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SHS EXPEDITIONS
ANNUAL REPORT 1985

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Expedition Leaders 1985

Rhum	Alan Smith
Harris	Jo Walker
Colonsay	Collette Armitage
Jura	Robert McDermott
Older Age	Mark Bankes
	Jonathon Bletcher
Easter Meet	Tony Ball

Expedition Leaders 1986 **All to be appointed**

Outer Isles, Knoydart, Raasay, Lewis Mealista, Harris Cravadale.

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Members, and others, should already have noticed that we are no longer the 'Schools Hebridean Society' but are simply "SHS Expeditions". The reasons for this change are quite complex, and yet very simple. We are organisers of expeditions for teenagers -many teenagers are not at school - hence the dropping of 'Schools'. The term 'Society' conjures up many unwelcome connotations - hence the dropping of 'Society'. We do organise 'Expeditions' rather than 'Adventure Holidays'.

An Expedition is best defined as 'a long line of everybody' (Winnie the Pooh by A A Milne). As members will know only too well after the wet and stormy 'summer' of 1985, an expedition is only a success if each and every member and leader puts a great deal of effort into it. If 'everybody' is not included in that effort, then the expedition is less successful.

On a similar vein, the expeditions are less successful if the 'backroom girls and boys' have not done their stuff. In 1985 I am confident in saying that there were few if any of these anonymous people who did not do their tasks successfully.

In particular, I would like to mention three people who are resigning from the Board of Directors. Paul Caffery has been Director of Safety for many years and was Director of Expeditions in 1985; Jonathon Orr has been a Director, Treasurer, Medical Officer and catalyst to others; Hugh Lorimer has been Director, Treasurer and jack of all trades. To these three, I would like to say a sincere thank you!

In 1986, we are planning five expeditions to Raasay, Lewis, Harris, Knoydart and the Outer Isles. The latter is a new venture for us - a mobile canoeing and walking expedition.

On all expeditions we plan to place far greater emphasis on 'training', whether it be in rock climbing, hill walking, map reading, orienteering, survival and safety techniques, first aid, canoeing, camp craft or sailing.

In addition, we expect to be able to offer a far higher standard of 'project work' or 'field studies' than has been evident in recent years. Although many members may be put off by this idea I can assure them that the study of the environment in which they find themselves can be most rewarding in itself as well as adding to the totality of scientific and environmental knowledge. I can well remember how, when I was a 17 year old member of an expedition, all 25 personnel spent two days avidly measuring the size of pebbles on a beach in Lewis in the interests of geomorphological research!

Finally, may I invite members and other readers to contact me if there are any matters which they would like to discuss.

My address and telephone number is:

Mr Philip N Renold □ □□□□□□□ □□□□ □□□□□□ Oldham Lancs.

Saddleworth

EDITORIAL

"Well 'ere we go again!" Another successful if somewhat damp and rather eventful series of expeditions - and now on to the Report.

Thanks to the efficiency of the leaders and members all contributions were received promptly, thus making our job much easier. A large amount of material from all the expeditions this year, including poetry and drawings, as well as the usual accounts of activities, made editing an interesting and pleasant job.

Our thanks to Gavin Macpherson for his time and trouble in 'laying out' and printing the report.

The cover is designed to evoke memories of what the Society has been and of what it is and may become. All blame for this report should go to Phil, who gave us no time to refuse the offer of editing (a late night 'phone call, when resistance is at its lowest - "I need to know by tomorrow").

We have thoroughly enjoyed it, honestly.

Now read on

Kirsten Warburton & Brigit Hutchinson.

THE 1985 EASTER MEET - DUB'S HUT

The Easter visit is intended to be educational; a week where everyone participates in all aspects of the organisation.

The food for the week was bought at the hypermarket in Ilkley. The intention was to buy according to a prepared list, in order to minimise the cost. However, Hugh Lorimer soon took charge (sounds ominous - Eds). Three of us buying three items at a time meant that the shopping would soon be done (?), and Hugh was able to make it to a pre-arranged dinner party.

All the food and equipment was taken up to the Lake district in two cars. Miraculously, they both arrived at Honister Youth Hostel at the same time, after taking different routes! Our hopes of a lovely warm hut were dashed after a drenching 1.5 mile uphill walk, when we discovered that we were out of coal.

The next day, while two of us went to Keswick for forgotten supplies, the others went collecting wood. They were still out three hours later when we returned from Keswick. Evidently, they had had to walk five miles with the wood on their backs. Jonathon Orr directed the operation.

One of the group was Michael Osborn, who is a forester in Scotland. He was fantastic at making the fire go. The hut was very soon a well-established laundry/drying room. (Sounds familiar - Eds)

Due to the weather, a lot of Scrabble was played. Competition was deadly serious between Jonathon and Mike. The Collins Pocket Dictionary was never been so important!

One evening, a man disturbed our dinner, looking for his lost daughter. We searched Fleetwith Pike, but without success. Evidently, they had had an argument, and she went back to the hostel on her own.

We did get out quite a lot, though. Scafell Pike was a popular target, and six of us chose to risk our limbs trying to get there. Jonathon went steaming off on his own, and was there "in minutes". The rest of us got there in a couple of hours. We were advised to turn back 400 yards short of the top by other walkers, because of cold, horizontal sleet. Jonathon recounted his chat with a local at the summit over a cup of coffee. (Typical - Eds).

Another popular day trip was to the Steam Boat Museum, and on a tour of Lake District towns. A good time was had by all. Unfortunately, Graham Kite and myself had to return home to start work on the Wednesday. The rest of the group were able to stay at the Hut until Thursday.

Projects were almost non-existent, but I did try to do a type of "Wainwright" of Fleetwith Pike. The result should be available at the Reunion. However, work was halted due to Hugh taking my textbook to Argentina!

Tony Ball

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE SHS

"SHS? Who are they?" Well, I didn't have a clue, so I thought I had better join a mini-expedition to the Lake District, never having been there before.

My first night was spent in Ilkley, where three people bought the food for the rest of the trip. This was when the rain started; (to continue for the next week). The following evening we arrived at Honister Pass Youth Hostel (YHA): not bad accommodation, I thought. Unfortunately, it wasn't ours, and after a 25 minute walk up an amazing slope in torrential rain, our hotel was in sight, a disused slate miner's residence/shack, best described as a square slate room with an iron stove in the middle.

Just to prove our ability to each other, we took turns at failing to light the fire, and when one box of firelighters was used, we went to bed, wet and cold. I knew now that this was to be a good holiday.

During the week, various walking trips occurred, including a "survival-type" walk up Scafell Pike which had to be abandoned about a quarter of a mile from the top due to excessively bad weather. In spite of being soaked to the skin, we all enjoyed it (I think), especially the hostelry in Buttermere selling Theakstone 's Old Peculiar.....say no more....

Food was what we made it, and a useful tip here: if it looks a bit dodgy, put the bag of curry powder in. Also, don't make instant whip with 5-pints milk - (I was doing my best)

We had a great day at the Windermere Museum, which houses a collection of working steam boats and tells their history. But my week was soon over, and all I could do was look forward to my next holiday/punishment with the SHS.

Graham Kite

1984 ANNUAL REUNION/CONFERENCE - 29th - 31st DECEMBER 1984

When I tried to persuade Tony to write something for the report about the 1984 reunion, he replied: "I was ORGANISING the reunion; I don't know what HAPPENED!" So as there seemed to be no willing (or otherwise) volunteers, the lot fell on me.

The reunion was held in the Hayes Conference Centre in Derbyshire. It is a lovely centre, very large and old and rambling, so large that another conference was being held there at the same time. About 90 of us (I think) were there for the three days, the high number being perhaps due to the Society having subsidised the cost to members. Well worth it, as the discussion and general atmosphere was much improved by having more people present.

There were the usual slide shows of the 1984 expeditions -Harris Cravadale, Mingulay, South Uist and North Uist - all very enjoyable. Also a couple of films and a football match (I think). There was the Society meeting, when we discussed various points of importance, past, present and future, and the previews of this year 's expeditions.

Notably, there was once again the annual dinner; all very cultured, with wine and speeches from the high table. And an excellent ceilidh, organised by Graham Kramer, complete with songs, sketches and people's own personal party pieces! Great fun all round.

The discussion was, I feel, particularly profitable this year; indeed, one of the points raised has now been acted upon. We are now SHS EXPEDITIONS, and have some new and very eye-catching posters and prospectuses. All in all, a tremendously enjoyable time - many thanks to Tony Ball for all his hard work.

Brigit Hutchinson

KNOYDART EXPEDITION 1985

(Older Age Group/A L Training Expedition)

Co-ordinators: Mark Bankes and Oonathon Bletcher

Members: K Bankes, I Earnshaw, N Gradwell, K Knott, J Lewis, D Nightingale, G Parry, R Sheard, K Stafford-Roberts, S Vrolyk.

Co-ordinators' Report

Well, at least the expedition improved from the rather hectic start on July 21st 1985! On that day, amidst finishing packing the food for the Jura and Harris expeditions, and waiting for two of our members to arrive at my home to be taken up to Scotland, I received:-

- (i) my exam results, and, more importantly
- (ii) a cheque book for the expedition account, so that we could have some money whilst in Scotland.

Because the expedition was, so to speak, transporting itself, it was relatively easy for the members to get to the site area??? But things did not go too well; when it came to finding the actual site, really the fun began! We had an 18 mile drive down a single track road with passing places, with added hazards: stubborn Highland cattle which refuse to move even when horns are blown and lights are flashed; unpredictable sheep which run out in front of you; and dairy cattle who are just plain stupid.

On arrival at the prearranged site, I was expecting to see numerous tents and cars, and lots of people. On checking to confirm my position I was worried: all I could see in front of me was a large expanse of boggy marsh with no-one in sight. It was at this stage, after driving for eleven hours, through to the ever-narrowing roads of Loch Lomond, behind a very large and very slow coach, that I finally cracked and started wondering what the "hell" I was doing in this out of the way place, and rapidly thinking of the quickest way to get out of the whole expedition!

Putting aside my worries, I decided to drive further down the still-tapering road, in the hope of finding the elusive camp on perhaps a drier site. Well, we drove on and on until, after another eight miles or so, we rounded the summit of a small hill and came across a sight that was nearly the most wonderful of the expedition so far: a red Yugo hatchback with three canoes on the top. We had found the camp. (Just for the record, the most wonderful sight of the day was the view that John and myself

received whilst sitting behind a green 2.8 Ford Capri in one of the many traffic jams on Loch Lomond, looking at two scantily clad, attractive, young ladies who were sitting in the front seat!) (And he noticed the car ?-Ed)

We met Mark in the middle of the "new" campsite (which resembled a quagmire) and were told a story which made my last 48 hours seem dull.

Mark's wife, Kate, drove the Yugo up to Scotland. As they were crossing the Solway Firth, they experienced strong crosswinds, and saw a high-sided vehicle blown across its carriageway. Another gust took hold of their canoes on the roof rack and removed the whole thing, sending the canoes into the opposite carriageway of the motorway! The canoes were, in fact, successfully recovered. Unfortunately, the roof rack was not.

Soon, the cars were unloaded, and the camp started to take shape. Problems were encountered in finding dry areas of ground to pitch our tents on. This problem was soon solved by our (now) resident drainage expert, Dave. (Remember Rhum '83, Dave? - Ed). Once camp was established, we spent our first few days getting out between showers, walking peaks. "Munro bagging" soon became the main project in camp.

Peaks such as Sgurr na Cannach, Ladhan Beinn and Meall Buidhe were quick to fall under our now very soggy boots. The walking was punctuated at varying intervals to allow members to dry out wet clothing and to go canoeing (and wet some more - Ed). The canoeing? Well, basically, it was cold. Yet, thanks to the help given to all, by our rather talented canoe instructor, we improved greatly, especially Gareth. Who knows? With a bit more experience and a few more books, he may be seen paddling his way across larger expanses of water that Loch Quoich! The Atlantic, perhaps.

With the weather being so bad, our climbing was restricted, so a rather high road bridge spanning part of Loch Quoich was soon co-opted to serve as a climbing wall. The only problem when using the bridge was that the belay point was on the far side of the traffic: abseiling had the added hazard of stopping all the vehicles using the road.

It was on this bridge that our adventurous nick Gradwell began a series of what we think are SHS firsts. The escapade on the bridge was to abseil down to the water, 70' below. "So what's new about that?" I hear you ask. Well, has anybody done this whilst carrying with them their own canoe, paddle, buoyancy aid and helmet,

unfastened themselves at the bottom and paddled away into the sunset/rain?

We tried lots of other things, too, like waterfall climbing and waterfall canoeing and the usual expo-type activities, such as orienteering and trench-digging.

All in all, the expedition was a great success, with members and instructors alike gaining a great deal from the experience. Camp atmosphere and expedition morale, even in poor weather, was excellent. Mark and I must say a big thank you to all the people who gave so much to help the expedition, and the SHS Board and Management Committee who also assisted us in organisation.

