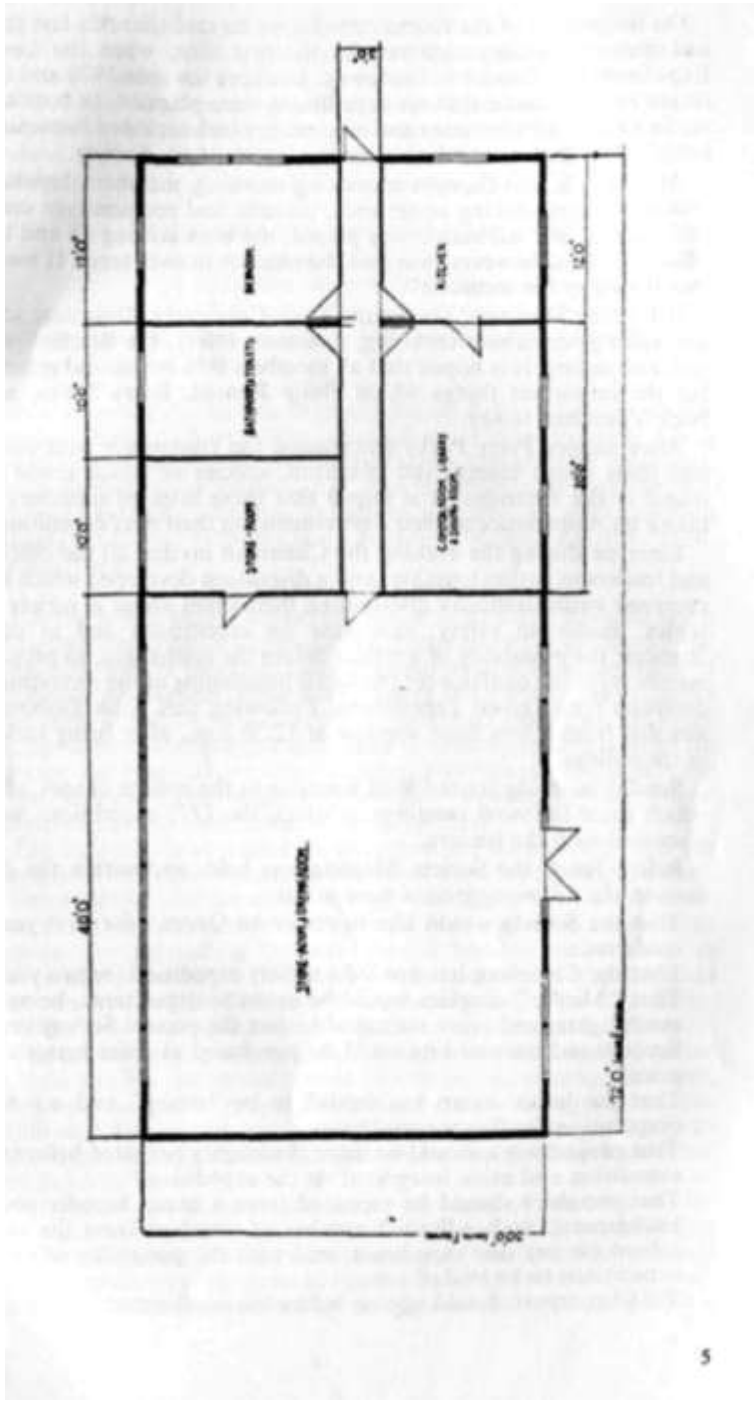
1970 CONFERENCE REPORT

Last year's conference at Oxford drew a record attendance of well over a hundred members. This success was followed this year by a similar number congregating at Queen's College from the 2nd to the 4th of January. The Chairman introduced the conference after supper on the Friday evening and, later on. John Houghton entertained the assembled company with a lantern-slide talk about his recent 99 Greyhound Bus tour of America.

The following morning illustrated talks and reports from the five 1969 expeditions were received before the Chairman's report.

In his report John Abbott thanked all those who had contributed to the 1969 expeditions: leaders, officers and committee members alike. He announced that Richard Marshall and Philip Renold had joined the Board.

In outlining the progress pf the Fort William Store Apj> »' [h]<-' said that sixty-one contributions (a 40% response) had prod promise of £1,900. and that the appeal will go out to other n of the Society (those not involved in the 1969 expedition Spring. He also asked if there was a Fairy Godmother



On the subject of the recent expeditions he said that this last year had seen the Society airborne for the first time, when the Lewis Expedition had flown to Stornoway. Looking towards 1970 and the future he announced that six expeditions were planned. In concluding he said that enthusiasm and efficiency, which included immediate letter answering, would determine the future of the Society.

After a rich, and thought-provoking morning, members dispersed around Oxford seeking sustenance, exercise and reunion-type comradeship. A football match was played, the boys scoring is and the officers 6. This, however, was just the number in each team. It was a moral victory for someone!

Before the Directors* sherry and Coca-Cola party, films were seen and talks given, about climbing, mountain safety, the Brathay project, and sailing. It is hoped that all members take notice and remember the important things which Philip Renold, Barry Smith, and Nick Yates had to say.

After supper Peter Parks entertained the conference with slides and films about insects and plankton, species of which could be found in the Hebrides. It is hoped that these inspired members to lake a bit more notice of their environment on their next expeditions!

Later on during the evening the Chairman invited all the officers and leaders to gather together, and a discussion developed which left everyone enthusiastically questioning themselves about a variety of topics: mountain safety; discipline on expeditions and at conferences; the possibility of a report before the conference, to prepare members for the conference; the social broadening of the recruitment campaign; and co-ed expeditions. Following this John Dobinson abseiled from a first floor window at 12.20 a.m. after being locked in the college.

Sunday morning started with a service in the college chapel, after which there followed meetings at which the 1970 expeditions were discussed with the leaders.

Before lunch the Society Meeting was held, and within the discussion the following points were noted:

That the Society would like to return to Queen's for next year's conference.

That the Chairman has not led a society expedition for two years!

That "Mirror" dinghies would be assets to expeditions, being so much lighter and more manageable than the present Society craft. Second-hand ones or kits could be purchased at quite reasonable prices.

That the junior camp has tended to be "cushy" and not real preparation for future expeditions.

That project work should be more thoroughly prepared before the expedition and more integrated on the expedition.

That members should be recruited from a much broader social background, with a limited number of members from the same school on any one expedition, and with the possibility of co-ed expeditions to be looked into.

That the report should appear before the conference.

During the Sunday afternoon Mike Baker showed some of his films. One was about a Society expedition to Lewis, one about a visit he had made to Thailand, and another about Australia.

The conference ended officially at tea time, but later on that evening the Chairman and many directors were observed eating venison, and singing Society songs at "Dudley's" on the Faringdon Road.

COLONSAY EXPEDITION 1969

(Age: I2-14 J)

Leader: Roger Trafford

Officers

Philip Renold, Mark Hayden. Tim Mallen. Peter Smith. Chris Gilmore, Graeme Mahler.

Boys

Paul Angus. Peter Barnes, Richard Banks, Rupert Bates, Anthony Bowden, Robert Boys, John Carmichael, Philip Conran, Mark Creamer, Paul Crosby, Angus Darrock, Nick David, Peter Dcwhurst, Kevin Draper. Paul Edkins, Jonathan Fairhurst, Richard Friend, Michael Gallant, Andrew Lambert, Mark Mishon, Robert Musgrave, Clivc O'Donoghue, Richard Ritter, Martin Turff, Jeremy Turff.

LEADER'S REPORT

For the fourth year in a row, the Junior Expedition made its home on the western coast of Colonsay and it says much for the island that some members of the expedition have announced their intention of returning, whether accompanied by thirty boys or not! Some weeks after our return, it is difficult to remember anything that went wrong—and it is disasters which make interesting reading and which provide the material for chart-lopping folk songs. The epic song about Colonsay 1969 was never actually written, though several abortive attempts were made, notably by Peter.

The lack of a boat rather handicapped us, though such was the strength of the north-westerly wind which blew for the first ten days, it was doubtful whether much sailing would have been done. However, Chris turned his attention from tillers to meditation, with some success. Try persuading thirteen-year-old boys to sit on a hill in silence for half an hour! In fact, they managed: a sort of glaze filters over the eyes and the brain slowly sinks into a morass of nothing. Whether this is good for eyes, brain, or soul is open to question!

The canoes were in constant use. though at no time was it possible to leave the bay, so canoe bivvies had to be abandoned. However, everyone managed to propel the delicate craft with varying success. Philip and Ant proved much too strong for their rivals in competition, despite nefarious tricks from the organisers. (" Oi - who pinched that finishing buoy?")

Everyone received instruction in the mysteries of climbing and the fear which had been carefully instilled into them before they left home was soon dispelled. Heavily booted and gaily helmeted figures could be seen clambering over most of the surrounding rocks. A quiet walk along the cliffs was disturbed by the sight of Tim. hanging from a

piece of string with nothing beneath him but the boiling waves. "I just thought I would get a bit of practice without the boys—Mark reckons it's mod. diff."

Peter organised a highly successful orienteering programme—an example which could well be followed on succeeding expeditions. The final, three-hour course exhilarated and exhausted all except Phil who appeared to have completed the course twice in an hour— usually muttering "Where's that miserable Mrs. Hen" (for Pengers are a vital part of our expeditions). The mere thought of all this activity drove me to lie limply beneath a rock.

As always, the islanders were tremendous—ever friendly and helpful and they obviously enjoyed having the boys on their island. We attended the two ceilidhs and thoroughly enjoyed them. Clivie immediately grabbed the best-looking blonde in the hall; Dickie removed another from under her spluttering partner's nose; the sight of Ant's feet manfully stamping through "Strip the Willow" will long remain in my memory.

What else did we do? We roved over the whole island, managed to see Oronsay without forgetting the tide and explored the caves in Kiloran. Everyone spent at least one night away from camp and all were enjoyed, though Rich and Rupe were not too happy about sleeping on a cement-like paddock. Phil led a nine hour "stroll** around the coast without mishap—except that the loss of his camera was a perfect excuse for him to do it all again. Graeme attacked the fish in the locks without great success, but he couldn't seem to think up a very good excuse. We assisted in a survey of birds and were horrified at the effects of myxamatosis on rabbits. We sang endlessly in the evenings, for two guitarists and a balladeer can keep going for rather a long lime. Phil provided the perfect example of perpetual motion, organising food, stores, and gear and still finding time to join in the activities—an ideal Camp Administrator, to whom I send my sincere thanks. (When I think of the work I would have had to do … !)

And so the days sped by. The weather brightened towards the end, and as we staggered aboard the *Locheil* in the early dawn there were many words of regret and of looking forward to next year. There's a curious hold which the Hebrides has over anyone who has been there—a feeling of continuity, of "Well, we'll be back." And so we will.

Roger Trafford

"HEY! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?"

"You must be mad." That was one of the comments that we received when we arrived at the camp at 6 p.m., absolutely exhausted, and more than once we had thought we *were* mad to go on the round-the-island walk.

There were five of us—Phil Rcnold, Michael Gallant. Martin Turff, Nick David, and myself—and we set off at 9.15a.m., full of energy and confidence, but all this had practically disappear the time we'd reached Kiloran Bay, and Phil had already g after rolling into what he thought was a dried-up stream.

>

We had our "lunch" when we got to Eilean Dubh, by the wreck of a fishing boat. Since we were at the most northerly point of the island we had a good view of the surrounding Hebrides.

The next pan of the walk was the most difficult because it was a jungle of bracken and heather, all up-and-down, and without much water. On the way we saw a herd of goats and we went through the ruined village, completely deserted fifty years ago when the harbour silted up. We got first aid, from the doctor at Scalasaig, in the form of a glass of water, and then set out on the last part of the trek. When we reached the Strand (Colonsay), some of us wondered whether we would ever make it, but, eventually, we reached the camp, survivors of the twenty-five mile endurance test.

Andrew Lambert

POEM: COLONSAY 31st AUGUST, 1969

I showed you the path up the mountain. I showed you the
way to the shore. Then I lay on my back in the meadow And
I slept my day's sleep in the sun. When I woke up I watched
the day ending When I thought it had only begun. Come
down from your mountain schoolboy. Come back from your
walk on the shore. I want you to wander wherever you will
And remember the things that you see. I want you to pocket
the treasures you find But come back and show them to me.
I'm blind in the world you're discovering, I'm deaf to the new
sounds you hear Though once they were mine and mine only
They were strange and sacred and rare. But now they're all
gone from my pocket... Put them back if you can ... if you
care.

Chris Gilmore

CLIMBING ON COLONSAY

We were fortunate in having three climbers on Colonsay again this year: Phil Renold, Tim Mallcn, and myself. As Phil and I had both been to Colonsay before we knew of a number of cliffs which were suitable for the boys. This saved a lot of time, as removing the loose rock and vegetation from a new climb can take an hour or two.

Before venturing on to the rock, some instruction on rope management was given and the importance of safety emphasised. All the boys did some climbing und tried their hands at abseiling. Even Roger Trafford was persuaded to fulfil his life-long ambition to abseil. You can't demonstrate the strength of a rope any better way. What's that stripe across your back Rog?

A number of ‘'hard men" soon emerged who climbed as much as possible. Unfortunately the weather prevented us from climbing every day, but most of the boys were able to do as much as they wished.

Mark Hayden

TRAGEDY AFTER TRAGEDY

During the expedition everyone had to spend one night away from the main camp on a "bivouac". Two parties, consisting of Paul Edkins and myself and Mark Mishon, Rupert Bates, and Nick David were originally planned, but owing to various tragedies we ended up as one party of five.

