

1983 Annual Report

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SCHOOLS HEBRIDEAN SOCIETY ANNUAL REPORT 1983

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EDITORIAL

Yet again it is time for the society's Annual Reunion and the publication of the Annual Report, both of which enable us to once again share the memories of the summer.

Expedition accounts and project reports were, as always, of a very high standard and I had enormous difficulty trying to decide what to include - a task which was made even more difficult as a result of the large number of contributions. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who sent in articles, drawings and photographs and I would particularly like to thank Gavin Macpherson for his part in the printing of this report.

The report has again been divided into two sections. The first contains accounts from the expeditions and the second the actual project reports, all of which I think you will agree make very good reading and will undoubtedly persuade many of you to return in 1984.

COLETTE ARMITAGE

PS Did EVERY bivvy take Irish Stew and Mandarins?

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Expedition recruitment was lower than ever last year and the Board took the very sad, but right decision to cancel two of the six expeditions planned. Of the four expeditions which travelled north, a wealth of experience, immense enjoyment, personal achievement and good memories resulted. Many enthusiastic and excited tales of the summer adventures have been retold, no doubt countless times since the expeditions returned, and a large majority of 1983 expedition members have expressed a wish to return to the Hebrides in 1984.

Despite initial difficulties the year has ended on a very positive note. Planning for next summers four expeditions is more advanced than ever before at this time of year, with a new prospectus including details of the 1984 expedition leaders. The 1984 expeditions are all going to be first rate, all are well proven sites in the Outer Hebrides, including a long awaited return to the excellent region of Cravadale on Harris. With less places available next summer, coupled with a more careful selection procedure and recruitment policy, be sure to get your applications in early. If you wish to meet with the best chance of securing a place on a 1984 expedition.

Our sincere thanks must go to Dave Crawford and Mark Hopwood who have retired from the Board over the past twelve months, and to Angle Crawford and John and Sue Jones who have now passed on jobs on the Management Committee. All have given generously of their free time and worked hard and efficiently over a number of years in jobs of administration, without them we could not have run expeditions to the Hebrides. Many others have worked hard behind the scenes as well and the value of their contribution cannot be overestimated. A very big thank you to all of you.

As many of you will now know I have resigned as Chairman and Phil Renold has returned once again. For those of you new to the society Phil has been with the SHS since its earliest days and has held the Chairmanship for six years previously, as well as led six expeditions and been on a total of thirteen. His considerable experience and deep involvement in outdoor pursuits will be a tremendous asset to the society. I have appreciated these last three years immensely and have learned an enormous amount through them. My grateful thanks go to all of you, whose generosity and good will have helped so much. To Phil I wish every good fortune and success in the future. For the Society, I hope it will continue to be a source of immense enjoyment, discovery and lasting friendships, as well as providing a relevant challenge and pathway to enhanced personal qualities, for all those who venture to the most "remote and barren, yet beautiful and enchanting" part of Britain: The Hebridean Islands.

STEPHEN PAYNTER

(Outgoing Chairman)



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RHUM EXPEDITION 1983

LEADER: Richard Young

ASSISTANT LEADERS: Frank Fareham, Nick Hayward, Doug Warburton, Liz Whitehead.

MEMBERS: David Nightingale, Kevin Lever, Michelle Garwood, Adam Stebbing, David Goberman, Rachael Craig, Dugald Wright, Gary Sage, Richard J Young, Kirsten Warburton, Angela Lufy, Ian Earnahaw, Michael Spencer, David Smith, Jennifer Wilcock, Brigit Hutchinson, Janet Shakespeare, James McMillan, Simon Harlam, Maurice Patel, Mark Hallows.

LEADERS REPORT

Our three week return to the island of some of the society's earliest visits was a remarkable occasion for us all. Really we were (and are!) a varied lot, as it was an enormous pleasure for me to discover what unity and enthusiasm we possessed as our time together unfolded. Our first taste of the islands came in the hours after leaving the mainland. We departed from Mallaig at about 7.30pm with Mr Bruce Watt in the 'Western Isles' and came to Elgol on Skye to collect the food and equipment. This had been made ready on the jetty by our notably hard working advance party. Once the last canoe had been hooked aboard we set course, our numbers complete, for Rhum.

As we travelled, the last of the sunset played itself out in the West, and the night settled down onto the islands and the dark shining water around us. With only the sound of the engine and the bow wave to break the silence, we reached Loch Scresort. It was now 11.30pm and very dark: the low tide meant the gear had to be ferried ashore in two small boats. Nonetheless between us and the boatmen the whole expedition and its belongings were safely landed in about forty five minutes. We were glad of the powerful arc-lamp on the 'Western Isles'. Once everything was undercover a very tired expedition was shown to the welcoming farmhouse bothy for the night.

The first week entailed hard work for everyone - carrying packs and equipment down to the site along the track, setting up camp and then two days of work with the Nature Conservancy Council. The tents were pitched among yellow hawkweed which bloomed on a sizeable area of green turf at the confluence of two streams. The midges had not troubled us much at that stage so it was quite an effort to head down to Kinloch to work!

The weeding, gravel-collecting and hay-making were done to a high standard (for various reasons) and on the second evening we were given valuable insight into the evolution of Rhum itself and man's involvement in the process. Laughton Johnston, the Chief Warden, put on an informative and wide ranging slide-show and talk in the Community Hall. We later enjoyed two Ceilidhs there and the showing of the film 'Ryan's Daughter'

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Much of the rest of the expedition is documented or hinted at in the following articles, but I should tell you that we had generally good weather (the exciting FLOOD perhaps?) and many days of hot sunshine. Swimming in waterfall plunge pools was popular with most of us, though Simon appeared to show the most deep and urgent interest in them. He similarly pioneered the art of white-water swimming, which had no other adherents (though sleeping and singing found better favour).

As the expedition progressed, many skills came to light, some hitherto unrecognised. Angela discovered a remarkable ability at white (and brown water) canoeing, on her first attempt. Other skills were more humble, though no less a joy (to some of us anyway). Ian could travel for miles, with no apparent effort, in his sleeping bag. Liz could do massage. Mark's fingernails were found to be immensely strong, as were Gooby's leg muscles. And just how many of us could do a Stanford-le-Hope accent? Rachael showed immense skill and initiative in rucksack-packing, while Adam could be counted on to tell us (loudly and with painful humour) just what we were thinking but didn't like to say for fear of offending someone!

Our own little Ceilidh was a tremendous success as were various trips to Kilmory where we met Callan, Chris and friends. Some of us even had the delight of real tea and real bread! Three memories stand out especially in my mind: our cool and refreshing dip in Papadil loch one hot afternoon; a solitary swim off the sandy beach at Samhnan Insir (a still beautiful, though now deserted, site of a village on the north coast); and the overnight stay on the Hallival-Askival col. A slow orange sunset in the West and a yellow, then dazzling white moonrise in the East preceded a cool dry night with Manx Shearwaters rushing low overhead from time to time. Once the air of unreality had drifted away, the intense beauty and isolation of our situation was extremely moving. After an all too short rest in our sleeping bags we were treated to the breathtaking sight of sunrise over a valley of cloud, folded and then shredded by wind and mountainside. In the thick blue-black of the West the moon moved slowly into the mist amongst the still blacker peaks and ridges of Trailval and Ainsival. A new day was coming to birth.

Many people contributed a great deal to making the expedition such a success, and I would like to thank them warmly, on behalf of all of us who benefited so much. On the island particular thanks must go to Laughton Johnson and to David, the summer warden; to Mr and Mrs Angus Macintosh; to Callan, Chris and friends, and to Mr and Mrs Simpson. In Mallaig to Bruce Watt and his mate for such hard work late in the evening; and elsewhere to all the assistant leaders and those on the Management Committee of the SHS.

RICHARD YOUNG



REVISED NAME LIST

Rachael "Go away" Craig
Ian "What ye doing under me" Earnshaw
Michelle "Cor Blimey!" Garwood
David "slonk" Gooberman the mountain goat
Mark "bog tester" Hallows
Simon "sleepy head" Haslam, the music man
Brigit Hutchinson, the Cornish nasty
Angela "Hardo" Lufy
James "Pongo" McMillan
David Nightingale, The Datchworth Cowboy
Maurice "Why Is everybody laughing at me" Patel
Gary "Ug" Sage
Janet "to be or not to be" Shakespeare
David "with the nose " Smith
Adam "Anarchy" Stebbing
Kirsten "Dougte! Dougie! Dougie!" Warburton
Jennifer "Where an I? What am I doing?" Wilcock
Dugald "Pull the ***** rope in" Wright (one of his many revised climbing calls)
Richard Young the younger
Frank "Cracker" Farnham
Nick "Down Under" Hayward
Douglas "Fair Enough" Warburton
Dizzy Lizzy Whitehead
Richard "Dung Slinger" Young
Michael "That'll fit in my rucksack Rachael" Spencer
Kevin Leaver the camps worst canoeist.
COMPILED BY: DAVID "Slonk" GOOBERMAN, the mountain goat.
KEVIN LEAVER, the hyper-intelligent, pan-dimensional being.