Thanks

Jonathon Bletcher and Mark Bankes

From the Knoydart Kitchen we bring you:

TIFFIN/TRYFIN

1 lb digestive biscuits, crushed finely

3oz margarine

1 tab. soft brown sugar

1 tab. cocoa

1 heaped tab. golden syrup

Handful of raisins

8oz. "Kake" brand chocolate

1. Melt marg., sugar, syrup and cocoa together.

2. Mix in biccies and raisins; put in a baking tray and leave to set

3. Melt the chocolate (and a knob of marg.) together and pour over the tiffin. Leave to set.

4. Cut into squares, and eat.

SGURR-NA-CICHE - OUR ASCENT

Like most of the hills in this area Sgurr-na-Ciche is a big mountain, and I mean BIG. It is the highest in the area at a mere (?) 1040m (3412 ft). This "mere 1040m", unlike some of the hills you might be used to climbing in the Lakes or in the Peak District, starts at 0m, right on the seashore.

There were five in our group: Keith, Gareth, John, Dave and myself, Ian. Our hopes were soaring as we got up that morning: the clouds were high, covering only the tops of the hills, and, surprise, surprise, it was NOT raining! I got up around 7.30 a.m. - everyone else soon followed. Everyone, that is, except Dave, who seemed to have spent most of the night trying to manoeuvre himself on to someone else's Karrimat. (Hark who's talking - Ed). After a brew, and a bowl of semi-solid porridge, we set off up the ridge, with packs on our backs which seemed only slightly lighter than when we had first arrived.

The map gives the ridge the almost unpronounceable name of Druim a' Ghoirtein. This ridge would take us all the way to Sgurr-na-Ciche, but what a way to go! The first three-quarters of a kilometre was a steep climb to around 350m. (1000 ft). Then 2 km. followed, slightly easier, taking us to around 700m. In the next three-quarters of a kilometre we gained just over 426m. (1400ft) - a true killer! And the last 200 yards...well, a rope wouldn't have come amiss in some places. We reached the summit about 12.30, and by some miracle it had kept dry for us. The sun was out and the clouds had lifted. It must have been one of the few walks to have afforded anything much in the way of a view.

The descent was not much easier, dropping about 500m (1640 ft) in just under 1 km. And weren't we glad we didn't have to go up that way! One of the highlights of the walk happened on the downhill stretch, when five stags appeared just in front of us, and watched us for about five minutes before vanishing over a ridge.

When we reached the floor of the valley, the walk was more or less completed - well, the less strenuous part, anyway! The next 11 km. led us along the shore of Loch Quoich to camp. Although a P IV would have been nice for this stretch we, being tough he-men, marched along, having enjoyed a very good day.

Ian Earnshaw

3-DAY CAMP INTO KNOYDART (July 26-28 1985)

Members of the group: Keith, Ina, Dave, Gareth, John.

Day 1:

A supposedly gentle walk of 15 miles at low level around to Sourlies Bothy. The first section provided an obstruction in the rocky foreshore of Loch Quoich. Following the track on towards the Carnach River, we were soon able to cool overheated feet in Lochan nan Breac. The descent to the river Carnach was through some crags, with Dave route-testing for us. The track was very boggy, a situation not improved by rain and midges. Inevitably, we arrived at Sourlies WET! There were various other people there in the same state. Dripping socks and kags. festooned the beams. Some dextrous handling of the trangias soon produced a brew and a mega-meal from our resident bothy chef.

Day 2:

It poured all day, so the proposed walk up Meall Buidhe and Luinne Beinn was abandoned. We amused ourselves instead by examining Gareth's "veggie" habits.

Day 3:

Slightly better! We steamed up Sgurr-na-Ciche with full packs, and the view was still there at the top: Eigg, Rhum and Skye. With on-coming knackeredness, we plunged down the other side, back to the head of Loch Quoich, and hence to camp.

The party were all relatively insane, and coped well, a few blisters being the only problem. We just "tightened our boots"! The "locals" at the bothy were friendly, and seemed pleased to see us. Shame about the weather, though!!

RHUM EXPEDITION 1985

Leader's report.

Leader: Alan Smith

Deputy Leaders: Jim M Duffy, Tim Birch, Michael Osborne, Alison Brookes
Members: Sarah Mary Dunn, Nicola Ruth M Smith, Claire Bills, Michael Horne, David Simpkin, Michael C H Newman, Stephen J Gorman, Stuart Yuille, John McKenzie, Billy Richardson, Jay Nicholls, Philip Musgrave, Stewart G Coe, C Matthew Bates, Maurice R Patel, John D Maunder, David J S Spencer, Robert J W Dellamore.

Almost midnight, drink in hand, relaxing, congratulating myself on having organised everything superbly! Well, almost adequately. Phone call: "Hello, Phil Renold speaking. We have a problem. Or rather, you have a problem. Jo's expedition has been delayed by gales, so you may not have any equipment, but press on to Mallaig. Everything may be okay by then!"

Most of the expedition met at Fort William and slept in the TA Drill Hall for the night. Many thanks to the TA and Fort William Rotary Club. Monday - Mallaig - the Loch Mor is ready to sail but I'm pleading with them to delay sailing until the Skye ferry arrives. At last it arrives. The ramp drops. Surprise, surprise! The first vehicle behind the ramp is a Salford Van Hire truck with Jim at the wheel. Everything is thrown on the Loch Mor and we sail, 45 minutes late.

When we arrive at Rhum it takes three trips in the Rhouma to ferry all the equipment and members and other passengers. This meant that the Loch Mor arrived back in Mallaig two and a half hours late. The SHS makes its mark on the Hebrides in various ways.

Camp was soon set up in the evening, leaving the marquee until the following day. Furnishings were installed by J Duffy and Co Ltd, Cabinet Makers to the Gentry. Activities started immediately. These ranged from walking, climbing, marine biology, forestry, ornithology to visiting the shop! A bivvy trip to the Isle of Canna was arranged by Tim and Alison: this lasted five days and was devoted to marine biology.

Mike, the forester and early riser, organised seed collecting from the beech plantations and also mapping new plantations.

The highlights of the expedition were, of course, caused by the weather! As is normal for Rhum, the camp site was flooded twice. Two and a half days of sun and clear skies almost made up for it.

This was the first expedition for which I needed a phrase book, as there were five Scots who used such words as 'stoter' for every happening that wasn't a disaster!

I would like to thank Laughton Johnson and Ann of the Nature Conservancy for their help during the floods and for transporting our equipment to and from the site. Thanks also to the skipper of the Rhouma for all his assistance and finally my thanks to the backroom staff of the SHS, Rose, Judith, Mike, Jonathon, Collette, Jill, Phil and Paul.

Please accept my apologies for any omissions.

Alan Smith

A DIFFERENT WAY OF LIFE

This was our first experience of camping and the question on our lips was "Is there anything outside Glasgow?" We thought there would be nothing, but we were wrong.

We were both very apprehensive, not to say nervous, about making the trip, being under the mistaken view that all the others had done the activities before and didn't need help. We waited in Glasgow Station with everybody, but only speaking to each other. On the train, though, we met two nice English lads (nice Englishmen? - never)

When we arrived at camp, we were split up into duty groups. My group (the plonkers) was led by Jim "Sneaky Rutter" Duffy. Trying to impress straight away didn't quite work for me (Billy) as I was so nervous making supper that I cut my finger on the corned beef tin.

The first couple of days we were setting up camp, so we didn't miss Glasgow very much, but once we started doing things, we noticed the difference. Instead of the hurly burly and noise and speed of the city, we were now faced with the quiet peacefulness of the countryside. We felt it was no good for us, and after a week we both decided that we wanted to go home. We felt we hated the island because it was deserted, quiet and seemingly without anything much to do.

The thing that kept us going was the people around us. They encouraged us to carry on and to try lots of new activities, and we would like to thank them. The leaders were a good influence, very encouraging. After the second week, we were really enjoying ourselves. I (John) had been to Dibidil Bothy and had an enjoyable and relaxing time while Billy went to Canna for the week. He said he's enjoyed it, but was a bit cagey - something must have gone on....

The floods we had really made the holiday that little bit more fun. Well, the first one did, anyway! Those two floods were experiences we'll both never forget. Thanks to the leaders, everyone stayed calm: they encouraged us by their lightheartedness, and tried to make us relax and not panic. And they succeeded.

As the holiday neared its close, it was hard to imagine a life without the people we'd been living with for the last three weeks. Everyone, in the end, was glad to be going home, though, and we were amongst them.

Billie Richardson and John McKenzie



CANOEING REPORT

(Wed 14, Thur 15, Wed 28 August)

Are you sitting comfortably? Yes? Then I shall begin. It all began on an overcast Wednesday when Stewart Coe, Jay Nicholls, Dave Simpkin, Mike Newman and myself were "led" down to Kinloch boat house to inflate the PIV and put the canoes in the water. After various instructions, we leaped aboard and started paddling. Stewart promptly capsized and stood there, up to his shoulders in water.

From the safety of the PIV, Jim said, "Ah, well, perfect time to practise emptying a canoe in deep water." (Alright for him, eh?). The rest of the morning was spent exploring the bay and rowing the PIV back to the shore, kayak-style. DRATTED ENGINE! We dried off, and made our way back to camp.

The next day, Jim, Jay, Mike and I decided we wanted more of this experience (poor, deluded people - Eds) and once more made our way down to the jetty. Jay decided it was too cold to canoe and rode in the rescue boat. Mike and I headed out towards the mouth of the bay, oblivious of the cries of "Come back!" and the abuse being hurled in our direction from the stranded PIV. DRATTED ENGINE! We eventually made it back to the jetty for lunch. A kind ex-marine and NCC worker found the fault in the PIV engine and off we went again. Jim canoed, Jay capsized and I rode in the PIV! An eventful day all round.

After the second flooding of camp, we felt that a bit more water would not come amiss, so a trip round the bay (Loch Scresort) was organised in the PIV. Eight of us piled in, and we set off, rather low in the water. Tim, our resident biologist, recorded seeing a sea eagle, shags and grey and common seals. We came back wet but safe, and so ended our exploits on the water of Kinloch bay. As I sail off into the morning sunrise, courtesy of Caledonian MacBrayne, I shall remember them.

PS. Jim, remember to put the fuel lines on the right way

Philip Musgrave

EAGLE CRAGS - CLIMBING ON RHUM

Map reference: NM357983 Rhum and Eigg Sheet 39 1:50000 0.5 km east of Harris track running SSE to NNW

Routes

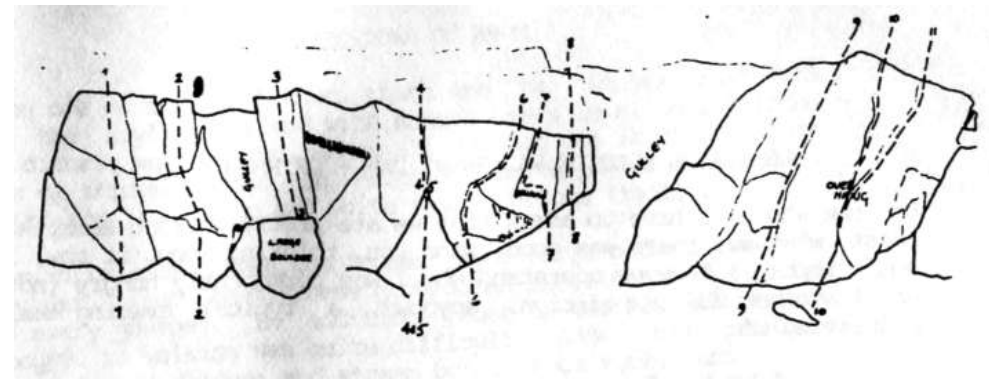
1. Rhythm and Blues (S)
2. Rawhide (VD)
3. Knock Kneed (D)
4. B Pex (VS)
5. A Pex (S)
6. Rough Cut (S)
7. Zig Zag (S)
8. Nearly Edinburgh (VD)
9. Mush (D) - climb the obvious arête
10. Cornflake (VD) - climb the central overhang
11. Rice Crispy (VD) - R. crack to avoid overhang

You will not find Eagle Crag marked on any map of Rhum, nor will you find these climbs in the climbing guide. This large crag of peridotite was named due to the local sea eagle cages which could be seen from the top of the climbs, and although other SHS expeditions have probably used this crag, it was decided to put up some routes, and name and grade them so that future expeditions could gain from our experiences.

Within easy access of our camp at Salisbury's Dam, Eagle Crag had several visits during our three weeks on the island, and nearly all the party found time to enjoy the delights of 'our' crag.

On its first visit, the crag's potential was quickly noted as the first route, "Mush", was led by Philip (nicknamed Mush) and so our route bagging began. In all eleven routes were put up, of varying difficulty, of which A pex and B Pex received three star ratings. If the weather had been kinder to us, we had intended to explore other potential good routes. It is hoped that future expeditions can add to our efforts and extend the number of routes.

The rock provides exceptional friction and at times cuts and abrasions were easily obtained on even the simplest holds. Belays were usually in abundance - medium sized runners being in the greatest demand - although on the more difficult routes which were attempted, protection was sometimes a little thin to say the least. One should always be aware of the dangers, however, of climbing on such a crag, which has seen little exploration in the past. Take care to check the soundness of some of the flakes as some of the very big ones were found just sitting on a ledge or bonded to the crag by a clump of grass or fern. The crag is fairly well protected from the weather although if you are belaying from the top, in the weather we had, beware of hypothermia and frostbite - what, in summertime?