During the morning of the day of our departure we were checking through our equipment and found that the spanner for the primus stove had been left behind by the previous party. We told Phil, who was in charge of the equipment, and he told one of the other party to go and fetch it after that afternoon's orienteering competition. After lunch the bivouacers were told that they did not have to take part but Nick decided to do so. After the start of the competition we packed our rucksacks and awaited Nick's return. All the other competitors arrived back on time except two, and one of those was Nick. When he arrived, about fifteen minutes late we at last set off on the road to Oronsay. We soon met the boy who had set off earlier to retrieve the spanner and after a rest we continued on our way.

All went well until we reached the site. The stream looked all right and since we had "Sterotabs" we decided that the water was O.K. to drink. We then began pitching our tents only to discover that the previous party had lost one of the "A" pieces as well as some of the pegs. However, by using the one good pole in the middle of the tent we were able to erect a form of "bell** tent.

We then began supper. Having set up the primus we then tried unsuccessfully to light it. We had about six tries but it cither flared up in a mass of orange and yellow or else a two feet high jet of paraffin shot into the air. In the end we gave up and cooked all the supper together in one pan on a small "Gaz'' stove. This took about an hour but even so the food was only just warm. Despite this we served it out, but no one liked it so we dug a hole with our knives and poured it away (Shocking waste! Phil)

After an uncooked dessert Rupert, Nick, and 1 set about the washing up and preparing for the night whilst Mark and Paul went off to investigate a house that looked deserted. We soon finished clearing up and knocking the tent pegs in hard and went to join the other two. We were halfway across the field when the other two came rushing towards us shouting "go back, go back" but we thought they were fooling us so we went on.

When we met them they said that the farmer who owned the land thought that we had chosen a bad spot and that the water was from the pens where they washed the sheep. He had also said that he was moving us to another field on his tractor and trailer. We all rushed back to the tents, ripped up the pegs and packed our equipment. We did not have time to pack the tents so we just shoved them on the trailer in a mess. We then chatted to the farmer for about ten minutes before setting off on a very bumpy ride to another field.

When we disembarked it was nearly dark and by the time we had the tents up it was pitch black. The field itself was quite f was very stony and pitching a tent by torchlight on a hard surface is not easy. Eventually everything was ready and we were soon asleep.

In the morning things went better. The primus worked, the break fast was hot, and things were generally more organised. We set off at about ten and arrived back just in time to sec the finals of the canoeing competition. Richard Banks and Mark Mishon

THE LONELY (?) SEA AND THE SKY

It was on the Monday that Roger reminded us of the canoe race. Some were looking forward to it and hoped to win but I was quaking with terror at the prospect since 1 had only been out once before when it was rather rough, and I had just tried to keep my balance whilst Jonathan did most of the hard work.

We drew for byes and canoes. Peter Barnes and I being lucky enough to get a bye in the first round. The competition progressed steadily with notable incidents as when Philip C. fell over the back of his canoe and ending up sitting in the water and when Jonathan managed to pull the back-rest off one of the canoes as he got in.

Surprisingly enough Peter and I reached the finals but our luck did not last as we were convincingly defeated by Philip C. and Ant.

Martin Turff

OUR BIVVY

Clivie and I set off at about four in the afternoon, and soon reached the small bay which lay between the camp site and our bivvy site. We got onto the track and it only took us about half-an-hour from there to find the large bay which was our destination. We wandered around for a bit, seeking a good camp site, and some fresh water. Eventually, we found both, the former a small grassy patch on a slight slope sheltered by an outcrop of rock and the latter in the form of a small stream nearby.

The first thing we did was to fill our two water bottles from the stream, and put in sterilising tablets. Then we put the tent up, and cooked our supper, which consisted of beef continental followed by tinned peaches. Just as we were finishing washing up, Rog appeared, demanding a cup of coffee, which was quickly made. We went to sleep as soon as he departed, and woke up at nine in the morning.

In a great hurry we got up, cooked our breakfast, and got the lent down in about thirty seconds fiat, piled all our stuff into our rucksacks and set out on our way back to the camp site. About five hundred yards later Clivie shouted "My anorak!" dropped his rucksack and disappeared in the direction of the bivvy site. Soon he reappeared, red in the face, carrying his anorak. We trudged across the sand of the bay, got onto the track and within an hour we were back in camp. Luckily nothing had gone drastically wrong.

Peter Dewhurst

THE LOCHLESS (LUCKLESS) BIVVY

Arrived! At least we thought we had…After deciding that the marsh through which we had just walked was Loch Cholla with the plug out, we climbed a smallish hill and saw nothing but more "smallish hills** and a loch in the far distance, which was obviously Loch Cholla. We sat down for a rest whilst one of the more … (I

can think of quite a lot of words to fill that gap) of us nipped up to a higher summit nearby and shouted down that there was water on the other side.

We did not believe him of course, and pointed out that it was more likely to be the Pacific Ocean, which sufficed until a keen geographer amongst us pointed out that although we had walked a long way (three miles) we had not crossed the Atlantic yet.

Eventually, however, we were persuaded to have a look. Well there *was* something rather larger than a puddle there, but not much more. Regardless of this we decided to set up camp there.

According to the water sterilising and cooking instructions, our supper should have taken forty-five minutes to prepare, but we were so hungry that we managed it in ten.

Before going to sleep a couple of us circumnavigated the loch. Except for getting bogged down twice, being stuck in a barbed-wire fence and being scared stiff by a ram that probably had perfectly peaceful intentions, we had quite a pleasant walk.

The porridge at breakfast was perfect—1 cooked it. 1 simply poured half a packet of Quaker Oats into about a pint of water, forgot the salt, cooked it, put it onto four plates, tipped most of the sugar on covered it in great quantities of Nestlé's milk and prayed (this lad obviously has the makings of a great C.A.—Phil).

We then finished off everything else and struck camp.

We returned by a hair-raising route through a high pass between two mountains (about 300 ft each) instead of the safer, but longer route by road.

Marching into camp in high spirits we were greeted by Roger, munching a cheese sandwich (a not unusual activity for one of his proportions—Phil) who viewed our four rucksacks aghast and asked "What do you want all that for? You only need one rucksack between the four of you. You can't have any lunch you know, this is all for us."

Peter Barnes

THE FOOTBALL MATCHES

After one abandonment owing to rain, the match between S.H.S. and the Islanders (liberally bolstered by holidaymakers) took place.

A ball having been found, in the Hebridean fashion we started an hour late. Much to our surprise we were soon in the lead and, in spite of the fact that three female holidaymakers opposed us, we eventually won 8—1. This is one of the very few, if not the only S.H.S. victory ever.

In the return game the opposition had a full strength team, and in consequence, they forced a 2—1 victory. However, in spite of bruised shins and weary legs, it was a much better game.

Phil Renold and Dickie Friend

ORIENTEERING ON COLONSAY OR "I COULDN'T FIND THE B ..... THING!"

Orienteering featured prominently as an activity on the expedition. The basic feature of this sport (of Swedish origin) is to run from

point to point using map and compass as the only aids (a sense of direction proves to be very fallible). It provides an interesting and competitive way of learning to use these items as well as being a sport in its own right.

We used photostat copies of six-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance Survey maps of the area around the camp site and on these were marked various checkpoints at each of which was to be found a card, the picture (from Penguin packets) or number on them having to be noted down by the pairs of competitors. Each checkpoint had a score value of between 10 and 50 depending upon site, distance and ease of finding. The aim of the pairs was to amass the highest score within a specific time, there being penalty points for late return.

In the initial stages Pete and I set out a course and on successive days, we took out a couple of sections at a time and, after explaining and demonstrating the mysteries of map and compass, they were sent off to do the course.

Scores varied widely, and no doubt this was in part due to the fact that in setting out part of the course one morning before breakfast, being more mindful of the sleep that I was missing. 1 contrived to place one marker at the corner of the wrong loch. Not a very good example to set. In spite of this mishap most of the boys enjoyed themselves.

A little later on in the expedition the two intrepid instructors completely changed the course and staged a grand competition for the whole expedition (excluding, of course, the officers). A vast amount of energy was expended during the afternoon and although one notable pair decided that it was not worth the effort, the majority did very well and the leading pairs turned in very creditable scores indeed.

In future years, the only two prerequisites for making orienteering a success are, a quantity of maps to be provided in advance and one or two officers with enough energy set out the courses. It also helps if they can read a map themselves!

Phil Rcnold

"Colonsay Drive" was composed by Pete Smith but was never completed. However, 1 feel that this masterpiece should be recorded for posterity. It is sung to the tune of "Penny Lane". P.N.R.

1 At Tobar Fuar you will find some thirty campers now.
S.H.S. Expedition 1969,
And everything is very fine,
On Colonsay.
Chorus
Colonsay is in my ears and in my eyes.
Here beneath these Hebridean skies,
We sit and meanwhile back.

1 We put the tents up in a gale a week last Wednesday, A lovely campsite right beside a sheltered bay Roger Trafford showed us the way With the big marquee. *Chorus*

3 Big Tim Mallen fancied sailing out upon the sea.
Took a canoe and set out shortly after tea,
He thought everything was set,
He got very wet.
Chorus

4 Philip Renold up 'fore breakfast selling markers out.
So that oriemeers could find their way about.
But in his knowledge ihere was a gap,
He can't read a map.
Chorus

5 Mountaineers arc in the gully led by Peter Smith,
They're all a-waiting at the bottom of the cliff.
They wait an awful length of time.
No bowline.
Chorus.

P. F. Smith

POLLUTION AND THE S.H.S.

I guess it's the same for anyone, but I never seem to get personally concerned about anything until it affects my life directly.

And that is exactly what a report in a paper some months back did: "Sea Birds Dead off West Coast of Scotland".

Well, you know as well as I that this is "our" place, and what affects it may also affect us, both individually and as a Society-.

'In the event, over 10,000 guillemots and other sea birds last autumn were washed ashore, from Cornwall in the south as far north as Fort William, 7,500 of them being found on the Ayrshire coasts. Several factors appear 10 have been at work: the birds were in moult plumage, gales were of unusually long duration, and the plankton bloom was three months late, perhaps causing a food scarcity; but also, in the few birds analysed, the level of the industrial chemical P.C.B. was generally high.

As yet. no definite conclusions can be drawn from the incomplete evidence, but it just leaves me wondering… are P.C.B.'s honestly not dangerous, as the makers claim? . . . what other toxic chemicals may there be around us, unnoticed and unmonitored? .. . and are we really as clever as we make out, or do we indeed have only another twenty to thirty years left on this planet (as some authorities predict), unless we clean it up pretty fast?

The problem of global pollution is ours in England by virtue not only of our own sewage and waste outlets (the River Mersey is known to catch fire spontaneously!), of our own back yards and firesides (contributing to smog), and of our own car (increasing dangerous chemicals in the atmosphere at an alarming rate), but also by virtue of our high degree of population density and industrialisation. of which the by-products arc now creating a serious menace. Chemical effluents in rivers kill or affect fish, and fish-eating birds may in turn be killed by their prey; similarly on land the peregrine has declined alarmingly the world over as a result of the use of dieldrin as un insecticide.

Suddenly in the Western World there is an immense public awareness about this question: Canada, America, Britain, and Europe are all getting worried; the 1969 Reith lectures were given by Dr. Fraser Darling on man and his environment, and a magazine entitled *Your Environment* is now published; and I foresee - nor am I any genius—that within ten years pollution and environmental control will be really big business. I also foresee a shortage of people competent to deal with these problems, who have not only the technical know-how, but also a sufficiency broad appreciation of life to know what they arc trying lo achieve.

This grasp of "life" is gained by being personally involved not only in the city slums and skid-rows, and in the routine business of daily living, but also by identifying with the "optimal conditions" of life. When you have seen a gannet dive, while into the sea below. or have breathed the mist in the "grey wind" of the Hebrides, then you have a new perspective, all of your own.

An S.H.S. expedition to a remote and Godforsaken corner of this earth can awaken you to some basic facts of existence, and also to the necessary interdependence of all forms of life—whether this be the need of the cormorant for the cuddy, or of the chairman for the cooking section—where to break one link can mean the end of a complete chain of survival for a species.

And since man is one of the many species knocking around these days, and looks as though he is intent on destroying one or two of these vital links, then it's valuable to get a basic understanding of this chain process, and maybe from it lo be able to benefit humanity tomorrow.

In a nutshell. I reckon that an S.H.S. member intending to get involved in this extremely vital field can be away with a head start.

Tim Willcocks

RHUM EXPEDITION 1969

(Age: 14-15$_{1/2}$)

Leader: **Christopher N. Gascoine-Hart**

Officers

Martin Child. Michael Cunliffe-Lister, Michael Harvey, John Morsman. John Newman. Keith Stewart, Hugh Williams. Raymond Winter.

Boys

Mark Allman, Robert Arnold, Peter Beresford. Michael Bradley, Keith Broadbent, Michael Broughton. John Burgess, Paul Butterworth, Robert Collingwood, George Dewhurst, Tim Edwards, Stephen Gibbins, Michael Griffin, Graham Holdup, Christopher Hix. Julian Hpdgc, Michael Jeffrey, Christopher Knight, James Livingstone. Simon Manning. Robert Marchment, Nigel Oates, Richard Pooles. Mark Potter. James Roberson. Nigel Saunders, Stephen Stuart. Ian Tope. Martin Weyer. Philip Wilson. Mark Williams.

Consider this threefold motto as an underpinning to "the success* ful expedition":

"see things that need doing, and do your share, indulge in physical recreation, and. make a collection."

I believe that everyone on an expedition who lives up to this motto will consider their expedition 100% successful. This year's expedition to Rhum shows how these three principles were effected to produce what, for most people, is a sense of personal achievement and is often termed success.

The Rhum camp is in an exacting situation which demands much of fourteen-year-olds. That we managed to set up camp completely, with furniture, etc., within two days of stepping on to the island, is to the credit of all the expeditioners. It was hard work, but it was rewarding. Camp unity is immediate as soon as everybody can sit down at the same time for the same meal. With this pretext in mind, and with the smell only, of supper, issuing from the Hugh Williams' guarded kitchen, many hitherto unknown carpenters blossomed forth and on that Friday night we had supper late, but seated. From then onwards we seemed to be a large happy community, and many saw that other things needed doing too.