THE SHS 1983 RHUM AWARDS

The award for taking up the most room while sleeping goes to:
IAN EARNSHAW.

The award for the biggest appetite (ie making pigs of themselves in the presence of food) is to be shared by:

NICK HAYWARD and DAVID GOOBERMAN

The award for the most insulting person goes to:
KIRSTEN WARBURTON

The award for the most insulted person goes to :
BRIGIT HUTCHINSON

The award for skiving from work (i.e. getting someone else usually a boy to do it) goes to:

RACHAEL CRAIG

6. The award for the hardest working person of the expedition goes to:

MAURICE PATEL

FINALLY:

7. The award for the strongest nose goes to our gallant leader:
RICHARD "Dung Slinger" YOUNG

(for his great achievements in emptying those two well known small tents!!).

FOOTNOTE

Contrary to popular belief, Brigit's favourite food is not a Cornish Pasty, but Cornish Cream because like her it is very thick and clotted!

And finally a well known phrase, first quoted by Adam Stebbing during

one of his regular bouts of insulting a certain member of the Expedition:

"The Cornish are, like midges, very insignificant; but ***** annoying!"

KEVIN LEAVER

THE FLOOD

The rain came down...and down and down. Throughout the evening SHS members listened to the threatening rain that pounded angrily on the roof of the marquee.

"We're going to flood" was all Doug and Frank could think to say (they were the only two with their own tents and they were closest to the river which was threatening to overflow and drown the campsite).

Night fell ... so did the rain.

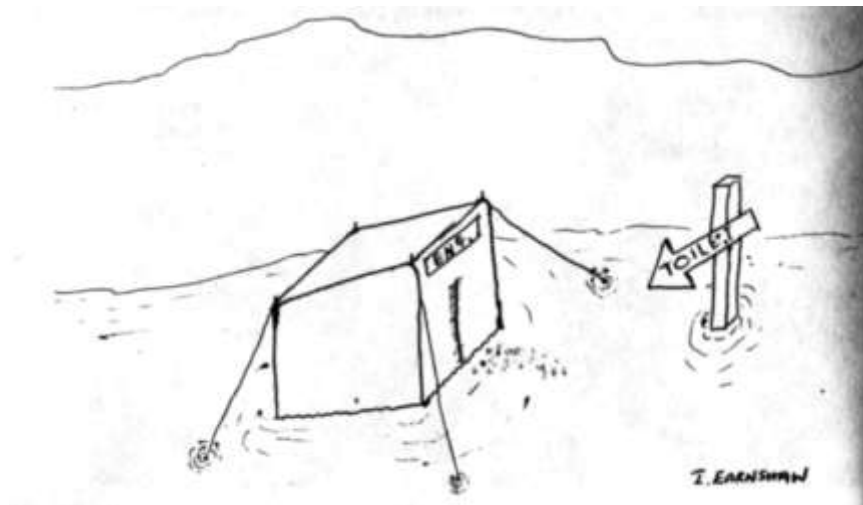
By morning emergency plans were put into action. Belongings were heaped into the middle of our icelandics and the ground sheets wrapped round them. The water was now only a few feet from Frank and Doug's tents. We sat in the marquee and waited; occasionally somebody would venture out into the rain and wind to check on the water level. "I say one hour till we flood" said Dugald, his ludicrous suggestion was rejected by everyone.

Three quarters of an hour later we were splashing around in 2 or 3ins of water and that was INSIDE the marquee. Some people were outside busily digging trenches in an attempt to divert the water - but it seemed the damage had been done so we resigned ourselves to the idea of having to swim to our tents that night.

Although the whole camp was washed out, our spirits remained high and we made the most of what could have been a crisis (puddle splashing for wellie wearers was good fun!). The rain slowly subsided, and the marquee slowly drained. By evening everything was almost back to normal (except for a few damp sleeping bags and many wet bedraggled members).

Card games and cocoa as normal that evening, and so to bed to face another day, on Rhum

LH



BIVVY TO DIBIDIL BOTHY

One fine Hebridean morning, two parties set out for Dibidil on the South side of the island. The first group were doing some climbing before reaching the bothy, whilst the second planned to walk along the west coast.

The walking party eventually set off late morning. There were five of us, Richard (the leader), Jenny, Maurice, Michael and myself. We followed the track down to Harris, where half the lunch rations were eaten. Fully refreshed, the party inched across Glen Harris, where many difficulties were encountered trying to cross the river! We kept fairly near to the coast, the cliffs were very rugged with steep drops to the sea below. The scenery was magnificent which explains why we had to keep stopping (the keen photographers amongst us kept trying to capture the many fine views).

By late afternoon we were all worn out due to the unusual strength of the sun. At Loch Papadil therefore a long rest was called for and most of us followed Richard's example for cooling down! All of us went paddling but only three of the party were brave enough to take the plunge. The water was far colder than I had expected, probably due to the depth of the Loch itself. Having been revived for the last leg of our walk the party left for Dibidil. We arrived weary and very hungry so Lentil stew and semolina were consumed by all in vast quantities (the meal had at least filled up our stomachs, even if it had not satisfied our taste buds)! Dibidil bothy is well known for its large numbers of rats so all the gear including the food had to be hung up from the rafters.

The walking party had been "encouraged" by Richard to sleep outside the bothy. Our night out proved to be a great success because of the generosity of the natural elements; the warm night air; the fullness of the moon and the brightness of the stars. By eight thirty the following morning we were again making tracks, this time for Salisbury Dam. Sgurr-nan-Gillean was laboriously climbed; it stood directly behind Dibidil and had been carefully observed the previous night. It is the third highest peak on Rhum and stands at 2503 feet (764 metres). The first part of the climb was extremely arduous, but spirits were soon restored once the summit had been reached.

The rest of the walk back was along the ridge. Climbs to the peaks of Ainsival, Trallival and Askival proved worthwhile without any major problems. However the descent from Askival took far longer than expected so we had to leave out Hallival and Barkeval partly due to the shortage of time and partly due to the sudden change of weather. Under Richard's leadership we contoured around Barkeval and then down past Long Loch. Our party finally arrived back at camp very exhausted but pleased that they had been on the bivvy to Dibidil. It also gave those hoping to do the "Ridge Walk" much practice.

RACHAEL CRAIG



RHUM - SCRUM

Rhum-Scrum is a traditional game played by members of the SHS. We were so grateful to the SHS for providing us with the official Football Association match ball, made and purchased from Woolworths. We used this ball as an excuse to murder our fellow opponents.

The rules for Rhum Scrum are very simple.....there are none. There is however one objective to the game and that is to place the ball on the goal spot. Needless to say casualties are very high. A certain member had obviously played the game before and had equipped himself in the correct fashion: canoeing helmet, tee-shirt stuffed with towels and not forgetting his fifteen holed German para boots.

The games normally last about ten minutes OR until there are insufficient members to continue with the game of Rhum-Scrum.

DAVID NIGHTINGALE

BOATING REPORT

When we arrived on Rhum Richard very quickly showed me the boating limits. We were basically unable to leave the boundary of Loch Scresort and any inland canoeing that might have been possible was all a fair distance from camp. It looked as though little boating would take place.

It soon became obvious however that quite a large number of the members were in fact keen to trudge up to Loch Scresort on quite a regular basis -perhaps it was the lure of the shop? Whatever the reason the Loch proved to be just the right size for an afternoons canoeing; from the lochs centre you could marvel at Kinloch Castle, whilst above you standing proud and majestic stood Hallival its summit just visible amongst the mist.

Rhum proved to have a few surprises in store for us. We all assumed that Rhum would be the last place where you would expect to find white water canoeing, but as the rain fell and the water rose that small trickle that flowed past our doorstep became a raging torrent - and we were glad of the three canoes which had been brought up to Salisbury Dam!

Although unexpected these boating activities proved to be great fun. Even the fishing had its own hidden excitement and pleasures (Gary was relieved to find out what the P4 was actually for!) All of which adds that little bit extra to expedition life in general.

NICK HAYWARD

THE BETTER HALF OF THE RIDGE WALK EXPEDITION (NICK'S GANG:)

LEADER: Nick Hayward

MEMBERS: Dave Smith, Brigit Hutchinson, Dugald Wright, David Nightingale

In the early days of the expedition most people had said they wanted to attempt (?) the ridge walk. When the great day finally arrived however the 'most' had been cut down to eleven, for one reason or another. At the unearthly hour of 6.30 the two groups got up to begin the mammoth task of eating breakfast (prepared for us by our ever kind leader Richard, and our generous CA Liz). It was 7.50 before we had stopped worrying about food and got down to the task in hand.