I had great personal pleasure in leading all of these climbs for the first time, but it was even more rewarding to see everyone else in the various climbing groups taking up the challenge to second all of the routes and feel a sense of achievement in obtaining their goal, even on some of the easier routes - the taste for adventure is still alive!

Everyone in the party managed at some time to take up the challenge of climbing at various levels. While half of the party were off to Canna, the remaining members were introduced to rope handling and abseiling on Salisbury's dam, being taught how to abseil and belay correctly and safely. Everybody took it in turns to safety rope everyone else whilst abseiling, which proved very useful for our days of climbing ahead.

Knots and ropework was taught on previous evening sessions so a lot was covered in a short time. Once people were happy abseiling and belaying we climbed up Salisbury's Dam teaching climbing techniques, calls and good crag practice. (The group that went to Canna covered this on their return to Rhum)

Filled with confidence and enthusiasm we spent one of the few "hot" days on Rhum on some cliffs near Dibidil, on Beinn-nan-Stac, climbing uncharted routes, as well as being eaten by midges and obtaining a good tan. This had obviously kindled the fire in some of the following days on Eagle Crag, and by the time we had to leave our island home of three weeks there were one or two who were very competent on rock and were leading even quite difficult climbs.

I would have dearly loved to undertake the bigger routes on the Ridge including Barkeval, but the weather and the deer stalking sorted that out. There is always another year, I suppose!

Jim Duffy (Sneaky Rutter)

LE CORDON BLEU DE SALISBURY DAM - OR RHUM GRUB

On the whole, I have to admit that we ate pretty well on Rhum. At least, what was there was good. Mind you, thinking about it now, I don't think I'll ever understand why I was permanently hungry (not until another SHS Expedition, anyhow), a typical evening meal consisting of

2 bowls of soup

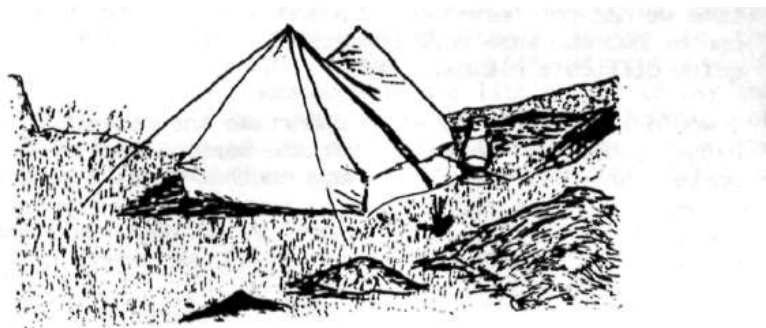
2 plates full of chicken supreme + potatoes + two veg. Cake and custard - a packet of custard for 25 feeds 12 just nicely!

However, supplemented by Maurice's never ending supply of biscuits (you could tell he'd been before) and the odd trip to the post office, I just about survived.

The quality of cooking varied considerably, depending on who was on duty. Once the Plonkers were in charge of the kitchen, nothing could go wrong. Efficiency, style, presentation and, of course, flavour, all were excellent. By the way, there is absolutely no truth in the rumour that the Plonkers actually served breakfast at 7.45 am, and would have been quite happy to serve cocoa and biscuits at 11 am. In complete contrast, if Alison and the Dossers were on duty, I would have recommended that anyone particularly hungry should get up and help Alison make breakfast! However, as far as I am aware, the only near disasters occurred when left to cook our own meals, in pairs, at Dibidil Bothy - "Alan! Alan! The table's on fire."

Packed lunches at first appeared to be very generous. In fact, it wasn't until the last week that the ration of biccies suddenly dropped from 6 to 2. On questioning this slight change Mike O replied with the best excuse yet. "You're getting too fat," he said. The fact that the ferry had failed to bring us more bread the previous day was a mere coincidence.

Sarah Dunn



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF RHUM

Now when one of thinks of Rhum, there are two images that will appear: the idyllic island with superb views in all directions; and the dismal, wet island, where all you – can see is clouds, rain and lots of things dressed in brightly coloured gear (people), running to and from green and white square blocks (tents).

The terrain is rough. Even the "roads" have large potholes and the odd boulder along them. These provide an excellent obstacle for any and every journey. In addition, most of the lowland regions were boggy, so walking was quite difficult. Additional problems included drainage ditches and stream beds. (Foot rot?! -Eds)

The coastline is a series of sandy beaches, such as that at Kilmory, rocky shores (Harris) and small cliffs. So ornithology, marine biology and coastal walks are very varied. The access to some areas is limited due to the intensive studies carried out on Rhum by the NCC, but the number and variety of the wildlife is incredible, notably the red deer. The bird life is also most interesting, especially looking out for golden and sea eagles.

On our expedition we were unable to do the ridge walk due to the weather. However, we did get on to Barkeval, Hallival and Askival. The scenery was spectacular. Clear blue skies enabled us to see the Outer Hebrides, Skye and the mainland. It would be hard to match these views. The geology also-provided some very interesting specimens for our three budding geologists.

Access to the ridge is strenuous, because of bogs, but soon rocks and gravel replace the wet grass underfoot. Walking on the ridge itself is varied, but cannot be hurried on a clear day or you'll miss the views.

During the expedition we were able to walk to most places on the island, and in all directions. Rhum's terrain enabled us to choose appropriate walks, depending on the weather. Following the track to Harris was bad enough for anyone in bad weather.

Climbing and abseiling were popular activities, and the range of challenge offered on Rhum is very extensive. As Stuart Yeuille may tell you, he found abseiling so easy on the dam wall that he tried it Australian style, i.e. upside down. Kinloch Bay was the place for canoeing, but enthusiasm was limited for this activity due to the weather.

Rhum will stick in my mind as a scenic island with plenty of scope for naturalists, climbers and walkers. In August beware of midges and deer stalkers. And remember your impression will depend on the weather - use your imagination.

ESKIMO ROLLS

Alan having volunteered me for the role of canoe instructor, I took it upon myself to ask for volunteers to follow me down to the boathouse (some three miles away at Kinloch) on the first day.

If you have ever tried assembling an Airfix model without instructions, then you will know, and understand, the problems I had in assembling the PIV with four schoolboy whizz-kids for assistants, never having assembled one before. (But think how easy the Airfix would be now - Eds) Success, however, was quickly achieved - Ah! - and having checked the canoe gear and gone through the safety rules, it was out on to the water in leaking craft and religious (holy) spray decks! Stewart Coe took only a matter of minutes before delighting everyone with his impromptu demonstrations of capsizing drill - I was watching from the PIV. Once the formalities were over, we undertook a short excursion around Loch Scresort before returning to the boathouse. It was at this point that Mike "Action Man" Newman decided to show us how not to Eskimo roll, with no success! Oh well, worth a try

Due to the limitations of the canoeing on Rhum (i.e. within loch Scresort) we only visited the waters on one other occasion, as there was very little challenge available. Mike, once again, tried his Eskimo roll, but to no avail, but at least he tried. Our show delighted the tourists on the "Shearwater", which had docked at the pier by the boathouse, suggesting that perhaps we call it a day. During our stay on the island, however, the PIV gave us the opportunity to visit areas around the bay, to observe seals, seabirds and many of the other wonderful sights found in such abundance on Rhum.

NB: Always make sure the fuel line is on the right way

Jim Duffy

THE EPIC STORY OF AN INSECT'S APPETITE

(featuring a cast of thousands)

or THE MIDGE REPORT OF RHUM 1985

Our first encounter with the midge came during the group's first meal which, in the event, turned out to be the midges' as well.

There was no rain and only a slight breeze, which eventually gave up. We ate out in the open as the marquee was still to be erected. As the corned beef hash (?) was served, several members started smacking themselves about the head.

An early sign of madness?

NO.

Realisation of a vital piece of equipment having been left at home?

OH, NO!

Midges in their thousands were obviously taking our presence as an opportunity to taste something different. Luckily, the wind blew up again, and we were saved from being devoured. Unfortunately, some nights, we were not so fortunate.

Here are some facts for you to ponder over when considering visiting the scenic splendour of Rhum.

1. The midge only appears in abundance in August (when SHS expeditions take place).
2. The midge lives in areas of low-lying, marshy ground (Salisbury Dam being the ideal venue).
3. The midge lives as a parasite (drinking blood, supplied by SHS members).
4. The midge only lives for a few short hours.

Points 1,2 and 3 must surely, then, be simple coincidence, or are SHS members a vital part of the midges' food chain?

As midges have more right to be on Rhum than we do, by and large, the only way to look at being bitten is to enjoy the feeling of conservation in action!

After all, they couldn't drink ALL your blood.....could they?

By a midge-bitten Scouser
(alias Dave Simpkin)

After a week on Rhum, it seemed like going on holiday, so nobody minded carrying huge rucksacks down to the Canna ferry at Kinloch pier. We had enough baked beans to last us a month but, gas producing though they may be, baked beans do not provide the necessary fuel for trangias, and we felt rather foolish when, midway through "What shall we do with the drunken sailor?" someone remembered that we'd forgotten the meths. There was nothing we could do. We were on the ferry, halfway to Canna, encircled by shearwaters, fulmars and gannets who emphasised our distance from the nearest camping shop.

We need not have worried. When the boat arrived at Canna, we were met by the round, red face of Mr McKinnon and his daughter Winnie. All thoughts of raw eggs and worms vinaigrette were smoothed away by Winnie, who kindly produced a calor gas burner and cylinder. A lifetime on Canna must be the recipe for a saintly personality. Everyone on Canna was unruffled and gentle, like the island itself, which is as soothing as Rhum is impressive and stark. Even the sheep were laidback and fluffy, munching the abundant grasses and flowers, (Maurice didn't think much of Canna. "It's too civilised," he said.)

After a blustery walk, accompanied by hundreds of scampering rabbits, over a carpet of scabious, asphodel, tormentil, self-heal, marsh St John's wort, parnassus grass, bog cotton and millions of mushrooms, we were struck by the incredible abundance and variety of life on Canna. The only things that seemed not to be thriving were the midges, but nobody missed them! While some of the group went to eat oysters near the campsite - a sheltered spot beyond the sheepdip, with all amenities: freshwater spring, superb views and nearby wild, edible mushrooms - the rest of us sat on the rocks watching gannets, redshanks and seals, 14 of them together, intrigued to see five wild humans crouching on the rocks. They all crowded round to have a look at us.

[In th]e evening, we went for a walk, and listened to the waves crashing up against the rocks as we sat on a cliff top and watched the lighthouse beacons playing on the sea. The bulky shadow of Rhum lay away to the south east. The next evening, before lighting the fire for a sock-drying session and sing-song, we heard manx shearwaters crying as they came in from a day's fishing.

On Thursday morning we awoke at 6.00 am and saw something we hadn't seen for several months the sun! It was bursting through the leaden clouds, bathing the grey-green hills in a new golden light. The sheep all looked positively astonished. It seemed too soon to leave Canna. We hadn't seen inside the black stone fort that looked as though it had been standing there as long as the rocks around it. And we hadn't seen otters, although we knew they were playing here somewhere. We all wished we could have had a few more days, to explore Canna some more.

Alison Brookes

SOME NOTABLE CHARACTERS FROM RHUM '85

Jim "Sneaky Rutter" Duffy (or "don't call me surly")
 Michael "Freeman" Osborne
 Alison "The Hair" Brookes
 Claire "Where's the Bucket" Bills
 Michael "Cool Dood" Horne
 David "Scouser" Simpkin
 Steve "Essex" Gorman
 Stuart Yeuille, the Australian abseiler
 Billy "The Hat" Richardson
 Maurice Patel, the perfect housewife
 David "I'm so Boring" Spencer
 Jay, the legible met. man with a degree in Eng. Lang., a green belt in origami and macrame, and a pink slip in karate.
 Mushy - "I've got a teaspoon and want everyone to know about it."
 Alan "Ripple Tank" Smith
 Mike "I'm an Action Man" Newman.
 Nicky Smith
 Stuart Coe
 John McKenzie
 Tim Birch
 Mat Bates
 Sarah Dunn
 Bob Galline Dellamore

THE DIBIDIL TRIP

About 5 pm on the first Friday, a party of intrepid explorers (some more intrepid than others) set off for Dibidil Bothy. We had decided to take the quickest route (i.e. to Kinloch and then along the coast). Some of us went ahead towards Kinloch to go to the shop. When we arrived we found it had shut at 4.30. After waiting for Alan and Jim, we set off again and followed a stream, almost having to swim for the first mile. With heavy rain and packs this wasn't much fun but, as always, we made the best of it. Several people sat down in the mud en route, but eventually we arrived at the bothy itself, and got out of the cold and wet and into the cold and dry.

Half the group started to cook supper, while the other half went in search of wood, only to return a quarter of an hour later with three one-inch twigs. A little later, cries of "Alan! Alan! The table's on fire!" interrupted the peaceful atmosphere in the bothy, and I arrived in time to see a plastic plate being put over the flames, and then fireman Al. came and blew it out. Later, burning was smelt again and on closer inspection a pan was found to be boiling away merrily with no water in it. We soon retired to bed: it had been a long day.