There was plenty of opportunity for physical recreation: swimming, cricket, football (with S.H.S.-type, driftwood goal posts), ten pin bowling, croquet, etc. "Peggy" was not played. Our boating officer, Keith Stuart, demonstrated a few fundamentals of hydrography. These I believe were akin to the methods used on Raasay in 1964. Rhum, with its rugged mountain scenery to tramp over, lends itself to many mountain crafts and we were able to cover most of them. Raymond Winter, our climbing officer, was able to show how to climb properly and safely, demonstrating with the Society's fine equipment, and also to explain about mountain survival. The expeditoners were able to experience hill walking, learn how to use a map and compass, and to go away from camp on bivouacs. There were eight or so of these. One of the culminating events of the mountain crafts instruction was a six-and-a-half mile orienteering course which the winning team finished in just over two and a half hours. Other activities, such as cooking, singing, and all forms of music making, and painting and sketching though they may not be classed as "physical" recreation, suited some people just as well. To help us make music and to draw we had Martin Child, a "de-cade Rhumite".

Project work on the expedition seemed to provide little positive accumulation of knowledge, but 1 feel that the basic essentials of fieldwork were brought to the boys* notice and, with these in mind, they can decide upon what they will concentrate in future years. The team officers on the expedition were able to help with a number of subjects, including meteorology, geomorphology. botany, zoology, and lepidoptology. More especially we had Mike (Ferret) Harvey leading many geological rambles, identifying, as he went, many features and rocks. There was John Newman for ever "spuddling" around on the shore, John Morsman fishing for pond life, and Mike Cunliffe-Lister surveying the birds. We are only sorry that he had to

leave early. Raymond Winter took on another role as the camp archaeologist; a must it seems for all Rhum expeditions, for there at Sham an Insir we found once again, pins, pot-sherds, beads, buttons, lead shots, bloodstone chippings, and an arrow (or fishing spear) head. Many of these subjects require: preparation before the trip, observation, collection and/or identification of samples or facts with recording of these on the expedition; and finally a presentable set of conclusions. Many of the boys came prepared and "made a collection". They were rewarded by achievement.

Part of this report must be about individuals and "happenings", but in order to avoid any injustices I will allow individuals to recognise their own doings and guess the other names. Some chased deer over the heather while other chased the rest of their orienteering team over it. Various, in fact, were the loads which were manhandled over 900 foot Mulloch Moor, boxes, disintegrating bundles of poles, tents, much bread and jelly babies fresh from Kinloch P.O. (Here a note of thanks to this retail establishment for supplying us so well with little things.) One or two found crabs, and indeed one was even cooked and eaten. Many went fishing, often in vain, and even took their leader in "Rock Bottom". Nine expeditioners achieved the heights of Askival, one person even twice, and alas one failed at its foot. Others pursued the arts, and hid on the rocks with pad and pencil, or there were those who serenaded the cooking section with three, or was it four songs, and one even took up carving. And finally who lost a sock or something ... perhaps a jacket… on a railway train????

As I complete this report, I would like to say thank you to everyone who had anything to do with the Rhum expedition but especially Mr. George McNaughton and the rest of the Nature Conservancy, and the Church of Scotland in Mallaig for their friendship and the use of their hall. Also, the station masters at Mallaig and Glasgow, the former for helping us to store food, and the latter for helping us to make train connections in spite of delays. Finally, I should like to thank the team of officers who accompanied us.

Christopher N. Gascoigne-Hart

SHAMHNAN INSIR

Out of the fast-falling gloom of dusk appears a group of dark figures. They top the hill at the side of the waterfall, and pause as they see the little bay flanked by rocks and the patch of grass where they will live for the next two weeks. Then they plunge down the slippery path, with their tents slung on poles, and their bits and pieces which they have carried over Mulloch Moor from the nearest approach to civilisation on Rhum, Kinloch. At the bottom of the slope, the boys flop down to rest before they set to work putting up the two tents. The white canvas flaps in the evening breeze before it is staked to the ground, and stiffens as the poles are fixed in. Now it is almost dark, and the boys set off for their supper a mile away at Kilmory.

Suddenly, there are shouts from the hill behind the camp, and a larger party staggers into view. They throw their burdens to the ground and blindly set off for Kilmory. The S.H.S. camp on Rhum has begun. Christopher (Third) Hix

Shamhnan Insir is on the north of Rhum. It is five miles away (as the crow flies) from Kinloch, the only inhabited place on the island; it is over a mile further by track, via Kilmory, which is easier walking. At Kilmory there are fertile lands, a ruined village and a "habitable" building—the old laundry.

The camp site itself is on a flat, grassy piece of ground beside a lovely sandy beach. To the front is the sea, with Soay and the Cuillins of Skye in the distance and Canna to the left; there is a magnificent view whichever way you look. The site is bounded on the east and west by two streams, the larger one, Allt Shamhnan Insir, being the source of drinking water. Behind, the camp in the background, looms Mulloch Moor, from which the stream plunges in a waterfall. Nearby is a partly-hidden, ruined croft, abandoned in the last century: Looking out to sea, in the front of the camp, is another ruined croft in a far better condition.

The Icelandic tents are situated to the east of the camp site, and are all in a line; the marquee, store-tent and drying-tent are on the opposite side. Slightly beyond the marquee, on a slope, is the much-used football pitch, to the side of which is the croquet **lawn".

The site is ideal: the stream is within easy reach, there is the sea for swimming, fishing and boating, and vantage points for almost all projects, with good climbing not far away. Graham Holdup

THE GEOLOGY OF RHUM

Rhum was formed by volcanic action roughly three million years ago, in the Cambrian and Pre-Cambrian period. The resulting rock base, or frame, of the island was Torridonian Sandstone in the early section of the Prc-Cambrian period.

The outline of Rhum at that time was very irregular. Its present contours were formed by subsequent glacial action. This is very evident in Glen Shellesaler.

In the south of the island are the mountains of Hallival, Askivat, Trallival, and Ainshval. It is in these areas that many varied kinds of rock are found, such as granophyre, gabbro, perodotite and Lewisian gneiss. The last is one of the oldest rocks in Britain and is as old as the moon.

On the northern coast, near our camp, were found many sills of dolerite. though not so many dykes were observed. The latter radiated roughly from the centre of the island. There was a large bed of Triassic rock (conglomerite) on the north-eastern coast, between Glcn-Shellesder and Glen-Kilmory. Fossils could be found in this rock. The animals of the Triassic period (Mcsozoic) were crustaceans, fish and reptiles. Large mammals, such as Dinosaurs also existed. Some of the fossils may have been ferns and conifers, roughly 170.000.000 years of age. Robert F. Marchment

SOME ROCK TYPES VISITED ON RHUM

Rhum is an island of great geological interest, affording a large variety of similar and contrasting rock types. Rhum has small area of Lewisian gneiss, the oldest rock in Britain, possibly 3,000 million years old, as well as more recent igneous rocks of Tertiany age as late as only forty million years old. As well as this vast difference in age Rhum contains sedimentary, metamorphic, and igneous rock types, the latter being divided into acid as well as the ultra-basic types from which Rhum gains most of its geological fame in Britain.

The Torridonian sandstone on Rhum dates from about 1,500 million years to about 1,000 million years, although these dates are very approximate. The oldest of these sandstones, the Diabaig Group found on the southern part of the island consists of dark sandstones, siltstones, and mudstones, whilst around the camp site, in the northern part of the area, the Applecross Group is exposed. This is younger than the Diabaig and consists predominantly of a dark pink arkose. Because it was close to the camp, this gave rise to most discussion among the interested members. It is believed that this rock was rapidly deposited in shallow seas as a sediment eroded from an arid land, as evidenced by the abundance of the alkali feldspar, which gave rise to this pink colour. Had this rock been deposited in water for any length of time, the feldspar would have been subject to rapid decomposition. Further evidence of the rapidity of decomposition was seen around the camp in the change in the grain size of the rock. Some specimens were fine grained whilst others were coarse, containing quartz pebbles and approaching a conglomerate.

The only other rock type to be seen within three miles of the camp were the numerous igneous dolerite dykes which formed a radial pattern branching from the Southern Mountain complex. These dykes were all under two feet thick and transgressed the older Torridonian sediments. They were a lot younger than the Torridonian, being injected through the latter about forty million years ago. The nature of the dolerite was fine grained, hard and of a black colour.

Three miles to the west of the camp there were some Triassic deposits which, according to literature, contained fossilised anis-tacca, fish and plant remains, but, as expected, our visit proved only capable of finding a few black organic specks in an otherwise fine grained grey limestone.

Two miles south of this Triassic deposit lay a mass of about six square miles of granitic-type rock. This was visited by us on a typical damp Rhum afternoon, which took a lot of pleasure out of our finding this new rock type. The rock was acidic in nature, being a light buff colour containing frequent specks of black biolitc mica. This rock was the Western Granophyne since it was mainly medium grained.

The journey there and back involved crossing the fine grained Ultra-basic rocks of the igneous complex for which Rhum is renowned. A complete contrast to the above acid rock several types of unidentified Ultra-basic specimens were taken by us.

Towards the end of the expedition the time came to venture to Dibidil in the south from where we could have a look at the gabbros and the Southern Mountains in general. Unfortunately, owing to a rather time-consuming journey, and the hoards of flesh-eating midges, our ambitions became extremely limited and we arrived back at camp the next day, a lot more uncomfortable for all our toils.

With the last day near, it was decided that "Bloodstone Hill" deserved a visit. This hill rising some 1.200 or more feet sheer from the sea, is capped by a fine grained, black basalt lava from late Tertiany times. The only bloodstone found was on the nearby beach. Somewhat surprisingly though, it was plentiful. Unfortunately, however, the quality of this particular semi-precious red spotted green siliceous rock, was poor. Nothing remotely valuable was found.

Like most other Hebridean expeditions, ours geologically culminated with a number of people packing the odd specimen or two into their rucksacks, and taking away from Rhum another couple of hundredweight of its long formed fortunes.

Mike Harvey

MEMOIRS OF A C.A.

Over 500 tins of food in a tent not big enough; twelve tins of cocoa lying somewhere between Fort William and Sham an Insir; "Is there any more bread Hugh?"; socks crawling out of the drying tent under their own power: missing chocolate; no gas, some gas, too much gas; "YOU MAY EAT AS MUCH BREAD AS YOU LIKE"; "Is there enough marg.?" eels cannot live in disinfectant; "WHERE'S BUNGE?"; "Can I light the lamps?"; Erm's incredible capacity for jam butties; "Can we have some more sauce?"; the officers' private store on the hill; eighteen people decide to bivouac on the same night; Chris G. H. carrying the burst water boiler over the mountain; "There isn't going to be enough marg."; discovering the more intricate mechanisms of a tilley lamp; "Is there any more bread?".

The extraordinary thing is that most of us will be back for more. We survive rainstorms and gales, we exist on discomfort and chaos, the midges bite, even above the magical 2.000 feet. There is nothing able to stop the S.H.S.

I knew there would be enough margarine.

Hugh B. Williams

ALONG THE SEASHORE

Six of us set off for the next bay to the east of the camp. Here John Newman showed us the different types of wrack seaweed, but the pools were otherwise not very good in this bay, so we moved along to the next one. This proved to be populated with seals. It also had some excellent pools, some of which contained beadlet anemones and an orange and white species.

Coming back off the headland, I found a sea urchin. In order to keep it alive to take back to camp. I filled my hat up with water and put it in there. On the way back, we found three sea scorpions—so altogether it was a successful first trip.

Ian Tope

THE SEA SHORE

If nature is against a project there is little that even the keenest officer can do to overcome the problems posed. This year the tides were completely wrong with high tide at noon during the middle of the expedition. In addition neap tides prevailed for most of our stay so that the full shore was only exposed during the last two days. Opportunities for studying the shore were thus limited.

Rhum provides its own difficulties for sea shore ecologists as the majority of the coast has steep cliffs leading down to the low water mark and even after these arc negotiated there is little suitable rocky beach for study.

The absence of small rock pools prevented further study of the movements of anemones and limpets started on Rona last year. Instead the movement of dog whelks on a rock face was observed. Suitable areas were chosen and the whelks marked. At intervals the position of these whelks was noted and also the arrival of any "strangers". A considerable amount of movement was found to occur and no less than I9°$_0$ left the observed areas during each high tide. Of those nearly half (9%) were found on neighbouring rocks but the remainder vanished. It therefore seems that some animals moved within the same area, presumably in the quest for food (barnacles and mussels) while others were carried away by the tide. The areas under study were re-colonised at the same rate as animals left.

Apart from this survey transects were taken on rocky shores and the usual distribution of the wracks was shown. An effort was made to collect and classify species from the coast around Shamhnan-Insir, Both these projects were hampered by the neap tides which prevented exploration of the low water zone amongst the oar weeds, which is often the most interesting region of the shore. Most of the usual sea shore inhabitants were found with anemones providing the most interest. Beadlet anemones were abundant but on a headland to the east of camp numerous snakelocks anemones were found along with a single dahlia anemone, well disguised with shingle. On the same headland sagaria elegans was common, the majority being var vcnusta (orange and white) but a single var rosea (pink) specimen was found.

The common jellyfish, *(aurelia aurita).* was plentiful and several *Cyanea capillata* were seen but not captured. Reports on the first day of twelve different types of crab thrilled me but when challenged with producing them the boys were only able to provide three species! Shore crabs were common, three live edible crabs were found—one of which was large enough to be lasted—and several hermit crab, were watched changing shells back at camp. One of those studied had a parasitic barnacle *(Peltogaster paguri)* living on it. Empty shells of spider, masked and velvet crabs were found but no live animals.