By 9.20 we were on the summit of Barkeval and in typical Hebridean style a thick mist had appeared, hiding what should have been an excellent view of the entire Island. We had some of our rations and then left a note for the OTHER party to cheer them up (they were attempting the walk in the opposite direction, so this would be the end for them).

Map and compass in hand we set off through the mist. In just under an hour we had completed a relatively simple climb and found

ourselves on top of Hallival (where we left yet another message for the others). The descent of Hallival was fairly difficult, very steep and rocky. The following climb up Askival (which at about 2700ft is the highest peak on Rhum) was also fairly strenuous, boulders and crags proving to be regular obstacles. Once on top however we were rewarded with odd breaks in the cloud allowing us a splendid view of the East coast and its dramatic cliffs.

Trallval was a fairly simple climb, most of it upon a steep lawn(?) like surface, kept short by the red deer. On the way up we had a marvellous view of the next Bealach and then the huge rocky crags of Ainshival looming high above. Descending this steep slope we could identify the OTHER group - our claim to fame is that we beat them by half an hour to the summit of Trallval!

After descending a few screes we found ourselves replenishing water supplies in a handy stream. The sun was hotter than ever and shining straight onto our slope of Ainshival. We finally reached the summit -we had practically made it! The walk to Sgurr-nan-Gillean over an unnamed peak was by comparison a casual stroll. Once there we were rewarded with a fantastic view over Dibidil on one side and then better still, a high quality Brocken spectre (a WHAT? -Ed) on the other.

By 4.30 we were on the summit of Ruinisval. We had completed the Ridge!! It was 7.00 when we finally arrived back in the marquee, Just 11 hours after leaving it. The OTHER group had however beaten us and not only that but there was no dinner ready for us! Doug however came to the rescue and came up with a wonderful creation, which we all enjoyed even more when we learned that we had just completed the third hardest ridge walk in Scotland.

DAVID SMITH

SKYE EXPEDITION 1983

LEADER: Simon Lord

ASSISTANT LEADERS: Steve Hardy, Peter Florida-James, Keith Knott,

MEMBERS: Richard Pitts, Lynn Patterson

MEMBERS: Ian Avery, Andrew Bannier, David Beagle, Sarah Butler, Greg Cotton, Jonathan Darwin, Peter Davies, Gary Fryett, Nick Gradwell, Stuart Grey, Jane Hills, Glenda Holmes, Richard Hunter, Ruth Jessup, Michael Kell, Robert Lewis, Paul Masters, Paula Nunn, Mark Smees, Mark Smith, John Thorpe, Charles Townsend, Sarah Walker, Simon Webb, Alison Wort.

PART TIME: Steve Paynter, Annette Dixon, Simon Ringrose.

LEADERS REPORT

SKYE 1983 will go down in my books as my worst and best expedition. The society had never before visited Skye and for a number of years had been visiting eight or so sites on a rotational basis. This year we decided to go for the big time; the Isle of Skye with its 3000ft mountains, knife edge ridges and wild atmosphere.

The expedition was made up of a hard core of nine or ten mountaineers and twenty or so other members. The site was superb from the mountaineers' point of view, but was not so successful from the others due to the difficulty in gaining access to the mountains. On the mountaineering side we had many trips up Bla Bheinn the closest mountain to camp and I think most of the members must have ascended its 3000ft (including some quite interesting scrambling towards the top).

Mountaineering parties using ropes completed the whole of the greater Black Cuillin Traverse over a period of six days, which in itself is not a great achievement but when you consider the great distances involved from the base camp, it was. Scrambles of eighteen miles, including 4000ft of climbing were not uncommon. The P4 helped greatly in this field, acting as a work horse it enabled many otherwise impossible trips to take place. Unfortunately on the return journey from one of these trips a member of the party slipped and was injured. Although his injuries turned out to be fairly mild the incident necessitated the summoning of the local mountain rescue. The emergency plans drawn up many weeks before were put into action and the casualties were flown some ten miles to the local hospital for emergency treatment. This event brought home the dangers that cannot be eliminated from mountaineering activities of this kind and has changed the society's outlook on visiting such sites again.

At camp the weather was remarkably good to us, with only a couple of days of rain. The site itself was very pleasant with a large green football/rounders pitch which was heavily used under the instruction of Steve our physical education guy. The marquee was strategically

placed on one side of the stream with the personal tents on the other. Unfortunately when the river rose by about 3ft in a couple of hours latecomers' for breakfast found it impossible to cross.

The social scene was heavily dominated by a combination of Roberts desires for Lynn who claimed she was married and everyone's hatred for SHS food-Clint and Glenda tried to make inroads into the trend set by singing and whistling theme tunes and then of course there was Glenda's fascination for smearing the leader and others all over with shaving foam!

I thoroughly enjoyed the expedition but am well aware that it could have been better had we not been so restricted by the site.

SIMON LORD



'TO MARSCO - AND BACK'

Some people who went on the bivvy:

Peter 'the Doc' James

Lynn 'Yoaaer' Patterson

Paul 'Hard' Masters

Andrew 'Scrooge' Bannier

Richard 'She bloody hates me' Hunter

Mark 'Smegs' Smith

Michael 'Mike the Bike' Kell

Gary 'I only shave my legs because I'm a cyclist, honest' Fryett

Some people who didn't go on the bivvy:

Richard Nixon

Michael Angelo

HRH the Queen Mother

Reggie Kray

'Who wants to come on a liddle bivvey, den?' asked Peter. A deathly hush descended on the crowded marquee. 'Oh come orn, it'll only be a few moiles, to be sure!' The colour drained from the frightened faces. The poor folk of Skye 83 already knew the horrifying reality of one of ' Pidders Bivvays'. Yomping to Goose Green with a Harrier Jump Jet strapped to your back was Picknickaville, Arizona compared to one of Pidders Bivvays.

'But it'll be great fun' There was an evil glint in Pete's eye.'Lynn's comin too! This was the last straw. Two brave lads ran out screaming while trying to pull their own heads off, so that they wouldn't have to go. Several others fell to the ground and attempted to disguise themselves as Walker's fish crates, hoping Pete would miss them.

'Roight you six cowering over there. See you in front o'de Marquee at 0400 hours tomorrow.'

Next morning the six helpless victims stood shivering in the pouring rain and howling wind - at least the weather was looking up (subtle shift to first person to heighten dramatic tension). With just one crack of Pete's whip we were off. The pace was frighteningly fast and whenever we began to flag Pete threatened that if we stopped Lynn would give us one of her infamous 'Grid Reference Grillings' or, even worse, a biology lesson, with essay homework and a ten question test to follow.

After a gruelling climb of over 600m to the nearby (well actually very distant) coll we stopped for a scrumptious lunch of marmite sandwiches, penguins and lashings of ginger beer. Then Pete laughingly told us we had only climbed the coll 'for sommat to do'. However I'm glad to say that even at this point not many of us cried (much). Mind you we were greatly helped by the magnificent Lynn who managed to keep our spirits up by telling us interesting biological facts and pulling funny faces.

As we gaily skipped down the 1:0.0001, scree covered 'other' side of the mountain we all wondered how things could get worse.

And (fortunately for the continuity of this exciting narrative) worse they

did indeed become. After another few hours of mega-walking (interspersed with Paul Masters' frenetic outbursts of violence against various stones and puny looking rocks in an attempt to extort protection money from them) we eventually stopped for dinner, well, I say dinner but it was actually one tin of Irish stew, one tin of veg and a tin of orange segments between eight of us.

Gary 'Grade 3 Percussion' Fryett suggested catching a sheep and pulling its legs off to serve as after dinner mints but the rest of us thought this was a very silly idea and consequently Gary was loudly booted.

And my friends, the rest of course is history (which really means I can't be bothered to write anymore). The legendary virgin-bivvy-bag episode; the abortive attempt at the summit of Marsco; Andrew Bannier's amazing ability to make one jam sandwich last for over an hour; these and other famous escapades from this now legendary bivvy have now rightly found their place in the annals of SHS history.

So there.

'MIKE THE BIKE'



MY FIRST TASTE OF THE CUILLINS

It was still early as the P4 cut through the calm waters of Loch Scavaig, leaving the camp far in the distance. The sun was out and the day looked promising I thought to myself as the engine droned monotonously, clearing aside the waves. In front of us Skye's Black Cuillin Mountains soared out of the sea, with steep unrelenting slopes capped by dark rock pinnacles and saw blade ridges.

We soon arrived at Gars Bheinn, the most southerly peak of the Cuillin Ridge, above us lay 3000ft of toil and sweat! We set off picking our way through the long grass and boulders and after seemingly endless climbing we eventually came to a ridge which we followed almost to the top. Fifty feet of scrambling brought us to the summit and its breathtaking views - a just reward.

Setting off along the ridge we ascended the peak of Sgurr nan Eag. We stopped for something to eat and drink (and also for a sunbathe), and then scrambled down past Castle an Garbh Choire, a massive rectangular shaped rock feature resembling a castle. Harder scrambling up to Sgurr Dubh an Bheinn was followed by the first section of rope climbing. Simon led, traversing outwards and then up to reach the famous Yhearlaich Dubh gap, Just before Sgurr Alasdair, the highest Cuillin peak.