The next morning, we awoke to an incredible sight- A great yellow orb was in the sky, casting light and warmth over Rhum! When we had recovered from the shock we dressed, dashed outside, undressed and asked why no-one had brought the Factor 8. We lay outside for almost an hour when we realised that the sun was here to stay, for a while at least and we made our breakfast. Time passed very uneventfully, and after a while we conned ourselves into going to Papadil for wood. The sun was beating on our backs as we made our way round the southern tip of the island to Papadil, an idyllic spot with its small copse and calm, freshwater loch. After a short rest, we each took a chunk of wood and headed back to Dibidil.

When we arrived back, some of us went for a dip in the sea, followed by a freshwater rinse. It was a bit on the chilly side, but nonetheless, refreshing and invigorating. We ate a "buttie" lunch, and some of us then decided to go climbing. Having practised on the dam wall back at camp, we were now all newly-found experts! We did one slab and an abseil, and then practised bouldering technique! We all managed on a boulder which Jim thought would be too hard for us, but only because he bribed us to try. We returned to the bothy to find Alan busily cooking, and we all had a great meal, and almost a fire - in the fireplace, this time.

Next morning we awoke to the familiar sound of rain on the roof -we knew it had been too good to last, despite met. man's predictions. We packed after breakfast, and divided up into two parties, one to go to camp, via Kinloch and the other to return via Bealach an Oir, the more direct cross-country route.

In the second group, we made our way up to the pass, stopped for lunch and set off again down into Atlantic Corrie. Once in the corrie, it was a fairly flat if long walk round the foot of Barkeval and along Long Loch to the campsite. We arrived back, wet, tired and satisfied after a tremendous weekend.

Our group: Alan Smith (L), Jim Duffy(AL), Stewart Coe, Sarah Dunn, Matthew Bates, Michael Newman, Jay Nicholls, John McKenzie, Stuart Yeuille, Bob Dallamore, Philip Musgrave, David Spencer.

David Spencer

WEATHER REPORT

By observing the past satellite pictures when I got home from Rhum, I could see that we had been caught up in a massive cloud formation, thus causing a lot of bad weather.

Maximum hours of rainfall: about NINE hours

Minimum hours of rainfall: about TEN hours.

On two days during the expo, it rained solidly for between eight and nine hours, thus, succeeding in flooding the campsite. At this stage, the water table must have been only a couple of inches below (above? - Eds) ground level.

The three main cloud formations throughout the three weeks were:

1. Cumulonimbus, with fibrous central turrets, which is a blue sky with exploded cloud.
2. Cumulonimbus at a cold front clearance, which is dull blue sky with expanding cloud
3. Stratocumulus with roll pattern, which is misty grey rain cloud

If you are a duck, Rhum's the place for you!

Jay Nicholls

COMMUNAL WASHING UP - OR WAS IT ALL AWET DREAM?

What have the following in common :-

chocolate crumble
cold feet
football
Handel
coal fires
the kiss of life
and soggy knickers?

Not a lot, you might think, but I'll explain.

It all began on Friday 23rd August, raining heavily as usual, only more so, perhaps, but life in camp carried on much the same as it always did. People were in various places, pursuing different activities: abseiling (the Australian way) on the dam wall, working for the Nature Conservancy Council, and even stocking up with edible food from the shop whilst at Kinloch.

By lunchtime, the rain hadn't eased, and the river looked just a little higher, wider and nearer to the tents than usual. But we were, well, 'ard, and therefore thought of many plans to divert the flow - and decided to move instead!

All afternoon there was a sense of excitement as we ourselves, the tents and the carpet got a good wash, for the first time in many cases. (The carpet, especially, was looking rather dirty, losing its original green colour)

A great team spirit prevailed as we, with the help of the NCC, moved the equipment to the farmhouse. We nearly lost the toilet roll, but Batesy saved the day by swimming after it! (Where? - Eds)

A night at the farmhouse: could we cope with the luxury? A real flush toilet, a sink, a bath, beds and a coal fire. The next day was spent packing and moving back. We learned about the kiss of life that day, much to Nicki's delight...

Back at camp, and back to normal, until four days later when, at 03 45, we decided to move into the marquee (a) because we liked being cosy (well, I did) and (b) because the river looked as though it wanted to share the camp site again.

However, it was a false alarm, and after bowls of Mike's very vinegar-like soup,

with hot chocolate and biccies, we went back to bed, except Maurice, who was washing up.

Although few people were in camp next day, when the rains came, we were able to cope. Everything moved to the marquee again, and Jim's table managed to take the weight (unlike the benches). Whilst waiting for the others to get back, we passed the time singing, though Handel (and his Water Music) didn't get much of a hearing. "Singing (and dancing) in the Rain" was very popular.

Being now very experienced flood copers, and intrepid with all, we decided to make a celebration birthday supper for Matthew and Jim -including a dose of Alison's special contribution, the chocolate crumble.

As you will see, the connecting link is Rhum 1985 SHS Expo, during two floods.

According to John, these made Noah look like a nomad in the desert!

Claire Bills and Alison Brookes

MANX SHEARWATER REPORT

Leaders: Mike Osborne, Tim Birch, Jim Duffy, Alison Brookes

Members: Nikki Smith, Dave Simpkin, David Spencer, Mike Horn, Sarah Dunn, Matthew Bates, Maurice Patel.

Loaded with winter woollies, waterproofs and bivvibags, and led by Tim, our resident ornithologist, we headed out for the shearwater burrows which are densely packed on the slopes of the mountains of Rhum. The time was 7.30 pm as we walked across the boggy terrain towards Barkeval.

The light was fading as we traversed around the rocky sides of Hallival. Darkness fell, and we were scrambling over rocks and boulders, beginning to doubt our own sanity. It isn't even as though Manx shearwaters are rare: there are 40,000 of them on Rhum, which is the third largest colony in the world.

We settled on the slopes of Hallival, apparently not in a very good place for observing the birds, so Tim and Mike went off to hunt for a more suitable place. They soon returned, and off we went again across another Bealach, and on to the side of Askival. Here, perched on a ledge, we carefully put on our waterproofs, and climbed into our bivvy bags.

So there we were, 1500 feet up on the side of a mountain in the middle of nowhere, sitting in orange bivvy bags, waiting for 40,000 birds to land en us. ("Discover the world - and yourself" Eds). With the quiet rustling of bivvy bags and the? howling of the wind (which was strong enough to blow Alison's kit bag off the mountain) we waited. Soon, the eerie call of the birds could be heard, then the flapping of wings as they flew over our heads and hollow thuds as they landed all around us, responding to the hungry calls of their chicks.

Manx shearwaters can only take off with great difficulty, which is why they come in so late, to avoid being eaten by gulls or eagles as they sit helplessly on the ground. This very fact enabled us to walk amongst the birds, and to pick them up to see if they were ringed. The experience was unforgettable as the birds landed in their hundreds all around us. We only had an hour, between 12 midnight and 1 am, as the birds only land for a short rest. However, the rain soon arrived, and our mission was abandoned.

As we descended the steep slope, assisting Nikki who was night-blind, and hunting for Alison's bag, tiredness began to creep up on us, and the thought of the three hour walk home was daunting. Eventually, we arrived in camp at 4.30 am, totally shattered. We had a cup of tea in the marquee, then retired to bed for a good long rest.

M Bates (Oooh, aahh!)

ORNITHOLOGICAL AND MARINE BIOLOGY REPORT FOR RHUM EXPEDITION 1985

(Or how to try to convince people that you know something about something when you don't)

Without doubt, the highlight of any ornithologist's stay on Rhum is a visit to the manx shearwaters' burrows in their mountain home on Rhum at night, and the occasional sighting of the sea eagles, which have been released on Rhum regularly every year in the hope of establishing a regular breeding colony in the Western Isles again. In spite of very bad weather (no doubt mentioned elsewhere) I am pleased to report that these two missions were successfully accomplished.

Contrary to popular belief, Rhum does not abound with wildlife. Certainly, it does not compare in my experience with the wildlife' to be found on Foula in the Shetlands. It is also a great pity that the expo, cannot run two or three weeks earlier, when what seabirds Rhum has (e.g. guillemots, razorbills and puffins) are still to be found on their cliff nesting sites before they depart to wander the oceans for the rest of the year.

LIST OF BIRDS SEEN ON RHUM - COMPILED BY ALICE HORNE.

Figure 1st Year.

AUGUST 11 - SEPT. 1

J. Species	Date	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	85	
RED-THROATED DUC			3					2																2
MANX SHEARWATER			200										100											
GANNET				1	2	3																		
PETREL									1															
RED GROUSE									1															
GREAT SKUA		✓																						
MALLARD								2																
EIDER			100				2																	
WHITE-TANGLED SEA EAGLE			2	2				1																
GOLDEN EAGLE							2																	
BULLOCK							1																	
RINGED PLOVER										2														
GOLDEN PLOVER							2																	
REDSHANK									1															
GREEN SHANK									1															
COMMON SANDPAPER						✓																		
DIPPER																								
COMMON SANDPAPER										1														
RAVEN			2	23	3	2																		
CHAFFINCH			8																					4
SISKIN									1															
HOUSE SPARROW			10																					
STARLING			2																					
LEISPE BL. B. GULL			15			5																		
GREATER BL. B. GULL			✓																					
COMMON GULL			54																					
MEADOW PIPIT																								
PED WAGTAIL								3																1
WILLOW WARBLER																								
GOLD CREST																								
STONECHAT								5																
WHEATEAR							2	2																
ROBIN							2																	12
BLACKBIRD							1																	
RING DUCK																								
WREN																								
TREE TOAD																								
BULL FINCH																								
ROCK PIPIT																								
GUILLEMOT																								
HOODED MARE																								
HERRING GULL																								
WILSON																								
OSTER LARK																								
SHAG																								
HERON																								

Having established, therefore, that an ornithologist certainly has to work for his birds on Rhum, the rewards are all the more satisfying when you come across a golden eagle, soaring majestically in the thermals above Bloodstone Hill; watch a red throated diver and chick in the glistening waters of Loch Long on an unexpectedly cloudless day; or witness the spectacular feeding dives of the gannets as they wheel and plummet into the surface waters after fish.

Rhum certainly proved an ideal place to introduce such names as greater black-backed gull, lesser black-backed gull, common gull and herring gull to the unsuspecting expo, members, who thought these birds were generally called seagulls. It is amazing how a few names of birds can impress people! The only problem being when you tell someone that a herring gull is a common gull, and are left looking an incompetent fool when someone then comes and tells you that what you identified as a common gull is a herring gull -it's at that stage that you recognise that you are fast becoming a geriatric ornithologist.

However, it was reassuring to find that by the last day, Jim had overcome successfully his mental block and managed to differentiate between shags and eiders at a range of fifteen yards with binoculars.

The disappointing weather certainly hindered some of the fieldwork that I had been hoping to carry out. Notably, the mapping of certain areas of the manx shearwater colonies on the slopes of Barkeval and Askival for the Zoology Department of Glasgow University. Low mist completely blanketing the mountain tops became such an everyday occurrence that the idea was abandoned long before the expedition ended.

The investigation of the marine life on the shores of Rhum was also hindered by the regular arrival of rain. Not many people, apart from a few (hardened) enthusiasts could be persuaded to spend 2-3 hours bent double on a rocky beach, braving the midges, wind and rain in order to try to differentiate between *Fusus vesiculosus*, *F. spiralis* and *F. serratus*. But what knowledge when they could be successfully identified! Kilmory certainly proved to be an interesting shoreline.

One Sunday, the whole expedition marched down to the beach, where they were duly lectured to about tides and why they exist; why seaweeds were different colours; why Jim was a sneaky-rutter; why ramalina-on-the-rocks was such a cool refreshing lichen; and why Alison washed her hair four times a day (to investigate the insect life thriving therein).

On a more serious note, however, Mush gave us all an enlightening talk on osmosis and the problems of saltwater life and freshwater life. Steve became fascinated by the long muscular foot of limpets; Alan established himself as a goose-barnacle (expert) in his own right, and Billy freaked out to the thought of dogwhelks munching up barnacles. What more could a marine biologist on such a trip have hoped to achieve?

Tim Birch

FORESTRY? THAT'S A RHUM'UN

The idea of woodlands on the Western Isles is as foreign to most visitors as that of life on Mars, and yet it is much more plausible. There is evidence from old maps, historical literature and peat cores that the natural climax vegetation of the sheltered valleys of the northern and eastern parts of Rhum was woodland. To-day, however, only scraps of relic woodland exist on the low cliffs of the north and east coasts, and on the steep sides of some inland ravines.

How did this situation come about?

Woodland clearance commenced with the arrival of man about 6500 BC, perhaps earlier if we accept the evidence of the Bloodstone flint tool industry recently discovered in Kinloch Glen. Widespread grazing by domestic and deer stock, combined with 'muirburn' in an attempt to improve grazing, effectively prevented regeneration. Soil fertility has been lost and whole communities of woodland plants and animals have disappeared with little or no likelihood of their ever being able to re-colonise the island without further action by man.

Thus one of the principal aims of the Nature Conservancy's management has been to try to recreate the original Hebridean woodland, and by doing so improve and diversify the biological productivity of Rhun.