Only two common sea urchins were found this year and no purple sea urchins, which was disappointing as a colony was found in 1967. Several common star fish were captured, one in the act of devouring a crab leg. Two species discovered this year which have not to my

knowledge been reported by previous S.H.S. expeditions were the grey sea slug and a small colony of star ascidian; both found by Ian Tope.

The sandy beach by the camp site was teeming with life but since most of the sand hoppers and prawns proved impossible to identify accurately not much time was spent studying them. No muddy beach was studied which accounts for the lack of free-living worms in the species list. However, it does not account for the apparent absence of boot lace weed and painted topshclls; possibly the neap tides prevented us reaching them.

As usual, fishing occupied much time but filled no stomachs. Even when shoals of fish could be seen none was caught and catching smaller fish in rock pools also proved difficult. At times the pools had to be baled out before the elusive creatures could be caught and identified!

All excursions to the sea shore were accompanied by a large and vociferous crowd who asked many awkward questions but contributed to the species list by spotting numerous minute animals. The most beautiful of these was the sedentary marine bristle worm *(Ponwtoceros triqueter),* which was noticed when protruding a mere {in. from its calcerious tube and which retracted its red tentacles with great speed when disturbed. With such interest being shown in the sea shore it was frustrating that conditions did not permit further project work to be carried out. The following species were found: Porifera - Sponges:

Halichondria panicea Breadcrumb sponge
Myxilla incrustans Coelcnteraia Scyphoza —
Jellyfish: *Aurelia aureta Cyanea capillata*
Anthozoa—Sea Anemones:

Aciina equina	Beadlet anemone
Anemonia sulcata	Snakelocks anemone
Tealiafelina	Dahlia anemone

Sagarlia elegans var venusta var rosea Annelida: Polychaeies:
Spirohis borealis Spirobis spirillum Pomatoceros triqueter Arthropoda:

Balanus halanoides	Acorn barnacle
Chihalntus stellatus	Acorn barnacle
Peltogasier paguri	Parasitic barnacle
Cartimis me-anus	Shore crab
Hupagerus bernhardus	Common hermit crab
Cancer pagurut	Edible crab
/Jo lea sp.	Sea slater

Talitrus <p. Sand hopper
Gammarus sp. Sand hopper
Mollusca: Gastropoda:
Nucella lapidus Dog whelk
Buccina undaium Common whelk
Linorina littorea Common periwinkle
Littorina saxatalis Rough periwinkle
Littorina linoralis Flat periwinkle
Linorina neritoides Small periwinkle
Prosobranchia:
Patella vulgaris Limpet
Gibbula umbilicaius Purple topshcll
Loricata:
Lepidochitona cinereus Chiton
Opisthobranchia:
Aeolidia papilhsa Grey sea slug
Lamcllibranchia:
Mytilus edulu Common mussel
Bryozoa—Sea mats:
Membranipora membranacia Flustrella hispida
Echinodermata:
Asterias rubens Common star fish
Echinus esculenius Common sea urchin
Tunicata:
Botryllus schlosseri Star ascadian
Sea squirt -unidentified Pisces—
Fish:
Anquilla anquilla Common eel
Syngnathus sp. Pipe fish
Cottus btibalis Long spincd sea scorpion
Pollock Mackerel Coal fish *Plants* Green seaweeds:
Enteromorpha sp.
Chaetonwrp/ta sp.
Ulva facia Sea lettuce
Cladophera sp. *Rhizoclonium*
Bryopsis plumosa Brown
seaweeds:
Ptlvetia canaliculata Channel wrack
Fucus serratitf Serrated wrack
I'ucus \esiculosus Bladder wrack
h'ucits spiralis Flat wrack
Ascophyllum nodosum Egg wrack
Alaria esculantes
Lantinaria di%itaia t)ar weed

t timinana saccharina Oar weed
Himanthalia elongata Thong weed
Leathesia difformis
Elaschista sp. Red seaweeds:
Delesseria sanguinaa
Plumaris elegans
Corralina officinalis
Lomentaria articulate
Rhotiymenia palmata
Cfratnium rebrum
Membranoptera alia
Lithophyllum sp.
Chondms crispus
Porphyra sp.
Nfmalion multifidum Lichens:
Ramalina sp.
Xanthoria parietina
Cahplace sp.
Lecanora altra
Lichinia confinis
Pseudophyscia fusca John Newman

CONQUEST OF ASKIVAL

With creaking bones and laden with all our equipment, Ray Winter, George Dewhurst, John Burgess, and I made for the track to Kinloch. There we lunched, and then began the long climb to our camp site, which was in the shadow of Barkeval on the 1,250-foot contour. We pitched camp, supped, and went to bed, seeing no chance of an ascent that night.

The following morning after breakfast, we decided to climb Hallival, although the cloud was unpleasantly low. We reached the summit at 11.30. Askival was still shrouded in cloud, so we waited on the slopes of Hallival for it to clear. In the wait, we found a fairly easy rock face to climb, which kept us occupied until the summit of Askival eventually became visible. After a laborious ascent along a knife-edge ridge, we found ourselves sitting on the 2,663-foot summit of Askival. enjoying the magnificent view.

Mark Potter

DIBIDIL

On the last Saturday. "Ferret" took us on a "bivvi" to Dibidil, a remote place on the south-east of the island. The day was rather too sunny and warm for walking, but by 16.00 we were there. It was the perfect camp site.

It was in a crater-like hollow more than a hundred yards long. The grass inside was green, level and soft, within an area of rough, tufted stuff. A river ran through the middle, with a series of pools, one of which was deep enough for swimming. The water was warm and clear. The river plunged twenty feel into the sea, which was five minutes' walk away. The site was surrounded on three sides by superb

mountains, with a clear view of Eigg through the gap. and the hollow itself was easily big enough for our three tents.

Perfect, you might think. But no: we had reckoned without the midges. Fifteen minutes after we had set up camp, they descended upon us in force. All of us but the cook immediately took refuge in the stream. Coming out, we rushed into sleeping bags and tents. But after a few plates of (midge) stew and (midge) rice-pudding had been pushed through the zip, even they became full. An indication of the number of midges can be gained from the fact that on my right leg I counted sixty-three bites. And I was only the third or fourth most bitten person there.

Still, we lived to tell the tale. Paul Butterworth

LEPIDOPTERY

One of my most abiding memories of Rhum '69 is likely to be that of John Newman giving a convincing impression of a toreador near the Harris turning on the last day. As he disappeared over the brow of the hill, brandishing an anorak/cloak to the accompanying cries of "ole"" (or words to that effect), the rest of us merely shrugged and glanced at the sun with renewed respect.

As it turned out, the "bull" was winged, less than an inch in diameter, and masqueraded under the name of a Small Heath. Needless to say. it escaped. For some strange reason. John appears to have donated his butterfly net to the S.H.S.

Acutally. Lepidoptery went well on Rhum. Of the fourteen species of butterfly ever recorded on the island, twelve were seen and eight were caught. Only the Scots Argus and the Marsh Fritillary were absent: perhaps the disastrous fire which swept the northern half of the island in February 1969 was to blame. (By way of compensation, we found several Emperor Moth caterpillars, which were more conspicuous than usual against u background of burnt earth.)

The most "elusive butterfly" proved to be the Small Pearl-Bordered Fritillary, which Nigel Oates and 1 spent two abortive afternoons trying to catch: we had several sightings, but, alas, no "net" profit.

Appended is a list compiled by Nigel Oalcs of the butterflies seen; the asterisk denotes that they were caught as well:

•Common Blue	*Meadow Brown
*Small Blue	*Painted Lady
Small Heath	*Speckled Wood
Large Heath	*Gate Keeper
Small Tortoiseshell	
•Grayling	
Small Pearl-Bordered Fritillary	*Dark
Green Fritillary	

Martin Child (no connection* with above list)

A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

On the afternoon of Orienteering Friday Hugh and I resolved to camera-stalk deer on Mulloch Moor. During an ornithological peregrination on the previous day we had discovered a deer grazing

ground ("hind quarters") at about 700 ft. a couple of miles to the east of Shamhnan Insir. and it was thither that we made our way-somewhat circuitously. in order to keep downwind of the "wretched creatures"—it was near the end of the fortnight.

It was hot and still on the moor. The deer must have heard us coming two miles off. and made good their escape -keeping out of sight, of course. Still, we had a tine view of the Cuillins.

We then embarked on another tack which would take us up to Loch Shamhnan Insir -the Mecca of all (well, nearly all) orienteers. prospective trout fishermen, and Red-Throated-Diver-nest-seekers. We didn't see any venison on the way. It was obvious that we had flushed the whole of the north-cast of the island of anything remotely resembling a deer. We consoled ourselves with the thought that, scientifically, this was valuable negative information.

Then my bones told me, and I told Hugh, that we were going to see something. A moment later, either a small aeroplane or a very large bird took off from the ridge ahead of us. "That's a very large bird," I remarked. Hugh muttered something about hyper-perceptive ornithological powers, and we were off, stumbling and stuttering across the ridges and streams, cameras akimbo, keeping the eagle in view at all costs. He enjoyed the chase. Eventually, somewhere up near the Loch, we rounded a spur and there he was, sitting staring at us. A second later he was floating down the valley —but not with the same urgency to escape as before. Obviously he was near home.

So this time we waited, just out of sight. Ten minutes gone, and he had regained his previous perch on a mound just across the valley from us, not more than twenty yards away. And there we sat. Patience rewarded. Luckily there were no midges. We simply stared at each other, we with binoculars, he with eagle eyes. He was intrigued: we smelt, but didn't move, and seemed to have no hostile intentions. All we wanted was a good picture.

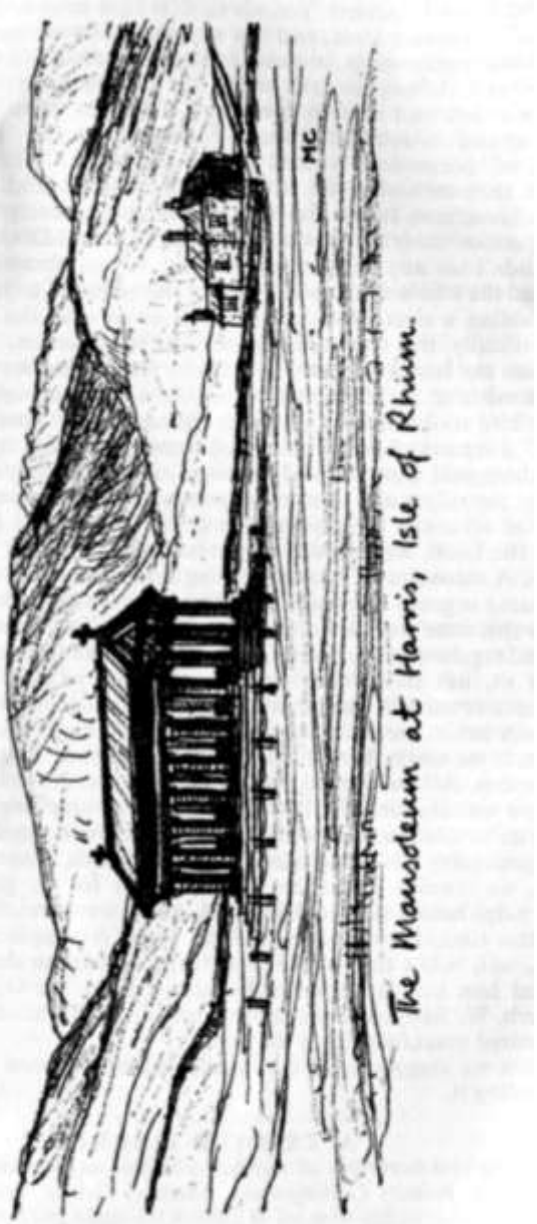
That was the trouble. It was no use photographing him where he was: he blended too well with the landscape. We needed a silhouette— and preferably not straight into the sun." Hugh, if we make a sudden rush, we should—" But he was too quick for us, gliding over the next ridge before we could line him up. So we were off again, sprinting this time, keeping him in sight —just. A couple more taunting rests, well below the skyline; and then, at last, our desperate charge forced him into a perfect silhouette against the sky. Two clicks. Superb. We flopped to the ground, exhausted but triumphant, whilst he retired gracefully from the game.

Then we staggered back to camp, where I ruined the film while rewinding it.

Martin Child

A TRIP TO HARRIS

On (he last Saturday of the camp five of us. Martin Child, James Roberson, Robert Collingwood, Michael Griffin, and I, set off for Harris in the south-west of Rhum. Our main intention was to see the Mausoleum, the burial place of the Bullough family, who owned Rhum for many years before handing it over to the Nature Conservancy.



The Mausoleum at Harris, Isle of Rhum.

The weather was hot and sunny, and we set off in good spirits. We reached the track after twenty minutes (having good views of the Outer Isles en route), only to be set upon by a horde of horseflies. Luckily, I had remembered the insect repellent and our agony was lifted. The rest of the journey proved uneventful, apart from Martin's optimistic hopes of beating the S.H.S. record time to Harris. We failed by eighteen minutes, doing the eight miles in two and a half hours exactly.

The Mausoleum is in a magnificent setting, overlooking the sea, and bounded on the one side by the majestic Cuillins of Rhum, on the other by a hill disguising rocky coves. It is a brownish colour, being made out of red sandstone. The three tombs are of polished granite, all of similar shape, the latest being that of Lady Bullough who died in 1967. On closer examination, the first impression of the Mausoleum is slightly spoilt by the ugly wooden rafters. The whole building is surrounded by a rusty iron chain, nearly worn through in many places. This is the "modern" Mausoleum, there being another older and inaccessible one in the nearby hillside.

Harris is said to be the best place on Rhum for sighting whales, sharks, porpoises and dolphins. Martin and Michael caught sight of a lone porpoise.