After a long rest on Sgurr Alasdair we set off back down the ridge and round to the 'castle' by an easier route. We then picked our way, meticulously at times, down a boulder strewn gully, and then followed a stream down to the flat shores of Loch Cormick. After following the loch for a couple of miles we came to Loch Scavaig where we waited for the P4 to pick us up. As we sat sunbathing (and in some cases swimming - driven in by the large numbers of midges) I was content to just sit and reflect on the excellent (even mega) days climbing which we had just completed. Quite an achievement.

JONATHAN DARWIN

A BIVVY ON SKYE

It was ten o'clock on Wednesday morning and a small group of enthusiastic hikers complete with bivvy bags, hiking boots, rucksacks and 'emergency rations' had gathered outside the big white marquee all set for a 'gentle bivvy'. In no time we had reached Loch Curuisk about six miles from camp, here we found a waterfall and a bay that looked like something out of the Pacific - the temptation was too much! within minutes we were all swimming in the bay and taking showers in the waterfall. All the excitement of our unexpected shower seemed to have washed away all our strength so we all voted to stay

in this spot for the rest of the day. Hints from the never tiring Simon however meant that we couldn't stay as long as the rest of us would have liked!

We struggled up the mountain continually being told that this wonderful bivvy spot 'really wasn't very far now' (a likely story!) When we did finally arrive we were met much to our disgust by a host of those wonderful little insects which seem to get everywhere - MIDGES. After indulging in a tin of Irish stew we settled down for a 'night under the stars' and by about 1am most of us had got used to the idea of camping without a tent (although Simons bivvy bag looked suspiciously like a tent - cheat!)

We awoke the next morning only to be met by grey sky and drizzle, and after breakfast we had to make our way down what was now a very wet and slippery mountainside. We passed the waterfall where we had bathed the day before which had now doubled in size and many smaller waterfalls had appeared. We arrived back at camp that afternoon very tired but happy to have been on the first bivvy of Skye 1983.

PAULA NUNN

THE TRAWLER

Through the bay a trawler slowly slid.
With sweeping curves it changed the water's hue,
The slate-like grey became a steely-blue,
And above this wake swarmed gulls.

They screamed and wheeled and soared and fought.
Each one a speckled special; each one self taught.
Their ways were wild, cruel and cheating.
Their motto, 'Get the fish another's eating!'

As the boat picked up and went away,
And the sea resumed its silent grey,
The gulls angrily chased her, fierce and light.
And the wave breaking whispers were all that filled the quiet.

GLEN SCALDALE, SKYE. Tues 19th July



JURA EXPEDITION 1983

LEADER: Hugh Lorimer

ASSISTANT LEADERS: Tony Ball, David Broom, Sue Hardy,
Kevin Hobbs Simon Lorimer, Alison Webster.

MEMBERS: Tiffany Bannier, Joanne Darwent, Alison Jones, Sharmila
Kar, Andrea Pointer, Xavier Bourgain, Richard Butterworth, David
Clough, James Cotton, Nigel Coultas, John Edwards, Nick Firbank, David
Gillan, Richard Golsworthy, Robert Gould, Kevin Hayler, Steven Hind,
Chris Jessup, David Lankenau, Stephen Marchant, Nigel McDonald.
Steven Oates, Paul Sutherland, Jonathan Richards, Mathew Smith, Ian
Whitworth.

Site of main camp: Cruib Lodge (G.R. 567828).

On site from July 20th to August 6th

LEADERS REPORT

It is one of those unfortunate things that Caledonian Macbraynes only operate daytime ferries and that there are only 24hrs in a day. This usually means that many members of an expedition to the Hebrides start their journey at 2 o'clock in the morning from Preston station and meet for breakfast in the middle of Glasgow station at 6 o'clock. So it was for the 1983 expedition to Jura, and by half past seven we were all settled in the coach for the ride to Kennacraig and the ferry. The first day of any expedition is always hard and it was past 9 in the evening before we all reached the site on Loch Tarbert. Tents were erected, food was prepared (well heated up) and eaten, and we all settled down for the night.

Cruib lodge is situated in the middle of Jura on the North side of Loch Tarbert. To get there we had to travel by boat for two miles along the loch from the road - the only alternative being to walk for an hour and a half over extremely rough country. The lodge provided an excellent food store, climbing store and medical room but for the most part we lived under canvas, using a large marquee for cooking, eating and socialising.

By Thursday evening we had firmly established our camp, and began our activities with a mass capsizing drill. In addition to the large number of canoes we also had the chance to use the new society 'Topper', a small 2 man sailing craft. Alison and Sue took many groups canoeing in Loch Tarbert, Simon and James took many more out in the Topper and for those who couldn't find craft of any form there was always the opportunity to swim - mad fools'.

By Hebridean standards the weather was superb with very little rain and sunshine on most days. We had the occasional blow but only once was there anything resembling a gale.

Kev and Dave had soon helped everyone to climb the cliff -behind the lodge and we were exploring for more climbs further afield. Sue put on her little black moustache and stood at the store room door to prevent us all from indulging ourselves. And if it was not the store room then she could usually be found patching up climbers, canoeists and leaders in the medical room.

In addition to its role as safety boat we were fortunate to be able to use the P4 as a ferry boat to take walking and climbing groups up, down and across the loch, with its help bivvies started early. The song books made a brief appearance before they mysteriously disappeared on a fortnight's bivvy - the songs weren't that bad were they?

Our work party set to on the roof and made good many of the holes left by the wind and rain in the last few years. Having completed that task they then attempted to supplement our diet by building lobster pots -but you can't feed many people on a 2inch crab. Alison took a canoeing bivvy to Ruantallain, combining with a climbing bivvy to the same site. Sue and Simon took a group on a long bivvy to the Paps and Craighouse, and followed this with a bivvy bag bivvy to the top of Cruib. Dave, Kev and Tony went on a 9 man bivvy to the Paps in search of the song books - only to discover that they had been to the top several days previously and were well ahead of the search party.

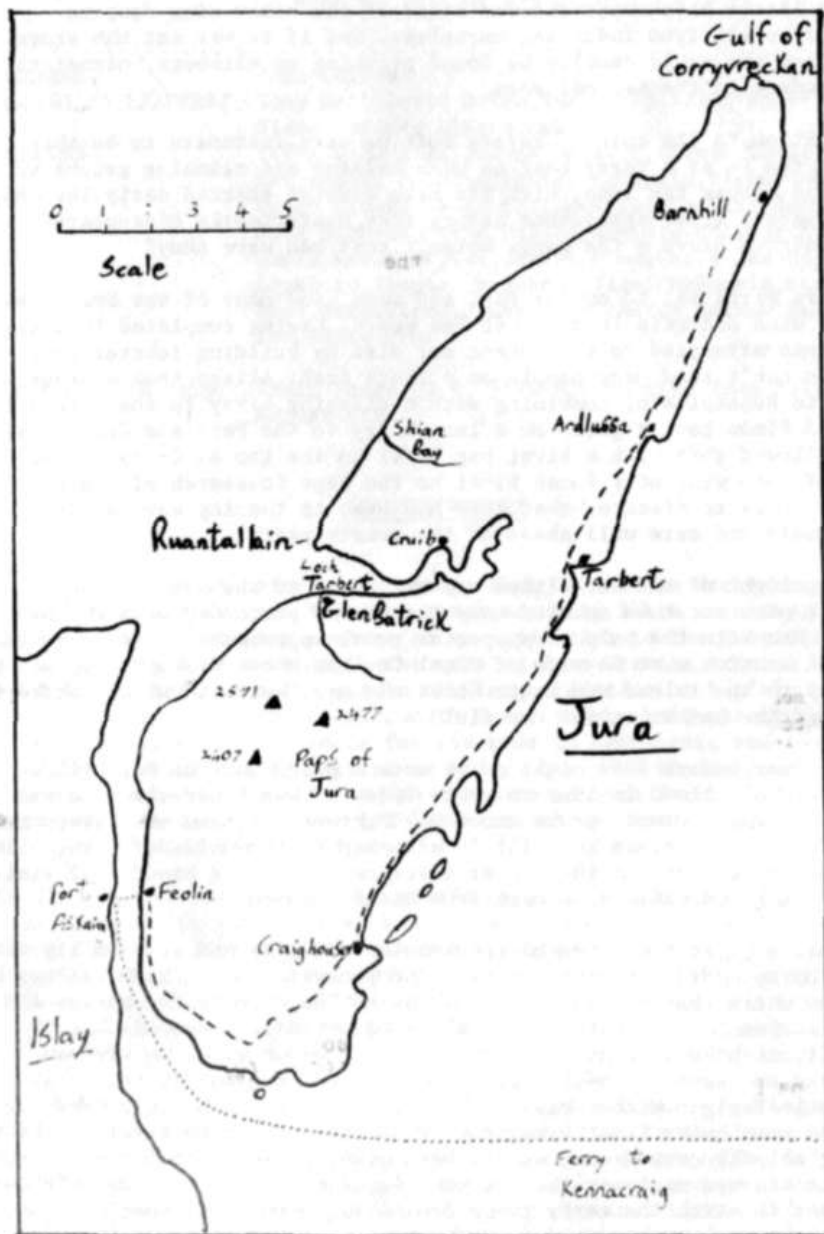
The highlight of the expedition was our visit to the Ardlussa Games. After a slow start we entered many events and performed well in the Tug of War with the help of a special guest appearance by Roger Weatherly. Special mention must be made of Nigel Coultas whose Fosbury Flop was a novelty to the Island and Kevin Hobbs who made several valiant attempts to lunge the hammer across the field.