Following early experimental plantings in the 1950s, a nursery was established at Kinloch to provide seedlings, and some 1600 acres fenced in the mid-70s to exclude deer on the north and south shores of Loch Scresort. Each year, a small planting programme is undertaken, with birch, rowan, hazel -and shrub willow on the poorest ground, Scots pine on the dry east and north facing slopes and oak and holly on the better, more sheltered sites.

Mainland forestry techniques, principally ground preparation by ploughing, have been adopted to get trees established. Planting will continue until 1995 and is seen as the germ of the future forest which will adjust itself to the vagaries of soil and exposure. The programme was a unique vision in the 1950s and, encouraging as the results are to date, it will not reach its true potential for several generations. What assistance could the SHS offer to such a programme? Firstly, we were able to collect seed from some of the maturing- trees, for propagation in the nursery and for subsequent planting. Our target species was birch, whose catkins were ripening during our visit. Nearly half the members had a go, although very few went back to the woods a second time. On rough, wet days (did we get any?) it was quite pleasant to stand among the bushes of the Kilmory plots and pick into the collecting sacks. Surprising how people can disappear into limited cover, and what a deal of shouting and whistling it took to get the enthusiasts into the open again. It was quite possible to go into a trance, perhaps akin to a peasant's appreciation of a cathedral, if the midges weren't biting too much. In all, a very restful activity, but few converts. There was scope for arboreal working, climbing up into the crowns, but the picking positions proved precarious and generally unrewarding. We were asked for three pounds of seed, but I doubt if we tipped the scales beyond four ounces - less than the weight of a Mars bar. If only Mars bars grew on trees!

Maintenance of records is important, and this formed the other part of our contribution: to map the spring 1985 plantings of birch and Scots pine on the south shore of Loch Scresort.

This was conducted by a close traverse survey, with compass and tape, around each plot, and charting its position in relation to its neighbours and to its position on the island. The survey also allowed us to sit in the Warden's office, drawing up scale maps, whilst the rest of the camp fought the rising flood waters. (Thanks for saving my kit, Jim).

Keeping the field notebook dry wasn't easy, and identifying landmarks for cross bearings was impossible when the cloud was down, but the results were creditable and will enable the Warden to identify the 1985 plot series from aerial photographs when these are taken in years to come.

Walking along a plough turf was even easier than walking down to the post office, but again, surprisingly few converts. Perhaps the high relative humidity did much to obscure the uniqueness of the vision.

Well done, seedsmen and Hebridean surveyors!

Sarah, Alison, Philip, Maurice, Billy, John, Matthew, Alan, Michael and Mike.



GEOLOGY ON RHUM

Rhum was originally Torridonian clastic sediments, lewisian gneisses and triassic breccias, grits and sandstone. These are now mainly outside the main ring fault. There has been some metamorphic rocks found that are thought to have been Jurassic limestone's, these are inside the main ring fault.

The tertiary was the period when the present sequences were laid down. The main ring fault threw an area up by 200m. This now splits the tertiary from the Torridonian. The ultra-basic rocks were laid down in the south along with the lewes.

All this was sculptured into its present shape by the ice age. It is thought that Rhum had its own ice cap.

Some ice features were seen, notably corries, e.g. between Sgurr nan Gillean and Ainsheval, also between Askival, Hallival and Trallival. These were seen on a trip to Dibidil. These were connected by some arêtes. Drumlins were seen as we walked down Glen Shellesder.

While on the Dibidil trip we climbed on sandstones on Beinn nan Stac. We also walked around to Papadil where gabbro and layered peridotite/allivalite were seen. Peridotite was also seen and climbed on at some outcrops about 3 km up the track from Harris. Harris is also an area of peridotite, but the most interesting thing here is the post-glacial raised-beaches.

A trip to Bloodstone Hill proved extremely interesting, it also made pockets heavier for the walk back! At Guirdil, the cliffs are made of sandstones, this has angled steeply and so has allowed the formation of caves and more noticeably, arches and stacks. A series of branching dolerite sills and dykes was also noticed.

Mike Newman

{To the tune of "I've been a wild rover")} –

I've been a school pupil for many a year
And I always was happy until I came here;
Schools Hebridean Society, it did sound like fun
Until we arrived on the Isle of Rhum.

CHORUS

And it's no more midges, no more midges no more
Will I be a blood donor for midges no more.

Climbin', abseilin', I'd relish with glee,
Up and down mountains as quick as can be;
We climbed the dam wall, its grade was VD,
When Stuart fell off, he cried: "Oh, dear me!"

We camped on a flood plain, the dam it was burst,
The river it rose and soaked all of us.
The farmhouse our refuge, out of the rain,
But then the next morning we came back again.

Our leader was Alan, he came from the north.
He wore a strange hat and he looked like a dwarf.
Jim was an AL, sneaky rutter was he:
And he taught the plonkers to brew up the tea.

We went off to Canna with Ali and Tim,
But the meths they did somehow forget to put in.
Mike was the tree man, dressed all in green,
Alison's hair, it was washed in the stream (twice a day).

The expedition is over and we've done our best
And now we'll say something that may have been guessed:
We've canoed and we've abseiled with a great zest,
But now we're off home for a well-earned rest!

What are we? Well, 'ard!

(C) Rhum Expo. '85

HARRIS RHENIGIDALE EXPEDITION 1985

Leader: Jo Walker

Assistant Leaders: Warwick Armstrong, Peter Schuller, Roy Tooth Honorary

Assistant Leaders: Elspeth Micklem, Gary Sage

Members: Shaun Dickinson, Terence Drage, Julian Eloë, Karl Embleton, John Humpherson, Mark Hunter, Andrew Maddox, Sally Sharpe, Colin Simmons, Michael Spencer, Ben Start, Craig Allister

Visiting chauffeur: Dougie Warburton

Looking at the small group of rucksack-clad folk waiting on Glasgow Queen Street Station, I looked back on months of preparation and forward to the two and a half weeks to come, wondering what they would have in store.

After a smooth journey through the Western Highlands and Islands, everyone eventually arrived at the remote village of Rhenigidale. The camp was established quickly and efficiently, mainly due to an enthusiastic and willing group of AL's and members. Luckily it stayed dry long enough for us to get all the tents up in reasonable time. The following day, under the direction of Mark, furniture building with planks and bits of wood begged and borrowed from around the village was the immediate task for most of the members; while our CA Eppie, and Roy's duty group, proceeded to construct a highly efficient kitchen area. So camp was soon established.

For me, a cup of tea in bed began the first day of what turned out to be a cheerful and light-hearted expedition. Appalling weather, and the early departure of Craig, could have dampened spirits, but the absence of midges, a fantastic sense of humour on the part of everybody, cheerful singing sessions with hostellers from as far apart as USA, Australia, Italy and Sweden, and including our own version of Hotel California, along with constant activity of one kind or another, succeeded in refreshing and motivating everyone in a variety of ways, as the accounts to follow indicate.

Water activities were the first to get under way, directed by Warwick. The P4 made many trips to Tarbert and around the bay. With capsizing drills completed, canoeing trips went to the cave, Loch Seaforth and the waterfall shower along the coast which was only accessible from the sea. Cleanliness was a prominent feature of the expedition!! Roy, the expedition medic, was determined to limit the number of diarrhoea tablets handed out and prevent the usual, distinctive expedition odours; some members were even seen shaving!

Walking was a bit limited because of the numerous days on which it poured with rain. Despite this, once initial training had taken place,



visits were made to the Uiseval Ridge, Todduin, Glen Laxadale, the local coastline and Tarbert. The record for the walk from the camp to the end of the path was 52 minutes, set by our wildlife expert, Karl. Bivvies to Todduin, Callanish and Luskentyre included some walking, lots of hitching and, in the case of the first Callanish bivvy, the luxury of an automatic Daimler borrowed from the carpenter Angus, to whom we are very grateful, and driven by Doggie Warburton, who visited us for a week. The mega-Callanish Bivvy also reached the top of the highest peak in the Outer Hebrides - Clisham.

In and around camp, a large variety of wildlife was seen, including golden eagles, otters, porpoises, seals and numerous sea birds. We also visited the deserted village of Molinginish, and when the rock was dry enough (which wasn't very often) Roy was able to take some folk climbing and abseiling, fishing was done with various degrees of success and much was discovered about the environment and the way of life in Rhenigidale. We were able to visit the Shiant Islands, shear sheep, enjoy fruit salad (with grapes), toffee (which should have been vanilla fudge), numerous wee stripaks and drams. None of this would have been possible without the support and friendship of the people of Rhenigidale. We were all struck by the generosity and kindness of everyone in the village. We were able to repay some of this kindness by moving a large number of breeze blocks and a rayburn. I'd like to take this opportunity to extend my special thanks to Roddy McInnes for letting us use his land and corrugated iron, his frequent visits and kindness, including

letting us use the hostel in our hour of need. Kathy and Alistair, Mairi-Ann and Fiona, thanks for the fantastic housewarming party. Katie, Marion, Lorna and Callum, thanks for the rose and putting up with my frequent use of the phone. Moira, Kenny and Duncan, thanks for the use of the cooking books, vanilla essence and boat. Angus and wee Kenny, thanks for your company.

Our extended stay, due to bad weather, was, an enjoyable one despite (perhaps because of) my purple hair rinse and falling into a bog (twice). Leaving at 2.00 a.m. on Monday, sitting amidst the pile of equipment on the launch, with Kenny's boat (a Dunkirk veteran) being towed behind full of tired, happy people and their rucksacks, and the P4 buzzing along beside it, I looked back at Toddun and Rhenigidale bay with a sense of sadness at leaving. The expedition had been a success due to the fantastic group of AL's and members that I had with me. I'd especially like to thank Roy, my deputy and shoulder in times of need, Warwick and Peter for all their hard work, Eppie, our honorary AL and camp administrator for a difficult job well done and Gary, an honorary AL for a week in Warwick's absence.

In the words of Jules, without whose Canadian camp songs, the evenings would have been far less fun:

Thanks to the spirit of the sea for calming me,
And to the Stones of Callanish for humbling me.

Urghas of thanks to the SHS Rhenigidale crew, everyone on Harris, the Board and Management Committee, without whose hard work this awesome expedition would not have been possible.

Jo Walker

A SHORT STUDY OF RHENIGIDALE SHORE

Higher shore - Zone 1, Middle shore - Zone 2, Lower shore - Zone 3

Brown seaweed - Phylum Phaeophyta	1	2	3
Breadlet anemone - Actinia equina		2	3
Dog whelk - Nucella lapillus			3
Common mussel - Mytilus edulis			3
Common limpet - Patella vulgata		2	3
Acorn barnacle - Balanus balanoides		2	3

This short study was brought to you by Terence "Terry" Drage,

Rhenigidale 1985

THE MEGA-BIVVI (The Awesome Walk)

Objectives: By road to Callanish to see the Standing Stones; by road to Vigadale Bay at the north eastern end of the Clisham Horseshoe; walk the ridge of the Clisham Horseshoe and return by Maaruig.

Party: Roy, Peter, Jules, John, Karl, Mark, Eppie and Mike.

Daily Diary:

Friday: After a full kit inspection by Herr Kommandant Tooth, the party was ready to depart at 10.10 a.m. Following the "telegraph road" northwards, we made our way to the metropolis of Maaruig and, exhibiting impeccable timing, arrived just two minutes before the bus which, fortunately, arrived five minutes late. By this stage, it was fairly 'honking' and the thoroughly wet party abandoned all plans to save on bus fares by hitching. The journey to Liurbost crossroads, however, cost the greater part of our remaining ready cash. Faced by large scale bankruptcy, we were left with two alternatives: either to bivvi at the crossroads or attempt hitching to Callanish. Full of naive enthusiasm and youthful vigour, the party elected to hitch. Karl and Peter, in fine style, got a lift for the entire distance and arrived at Callanish with about five hours to kill, complaining that there was nothing to do. Others walked most of the way. As the evening shadows lengthened and the sun set in the cloudless sky (OK, a bit of poetic license here) Eppie and I staggered into the tearoom to find the remainder of the party happily devouring bowls of vegetable soup and generally looking rather smug.

After recuperating for an hour or so, we decided we may as well go and look at the lumps of rock that were the object of our quest. In the words of our Canadian cousin, they were "awesome". The camp site was a distinct improvement on the Rhenigidale peat bog and the executive committee decided unanimously to propose moving base camp to Callanish. Later, abandoning all hope of a picturesque sunset over the stones, we retired to bed ready for the early start planned for Saturday.

Saturday: We woke at 7.30 a.m. with the intention of hitching to Stornoway in time for lunch and some shopping for supplies. However, although Karl and Peter set out purposefully at 9.00 and arrived at 10.30, the rest of the party decided that a lie-in was better than a day in Stornoway and so left at 12.00, having breakfasted in the coffee shop.

The day was spent hitching to Vigadale Bay at the northern end of the Clisham Horseshoe. Hitching success varied, but Eppie and I maintained our reputation by arriving last, having walked most of the way.

Saturday evening was notable for its midges (first of the expedition!) and megameal created from the entire expedition supply of soya mince in addition to the bivvi ration of minced beef. The result was, to say the least, "awesome".