During our four hours at Harris, the majority of the time was spent exploring the nearby coves. In one. a cove with two precipitous sides and a steep, but climbable back, we were able to sit on the rocks in the middle. The swell, without any wind assistance, often reached over ten feet in height before it unleashed its fury at the rocks. To the person perched precariously on the rocks, surrounded by the sea. this was an exciting and unnerving experience. One unfortunate rat scuttled into a hole, only for the sea to splash straight into it, probably drowning the animal.

The four hours passed very quickly, and it was soon time to return. We were held up. as we were at the start, by James's feet; but eventually, after some sarcastic comments, we got going! The scenery on the way back seemed even more magnificent. Prominent were Askival, Hallival. Trollaval and the numerous small lochs. We took this journey slightly more leisurely, and arrived back after three hours, just in time for a quick dip in the sea before a welcome supper.

Graham Holdup

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MOUNTAIN SAFETY

Every year many people arc killed or injured in the hills of Britain because of inadequate equipment, inexperience, or plain stupidity. One might expect that the Hebrides are a safe enough place but this is not so. Accidents are just as likely to occur in mid-summer at sea level as in winter at 3,000 ft. The only difference is that in summer the dangers arc disregarded more often due to the supposedly better conditions.

Every member of an expedition will receive a leaflet on the subject of Mountain Safety. Make sure that you read it. In addition every

member of the expedition must ensure that he has the correct equipment . . . remember that it can mean the difference between enjoying oneself and injury or even death. We have never had a really serious accident on an expedition but there have been some very near things, in future every member of an expedition must be more "safety conscious". P. N. Renold

WIAKAREMOANA

A beach of white sand fringed with coconut palms, the blue-green rippling waters of the lagoon protected by the colourful but perilous coral reef from the swelling ocean behind, and the trade winds blowing off the sea to refresh the air that otherwise would be climbing into the eighties Naked children investigate the rockpools for crabs and small fish, sea urchins, starfish and cowrie shell. A guitar plays softly and a beautifully bronzed girl wanders by in her grass skirt, hibiscus behind her ear. Above the distant sound of the breakers on the reef, a conch is being blown, soon replaced by the chatter of colourful birds the ring of crickets and the croaks of frogs.

All this ... a dream of "Paradise" for a frozen, rain-sodden officer three weeks in the Hebrides—but one that came true and lasted nearly four months. Western Samoa lies in the warm waters of the South Pacific and the^e were the islands that Robert Louis Stevenson chose on which to end his days—islands that have changed very little since that time. A Samoan house has no walls. It is only a steep thatched roof supported on poles, allowing the warm breezes to pass right through. The raised floor is covered with small pebbles or pieces of coral over which pundanus mats are spread. There is no furniture—one sits cross-legged on the floor eating with one's fingers. And always, the sound of the reef.

The places, people, and experiences that 1 encountered on my travels around the world over the last two years could provide material for many books. I began with a bus ticket to India, two bumping months through the arid dusty lands of the Middle East until the coach, brand new on departure, finally bur.l its scams on the corrugations pounding its chassis. The refrigerator burst choking passengers with ammonia fumes, the shock absorbers shattered leaving the body gyrating over the wheels, the ratchets of seats slipped, unexpectedly reclining one on the bruised knees of fellow passengers.... When I abandoned the bus, life remained full of the unexpected; being threatened at gun point by a one-eyed Baluchi tribesman for entering a forbidden military zone; witnessing bribery amounting to thousands of pounds passing between fat wealthy Karachi businessmen and Afghan traders; crossing the Khybcr Pass at dusk with threat of armed ambush; from a boat on the filthy discoloured Ganges, watching the burning bodies of dead pilgrims being ravaged by hungry dogs, and "untouchables" risking the flames to extract possible gold teeth; and flattening oneself in doorways of Calcutta streets alongside pitiful starving children, as stray bullets and tear gas bombs dispersed the hysterical mobs of Indian rioters.

There were other sides to India of course, but even the splendour of the golden temple of the Sikhs at Amritsar of the magnificence of seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight were overshadowed by the macabre of these sights.

Thailand ... a green and watery landscape of rice-fields after seeing months of brown dry sterile land. The girls of the east are so friendly that one's morals boar fullest test. Bangkok is so westernised and expensive that one's pocket cannot cope, and one seeks more typical areas in the north, among primitive Meo tribes in the hill country towards the Chinese border, and in the south amongst the simple lives of Siamese fishermen. The Bridge on the River Kwai, the Railroad of Death, the sites of prisoner-of-war camps where thousands of allied soldiers were brutally tortured and lost their lives ... these were another side of Thai life visited.

Dark green plantations of rubber trees dripping their latex into little cups lined the roads and railway tracks as I headed south down the Malayan Peninsula towards Singapore. Tin dredges, squeaking like dozens of banshees, replaced the trees leaving ugly scars of tailings worm-like in its wake. Tamils work the plantations, Chinese dominate the towns, British still occupy the Clubs... but the colonial days are dying fast.

As a passenger on a convoy of semi-trailers, I went south from the tropical Top End around Darwin towards the dry centre of Australia. I remember well unloading refrigerators in Katherine at 112° in the shade. January, mid-summer, but Ayres Rock the giant pebble in the desert over 300 miles from Alice Springs- was climbed before the sun rose high and scorching heat shrivelled all forms of life. South ... to cooler parts.

New Zealand is probably the most beautifully landscaped country in the world. The variety in such a small area is surprising. The snowcapped Southern Alps rise steeply 12,000 feet above the tussock-covered MacEnzic Plains, their southern edge scalloped into steep inaccessible fiords. Just as spectacular, the North Island boasts spurting geysers amongst bubbling pools of mud and boiling water. While encamped on the flanks of semi-active Mount Ruapehu doing fieldwork, steam clouds from the summit warned us that the crater lake was boiling and we quickly retreated to the vicinity of the rangers' H.Q. Three months later, while filming skiing on the same • mountain, adjoining Mount Ngauruhoe blew its top and lava, pumice, ash, and dust were thrown thousands of feet into the air, showering, blackening, and ruining the snow on the ski slopes.

So these descriptions could continue page after page, country after country. Back in Australia I worked with the aborigines on a church mission, learning both the lore of the bush and culture of their race, both of which they must abandon if they are to b; integrated into Australian life. We began with island life in Samoa. Olhcr island groups had their own distinctive differences, but all were versions of paradise lived on by happy smiling people, be they Fijians, Tongans. or Tahitians.

An overlap of the Polynesian world, the mysterious stone statues of Easter Island were the first treasures seen in Latin America. I was

on one of the first planes from Tahiti to visit this extremely isolated island, which, up till now existed on a boat a year. So far this sudden impact has not been destructive. Struggling through the language barriers, I ventured through the various regions of South America, spending time on the open pampas grasslands of the Argentine cattle estancias; watching the busy mining activities at over 10,000 ft up in the Andes; the great copper holes of Chuqui in Chile, and the tin drillers near Oruro in Bolivia; crossing the mountains by the highest railway in the world, with the oxygen man giving puffs from his bag as passengers collapsed in the rarefied air; seeing the sun rise, and the clouds roll back on the mountain summit Inca ruins of Machu Picchu, only discovered thirty years ago; and finally descending from these summits to the hot steamy jungles of the Maderia River, giant tributary of the Amazon, along which I chugged on a stern-wheeler as far as Manaus.

Three weeks later it felt very cold at the S.H.S. Conference in Oxford.

Mike Baker

LEWIS EXPEDITION 1969

(Age: I5-16J) *Leader:* John Hutchinson

Officers

P. Caffery. D. Davidson, R. Howard, J. Longworth, J. Morrow, J. Shutes.

Boys

O.Atkinson, R Bailey. A.Beardsell, T. Bell. A. Bevan, R. Borghan, R. Bowerman, P. Carlile, R. Crawshaw. I. Deacon, J. Doyle, N. Draper, S. Fleminger, N. Foulkes, M. Guest. R. Higgs, S. Lawrence. R. Lawrenson, M. Leitch, A.Pini, R. Pooles, D. Purvcs, D. Rust, W. Salisbury, H. Southall. C. Spray, P. Tew, M. Turff. R. Ward, J. Williams.

LEADER'S REPORT

Perhaps the thing which most of us will remember about Aird Bheag was the weather, overcast, damp, and fairly miserable for almost the whole time. At least it lessened the midge problem!

The weather mainly influenced the travel arrangements, particularly of the boats which carried us to and from the site. The original plan was for the boys to go to Brenish by bus and then walk over the hill to Aird Bheag and for the storey to go to Great Bernera from where they would be carried to the camp by fishing boat. We were let down with this boat, however, and we eventually had to employ two smaller open boats from Scarp and, up to the last minute before leaving Stornoway on the Wednesday, it was doubtful whether the boats would sail at all, because of the weather. We were assured over the telephone that the boats would be able to carry our gear, but when we arrived at Husinish it was obvious that we would be lucky if we would be able to get half of it on board! Indeed, we could only take the essentials over on the first trip and we hoped that the

weather would be suitable the next day so that the rest of the gear could come round. As it turned out it wasn't, and so we duln't get it until the Saturday.

By the time we arrived at the site, therefore, we realised that the first thing which had to be done was to get a larger boat to take us back at the end of the expedition and so. almost immediately, Paul and Jim went off to Tarbert to try to find the skipper of the Vanguard, whom we had unsuccessfully tried to contact earlier. They arranged that the Vanguard should come to collect us on the Wednesday when we left, but as weather conditions were deteriorating they arrived on Tuesday (much to our surprise!) and so we had to strike camp and have all the equipment loaded within almost four hours!

Project work was slightly curtailed but we managed to do a reasonable amount and. although we were fairly cramped in the cottage with thirty-seven people, we managed to use one room to work on projects.

Perhaps most people took an interest in Alan's Geology/Geography project and quite a few interesting finds were made.

Duncan's work on shoreline Ecology aroused the interest of the biologists and they were to be seen on most days crawling around the shore looking at seaweed, and most evenings in the project room tabulating results. The final conclusions from this work are not likely to be ready in time for this report. Likewise Paul's Bog Stratigraphy may not yield definite results in time, as he spent a relatively short . period on field work collecting samples and much has yet to be done in examining them in a laboratory.

John Shutes spent most of his time wandering around with bird-watching parties and one or two new species (Aird Bheag-wise) were found—including a fulmar which was rather partial to slab cake! John was also interested in bones of all sorts and encouraged everyone to bring in what they found, but I'm sure he must have regretted this later, when carcasses in various stages of decay were brought for him to examine—at arm's length!

The stream measurement project was perhaps less successful than had been hoped, as the only stream which was measurable with our equipment was rather unsuitable, but some readings were obtained which arc probably fairly representative.

Fishing proved very popular (although perhaps not for the officers who were asked to take the boat out in all weathers!) and on one occasion about fifty mackerel were caught in an afternoon, which proved a very enjoyable replacement for S.H.S. tinned food!

Climbing was successful although it was slightly hampered by weather. A twenty-foot high outcrop outside the croft was used to give basic instruction and a base camp was established in the Uig hills and was used for about six days. All those interested spent a couple of days there in rotation. This could prove very worthwhile climbing-wise, but the duration of such a camp should not exceed six to seven days as the officers permanently in charge there can become separated from the main camp.

The canoes which we had hoped for were found to be unserviceable, when we reached Stornoway, which was rather disappointing. *Rock Bottom* shipped considerably more water than usual—as Duncan and I vouch after U hours continuous bating from Husinish to Aird Bheag! Although the *May* is fairly heavy she proved as reliable as always in ferrying in the loch, and fishing.

Although the expedition had its share of mishaps it was made no less worthwhile and I'm certain that we all benefited from the experience—thanks to all the members who contributed to its success.

I should like to thank all those on the island who helped us in various ways. The Postmaster and his family at Islivig for their hospitality and help; the men of Scarp who agreed to transport us at a few hours notice; the crew of the *Vanguard* for hospitality and transport; Frank Morrison and Sons for carrying our equipment to and from Husinish; Helsvideor Transport Ltd. who were able to comply with our wishes at short notice; Mr. Buchanan of Mangersta who kindly allowed us to use his croft; and of course George and Sheila Newhall for the use of the scout hut, and for their advice kindness, and hospitality. Also, too, to those often forgotten "behind the scenes" men, the people who organised travel, food, stores, etc.

On behalf of all the members of the expedition, a very sincere thank you.

John C. Hutchison

GEOGRAPHICAL REPORT

"What about an S.H.S. expedition next year?" Little did I realise that Bot was offering me such a great opportunity to get completely soaked so many times in a fortnight, and yet still enjoy myself. It is difficult to explain exactly why I enjoyed this masochistic exercise so much, and 1 don't wish to attempt to do so, except to say that I have memories of Lewis to last for many years. This report is concerned basically with the geographical achievements of Lewis 1969. The lighter side of this geographer's progress is to be dealt with elsewhere.

The geographical project consisted mainly of observing landscape using the techniques of terrain analysis. Terrain analysis is basically the recognition of individual components of the physical landscape (e.g. raised beach, glacial moraine, river terrace) and their subsequent grouping into systems depending upon the type of process contributing to their formation. In the above examples the processes were respectively marine, glacial and fluvial.

My basic aim was to get people to look at and think about the landscape around them, and to try and identify both the individual components of the landscape and the part they play in making up the whole. To some extent the project was successful in that much discussion was generated in the field, even if not always strictly geographical. However, I would have fell much happier if we could have produced a final map, but unfortunately the weather restricted the area we could study.

Alan Howard

REPORT FROM THE BREAD LINE

"Crumbs, it's the yeast you can do, Alan." The gallant hero pondered. I thought a bread expedition would be exciting, invigorating,

refreshing, challenging, etc., etc. Well it shows what thought did. In fact, I endured not one but two magical mystery bread-tours to Islivig, on the Costa Brava of Lewis. And thereby hangs quite a talc.