In the year before 1984 eight of us made a pilgrimage to Barnhill where George Orwell lived in 1948 to write 1984. It was interesting to see the place where Orwell wrote about Big Brother watching your every move, whatever you do; since Barnhill is situated in the wilds of Jura, miles from anywhere. Even in the summer there can only be a handful of visitors and the only watching eyes came from their cameras.

Jura has a great abundance of spectacular wildlife and we were all able to enjoy splendid views of red deer and mountain goats. Many walkers who watched where they placed their feet were also able to see adders and grass snakes in the heather. But all good holidays (whoops)..... expeditions have to come to an end and two weeks after we arrived, we prepared to leave. We packed early on the penultimate day and celebrated on the last night with a slap up barbecue - burgers, hot dogs and all. And the song books finally returned from their extended bivvy to the Paps and we all discovered what we had been missing. The loch Tarbert ferry service started early on the Saturday morning - we were on our way home. The race to catch the early train from Glasgow was lost when our coach hit a long nail on the road from the Isles. So yet again we were on Preston station in the early hours of the morning.

We are very grateful to all the islanders who have helped us. In particular we must thank Viscount Astor who has let us use his land for many years and is now selling the estate.

HUGH LORIMER



JURA'S WEATHER

In the time we spent on Jura we came across nearly all types of weather, ranging from hot, sunny, still days to force 6 gales and rain. In general though the weather was fairly good.

During the whole expedition we only suffered one day of continual rain. On this day (3rd August) the P4 had to be ditched owing to very large waves in the loch. On days when we did have showers they were only short and were usually at night or in the early morning.

The clearest day of the expedition was on the 2nd of August when I was lucky enough to be on the Paps bivvy. From the top of the Paps both ends of the island could be seen, Glencoe on the mainland, the Islands of Islay, Colonsay, Mull and Iona and even Northern Ireland far to the West of us.

On most of the days it was warm enough to go swimming and a few people had to be treated for sunburn. All in all the weather did not hinder us much at all but portrayed Jura in its many different fashions.



CANOEING BIVVY

Having canoed in the past, the idea of a canoeing bivvy founded attractive so I put my name down on the list along with Kevin Hayler, Stephen Marchant, John Edwards, Bobby Gould and Tiffany Banner. The Bivvy was to be led by Alison with Hugh escorting us in the P4.

We were to canoe along Loch Tarbert to Ruantallain where the loch meets the sea, and camp there. We were to camp with members of the climbing bivvy which brought our numbers to thirteen. The great day came and after breakfast we loaded our stuff into the P4, signed out and set off. The loch was quite calm and after one and a half hours we reached Ruantallain.

At Ruantallain we had lunch before pitching camp beside a pond. Then the climbers began to arrive in two's and three's. Tea-time arrived (unfortunately) and we gathered round the gas stove to see chopped up burgers, mixed veg, tinned tomatoes and Irish Stew all in the same pan. After eating that the rest of the evening was blurred. All I remember was sleeping outside in my bivvy bag, only to be awakened by Richard Butterworth at 1.30 asking who wanted to go and raid the AL's who were sleeping in a nearby hut. Myself and Stephen Merchant decided to go. The proposed plan of attack was to throw pebbles onto the tin roof of the hut and then repeat the same action 3 minutes later. The AL's however made no response!

The next morning we cooked breakfast in the hut - porridge and hard boiled egg. We prepared to leave only to find that the sea was much too rough to allow us to canoe back, so we had to walk the five miles back to camp in the pouring rain - an ideal end to an ideal bivvy!!

MATHEW SMITH

THE ARDLUSSA GAMES

At about 11.00am on Saturday all the members set off for the games. The walk was about 3-4 miles, some of which was along the road. To make life easier we were split into groups of 5 or 6 (with one or two senior members) and sent off at intervals. On reaching the road we were fortunate enough to get a lift straight away and we arrived a little after 1pm.

The events board showed that there was going to be a wide variety of events ranging from the 220 yards to throwing the hammer and rolling the barrel. The food stall was very welcome as was the ale wagon for some. O'lte a few of us actually entered for some of the events, and numerous members were actually successful- even to the extent of being able to collect cash prizes.

Nigel Coultas did exceptionally well coming first in the under 15 high jump, second in the 220 yds, second in the mile, and third on the obstacle course. Others who did well were: Simon in the mile, James in the relay, Alison and Sue in the 220yds and even Hugh in the 220yds!

The last event of the day was the tug of war. We entered two teams but the opposition was too stiff to say the least! The A team managed to stay upright for two pulls but were beaten. As for the B team it was just a matter of seconds; but we tried.

The day went all too quickly and as we set off back to camp we felt tired but contented.

JOHN EDWARDS

A BIVVY TO BARNHILL OR EIGHT DON'T GO TO CORRYVRECKAN

LEADERS: Alison Webster, Hugh Lorimer

MEMBERS: Kevin Hayler, Mathew Smith, Alison Jones, Dave Clough, Sharmila Kar, Chris Jessop.

After the prize giving at the Ardlussa games a party of eight departed in a northerly direction towards Corryvreckan. After about an hours walk in drizzling rain, the group reached a suitable point to pitch the four tents. Having done this an attempt at cooking was begun. On discovering that the gas burner was completely useless in the wind everyone's meal was cooked on the Trangia, a slow process which began at 8 o'clock and lasted for roughly an hour and a half. Once dinner was over everyone turned in for the night, that is all except Mathew who decided to jump on the side guy in the dark thus creating a gaping hole in the side of his tent, which he then proceeded to sew up in a "much practised manner".

As a result of a 'lie in' the following days walking did not get underway until half past twelve. By this time it had become clear that we would not be able to reach Corryvreckan so we made for Barnhill, 5k miles from where we had spent the night. Hugh led us off at a brisk pace (which soon degenerated) and we eventually reached Barnhill, an impressive white house overlooking a deep blue bay. This was the home of George Orwell during the period in which he wrote '1984'. After much clicking of cameras, we set off, back the way we had come.

At Ardlussa Ali and Dave decided they were far enough ahead to stop for a drink. They went up to the house where the games had been held the previous day and asked for some water, however due to the hospitality of the owners they were ushered inside and offered cups of China tea! At this point Hugh and Alison also walked in and all four were taken through to the dining room, where they sat on comfortable chairs -unseen for numerous days and drank from china teacups.

As if this wasn't enough, each of them was offered huge slabs of fruit cake all of which was eagerly accepted.

Meanwhile only a short distance from the house the last group of the party, Sharmila, Kevin, Matt and Chris had decided to take a rest, completely unaware that the others were feasting not 200yds away.

Eventually the last party arrived at the boathouse only to find that the FA wasn't there to collect us, so we passed the time soothing our aching feet in the salt water and dangling our legs over the jetty. When the P4 did turn up we all squeezed in and were ferried back to camp, where we were greeted in such a way that we knew we were truly back!

SHARMILA KAR, ALISON JONES, DAVE CLOUGH

POSTSCRIPT

As the main party left Cruib after two and a half weeks there were just four of us left behind to take the equipment to Colonsay. By Saturday evening Finlay and Peter had collected us in their small boats and we had reached the Colonsay campsite. Sue, Simon, Tony and I then spent the best part of four days enjoying the Colonsay sunshine until the next expedition arrived. One such typical day started with a 3 mile walk to Kiloran Bay followed by eight hours swimming and sunbathing. Then followed a further hike to the Colonsay Hotel in Scalasaig and, after suitable refreshment, a stroll back to camp and a delicious camp meal 'a la Sue'. A glorious postscript to a Hebridean expedition.

HUGH

COLONSAY EXPEDITION 1983

LEADER: Colette Armitage

ASSISTANT LEADERS: Kerstin Box, Simon Lorimer, Richard Pitts, Jo Walker, Mike Young.

MEMBERS: Alison Adams, Stephen Allard, Lee Bottomley, Stuart Brown, Philip Chidlow, Alan Dawson, Nick Gee, Rachael Goberman, Philip Harvey, Michael Krango, Kevin Nunn, Mark Oldfield, Innes Webberley.