Sunday: The executive committee convened early and abandoned *-he idea of a ridge wal due to the manky weather. As an alternative, Roy discovered a hitherto unknown route up Clisham, combining maximum distance with a near-vertical ascent starting from a point 10km down the road.

Later, at the foot of Clisham, the executive committee reconvened to veto this proposal and to substitute the blindingly obvious direct route. As we climbed Clisham, the weather deteriorated rapidly so that on attaining the summit of the mighty peak, visibility was down to 50 feet and the view somewhat restricted. The trek back to base camp via Maaruig was long and uneventful but our effort was rewarded on return, as we were greeted by a welcome-home meal of spam fritters.

Mike Spencer, with help from Eppie Micklem

THE CALLANISH BIVVY (In a Daimler)

As the sun rose (even though we couldn't see it due to it being overcast like it had been for the majority of the trip), Jo, Gary, Sally, Warwick, Shaun, Douglas and I set off to walk to Tarbert to pick up Angus' Daimler for our (the first) Callanish Bivvy. After a dry walk (incredible!) from our base camp at Rhenigidale we arrived at the Daimler two hours later. While Jo, Andrew, Shaun and the chauffeur, Doug, drove to Callanish via Stornoway, arriving at half past four. Sally and Warwick, after getting about three lifts, arrived at Callanish at about quarter to four. Gary and I stopped in Tarbert for about three quarters of an hour, then we walked about two and a half miles before getting a lift in a battered old car which took us about a mile. After that, we walked for what seemed like hours, then got our second lift in a decrepit butcher's van. This was the most uncomfortable ride I have had in my whole life. Seeing as there was blood, bits of meat and a hole in the van floor, we ended up sitting on the wheel arches. This was no fun, especially as the road was very narrow, windy and bumpy. To really help matters, the butcher drove at about 60-80 mph along the way almost hitting two ambulances, a few cars and a large number of innocent sheep. After about 13 miles of this he finally dropped us off at the T-junction leading off the Stornoway road. We had a quick break there, and something to eat and drink. A local dog thought this was a great idea and so tried to cash in, but didn't succeed. We then walked and hitched to Callanish getting various other lifts and also seeing a mature golden eagle.

After a supper consisting of meatballs and smash, we watched the stones, lit only by an eerie full moon. Then, in the early hours of next morning, after a somewhat damp night, we had a visitor outside our tent, trying to eat the supper plates by the sound of it. We flashed the torch in the direction of the noise, to find that it was a cat cleaning off the plates. After that disturbance at four in the morning, we finally got back to sleep. After breakfast and a few more pictures being taken of the Callanish stones, Doug, Gary and I headed back to Tarbert via Stornoway, while the others hitched back. Shaun, Andrew and Jo arrived back at camp first, followed by Gary, Doug and I, after a soaking wet walk from Tarbert. Bedraggled as well, Warwick and Sally arrived shortly afterwards. Apart from the weather, it was a great bivvy, and certainly good fun, even though it did rain!

Ben Sturt, with help from Gary Sage and Lorna McInnes

STEW

Writhes as the snake pit
Seething mass in the cauldron of contempt
Waiting, crouching, deadly;
Born of the death of a dozen cans,
Putrid flesh in processed oblivion,
Infinite as the chasm.

AND DUMPLINGS

Obsequious gosp.
Treading stew in ignorant innocence;
Malignant mush
Oblivious to the spatula whirl of frenzied life without
And fashioned faire within,
The dumpling sits
Biding its time.

Mike Spencer

D of the D:

Mike, for hurling dumplings at the floor

Gary, for attempting to start the engine without spark plugs in, and replacing the sugar bowl upside down

Moron of the min:

11.25-26: Ben: Bouncing 241b hammer; upsetting water & soap

5.41-42: Roy: Filled shoe with water whilst peeling potatoes

Quotes:

JW: "Have you changed your socks?"

SD: "It's not Saturday yet"

Immoral things, like pre-marital sex and stereo systems

"What time is it?"

"Sorry, Terry, I've not got a watch."

"Ta. See ya.

Pete, Roy and Karl cowardly crawled into the tents but the rest of us settled inside the wall of the trig. point. This rapidly began to look like a shanty town as we covered ourselves with various bivvi-bags and karrimats in order to hold off the Scottish mist, which felt very like rain! The rain stopped and at least two of us never slept but sat up all night marvelling at the way the mist curled around us (and eating Bourneville chocolate).

A very misty five o'clock dawned and we had to get back to camp to make the breakfast as Roy, Mike and I were the day's duty group, but we still had the experience to come of a quick descent down a sharp ridge with a very gusty Force 6 (at least) to hinder us. This was very exhilarating but occasionally made me wish that I had more than eight stone to hold me down. Of course, we all made it safely in great SHS tradition and the rest of the expedition got their porridge on time.

Sally Sharpe

ABC...

A is for Andrew with his cursed cold,
 B is for Bivvies for people so bold.
 C is for Colin and his blessed rangers,
 D is for Dinner and its hidden dangers.
 E is for Eppie, who has the job of C.A.,
 F is for Fraternizing, which goes on all day.
 G is for Gary, battling with the P4,
 H is for Honking, said in a Canadian drawl.
 I is for Inedible, which describes the spam,
 J is for Jo, crying out for a dram.
 K is for Kan, the wildlife boffin,
 L is for Lunch, which is occasionally gopping.
 M is for Mark, our weather guru,
 N is for Near-overflowing, which describes the loo.
 O is for Overcast, the usual weather,
 P is for Pete, unruffled as ever.
 Q is for Quiet, which is ever so rare
 R is for Roy, who does masochistic bivvies oh, and the medical care.
 S is for Shaun's letters, which make him merry,
 T is for Time, which is essential to Terry.
 U is for Uphill, the usual gradient,
 V is for Vile, which describes the earwig ingredient.
 W is for the Whip that would not set,
 X is for Xtras of food, which are hard to get.
 Y is for Yomping to Tarbert for the unfit, and finally
 Z is for those Zig-zags, oh no 'god damnit'!

Anon



Be like the sea, restless, but underneath, always calm; fill spaces where men cannot go, and by yielding to everything, overcome everything; be like the sea.

THE FOG

Became itself
In eddies and backwaters
Of wind and sea,
Grew on the rocks
Soft on hard shore,
Shapeless on hard barnacles.
Grasping at tendrils of itself, and rising thus from
Glass rippled slow heaves,
Crawling from silent still blade
Of grass to silent still blade
Of grass to silent still blade
Of grass to
My thoughts, and carefully encircling them
With a quiet blanket of nonentity.

Julian Eke

JURA EXPEDITION 1985

LEADER'S REPORT

Leader: Robert McDermott

Assistant Leaders: Linda Bird, Steven Brown, Sarah Butler, Brigit Hutchinson, Simon Ringrose, Kirsten Warburton

Members: Michael Bailey, Howard Beaumont, Richard Bougeard, Elizabeth Boulter, Susanna Boxall, Siobhan Burke, Jeremy dough, Darren Couzens, Alasdair Davidson, Justine Detter, Simon Duckworth, Nicholas Gee, Rachael Goberman, Hetta Hare, Keith Hawker, Ryan Herbert, Georgina Hopwood, Michael Krango, Alasdair Lennox, Nicholas Martin, John Parry, Martin Phillips, David Strong, Alison Townend, Nicholas Travers, Philip Wright.

1985 saw the tenth expedition to the Isle of Jura by the SHS, and it was one that I approached with not only a great deal of anticipation but also with some trepidation. It was my first expedition as Leader and I wondered, amongst other things, about being able to cope with the responsibility.

Watching the expedition unfold from when I first met two members at Heathrow (our first members from the Channel Islands) meeting new members and parents at Euston, to arriving 90 minutes late in Glasgow (thanks, BR) and to finally getting all the expedition together on the ferry to Islay (along with our equipment), I knew that I had made the right decision when I was originally asked to lead way back in September '84.

How I wished I had not been so keen when I woke up to the sound of rain lightly (!!!) pattering on the roof of the village hall in Craighouse at 5.00 a.m. on a Monday morning. Travelling up the island by Landover, I was almost tempted to inflate the P4 and get rid of a year's rust (me, not the engine) and cruise slowly up the centre of the road, such was the rain. We were, in actual fact, witnessing the worst rain in July/August for twenty years on Jura.

However, I was determined (even if no-one else was very keen) to get camp erected that day. As one member put it: "Why bother keeping yourself dry when your rucksack and tent are already soaking wet?" Miraculously, the rain stopped, the sun shone, (briefly) and camp was erected in under three hours which was, to me, a marvellous achievement. Or was it the threat of no food until camp was up that did the trick?

On our first full day in camp, we saw a small sailing craft coming past the site and, for some reason; anchor and the occupants start to come ashore. From where we were, we could just make out the name, the 'Morag'. Had Kirsten's sister come to haunt us? Our fears were unfounded. It was Revd Peter Youngson with two friends. He had called in to say hello and renew friendships with some of the expedition from previous times. Over the next two weeks, we had a lot of contact with Peter and words cannot sum up the great debt that the SHS owes to Peter and his wife.

From providing us with two wonderful evenings of entertainment (one at Cruib lodge, one at the manse), to telling us off in church for not 'hitching', to loaning me the use of his car overnight, he was indispensable. A better person you would be hard to find anywhere.

Each expedition has its problems, and this one was no exception. What started out as a mega-bivvy to Kinuachdrach on the north coast developed into what was very nearly a quite serious situation. At the other end of the scale, we actually managed to lose a member before we had left Glasgow - is this a record? Nine members, Darren, Nick, Justine, Alison, George, Izzy, Nick, Nick and Jeremy, would all like to lay claim to a record. Two hours of preparation for a bivvy less than 100 yards from camp! And even then, it was touch and go as to whether they would actually go!

One of the highlights of the expedition was the afternoon spent at Ardlussa Sports, where we have always been welcome. The Saturday started with me and two others having to tow Peter Youngson into deep water (using the P4, obviously) so that he could start his engine, and all before breakfast! Due to typical SHS efficiency, we were running about two hours late, so I decided to route-march six members out of camp to the road to Ardlussa, and the six mile walk was achieved in under 90 minutes. When all had arrived, we set about enjoying ourselves and laughing at others participating. Special mention to Mike Bailey for winning the obstacle race and coming third in the 220 yard dash. Also deserving of a mention are the ALs who introduced new meaning to the term 'three-legged'. One of the leaders suggested that all the ALs should enter as one!! This was greeted with much mirth by the members, all of which changed when the ALs, starting from the rear of the grid (due to the leaders age), actually finished third from last and overtook two lots of members on the way to the line.

Another record that we are definitely laying claim to (well, two really) came about in the tug of war. Spirits were high as we picked up the rope for our first pull, muscles tightened, teeth gritted. The flag dropped and bang, there we all were, flat on our faces in the mud, having lasted barely one and a half seconds. Wiping the mud off, we changed ends and felt much more confident this time. After all, they could do it again...could they? Somehow, this end seemed better, and on the command 'pull', we all heaved. What was happening? There we were, actually holding the same team that had just pulled us in under two seconds. Then, miracle of miracles, we actually took a step backwards. What could it be? Were we about to get banished from the island for ever? Future expos do not fear, as we relented our pressure and let ourselves be pulled, having lasted a superb total of 39 seconds, surely an SHS record. The heavyweight team consisted of Philip, Mike B., Keith, Simon R., Steve and yours truly.

All too soon, it was time to leave Cruib Lodge and head back to civilisation. I certainly enjoyed my first expedition as leader and I would like to say a very big thank you to all the members and especially to the ALs, who did a wonderful job in difficult weather conditions. We must also remember and thank all the hidden heroes: the islanders, Mr Lindsay Bury, landowner, Iain and Donald, estate workers, and many, many others. Also to the people within the Society for arranging the food, equipment, boats etc. etc.

Thank you all.

Robert McDermott

JURA 1985

It was my first expedition with the SHS (and by no means my last). Give or take a couple of hours I enjoyed every minute of it. The journey up was very long and boring; not knowing anyone didn't help either. When we finally arrived in Glasgow (one hour late) I had made friends with a couple of SHS old girls.

The minute I set foot on Jura, I knew it was the place for me. It was so peaceful. No traffic, people or anything. All around was unspoilt country, we spent the night in Craighouse Village Hall which was a very exciting (or should I say exhausting?) experience as a few of the young islanders tried to keep us awake by revving up their motorbikes outside our windows. Eventually they went away, and we were left to sleep in peace.

Waking up to the pouring rain wasn't very encouraging but still, the weather wasn't going to put us off. After a very wet morning enlivened by Brownie games on the beach we were ferried across to the far side of Loch Tarbert. We then had to walk across to our campsite. Sadly, our map reader couldn't read maps....

We ended up having to wade through a fast-flowing river, and I fell in and was soaked to the skin. Little did I know that this was not the last, time I was going to get so wet!

We pitched our tents at a place called Cruib Lodge. The site was fantastic; all around us were hills (three miles to the road). The peace and quiet was absolutely amazing. During the next two weeks, I climbed the Paps, went canoeing, exploring, abseiling and walking.