Following the abortive attempt by Duncan and his merry band on Friday, our gallant crew set off on Saturday, 23rd August at 14.00 H.H. (Hutchison Hours). The crew consisted of a very handsome geographer, who shall of course remain anonymous, and seven stout men and true, Roy Bowerman. Dave Purves, Rob Pooles, Robert Borgman, John Doyle, Steve Lawrence, and Humph.

Onwards went the happy wanderers, catching a glimpse of the sun, an all too rare event. We arrived at Islivig well before the mysterious travelling shop, which was to be later attacked and raided. During our brief stay on the Costa Islivig, we lazed on concrete air-raid shelters (romantic image, what?), eating the dried fruit Duncan had provided.

At about 20.00 H.H., loaded with our catch of sixty loaves from the Post Office, and innumerable cigarettes and blocks of chocolate from the travelling shop, we set off for camp. The going was hard and the Indian attacks were now more frequent (Apaches of course!) but still we journeyed onwards. The casualties mounted (my right boot-lace snapped!) but we were undeterred. Night was falling (crash!) and I let out a sigh (bye bye sigh!). The jokes were getting worse. At last, across Loch Tamanavay we saw the twinkling lights of the Aird Bheag Hilton and soon the happy smiling face of John Hutch, greeted us on board the good ship *May*.

After such a traumatic experience. I think I could be excused a few dreams of a life of luxury for the next week and a half. But it was not to be. The following Saturday, lo and behold, off I set again on another Hutchtour, this time with the Aird Bheag Senior Citizens Society. Under the combined leadership of those two stalwarts of previous S.H.S. campaigns. Hutch, and Dune. I journeyed along with Pete Carlile. Bill Salisbury, and Ross Lawrenson. On this occasion there was a fear that we might have to talk to Valtos, a round trip of over thirty miles. Brave and courageous as we were, the thought of this marathon was, to say the least, worrying. The extra hazard of low cloud on the hills was skilfully overcome, thanks to Vasco da Hutchison, the man with the Silva compass, and soon we arrived at Islivig, thinking that our journey had hardly begun. However, we had underestimated the generosity of the Islivig Postmaster and Postmistress, for not only were John and Duncan taken for the bread in their van, but also we were given tea and Scotch pancakes with rhubarb jam (pause for mouth to water).

The greatest difficulty we now had to encounter was to persuade the rest of the expedition that we really had completed a marathon trek. Certain members of the crew kept up this act by enjoying breakfast in bed, and staying there until after 12.00 (John and Duncan will no doubt deny this allegation). Of course, for the intrepid writer of this article, it was another day of duty and hard labour. One thing is for certain, he's no loafer (five extra points for recognising all the bread puns).

Alan Howard

GEOLOGY AROUND AIRD BHEAG

The Isle of Lewis is renowned for its own peculiar type of metamorphic rock: Lewisian gneiss. This rock is almost uniform all across the island, and so the scope for geology is not very great.

The rocks consist mainly of quartz which is very weather-resistant, so after erosion, the quartz just crumbles out of the rock, to form small scree slopes in the valleys. Every now and again, large bands or veins of quartz, tinted with iron oxide, cross the larger cliffs.

Around the camp site, Alan Howard sampled all kinds of rocks, most of which proved to be the same, and launched a project on land-use which petered out after the first rainy day. Loch Tealasavay seemed our best area when we discovered what appeared to be some form of moraine, cut up by the sea. In this we found traces of Iron pyrites embedded in rock, and a large piece of Black mica. Towards the end of our damp stay we ventured round to the seaward end of the loch and discovered some pieces of schist liberally sprinkled with Biotite mica, and a hunk of rock which is strongly suspected to be olivine. Other rocks had beautifully formed folding lines across them, and one cliff had a fault running down it of about three feet "throw".

On the whole, the geology at Aird Bhcag is not too bad, but the surrounding rock displays little variation. So, would-be geologists next year may have to look further afield than just the next loch!

Robert Pooles

ORNITHOLOGY

"How on earth does one organise an ornithology project here'', I muttered under my breath as I struggled gamely on towards Aird Bhcag. "Thirty-five species just could not exist in these barren parts", I thought as I surveyed the miles of peat bogs, lochs and mountains which surrounded me.

During the course of the next two weeks my doubts evaporated and 1 realised that my diagnosis of mass hysteria and hallucination on the part of previous years* ornithologists was quite unfounded, since our own list of sightings expanded impressively with the return of each daily party.

Ornithology at Aird Bhcag is beset by unfavourable factors, the most prominent being the weather and the great distances often involved when sighting birds. One would have thought that the lack of humans nearby would have made the birds less shy but the opposite seems to have been the case and consequently the many pairs of binoculars in camp were, put to good use.

Never before, I'm sure, has Collins' bird book been so avidly and constantly thumbed through as each expedition member tried, often vainly, to identify his daily sightings. We were fortunate in having two experts in Chris Spray and Ian Deacon and their efforts to report on the bird life on the Aird Bheag region as fully as possible, deserve special mention.

Our final total of forty-seven species was commendable for its accuracy, as all types were spotted more than once and for the fact that some species previously unreported in S.H.S. reports, were met.

The list of species with relevant areas of sightings and comments will be found at the end of the Report.

Several points about the list may be of interest to past and future expeditions.

The land birds, seemingly absent on our arrival at Aird Bhcag, soon appeared once the waste food outside the kitchen door reached mountainous proportions, though the blackbirds and thrushes preferred the rowan tree berries.

The larks, merlins and terns met last year were not seen. However, a pair of kestrels was seen near the camp and this raises the possibility of mistaken identity. Where have all the larks gone?

The sea birds were plentiful in the loch, but their numbers were influenced largely by the amount of cloud cover and the strength of the wind, which was almost entirely westerly in direction.

The black guillemot was first sighted on the far side of Loch Tamanavay and proved something of an enigma. A thorough consultation with Collins proved unhelpful at first, since it was thought to be a duck of some sort. This was dismissed once the picture of the little duck was seen and it was not until in the expedition, following a chase after it in the *May*. that it was finally identified.

Towards the end of the expedition an intrepid band ventured north on a "bivvy", during which a number of new birds (feathered only, despite promising rumours to the contrary) were sighted, namely turnstones. kittiwakes, and ringed plover.

The main purpose of the bivvy was to carry out a survey of breeding sea birds for the nationwide Operation Seafarer Survey, but unfortunately we were too late and the young had all flown. However, rough counts of the fulmars (300 pairs) shags (20 pairs) and gannets (5 pairs) were taken between Mangersta Sands (NB 007307) and Ard Moc Mangersta (NA 997324), North of this latter reference the cliffs become much less sheer and hence unsuitable for the breeding birds, right round as far as the Uig Sands.

The high loss of life among sea birds was borne out with each tide at the bivvy base camp at Mangersta Sands. During the two days we were there seven birds were washed up including two adult gannets, this latter point being distressingly high when one considers only five pairs were seen along the two miles of coast surveyed. . One satisfying episode was the rescue of a fulmar (consequently christened Freddy) from the beach, suffering from exhaustion. Following intensive care treatment with antibiotics and forced feeding, he (or she) recovered sufficiently to eat our fruit cake during the night and then fly off!

Returning from the bivvy a chat with some of the locals revealed that, despite the large numbers of lochs, moorhens, ducks, coots etc., were never seen in the area, though Brent geese came down the coast during the winter. The hoots we had been continually hearing on our return, and which we thought may have been an owl, were also denied by the locals, and so we put it down as being due to the Chicken Capri the night before.

In all, ornithology on Lewis '69 proved a very enjoyable project, both from the challenge presented and the results achieved by the whole party.

John (Doc) Shutes

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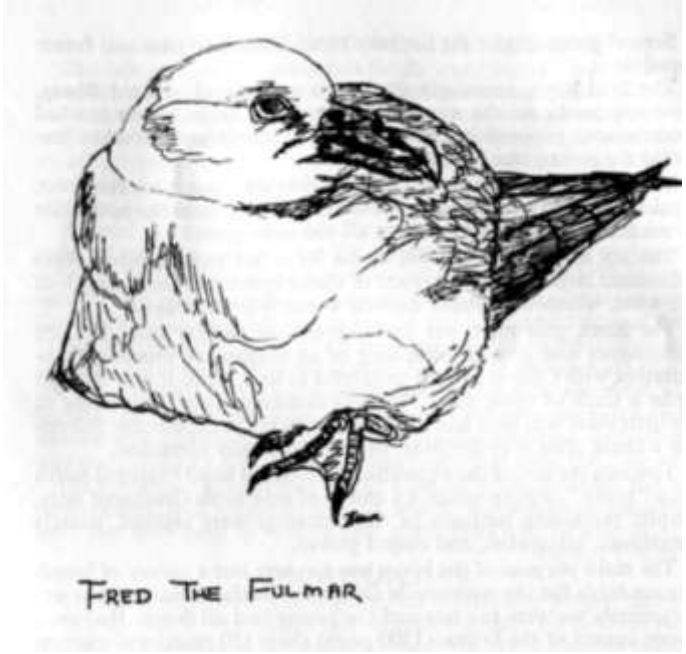


FRED

Fred was a fulmar we found washed up on (he beach when we were on the Mangersta bivvy.

One morning while searching the beach after the night's tide, we found what we thought was just another dead bird (another for John S.s' collection of heads). In fact it was alive, but only just.

We took him back to our tents, where Simon wrapped him in his "space blanket". John S. thought he was suffering from pneumonia and started to mix milk and penicillin or such like, to make a horrible orange solution. This was blown down his throat through a Biro tube and I'm certain it tasted wonderful!

We went oul that day and left him in our tent. When we arrived back he was still there. Ve gave him another feed of his medicine and put him to bed with me in the store tent. I was afraid of him pecking me, or searching in the night.

Alas, in the morning Fred was gone, and he had eaten a large piece of fruit cake!

We searched for him but it was fruitless (and birdless). There was a theory that I had disposed of the bird and eaten the fruit cake? But I am too kind hearted to do such a dreadful thing.

AH I wish to say is. Good Luck to Fred wherever he is.

Ian Deacon

BIVVY TO MANGERSTA SANDS

(August 30-Scptember 2)

John Shutcs. John Williams, Malcolm Leitch. Alastair Beardsall, Ian Deacon. Simon Ftcminger.

We set oul at midday on Saturday. We survived the journey across the Loch in *Rockhottom*$_t$ made all the more perilous by Ginger's somewhat erratic steering. We staggered up the mountains, cursing our rucksacks, and eventually reached "the sun-drenched haven'* of Mangcrsta Sands.

Having set up camp, cooked and eaten our supper, we then had an early night.

On Sunday, we went along the coast counting seabirds. Alastair and Malcolm went off on a one-night bivvy to Gallan Head. It was then that we found Fred (see above).

On Monday we walked to Dig Sands, and Malcolm and Alastair returned. We struck camp and walked part of the way back.

On Tuesday we got up late, had breakfast, then went back to bed again until dinner-lime. We struck our second camp, and after throwing away "valuable" food to lighten our loads, we set off again across the mountains to be met on time at the Loch by Jim and "unable seaman" Pete with *Rockbottom*.

John Williams

EXCAVATIONS

A fisherman's house on the shore at the head of Aird Bheag bay was "excavated", and flai pieces of iron, nails and a chain were found on a cobbled floor.

In An,! Bheag itself we dug under one of the huts and found a flat stone floor below the turf. There were a few surviving but rotting beams, and the remains of others. This fact, together with the size of the building, led us to dedccc that the roof had had rafters. It seemed to be of a lot later date than the Aird Bhcag Bakery, where much of the equipment still lies on the floor.

We also found many fishing floats of cork, proving, as we had thought, that the village was involved in fishing. In the valley above there are also distinct marks of lazy beds, covered with grass, proving lhat they also grew crops.

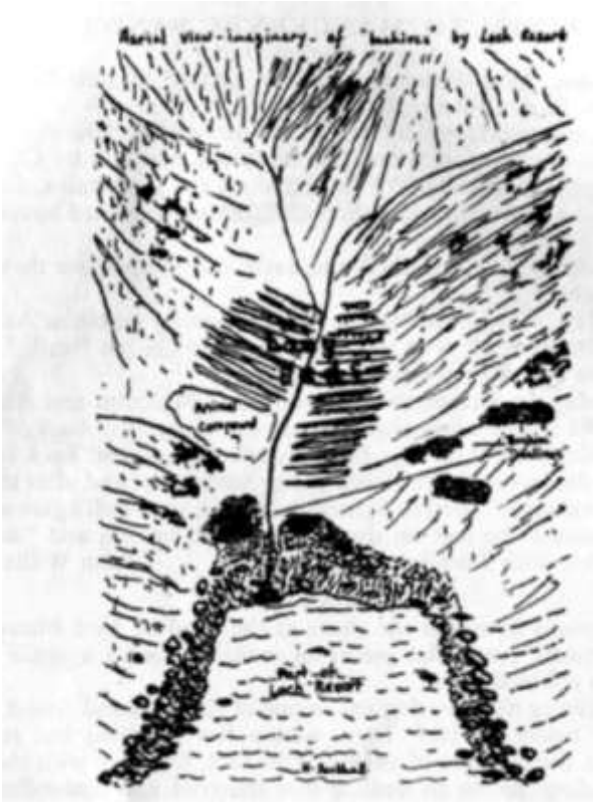
It is possible that there are sites in front of the present house, but they are vague. There is a stone enclosure between the houses, but it is unlikely to have been a field and may have been a graveyard —some say an animal enclosure—as it still has a rowan tree, which was supposed lo ward away evil spirits.

Philip Tew

BEEHIVING

Having listened to the so-called unbiased reports from the camp doctor and his party. who had previously gone beehiving by Loch Resort, we were all ready to see a Neolithic village.

"We built one up", they boasted. "Quite easy to see how they lived in them", said they in confident voices. Thinking it might be fun to see them. John Hutchison assembled a band of sundry persons he found about the croft, and. with the help of Alan Howard and a guide, who had been one of the doctor's party, set off for Loch Resort.