LEADERS REPORT

It was not without caution that I agreed (?) to lead the Colonsay Expedition, and when I saw the motley crew gathered on Glasgow station I knew that my worries were indeed founded! Despite this however the weather was at least on our side and we left Oban in brilliant sunshine. We arrived on Colonsay some 2 hours later and were met by the Jura rearguard who had arrived a few days beforehand with the equipment. So far so good. After a pleasant night spent in the Hotel Games Room, we made our way to the site some 2½ miles away. This proved to be quite a strenuous exercise for some people (who shall remain nameless). Great Expedition this is going to be! As always however everything sorted itself out, mind you with five 'keen' assistant leaders no-one really stood much of a chance!

A wide range of activities were attempted by everyone including sailing with the Societies new 'Topper' sailing dinghy (we managed to come a very respectable third in the Island boat race, thanks to helmsman Pitts), canoeing and swimming in the bay, climbing above Port Mor, bivvies to Ardskenish and the top of Carnan Eoin, tomb rubbing at Oronsay Priory, not to mention looking for caves, sunbathing and dune jumping at Kiloran Bay. In addition to this there was an orienteering exercise devised by Jo which inevitably meant running to all the possible corners of the Island, and also numerous fishing trips to Scalasaig Pier (though I suspect the close proximity of the shop had a lot to do with the popularity of these trips!).

Projects were very popular, some of the members completed a thorough study of the bay and its numerous rock pools. We also conducted a butterfly survey for the Nature Conservancy and kept a record of all the birds which were sighted on the Island - which included a Golden Eagle.

The Bay at Tobar Fuar we discovered had enormous potential as a 'Games Arena' and many an evening was spent making the most of this facility. I think however the evening activities were really highlighted by a very memorable game of charades - you try acting out "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man In the Moon Marigolds". Enough said!

Colonsay was a very enjoyable expedition undoubtedly helped by the superb weather, the assistant leaders ('Butterfly' Pitts, Mad Mike,

Simon (Ta) Lorimer, 'First Aid' Box and our food Queen, Jo), and of course last but not least the members (Dilly, Michael Angelo, Chiddy, Innea 'Guineas' Webberly, Gooby, Ali, Kevin - who did not earn the name Chatterbox for nothing; 'Bionic' Oldfield, 'Harvey' and the famous (infamous?) four: Stuart, Nick, Stephen and Lee who had to admit I was right!

For the benefit of those who have not visited Colonsay I am ending this report with a quote from "The Highlands and Islands" since this really sums the Island up:

"The West Highland zone has what the North Minch lacks, a number of sizeable islands which are not big enough to have lost their oceanic quality, and not so small that they are utterly windswept. Colonsay and Oronsay, west of Jura are an excellent example of islands which have the best of almost all worldsThere are sand dunes, cliffs and rocky beaches, freshwater lochs, natural woods of birch, oak, aspen, rowan, hazel and willow as well as heathery moors.... Colonsay and Oronsay together might well be looked upon as an epitome of the West Highland world in its full range of Atlantic exposure and sheltered mildness."(Darling and Boyd 1964).

Colette Armitage



COLONSAY 1963

A	is	for Alison who's Lancastrian and loud
B	is	for our bay where the seals played
C	is	for Colette - verging on the insane and
D	is	for Dilly, who to the kitchen strayed.
E	is	for eagles, soaring high above
F	is	for fudge, sticky and sweet
G	is	for gazing at the stars in the sky and
H	is	for Mikes hash which was hard Co beat.
I	is	for Innes, who came from Kent
J	is	for Jo who tended to talk
K	is	for Keratin, Kevin and Kiloran Bay and
L	is	for Lee, who didn't like to walk.
M	is	for Mike and Mac, our little cockney friend
N	is	for Nick who loved fishing off the Pier
O	is	for Mark Oldfield who went to Oronsay and
P	is	for the two Phils, one a budding mountaineer.
Q	is	for questions, like 'Where is the water'?
R	is	for Rachael and Rich, who from a high dune lept
S	is	for Stuart, Steve and Simon and
T	is	for the top of Carnan Eoin, where we slept.
U	is	for up, the way to all the boxes
V	is	for vurrucas, for which we had surgery
W	is	for Watty and the good weather, and
X	is	for xploded flares found down on the beach.
Y	is	for yachtsmen of which there were a lot and
Z	is	for 'zanny' - all Colonsay members, AL's and especially 'Colotte'

JO WALKER

LETTER BOXES

"Enthusiasm has to be maintained". This was a key phrase Colette kept coming out with when we chatted a couple of weeks before the Expedition. What could I do about it? It was at this point I came up with the idea of organising something along the lines of the Dartmoor Letter Boxes.

This is a massive treasure hunt which was established on Dartmoor in the nineteenth century. All over Dartmoor there are boxes which have in them, a rubber stamp of the site, an ink pad and a visitor's book. I decided that this sort of reward might lure the members to the extremities of the Island, so I persuaded my gullible boyfriend into making the stamps for me (copies can be seen below). Most of the members got at least four or five of them, though Rachael Goberman actually won the competition by getting eight out of a possible nine.

In many respects they were a great success and I am donating the stamps to the society in the hopes that they will encourage future members and assistant leaders to enjoy Colonsay as much as I did.

JO WALKER



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TOMB RUBBING AT ORONSAY PRIORY

On Monday 22nd of August a party of eight visited the old Priory on Oronsay. In the party was our beloved leader Colette (since when! Ed), our climbing expert Simon, Mark Oldfield, Philip Harvey, Kevin Nunn, Alan Dawson (or Dilly), Mick Krango and myself, Stephen Allard.

We arrived at the Priory at about 12.00, just in time for lunch so we sat on the grass eating as we waited for Simon and Mick to catch up. Philip and Mark decided to draw for a few minutes so Colette, Kevin and myself went inside to find some tombs to take rubbings from. Inside the actual Priory we came across only one tomb which we found after passing a hole filled with bones (whose were they?! ed). This one gave us quite a good rubbing but didn't take very long to do. As we were walking through the rest of the Priory we came across a small room which we decided to explore. Inside we found about 20 preserved tomb stones laid out in two rows, some of which were very old. Needless to say the rest of the time was spent in here. Unfortunately we didn't have much time as we had to get back because of the tide - the thought of spending the night in the Priory with all those bones was more than most of us could bear! Nevertheless we did manage to get quite a few good rubbings which we took back to camp with us.

STEPHEN ALLARD



BIVVY TO CARNAN EOIN (21-22 August)

Kerstin, Jo, Mike, Richard, Rachael, Alison, Innes. Stuart, Lee, Nick, Philip(C)

We set off after lunch with thunder rolling in our ears (though fortunately this didn't materialise). Just before we reached Scalasaig we turned off the road and carried on along a track which eventually went through the grounds of Colonsay House and then up to Kiloran Bay. Near the bay we found several caves which we spent some time exploring. From here we made our way up to the highest point on the Island (Carnan Eoin) where we made camp and preceded to pig ourselves on Irish Stew, smash and baked beans and a mere 4 segments of mandarin oranges (plus a spoonful of juice!)

The next morning we all (all that is except for Mike and Richard) woke early though how this was managed remains a mystery since Gooby kept everyone awake with her snoring. Once we were packed up we walked to the most northerly part of the Island and then came back down to Kiloran where we spent a long time eating and catching up on sleep and dune jumping. After investigating parts of the west coast we made our way back to camp along the road (getting a lift part of the way in the back of a tractor).

Even though Stuart, Lee and Philip were forced to go on the bivvy, even they enjoyed it and they had to admit that Colette was right in making them go!

RACHAEL GOOBERMAN & ALISON ADAMS

There was a young woman called Clot
Who was good with a big cooking pot
The curry she mixed
It was somewhat fixed
And turned out excessively hot.