I must say this was the best holiday (sorry. Budgie, I mean expedition) I have ever been on. Thanks to everyone.

Hetta

THE JOURNEY TO KINUACHDRACH

Kirsten, Brigit, Howard, Martin, Alasdair, Darren, Nick, Nick T., Jersey (Richard).

On Tuesday during the second week of the Expedition we all got up and packed ready for the walk up to Kinuachdrach. We started walking from the boathouse and after about two miles Alasdair (Esso) and I got a lift to Ardlussa. Here we dumped our rucksacks and ran down to Inverlussa to use the 'phone. The 'phone was out of order.

We ran back up the track and started walking again towards Kinuachdrach. The sun was blazing down and we were both sweating during our long walk, about fourteen miles in total. We passed through Loalt where there is a workshop for weaving, spinning and dyeing. On and on we went, resting and drinking at streams and rivers.

Our hearts leapt when we came upon a rather simple sign proclaiming:

Barnhill 4½ miles.

Kinuachdrach 5 miles

End of road 600 yards

The track roughened, and we had to negotiate herds of cows as an additional hazard.

At last we came to Barnhill, where George Orwell wrote '1984'. Barnhill is only a little whitewashed building in the middle of nowhere - nothing really great.

We carried on and caught sight of the farm at Kinuachdrach at around 7 o'clock. It took us twenty minutes to do the last mile or so. When we got to the farm, we both crashed out in the bunkhouse drinking tea and waiting for the others to arrive.

Martin Philips

TLC

Late at night,
What an awful sight,
Right outside our tent,
George and me
Threw up our tea'
Off to Brigit we went.
From ten 'til two
All we could do
Was heave and heave and heave.
So we went to bed,
Nearly dead,
Was it time to leave?
Morning came,
We heaved again.
Would it ever stop?
We closed our eyes
And fantasized
Of life without the grots.
As days went by,
It was the venison pie
That did the dirty deed.
But of course the ALs,
Being themselves,
Give us what we need:
T.L.C.

*tender loving Care

Justine and George

SHS stew

Has always a chew
Of midges and other delicious things
And items which our Kirsten brings.
It's gooey and gungey
Whilst viscous and mungey
When sopped in a mug
By some duty group thug.
But then it congeals
And afterwards peels
Into brown-yellow strips
Which smear on your lips,
Then drip on to a shirt.
Plastered in dirt.
From shirt it may fall
(Or sometimes will crawl)
Right down to the ground.
Where it can be found
By Budgie, our leader,
Who then is a pleader
As he yells about cleanliness.
Oh, where is his friendliness?
But, back to the stew,
We sigh with a "Phew!"
As the nauseous aroma draws near.

By Gooby, with help from the rest of
the objects living in my tent



WHAT A NIGHT

Alison, George, Nick (Travers), Justine, Izzy, Jeremy, Darren,
Nick (Rambo II), Nick (Gee).

"Who fancies going on a bivvy?" came a voice from the ever hectic marquee. The members mentioned above replied promptly to this question. The time was nine o'clock and we were just finishing one of our delicious meals from our a la carte menu!!!

Once we had planned this, we had to consult our leader, Rob. He said this was fine, but he wanted to know where we were going. We decided to go up the crags behind the camp. The idea was to get everyone out of camp. As many people were out on bivvies, there were only a few of us left.

Our plan was to collect sleeping bags, bivvy bags, waterproofs and the ever-faithful midge repellent, go up to the crags and be back in time for breakfast. It was getting later and later, Rambo II was hinting by telling us the time every twenty seconds or so. Finally, we filled in the signing out book and handed in our route cards, from the tent door to the top of the crags! We were off at long last.

Rambo II and Darren left our party and carried on a little way as they did not want to be kept awake until 2.15 a.m. with songs from every musical you can think of and jokes from Justine. Finally, we were sent to sleep with a lullaby from George!

I was awoken at 7.45 a.m. by Justine shouting abuse at the midges! As we arrived back at camp we had our photo taken by Budgie. (Our superb bivvy group had set a new SHS record. It had taken two and a half hours to prepare a bivvy which was, at the most, 200 yards out of camp!

Alison

PIKture of Hoppiness

Here we  at Cruib Lodge
Eating little  of stodge
This is the place if you want 
We can't dry out, it's really a pain
As we  through the bags
Trying to avoid  and 
We got  to death by midges
And  together by Bligat
The Isle of Jura has lots of 
And when you go  they're always near

bringly composed

By Hippy & Toad

(Ryan & Simon)

COLONSAY EXPEDITION 1985

Leader 's Report

Leader: Colette Armitage

Assistant Leaders: James McMillan, Peter Davies, Mike Young, Alex Head, Hugh Lorimer, Mark Cocks, Claire McCombe

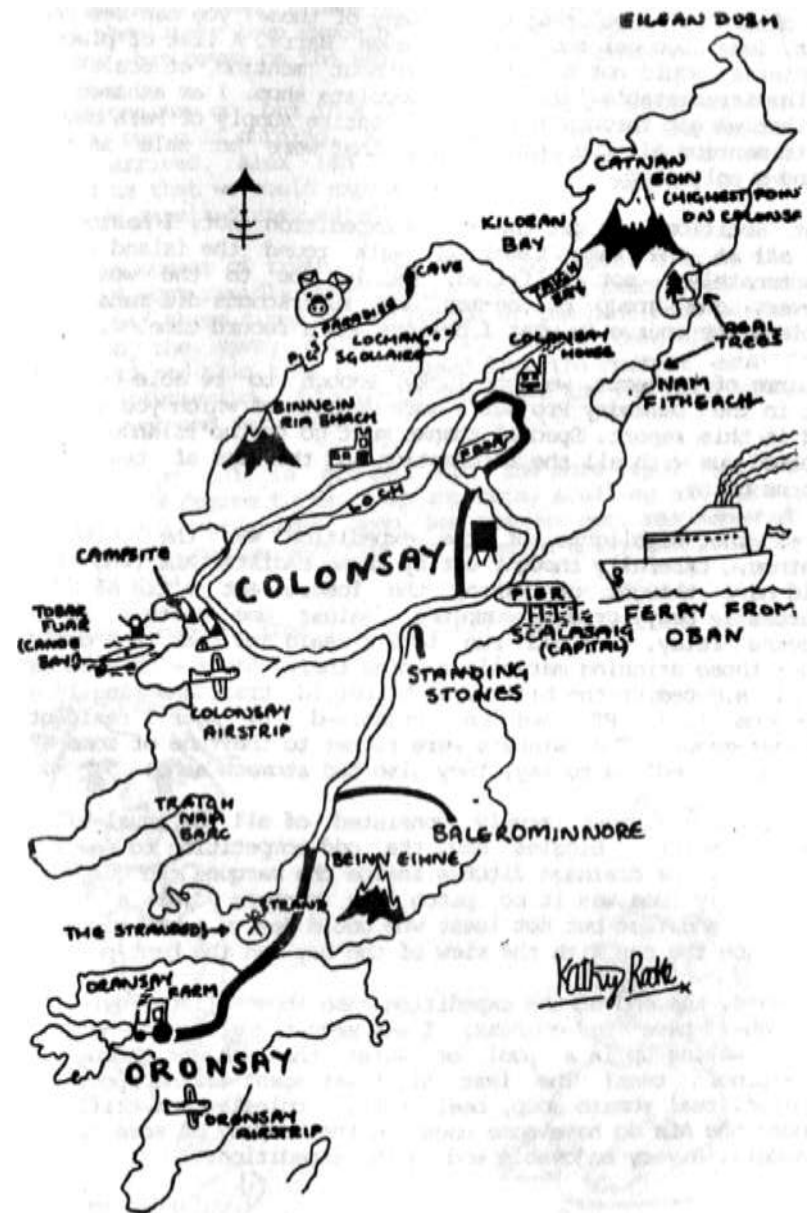
Members: Andrew Baker, Alex Boakes, Graeme Brown, Kirk Bullen, Mark Cannon, Paul Clough, Paul Connolly, Sarah Curtis, Sally Davies, Steven Day, Stephen Dunn, Mary Fawcett, Nick Furneaux, Mark Goslyn, Kristian Kershaw, Margaret Lees, Andrew Marsh, Duncan Palmer, Avishai Russell, Philip Scriven, Neil Taylor, Danny Webb, Kathy Rooke, Patrick Gambier.

Irate leader to BR employee, late afternoon on the day of departure:

"What do you mean, the 21 24 from Bristol to Glasgow has been cancelled"

From that moment on I just knew that this was going to be one of THOSE expeditions. Fortunately for us, BR provided an 'alternative' train (diesel as opposed to electric) and the rest of the journey north was surprisingly uneventful. No-one missed the train, no-one got lost in Glasgow and no-one left their kit on the train to Edinburgh! After some 30 hours travelling we finally arrived on Colonsay in one piece. It was, as they say, good to be back. The Colonsay Appreciation Society lives on, having gained a few more members.

The inclement weather didn't really hinder us in any way other than that we couldn't spend hours sunbathing on Kiloran Bay, that beautiful expanse of golden beach reminiscent of the Mediterranean. In addition to the usual activities, canoeing, climbing, sailing and even, on one moderately fine day, swimming, much time was spent getting to know the island, and going to see some of the many places of interest: the caves at Kiloran where Bonnie Prince Charlie is reputed to have hidden; the magnificent cliffs at Pigs Paradise on the west coast; the abandoned village at Riasg Buidhe (Gaelic for Yellow Moor) -once a thriving fishing community until it was evacuated in 1922 and the people re-housed near the road at Glassard; Oronsay Priory accessible only at low tide; one of the few remaining monasteries in the Western Isles; and Carnan Eoin (Bird Cairn) which, at 470 feet is the island's highest peak and from where, on a clear day (not that we had many of these) you can see Ben Nevis, Iona, Donegal and sometimes even Barra



A list of places of interest would not be complete without mention of Scalasaig and the irresistible lure of the chocolate shop. I am ashamed to say that we got through the island's entire supply of Mars bars, not to mention all the other goodies that were on sale in the island's only shop.

Great ambitions to get the entire expedition (not, I hasten to add, all at the same time) to walk round the island were, unfortunately, not fulfilled, mainly due to the weather. However, one group of he-men and superscouts did manage to complete the course in what I believe was a record time.

In terms of projects, we were lucky enough to be able to take part in the "Domesday Project", more details of which you should find in this report. Special thanks must go to the islanders who supplied us with all the information and the cups of tea that kept us going.

One of the highlights of the expedition was the Colonsay Marathon, carefully thought out by those sadistic ALs (who else could have thought of making the losers eat a tin of cold tomatoes?) Duty groups competed against one another in a canoeing relay, a road run to Scalasaig and back (who could forget those grinning marshals rubbing their hands with glee as you all slogged up the hill?), a blindfold trail and finally a strenuous (?) PT session organised by our resident sergeant-major. The winners were richer to the tune of some 48 Mars bars; needless to say, they also had stomach ache!

Evening entertainment largely consisted of all the usual silly games, 'bunnies', 'biggles' etc, the odd competition to see who could empty the drainage ditches inside the marquee the quickest (whose silly idea was it to pitch the marquee over a hole, anyway?) and last but not least who could design a new superloo to replace the one with the view of the bay and the bent poles.

As always, the end of the expedition came about all too quickly, although I have to confess, I was secretly glad. I'm not too keen on waking up in a pool of water that has got through my 'waterproof' tent! The last night was spent eating specially prepared, real tomato soup, beef curry, coleslaw and trifle (I suppose the ALs do have some uses) in the company of some of the islanders. A very enjoyable end to the expedition.

Colette Armitage

, CANOEING

This is the main reason I came on an SHS "holiday" (pardon??? -Eds) - I absolutely love canoeing. I'd canoed before in various situations, but never on the sea, so this was a challenge.

Before anyone may go out in a canoe they must do their capsizing drill. So, one cold morning, we all walked down to the beach. When we arrived, Alex (an AL) explained what to do and reassured us that we could expect to last 12 minutes in the water if we capsized unexpectedly.

Now was the moment of truth. I swayed to the left, then to the right, and went rapidly over. Having been told exactly what to do, I tapped three times on the bottom of the boat, and pulled the cord on the spray deck, but it didn't come off. So I punched it, and this time it released from the cockpit and I surfaced, spluttering, I swam to the shore and ran back to my tent, very wet and very cold!

We could now go out in groups into the more "open" sea. We practised 360 degree turns, slap supports, sculling and Eskimo rolls. We even practised deep sea rescue: that was somewhat unexpected. One day we went out in a quite heavy swell, which was really great.

I must say, however, that I enjoy all the activities, and not just canoeing

Phil Scriven



MEGAWALK - 24 miles around Colonsay in 9 hours 2 minutes

With our sacks packed and our boots on, we left the camp site at 9.35 am. We set off along the road to Cnoc na ban, and then across the beach to get to the cliffs leading to Pigs Paradise. After covering this part of the walk with great speed, we came down across a bay and through a natural arch to get on to the track to Kiloran Bay.