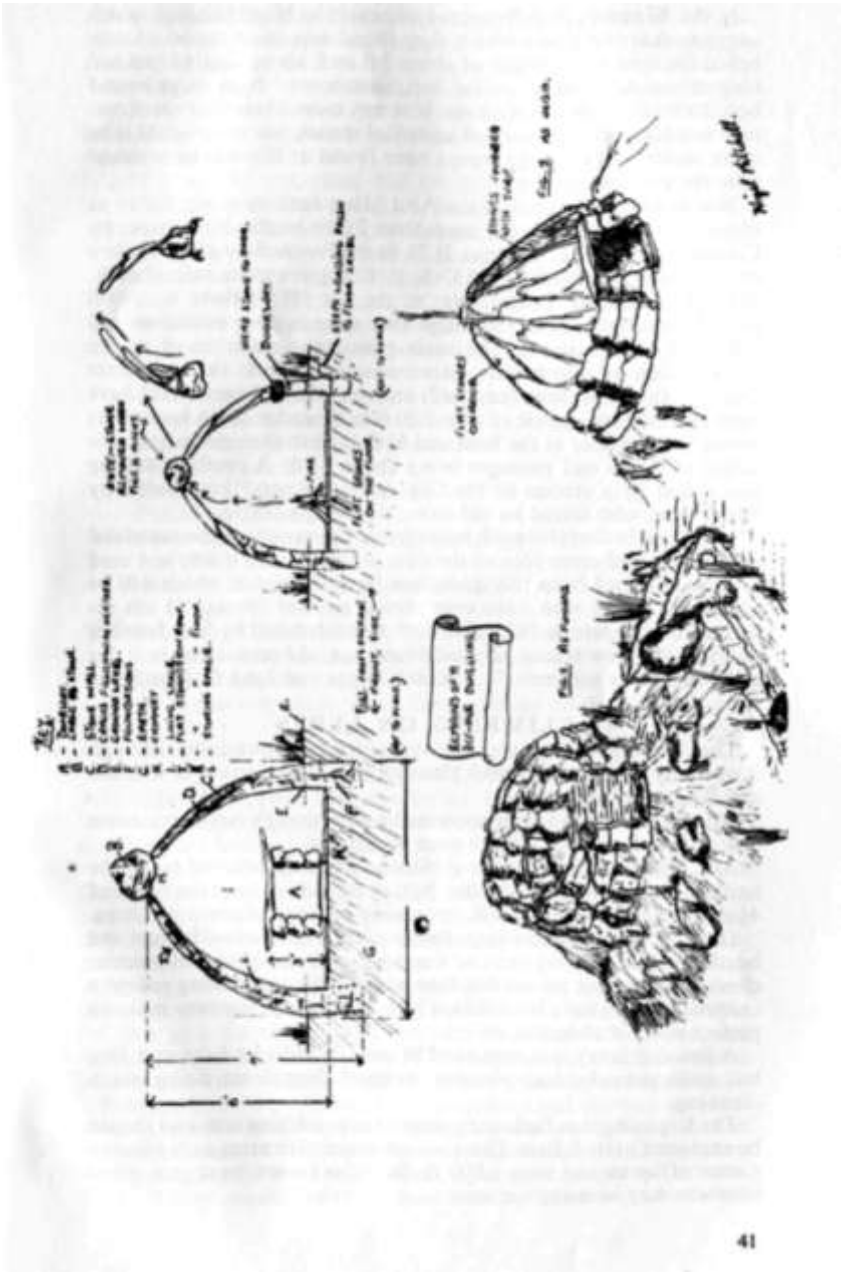


The outward journey felt quite long, but for once the sun shone. Apart from frequent waits for the botanist, and, when we were on the shores of Loch Telasavay, the fisherman, who nearly turned green when he saw a shoal of fish, we made reasonable speed.

When the shore of Loch Resort came into view, there was quite visible evidence of lazy beds. That is a method of cultivation used in Lewis, where the crofters lay seed down and dig trenches either side of it and use the earth to cover the seed. Rapid deductions followed and at last the beehive dwellings were found.

On the north shore of Loch Resort (see drawing) at Gesmaidh Na Aird Mhor (NB 025166—O.S. Sheet 12) is a settlement of beehive houses (Boths). The one large cluster is now almost just a pile of stones, but at one time in the summer months it must have been the centre of an industrious community.

Beehive dwellings (which are thought to be connected with Irish clayhouns) are generally considered as being shielings where the womenfolk of a village lived in the summer months and tended the cattle. In some such boths implements connected with this have been found, e.g. cheese and butter churns and vessels for storing milk. Consequently such structures are found near possible grazing areas.



In the ‘67 report there appeared an article by Nigel Mitchell which suggests that the house which they found was constructed of corbelled flat stones to a height of about 3 ft and, above that, of inclined long stones to form a conical top, surmounted by a large round boulder to close the smoke hole. It seems more likely that the structure was completely formed of corbelled stones, not only would it be more stable, but no large stones were found at this site to substantiate the previous theory.

Not much can be seen of the Aird Mhor beehive group today as there is little left standing of more than 2 ft in height, but a paper by Commander F. W. L. Thomas, R.N. in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* (1857-8, p. 127) gives more information. When Commander Thomas was at the site (1857) there were still two of the houses intact (although they were in poor condition and fell in after excavation). The main group was made up of twelve houses, some of which were interconnected to form three separate "suites" (perhaps three families?) and the whole cluster could have been enclosed by a circle of about 50 ft in diameter. Each house was about 7 ft diameter at the base and M ft high to the smoke-hole, the height of doors and passages being about 21 ft. A similar dwelling was found by a stream in the Uig valley and was "excavated" by Philip Tew. who found an old stone ring in the centre.

It is thought that this both belonged to the people of the townland of Carnish, und some idea of the date around which it was last used may be obtained from this quotation from the paper, which will be of interest to all who have ever stayed at Aird Bheag. "I am informed that so late as 1823, this both was inhabited by four families and that the now tenant of Aird Bheag, an old man, lived in it for eight successive summers." Robin Higgs and John C. Hutchison

CLIMBING ON LEWIS

The climbing this year was received with great enthusiasm although it was only in the second week that any was done because of weather and equipment difficulties.

All the local rocks were exploited and although not every route was attacked, possible routes were postulated.

An examination was made of Strone Ulladale believed to be the hardest climb in the British Isles, but, as we did not have the required 41 days to climb it, we left it, promising to return again some time.

Outside the croft was a large hump of rock covered with grass and heather until a clearing exercise was organised. A permanent practice climb has been set up on this face which offers everything except a chimney. Stakes have been driven in at the top and this now makes a perfect wall for abseiling on.

A five-day bivvy was organised in the Uig Hills by John and Jim. but unfortunately, bad weather stopped them from doing much climbing.

The Uig valley has fantastic potential as a climbing area and should be exploited to its fullest. There arc six major slab areas each offering routes of up to and over 1,000 ft. So. who knows, next year other climbers may be using the areu.

A crag similar to that Craig Cogarth on Anglesey was discovered at the end of the peninsula, but none of us was brave enough to attempt a climb on it.

My thanks go to the three other climbing officers Duncan Davidson, John Longworth and Jim Morrow for their help and to Philip Rcnold for the maintenance and organization of equipment. *Climbs Done On Lewis* '69

I •*Fist Jam Facet* U. DifT. 033,190 August 26th P. Caffery, R. Bowerman, A. Beardsall.

1 *Maya Can:* Severe 033,190 August 26th P. Caffery. R. Bowerman. A. Beardsall.

3 **Goobernaculum* Severe 033,190 August 26th Jim Morrow, M. Guest. P. Caffery, A. Beardsall. Robert Ward. Roy Bowcrman, A. Pini.

4 •*Chrono-synclastic In/undihulum* (O/) Severe 033.190 August 27th P. Caffery, R. Bowerman, A. Beardsall.

5 •*North West Face Teinnasval* Hard Severe 260 ft. 037,259 5 pitches. Abseil down. August 28th. P. Caffery. A. Beardsall.

6 *Duel* Diff. 034.188 September 1st. P. Caffery, M. Guest.

7 •*Photo Finish* V. Diff. 033.190 September 1st P. Caffery, M. Guest.

8 •*Detulritf* V.S. 029.185 September 2nd P. Caffery. M. Guest.

9 •*Beethoven's 5th* A.I 034,185 (45 Planed overhang) J. Longworth. M. Guest. R. Bowerman. A. Pini, P. Caffcry, • Indicates 1st Ascent.

Other climbs were done, but I have received no details of them.

Paul Caffery

A HARD CLIMB

John Longworth and I set off after a quick breakfast. John already had vast overhang experience, but for me it was my first really hard climb. It was between A.2 and A.3.

• On arriving at the face, we saw a cliff like a squashed Lance Corporal's stripe on its side. Taking off our gear, we got ready for our climb. By now the wind had risen to at least Force 4 and the rain into a torrent. The face itself was exposed to Loch Tealasavy and was in line for all bad weather.

We began our climb, John leading, smoking his pipe which eventually was extinguished by the rain. As John was holding himself to the rock by a Karabincr, (lie piton came out. and rocks, John, and rope came tumbling down on me. The rope had to be severed in one place because the stone had landed on it. Heroically we began again.

Eventually we were joined by Paul Caffery and his two companions. Adrian Pini and Roy Bowerman. Paul Caffery had not climbed many overhangs, but learned extremely quickly from John's guiding words. Eventually we all had a chance to suspend on ropes. Unfortunately, it then rained so hard it hurt and the face being so wet was

now like ice and we slipped and fell several more times. Eventually it did not seem worth continuing, so we returned home—our morale high and our bodies cold. Matthew Guest

SHORELINE ECOLOGY

The shoreline ecology project was divided into the following closely related studies: (a) the study of vertical distribution of organisms on one shore; (b) a comparison of vertical distribution on a sheltered shore with that on a more exposed shore; (c) a study of vertical distribution of "shell-fish", seaweeds, and lichens on rocks (seaward, landward and intermediate faces); (d) the relation of these distributions to the organism's and environment's characteristics— i.e. discovery of the *reasons* for the distributions; (e) a little general biology, taking advantage of the wide range of types of life found on the shore.

This sounds a lot, but, in fact, the sheltered shore, intensively studied, took four days to map, level, study distributions, and identify species; the other shore took one afternoon. Usually the ideal for such a project is to complete the writing up during the expedition, but our final report will be the result of a short correspondence between interested members. This will make the project of more lasting interest to those concerned, and also make possible something of a fairly high standard to be kept at our Fort William Base (or available through me) for reference by those interested in ecology and especially in doing similar projects in future. The following is a summary of methods and results.

Plane-table and "measurement" methods were used in mapping, and a water level, plus sighting level a la Steven Lawrence, for levelling. 80 cm. quadrat frames, put on the ground in a belt to delineate the area of study sub-divided into eight equal sections, were used for belt transects, and lime transects were used in study *(c)*. Collins *Guide To The Sea Shore* was used extensively and our "library" had other reference books.

The most important thing noted in vertical distribution studies was the change from one seaweed to another as one proceeds upwards from the low tide mark (which was 2.5 to 3.5 M below high tide mark)- in the order *Fucus serratus, Ascophyllum nodoswn, F. vesiculosis, Pelvetia canaliculate.* This was the distribution found at site I near the mouth of the Tamanavay river. Beneath this brown seaweed, in its shelten there were mussels, reaching 90% coverage in the lower middle shore, and barnacles, reaching 80% coverage in the middle shore.

The distribution of these organisms is dependent on the length of time they are submerged and the degree of shelter (from waves and drying) afforded by the site or by other organisms. Another example of this is the growth of *Cladophora ntpestris* a green seaweed, which needs protection from drying and which thus only grows on the bottom layer protected by the thick (6-10 cm.) top layer of brown seaweeds.

The less sheltered shore (site II—West Loch Tamananvay's extreme eastern end) which was exposed to the Atlantic waves had a

similar seaweed distribution to site I except that there was no *A. nodosum.* This plant needs a sheltered spot and does not have the hold on the rock needed to survive on an exposed site. Interbreeding between *F. spiralis* and *F. vesicuhsus* was much more evident on Site II than Site I due to a greater occurrence (up to 80% coverage) of *F. spiralis.* Here again two layers were evident. A rock pool-much richer in seaweeds than that in Site I, though both were at approximately high tide level—was noted on the exposed site. This pool was richer in marine organisms probably because being exposed to large waves, it would receive more salt spray than in Site I.

A tremendous variation in seaweed, "shell fish" and lichen distributions was found between seaward and landward sides of rocks in Sites I and II. Further work might involve camping near a very exposed shore or sandy shore, or a study in depth of an individual organism's distribution, e.g. that of any one of the above seaweeds, mussels, barnacles etc. Again, the mouth of a fresh water river might be compared with a "pure" sea shore or the succession of *F. spiralis* over *A. nodosum* as the shore becomes more exposed, might be studied.

At any rate, this mob: Timothy Bell, Steven Lawrence. David Rust, Simon Fleminger. Ian Deacon, a good few others, and myself, enjoyed the project—entertained liberally at limes by extended displays of "seamanship in high winds" laid on by Alan Howard and crew.