Quote of the day: 'Winds force 2-3, locally gale force 10'



PROJECTS

FLOWER LIST - SKYE 1983

Bell Heather	Bitter Vetchling	Yellow Rattle
Tormentil	Bugle	Hedge Parsley
Daisy	Marsh Lousewort	Upland Enchanters
Self Heal	Stinging Nettle	Nightshade
Lousewort	Whortleberry	Skullcap
Heath Milkwort	Wild Carrot	Black Knopweed
Cross-Leaved Heath	Common Figwort	Cuckoo Flower
Common Spotted Orchid	Goosegrass	Red Campion
Lesser Spearwort	Ladies Bedstraw	Red Valerian
Eyebright	English Stonecrop	Thrift
Ribwort Plantain	Hemlock	Creeping Thistle
Ling	Sea Plantain	Prickly Sow-thistle
Bog Asphodel	Honeysuckle	White Heather
Water Forget-me-not	Curled dock	Haretail
White clover	Thyme Leaved Speedwell	Starry Saxifrage
Red Clover	Birds Eye Speedwell	Shining pondweed
Silverweed	Mouseear Chickweed	Water Forget-me-not
Yellow Iris	Wetted thistle	Bog Myrtle
Creeping Buttercup	Sheeps Sorrel	Heath Speedwell
Meadow Sweet	Ox-eye Daisy	Marsh Bedstraw
Marsh Willowherb	Dog Rose	Sheeps Bit
Slender St Johns Wort	Meadow Vetchling	Spotted Medick
Common Sundew	Few Leaved Hawkweed	Tufted Vetch
Bog Cotton	Tufted Vetch	Lesser Burdock
Wild Thyme	Henbit Deadnettle	Feverfew
Catsear	Mountain Ash	Sneezewort
Birds Foot Trefoil	Elder	Hedge Woundwort
Herb Robert	Common Hemp Nettle	Heath Speedwort
Foxglove	Redshank	Devilsbit Scabious
Common Sorrel	Cow-wheat	Creeping Spearwort
Wood Speedwell	Lesser Skullcap	Roseroot
Primrose	Common Valerian	Northern Rockcress
Ragged Robin	Pignut	Water Chickweed
Common Vetch	Rhododendrun	Wintergreen
Hairy Bittercress	Monkey Flower	Groundsell
Alpine Ladies Mantle	Ragwort	Alpine Stonecrop
Nipplewort	Pineapple Weed	Hemlock Water Dropwort
Wood Sage	Dandelion	Water Lily
Pale Butterwort	Broad Leaved Willowherb	Rosebay Willowherb
Yellow Pimpernel	Oblong leaved Sundew	Chickweed Willowherb
Tutson	Great Sundew	Yellow Saxifrage
Blackberry	Black Mustard	Water Lobelia
Alpine Ragwort	White Dead Nettle	

TOTAL NUMBER OF DIFFERENT FLOWERS: 127

RUTH JESSUP

COLONSAY BEACH SURVEY

Tobar Fuar if protected from heavy seas by a small island named Liath Being, as a result of this it is fairly rich in fauna. We searched the rock pools with nets, looked under the seaweed on the rocks and in the sand. The rock pools proved to be the most productive of all the places we searched (we always went at low tide), and the results are as follows:

Key

OB=Open Beach
US=Under seaweed
RP=Rock Pool
CR=Cinging to rocks

Fish

- | | |
|--|----|
| 1. 3-Spined Stickleback (<i>Gasterosteus aculeatus</i>) | RP |
| 2. 15-Spined Stickleback (<i>Spinachia spinachia</i>) | RP |
| 3. Young Flounder (<i>Platichthys flesus</i>) | RP |
| 4. Short Spined Sea Scorpion (<i>Myoxocephalus scorpius</i>) | RP |
| 5. Black Goby (<i>Gobius niger</i>) | RP |
| 6. Butterfish (<i>Pholis gunnellus</i>) | RP |
| 7. Elvers or Common Eel (<i>Anguilla anguilla</i>) | RP |

Crabs

- | | |
|---|-------|
| 1. Common Shore Crab (<i>Carcinus maenas</i>) | RP/US |
| 2. Common Hermit Crab (<i>Éupagurus bernhardus</i>) | RP/US |

Isopoda

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1. Sea slater (<i>Ligia oceanica</i>) | RP |
|---|----|

Amphipoda

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1. Sand Hopper (<i>Talitrus saltator</i>) | OB |
|---|----|

Decapoda

- | | |
|--|----|
| 1. Common Prawn (<i>Leander serratus</i>) | RP |
| 2. Common shrimp (<i>Crangon vulgaris</i>) | RP |
| 3. Prawn (<i>Leander squilla</i>) | RP |

Bivalvia

- | | |
|--|----|
| 1. Common Cockle (<i>Cerastoderma edule</i>) | OB |
| 2. Pod razor shell (<i>Ensis siliqua</i>) | OB |
| 3. Common Mussel (<i>Mytilus edulis</i>) | CR |

Gastropoda

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1. Common Limpet (<i>Patella vulgata</i>) | CR |
| 2. Edible Periwinkle (<i>Littorina littorea</i>) | CR |
| 3. Small Periwinkle (<i>Littorina neritoides</i>) | CR |

Seaweeds

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1. Sugar Kelp (<i>Laminaria accharina</i>) | CR |
| 2. Bladder Wrack (<i>Fucus vesiculosus</i>) | CR |
| 3. Toothed Wrack (<i>Fucus serratus</i>) | CR |

Anemones

1. Beadlet Anemone - red and green form (*Actinia equina*) CR
STUART BROWN
LEE BOTTOMLEY
NICK GEE
PHILIP CHIDLOW

BIRD REPORT - COLONSAY 1983

List of Species:	Location:
Red Throated Diver	Loch an Sgoltaire
Little Grebe	Loch Fada
Fulmar	Coast
Manx Shearwater	Scalasaig Pier
Gannet	Tobar Fuar
Cormorant	Coast
Heron	Scalasaig Road
Canada Goose	Balnahard
Eider	Tobar Fuar/Kiloran
Buzzard	All Over
Golden Eagle	Carnan Eoin
Merlin	Ben nan Caorach
Kestrel	Carnan Eoin
Oystercatcher	Coast
Ringed Plover	Most Beaches
Lapwing	Tobar Fuar
Dunlin	Tobar Fuar
Green shank	Tobar Fuar
Curlew	Tobar Fuar
Snipe	Balnahard
Arctic Skuas	Balnahard
Black Headed Gull	Kiloran
Herring Gull	Coast
Great Black Backed Gull	Coast
Lesser Black Backed Gull	Coast
Common Gull	Kiloran
Kittiwake	Kiloran
Arctic Tern	Tobar Fuar
Guillimot	Oban/Colonsay Ferry
Black Guillimot	Oban/Colonsay Ferry
Wood pigeon	Kiloran
Rock Dove	Kiloran
Skylark	Balnahard
Swallow	Loch Fada
Meadow Pipit	all over
Rock Pipit	Coast
Pied wagtail	all over
Wren	Scalasaig
Willow warbler	Kiloran
Goldcrest	Kiloran
Spotted Flycatcher	Kiloran
Whinchat	all over
Stonechat	all over
Wheatear	Dunes/all over
Robin	Scalasaig/Kiloran
Blackbird	Scalasaig/Kiloran
Song Thrush	Scalasaig
Reed Bunting	Kilchattan
Chaffinch	Scalasaig/Kiloran
Linnet	Scalasaig Road

House Sparrow Scalasaig
 Starling Scalasaig/Tobar Fuar
 Jackdaw Kiloian
 Carrion Crow Kiloran
 Hooded Crow all over
 Raven all over

Colonsay as an Island has many different bird habitats so bird watching is potentially very good. This is shown by the checklist of over 50 species.

The beaches, rocks and cliffs of the coast yielded nearly half of the birds seen, with all six of Britain's Gulls seen in good numbers. Other birds of the coast which were seen included regulars such as the Gannet, Fulmar, Cormorant, Eider, Oystercatcher, Ringed Plover and Curlews. The Ringed Plovers were still raising chicks on the beaches near camp and several were seen to feign injuries in an attempt to attract attention away from their young.

Some of the more unusual sightings as regards coast and sea included two Arctic Skuas at Balnahard, a couple of Manx Shearwaters out at sea during the boat race and a pair of Arctic Terns busily defending their two fledged chicks a short way from camp. The cliffs along the Western coast had Rock Doves (one was found nesting within a large cave), Rock Pipits and Fulmars - which could be seen at close quarters from the cliff tops. Returning to Waders, the Golf Course and Dunes saw many small groups of migrant Lapwings and the beach at camp saw the odd Dunlin as well as a greenshank paddling through one morning.

A total of four different birds of prey were sighted. Buzzards were either seen or heard on most days (and in most parts of the island). A Merlin and a Kestrel were seen on a couple of occasions and then of course there was the Golden Eagle which was spotted near the top of Carnan Eoin.

The woods and fields provided the normal assortment of songbirds, the more interesting being a Spotted Flycatcher, Goldcrests and the Chats. All in all the diversity of birds seen provided much for those who were interested, and reflected the different habitats of the Island.

RICHARD PITTS

BUTTERFLY SURVEY - COLONSAY

List of Species:

Grayling, Meadow Brown, Small Heath, Painted Lady, Small Tortoiseshell, Peacock, Common Blue, Green Veined White,

Grayling

These were seen on a number of occasions in various places. The first positive identification came on the 13th of August at Kiloran Bay where a female was watched laying eggs beneath blades of grass. The eggs were pure white and finely ribbed. The female was virtually impossible to see, its wings being closed whenever she was laying. A pair was also seen near the top of Carnan Eoin (on the same day), these proved to be Just as difficult to see. Throughout our stay we saw a number of Graylings, mainly in the vicinity of our camp at Tobar Fuar.

Meadow Brown

These seemed to be the most common, they were seen almost everywhere (apart from in the woods surrounding Kiloran and Colonsay House).

Small Heath

Only once were these positively identified and that was on the 13th of August at Upper Kilchattan. It was thought they were seen on other occasions but identification was unsatisfactory.

Painted Lady

This was seen only once, flying around a cairn on the very top of Carnan Eoin. Despite the fact it took off soon after being approached we were still able to get a good view of its upper wings.

Small Tortoiseshell

This along with the Meadow Brown was an extremely common species, frequently being seen on days when other species weren't on the wing. Again seen virtually everywhere except inside the woods around Kiloran.

Peacock

Only two individuals were seen, the first (on the 13th August) was spotted flying around the tops of small bushes near the road by the old Mill. The second (on the 19th August) was again seen on top of a bush but this time on a woodland ride approaching the saw mill near Colonsay House.

Common Blue

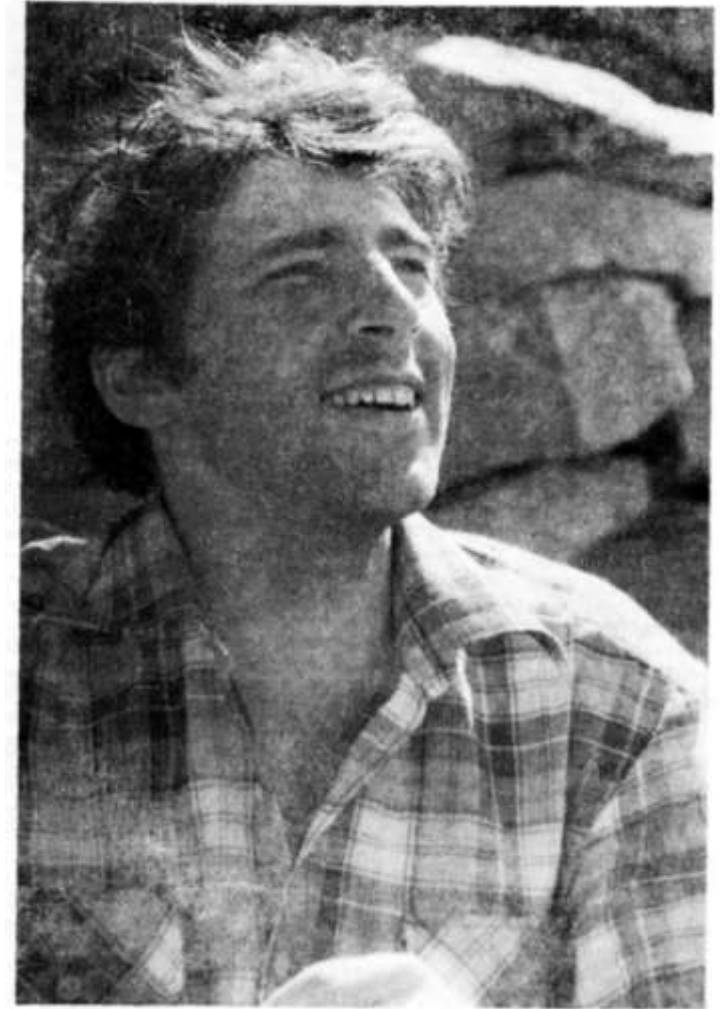
This species, like the Peacock was only seen twice. The identity is assumed as being that of a Common Blue because it wasn't seen long enough or well enough to be positively identified as anything else. It was seen first on the 18th near Meall a Chaise and then on the 23rd flying across short grass near sand dunes on the northern edge of Traigh an Tobar Fuar.

Green Veined White

This was another very common butterfly. Its preferred habitat seemed to be rough grassland and grazing pasture, though it was also seen on the roadsides and on the edges of cultivated fields. They were nearly always seen in good numbers - very rarely would one be seen in a field on its own.

The weather that we experienced whilst on the island was very good indeed with only a couple of days when rain fell at all - it was mainly warm with many hours of sunshine. The strongest wind which we experienced was a force four gusting five, this didn't last very long and meant that our stay was influenced only by the gentler breezes (force one or two). On the whole therefore the conditions were superb for studying butterflies, it was just a pity that more time could not have been spent doing the survey in greater detail.

RICHARD PITTS



HAVE YOU RECEIVED A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM THIS MAN???

PAST EXPEDITIONS OF THE SHS

EXPEDITION	YEAR	LEADER
Geometra	1962	John Abbott
Rhum	1963	John Abbott
Geometra	1963	Tim Wilcocks
Mingulay	1964	Martin Child
South Rona	1964	John Abbott
Raasay	1964	Richard Fountaine
Geometra	1964	James Emerson
Harris	1965	John Abbott
Jura	1965	Johnny Ker
Raasay	1965	Clifford Fountaine
Morvern	1965	Jim Hardy
Lewis	1966	Roger Dennien
Harris	1966	Alan Bateman
Jura	1966	Andrew Wilson
Colonsay	1966	Chris Dawson
Dingle	1966	John Houghton
Mingulay	1967	Kenneth Huxham
Rhum	1967	John Dobinson
Harris	1967	Andrew Wilson
Lewis	1967	John Abbott
Colonsay	1967	John Jackson
Vatersay	1968	Phil Renold
Lewis	1968	David Cullingford
South Rona	1968	Chris Hart
South Uist	1968	John Cullingford
Colonsay	1968	Alan Bateman
Shetlands	1969	Chris Dawson
South Uist	1969	John Cullingford
Lewis	1969	John Hutchinson
Rhum	1969	Chris Hart
Colonsay	1969	Roger Trafford
South Uist	1970	Geoffrey David
Shetlands	1970	David Viger
Fladday	1970	Mike Baker
Lewis	1970	Alan Howard
North Uist	1970	Phil Renold
Ulva	1970	Alan Fowler
South Rona	1971	Roger Weatherly
Rhum	1971	Phil Renold
Jura	1971	Charles Hooper
Colonsay	1971	Alan Howard
Mingulay	1971	Hugh Williams

EXPEDITION	YEAR	LEADER
Muckle Roe	1972	Ray Winter
South Uist	1972	Alan Fowler
Lewis	1972	Gavin Macpherson
Raasay	1972	Paul Caffery
North Uist	1972	Roger Weatherly
Harris	1973	Phil Renold
South Uist	1973	Alan Fowler
South Rona	1973	Jim Turner
Rhum	1973	Mark Rayne
Jura	1973	Dave Bradshaw
Colonsay	1973	Alan Howard
South Uist	1973	Jim Turner
Raasay	1974	Peter Carlisle
Harris	1974	John Hutchinson
North Uist	1974	John Cullingford
Outer Isles	1974	Paul Caffery
Colonsay	1975	Phil Renold
Jura	1975	Lawrence Hall
South Uist	1975	Alan Evison
Raasay	1975	Gavin Macpherson
Mingulay 1	1975	Nick Deeley
Mingulay 2	1975	Nick Deeley
Lewis	1976	Paul Caffery
Harris	1976	John Bromley
South Uist	1976	Mike Hayward
North Uist	1976	Alan Fowler
Rhum	1976	Roger Weatherly
Lewis Uig Sands	1977	Nick Deeley
Jura	1977	Dave Harding
Colonsay	1977	David Lennard-Jones
Lewis Mealista*	1977	Phil Renold
Knoydart	1977	Craig Roscoe
Loch Shiel	1977	Peter Liver
Raasay	1978	Roger Weatherly
North Uist	1978	Simon Atkinson
South Rona	1978	Mike Hayward
South Uist*	1978	Dave and Angie Crawford
Rhum	1978	Humphrey Southall
Knoydart	1978	Jim Turner
Rhum	1979	Mike Hayward (Chris Venning)
Islay	1979	Roger Weatherly
Lewis Tamnavay*	1979	Tony Ingleby
Loch Shiel*	1979	Alan Smith
Jura	1979	Stephen Paynter
Lewis Mealista	1979	Pete Weston
Colonsay		
Mingulay		
North Uist*		
South Uist*		
Harris		
Knoydart		

EXPEDITION	YEAR	LEADER
Colonsay	1980	John Round
Mingulav	1980	Nick Deeley
North Uist	1980	Stephen Paynter
South Uist	1980	Simon and Rose Atkinson
Harris	1980	Jonathan Orr
Knoydart	1980	Ian Arrow
Colonsay	1981	Chris Venning
Lewis Mealista	1981	Gavin Macpherson
Jura	1981	Roger Weatherly
Lewis Tamanavay	1981	Peter Fale
Rhum	1981	Alan Smith
Loch Sheil	1981	Stephen Paynter
Raasay	1982	Chris Venning
North Uist	1982	Hugh Lorimer
South Uist	1982	Richard Young
Loch Sheil	1982	Simon Lord
Harris	1982	Simon Atkinson
Mingulay	1982	Ian Arrow
Rhum	1983	Richard Young
Skye	1983	Simon Lord
Jura	1983	Hugh Lorimer
Colonsay	1983	Colette Armitage