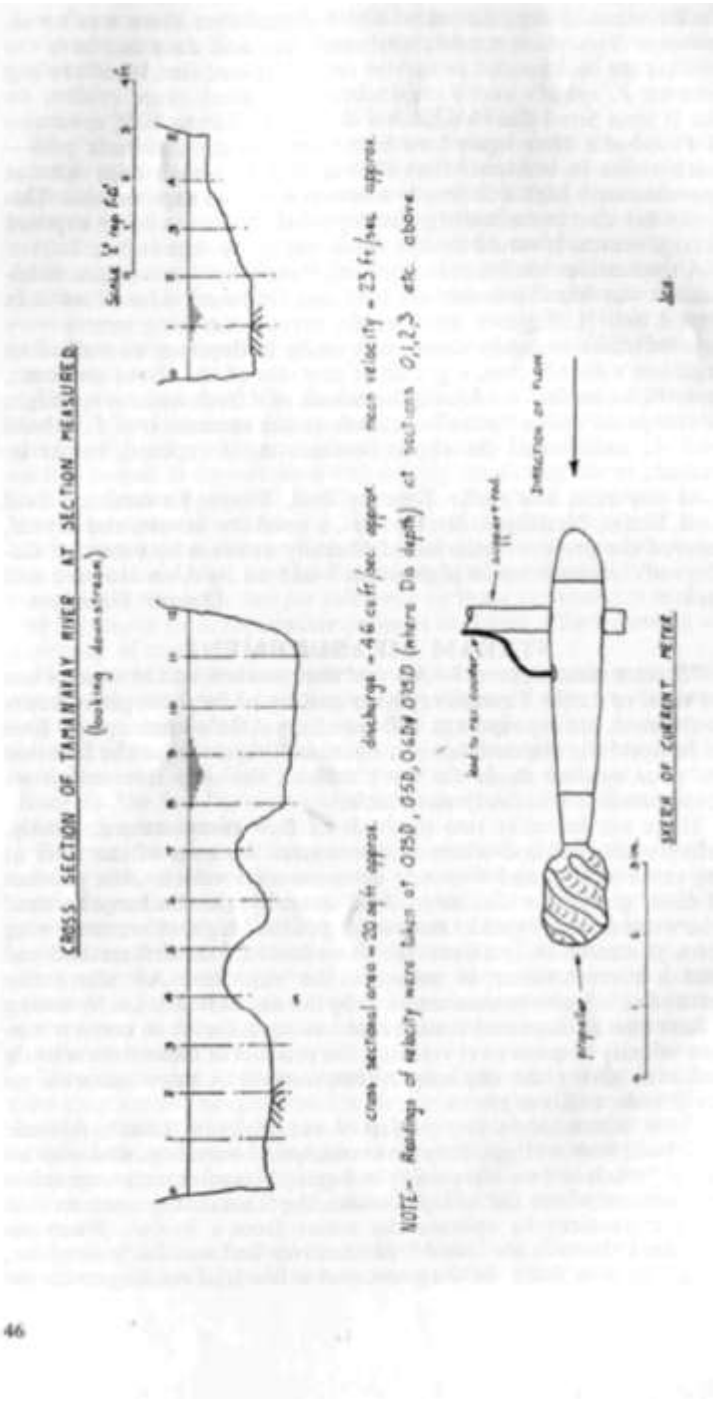
Duncan Davidson

STREAM MEASUREMENT

"Stream measurement?—Ah yes! that was one of the times when we went up to the Tamanavay river and stood for a couple of hours in the cold, taking readings and watching Alan's kneecaps go blue as he faithfully clutched his rev. counter!" Apart from the fact that the poor weather made the work difficult the only river which we could measure was fairly unsuitable.

There arc basically two methods of flow measurement. Firstly, velocity-area method where one measures the area of the river at any cross section and then one determines its velocity, the product of these giving the discharge. And secondly, the discharge method where one need only make one reading of the height of water flowing through a hatch set in a dam. We chose to adopt the first method and used a current meter to measure the velocities. An alternative method of velocity measurement is by the use of floats, i.e. by timing a float over a measured distance and using a factor to convert surface velocity to mean river velocity; the product of mean river velocity and area giving the discharge. This method is more accurate on fairly wide, uniform rivers.

Those interested in this project were: Malcolm Leitch, Alastair Beardsall, Robin Higgs, Roy Bowcrman, and ourselves, and after an initial "teach-in" we were ready to begin. Measurements were taken at a section where the bridge crosses the Tamanavay river as it is more convenient to operate the meter from a bridge. When we measured the area we found that the river bed was fairly irregular, as can be seen from the diagram, and a few trial readings with the



current meter showed that the large boulders on the river bed created eddy currents which flowed in all directions (even upstream at one point!) and so it was realised that this method of measurement would not prove very accurate. Bearing this in mind and attempting to make some allowances we carried on as there were no other suitable sections elsewhere in the river.

The river was divided into one foot strips (as shown in the sketch) and readings of velocity were taken at various depths in each strip. Hence the mean velocity of each was obtained and by summing the products of velocity and area for each section, the total discharge of the stream was determined. It was found that the mean velocity in any vertical strip occurred around 0.4 of the depth (D) from the surface as opposed to around 0.6 D for a regular channel.

It is only necessary io find the velocity profile at each section once, so that one may find at what depth the mean velocity occurs, and then at subsequent times one need only take one reading per section, which in our case would be at about 0.4 D.

Unless one is fortunate enough to have a current meter the quickest (and simplest) method to use is the float method mentioned above. This is more accurate with wider or uniform cross-section rivers and can provide a reasonable estimate. For smaller rivers and streams the best (and most enjoyable!) method is to construct a dam and place a " V"-shapcd notch in its sill, hence measuring the discharge directly. We had intended doing this in a small river but time prevented it. There arc formulae available to compute the discharge from a single measurement of height of water above the bottom of the notch, but the conditions which are required for them to apply can usually (unless one is very lucky) only be attained in a man-made channel.

If anyone wishes to carry out some stream measurement on an expedition I have more information which I would bo pleased to let them have.

I would like to thank the Department of Civil Engineering, Heriot-Watt University, Edinburgh, for the use of their current meter and for their advice.

Adrian Pini and John C. Hulchinson

BOG STRATIGRAPHY

Unfortunately the results of this project will not be known for some months because of the complicated laboratory analysis and processes which have to be performed on the peat.

A peat bog is in many ways a natural museum. The kinds and relative numbers of pollen grains at different levels reveal the vegetational history of the bog and its environs. E:tch pollen grain has a characteristic shape and size. and from these they are easily identifiable.

Lewis is almost completely devoid of trees and it is hoped to prove that the island was once covered with trees and estimate when they disappeared.

The peat is collected in 9 in. strips and stored in polythene bags. The average depth of a section is about 4 ft 3 in., the 9 in. strips being cut out with a long bladed knife.

It was hoped that some evidence of early man would be found, as the area is believed to have been inhabited by him, but positioning of a dig was based rather on a "hit and miss*' method than on calculation, so not too much could be expected.

On one occasion, enthusiasm was built up to do the laborious job of digging the peat by a slight detour to partake in the sport of trundling. Unfortunately, the trundling took so much energy from us that all we wanted to do was lie down and rest in the sun.

Anybody wishing further information should write to me any time after Easter.

Paul E. Caffery

LEWIS SONG

(To the tune of Macmanara's Band)

1. John Hutchison is our leader,
   His accent is superb, He sings us songs of Highlanders,
   And lots of other blurb; His project is to measure streams,
   That's when he's out of bed, We wish his wife the best of luck.
   For soon he is to wed.
2. Duncan is our store man,
   He provides us all with food. He checks the stores both day and night.
   But it doesn't do any good. The lime juice went to the officers' tent.
   They always get the best; But we say that we're not hungry.
   Just to put his mind at rest.
3. John Shutes is our doctor,
   He thinks a fisherman too. He supervises with our health.
   And cleans out all the loos. His hair is hardly ever combed,
   He tells us that it's clean. His hobby is to watch the birds.
   Bunt's the wrong sort that he's seen.
4. Caffery is a climber,
   He's known to us as Paul, He practises his climbing
   On the grassy garden wall, The grass it seemed to hinder him,
   He had to get it down. And now that we have cleared it up,
   He practices the clown.
5. Alan is a jester.
   His *repertoire* is large; He thinks the May's a powerboat, But drives it like a barge,
   He tried his hand at peggy,
   But he couldn't hit the peg. Now everyone is trying
   Just lo pull his hairy leg!
6. Humphrey is a character,
   He's such a clumsy twit. Whenever he comes in the room.
   There's nowhere he can sit, He treads on everybody's feet,
   He doesn't care what they say. But all in all he's a friendly chap.
   And provides a laugh a day.
7. David is a fisherman,
   He knows it pretty well. Since he caught a shoal of fish,
   Ho thinks that he's just swell. He thought he saw a badger's hole
   And being very bold. He stayed up nearly half the night.
   And only caught a cold.
8. William's our guitarist.
   And as well as that he sings. He chops the wood and lights the fire.
   And lots of other things. He ferries us across the loch.
   And digs up lumps of peat. But the only thing you never miss,
   Are his monstrous Great big feet.
9. Now we're back in Stornoway,
   Our trip drawn to an end. We've got the finer things in life.
   Plus money we can spend. The holiday's been lots of fun,
   And one we'll not forget, We're feeling swell and you can tell
   We're glad that we have met.

Pole Carlile.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON EXPEDITION 1969 GRENADINE ISLANDS

It was in Easter 1966, whilst on a field course with the Department of Geography that the idea of organising an expedition was born. We had no money and did not know where we wanted to go or the type of work programme we wanted to carry out. Some two and a half years later, with several hundred letters and many interviews behind us, we had raised nearly £2,000. had enough food given free to keep six team members for eight weeks, and were bound for Carriacou.

Carriacou is an island of I .u square miles, and is one of over one hundred Grenadine islands between Grenada and St. Vincent. These in turn constitute part of the Windward Island group in the southern part of the West Indies chain.

Two members of the team sailed by merchant ship from Liverpool, and eventually arrived in Grenada after flying from Barbados via St. Vincent. The remaining four members travelled by the cheapest passenger "liner*[1] available from Southampton to Trinidad, and then flew to Grenada. Our food and equipment came out (free of charge) on a separate merchant ship. A successful, if somewhat mosquito-ridden, rendezvous was made in the beautiful port of St. George's (Grenada) on 18th July. Two days later, having been given customs clearance (pending a Cabinet decision!) we arrived by schooner on Carriacou.

Here we were met by the Administrative Secretary (the island is governed from Grenada) who soon provided us with a lorry, and later a Land Rover, which carried all our gear to the other side of the island to the unfurnished house which was to be our home for the next two months. From the patio we could see the beautiful coral reef stretching out to sea for over a mile. From the toilet scat we could see a snake in the rafters!

The island is very undulating, having an ample cover of cactus and acacia scrub. Very few mature trees arc to be found due to the frequency of hurricanes in this area. The coast-line exhibits some fine sandy beaches. The population of some 7,500 is English speaking, and is established in numerous small villages scattered throughout the island. The main occupation is farming—cotton, maize and peas being the most common smallholding crops—while limes are grown on two estates.

Many Carriacouians arc fine sailors, building their own boats and operating them in inter-island trade and fishing. They are notorious for the smuggling "organisation" which they operate.

Services provide another occupation, and there are two small hotels and some chalets on the island mainly to cater for people using the island as a stop-off place for their yachts.

The life is relatively simple- most people have a smallholding and have another source of income—usually fishing or trading. Money also comes in from relatives who have left the island. The climate is favourable, and Consequently housing costs can be kept to a minimum and heating costs are non-existent. Much food can be home grown and supplemented by produce from their sheep and cattle.

Basically our programme of work was to carry out an economic survey of the island, with a view to making recommendations concerning the future development of Carriacou. This involved making u land-use map of the whole area and analysing the results. This was accompanied by a "farm" study and a water availability survey. The position of the main island industries—shipbuilding, cotton, limes and communications—were reviewed. The other industries— tourism, fishing, trade and smuggling were examined. A commercial survey was also carried out. From this work we were able to make recommendations. We produced integrated long-term programmes

concerning the control of soil erosion and the development of tourism, both of which require attention if a happy future is to be ensured for Carriacou.

This is not to say that all our time on the island was spent in working! We made friends with many of the local people, and they took LS to the off-lying islands. We helped one of the local football teams to top the league. Swimming, fishing, snorkel-diving, and visiting drum dances were all popular pursuits. Cocktails with the Governor and Premier of Grenada was merely part of the social rounH!

But. alas, the time passed all too rapidly, and our two months soon slipped away. However, the expedition was not over. After several epic events we arranged travel links for our equipment and the two members travelling back by merchant ship to Grecnock. via St. Vincent and Barbados, and the rest of us had a three week magical mystery tour of the Caribbean to enjoy—which constituted the cheapest way home of course! Trinidad. Curacoo, La Guaira (Venezuela). Panama, Jamaica. Tenerife, and Vigo (Spain) all saw four scruffy Englishmen look them over and then pass on.

I began to feel chilly whilst off the Canary Islands. Impenetrable fog welcomed us back to Southampton.

A full expedition report will be completed within the next month. Anybody wishing to borrow a copy please contact me.

Barry J. N. Smith

(Barry Smith is one of the Directors of the Schools Hebridean Company. Ed.)

SOUTH UIST EXPEDITION 1969

(Age: 16J and over) *Leader:*
John Cullingford

Officers

Geoff David. John Morris, Alan Fowler, Chris Hyde, Jim Edwards, Dick Light, Peter Forsaith. Simon Ritter.

Boys

Mike Bagshaw. Graham Bate, Gary Chidwick, Jeremy Cook. Chris Cooper, Stephen David, Gareth Firth, Ian Goddard, John Henniker-Major, Simon Hill. Andrew Howard, Gareth Jones. John Kemp, David Mark. Murray Marr, Kevin McKellen. Philip Nicholas Jonathan Orr, Mike Osborne. Alistair Philips. Mike Plumb. Nick Stuart-Taylor. Eddie Stuart. Simon Stoye, Peter Tatham. Nigel Tooke, Ian Wilkinson. Julian Williams.

LEADER'S REPORT
(or "Report on a Leader")

I wonder how many of the boys and officers would have joined this expedition had they been foretold of the conditions we would face? From my own experiences on five expeditions, I thought I knew roughly what it would be like, especially having explored some of this island the previous year, and I made my plans relying on the usual S.H.S. "good-fortune" to see us through. And we did come