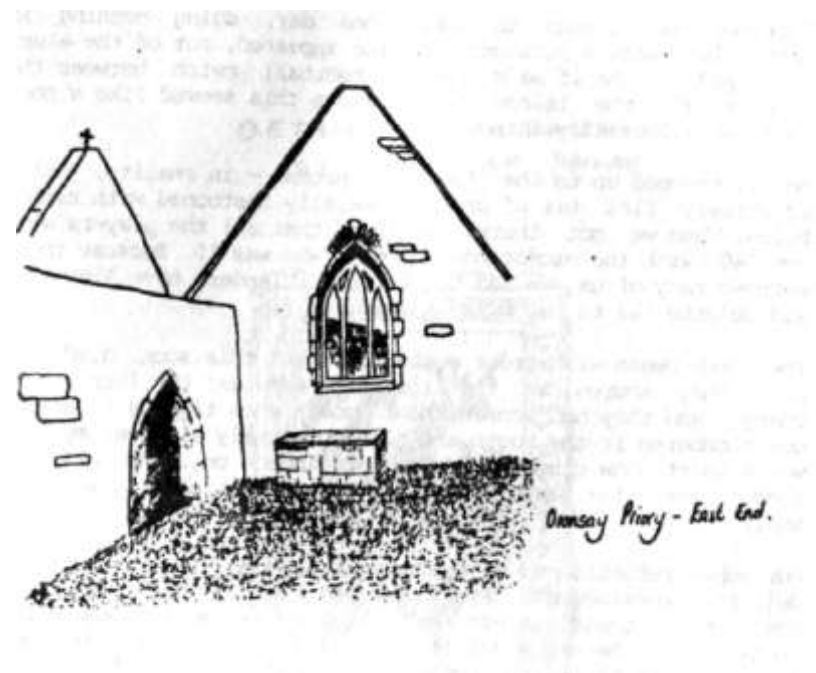
We managed to cross the stream/river, and headed along the beach at Kiloran. At the north side of the Bay we picked up a path which led us past Carnan Boin and up to Balnahard, where we stopped for lunch. At this point, we deposited our packs, walked up to the northernmost tip of the island and back again.

We picked up our packs again, and walked towards a standing stone which we could see in the distance, and then over on to the east coast. The next four miles were certainly hard going: 2-3 foot high ferns and heather bogs with 10 foot rock climbs hidden in the vegetation. The only thing you could see was the back of the person in front of you (sounds more like the Congo - Eds). This terrain continued until we got to the track leading up to Colonsay House. We then followed the road to Scalasaig and had a well-deserved break for coke and Mars bars (-! - Eds,).

We skirted around the coast to the strand, and found a track which we followed as far as Cam Spris. From here the marquee in camp was clearly visible. Blisters were forgotten, packs became suddenly light and the pace increased. We headed for the airstrip and nearby sheepfolds and marched across to the campsite, where everyone dropped as if dead.

RECORD BEATEN BY 38 MINUTES!

Steven Day



COLONSAY

Rugged waters beat on a rocky shore;
The wind howls, long and cold:
It plays with the grass like a frustrated child.
Gulls fly overhead on gusts of wind.
Mountains tower above, looming over the scene.
The smells of salt and seaweed drift over the pebbles;
Occasional seals cone up to the surface, turn, and
plunge again, into the icy water.
Dark, rain filled clouds race across the sky,
The first drips of rain cast shimmering circles on the water
Puddles form on the turf,
Shadows lengthen;
The sun sinks and the day ends

INTER ISLAND CUP FINAL

Everyone was around in camp one day, doing nothing in particular, when a stranger in blue appeared, out of the blue, and asked Colette if we'd like a football match between the members and the island team. Since this seemed like a good idea, we all readily agreed.

We all trooped up to the football pitch - in reality, just a relatively flat bit of ground liberally festooned with rabbit holes. When we got there, we found that all the players were over 40, with the exception of one, who was 19. Because there were so many of us, we had to let the islanders have Alex (AL) and Colette (L) to be on their side.

The match began with great enthusiasm, but this soon died down when they scored in the first five minutes! Our luck didn't change, and they had scored NINE goals when tragedy struck. I got clobbered in the mouth and bled profusely all over my nice white shirt"(how clumsy - Eds). I soldiered on, and all of a sudden our star player, Jim, turned up and instantly scored a goal.

Our hopes refurbished, we set upon the opposition with feverish delight, kicking down every body we could. (This is sport? -Eds). One of their players had no shoes on, so I stood on his socks just as he was about to score; he of course fell flat, and was after me for the rest of the match. But in the end the score was 11-1 to them!

Because the referee was an AL, Pete, we thought we should give him something for his troubles (-? - Eds): we set upon him trying to take his trousers off but he managed to escape.

The opposition were absolutely exhausted, and so, to revive themselves, partook of a little McEwans! On behalf of us all, I would like to thank the island team for a great afternoon.

Nick Furneaux

COLONSAY CAMP QUOTES

"Stop whingeing your way out of a whinge,"

"Up yours, uglee"

To-day we counted four different types of cloud: from that we concluded it was raining."

"I wish this wind would blow away."

"Everybody's picking on me."

Editors' note: The perpetrators of the above are unspecified - anyone like to claim ownership?

DETAIL FROM A TOMBSTONE
AT ORONSAY PRIORY



ALs: Pete Davies, Jimmy McMillan, Black Adder + Horse + Armour?!
(be prepared?! - Eds)

Members: Phil Scriven, Nick Furneaux, Steve Day, Patrick Gambier, Danny Webb, Kathy Rooke, Mark Cannon, Mary Fawcett

We left camp at about 11.00 am, setting off towards Kiloran Bay. Kathy, Danny, Mark and I began at the head of the group. It was a long and tiring walk through numerous BOGGY fields, and we were soon very wet.

At Kiloran we had to cross a stream. Inevitably, someone had to fall in, so Kathy did a lovely swan dive and got soaked from head to foot (at least she was graceful? - Eds). We carried on and climbed to the top of Carnan Eoin, which is the highest point on the island. We were now up in the clouds, so we couldn't see much. (Sounds familiar - Eds)

We headed for the standing stone and at least saw the potential camp site. We ran down the hill towards it and into some very BOGGY ground. Phil decided to go a slightly different way. The next thing we knew was Phil "in" up to his waist. Then Steve got one leg wet up to the knee. Hard work, this stopping for the night...

We managed to put up Danny's two-man tent and Danny, Kathy, Mark and I put our stuff in a bivvy bag outside the tent. We then bedded down. {What did you do with the rest? - Eds). After a wet night with some sleep, we set off on our journey home

Housing

Most of the crofts on the island are made from local limestone, which was quarried near Cnoc-am-t-samhla, which is now disused.

Crofts can be left to anyone in a will, but a farm has to be handed down through a family.

Recently built houses had materials brought from the mainland: breeze block, cement and wood.

The Island's Hotel has 11 rooms and a bar called the "Bar Parliament" because it is the social centre for the island's people. It has a dining room which is not regularly used by islanders.

Colonsay House is built on the site of St Airan's Monastery. It was originally a farm house hut wings were built on and rooms added, which are now used as holiday flats. The grounds cover 30 acres, mostly of deciduous and coniferous forest.

Colonsay House owns 4 farms, 8 crofts, and 17 houses which are let to tourists.

Entertainment

In the high season concerts are held for tourists and islanders to join in. There are games of football and cricket, which is comparatively new but catching on fast. The young farmers often hold games. About once a month there is a ceilidh, which is an evening out where everyone dances and sings together.

On Burns Night there is usually an evening out with a big meal.

Farming

Most people on the island grow their own vegetables. Most sheep are kept for wool but some are sold at market on the island which takes place every September. Islanders also fish for lobsters in the boats which go out from Scalasaig and also from the Pier.

The remaining food, which they cannot catch or grow themselves, they buy in the shop at Scalasaig. Dairy products and bread are delivered to the islanders.

Local Services

There is a bus on the island which is run by Strathclyde Council and driven by an islander. This bus is not as well used as it could be, as most islanders have their own methods of transport, for example, cars, mopeds, bicycles, boats.

The only islander who possesses cows provides all the milk, butter and cheese on the island and also delivers it to all the other islanders. The same islander also drives the bus and empties the dustbins.

The gas is brought over from the mainland and put in canisters by the ferry. It is then delivered around the island by an islander.

The mail also comes across from the mainland on the ferry. It is then sorted by the post office and delivered by a land rover.

Education

The local primary school has sixteen pupils and one full-time teacher as well as a part-time/stand-in teacher. The teacher has been there 21 years and lives locally. The ages of the children range from five to twelve. The school times are 9.30 to 3.45. There is an after school club which gives concerts regularly. There is a school outing yearly to Oban lasting a weekend.

Everyone uses the school bus. The school has one computer (BBC Acorn), one television, a slide projector, tape recorder and wireless. There are virtually no class lessons because of age problems. All work is previously set by the teacher. There is one person who comes in to prepare lunch for the children so everyone has cooked meals.

Language

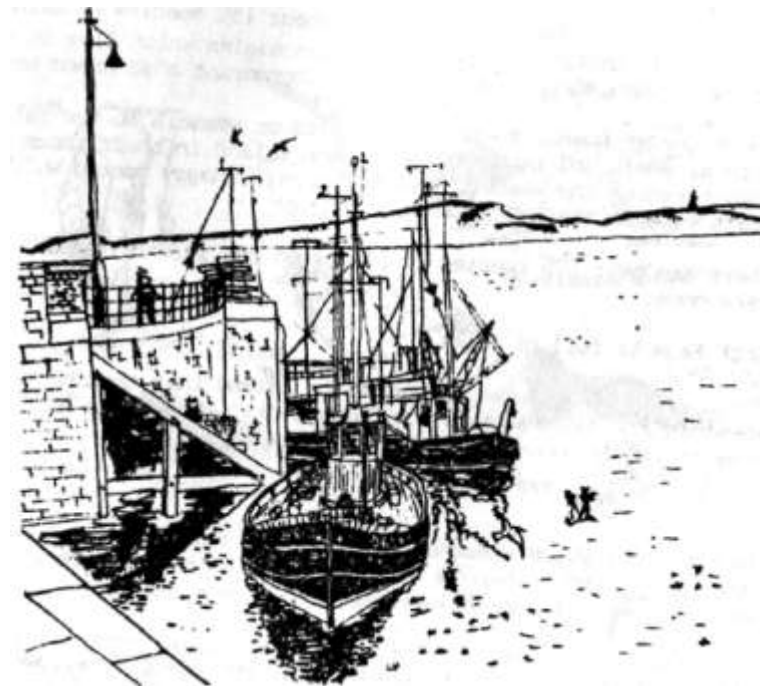
Gaelic is the language spoken by the islanders. It is used mainly in the winter because the islanders don't want to offend visitors. Gaelic is spoken a lot between islanders, and although the children aren't taught it in school, they tend to learn it from their parents. However, once people have left the island, they find little use for their own Gaelic language.

Names

Some surnames which are local to the island are: McNeil, McDougal, McAlister, Clark, Brown and McConnel.

There are so many McNeil's on the island that people are usually called after their farms or crofts.

There are more new people coming from the mainland to live on the island now and so old names are dying out and new names are coming in



Transport

There s a bus which is owned by Strathclyde Council and is driven by one of the islanders. This is not used as much as it could be because most of the islanders have their own method of transport such as bicycles, mopeds, cars, tractors and boats. This bus runs at eleven o'clock, four o'clock and earlier for school children.

The ferry which runs from Oban to Scalasaig links the island with the mainland. It brings over everything the islanders need such as food, newspapers and farming machinery- However, if the shops have somehow not been able to get their supplies from the ferry, they have enough food to last them about three weeks. Most of the islanders go over to the mainland about twice a year for a holiday and to shop

Wildlife.

As Colonsay has so few people, there is little to bother the wildlife that lives here. There is about 150 species of bird on the island, including a pair of golden eagles which live in the northern tip of the island. The cormorant also breed here.

There are no foxes, snakes, black rats or weasels on the island. Otters, seals and rabbits live on the island in their thousands. They breed on the western tip of Oronsay. Shaggy coated wild goats live on the rocky crags.

There are over 500 species of plants on the island including some rare ones.

Loch Fada is full of trout.

There are so many eider ducks on the island that they have become known to the islanders as "Colonsay Ducks;". There are many insects on the island as well.

Customs

In Scotland, you are not allowed to bake scones on a Sunday, but you are allowed to bake a large dumpling as this is not counted as work. No boats are allowed to go out on a Sunday.

At a funeral, the men are sent outside to drink port, wine and whisky and to eat cheese and biscuits, but are only allowed twelve glasses.

[Li]fting stone is used as a test of whether you are a man or not. According to this, if you cannot lift it, you are not a man.

Jobs

The estate used to employ most of the island's working population, but now has only one full time worker and sixteen part time workers who look after the grounds and rented cottages.

Because of the decline in jobs for the estate the hotel tries to provide as many jobs as possible. The guests pay extra so that people can have jobs taking care of the chalets. The hotel always provides for the first summer for school leavers. In the high season, seventeen people are employed (a quarter of the island's working population).

There are very few jobs on the island, and school leavers are forced to go to the mainland for jobs. There is only one employable unemployed person on the island. Other local jobs include the post office, road maintenance, delivering things, fishing and farming.



COMMUNICATION

The methods of communication used on the island are post, telephone and the boats which sail between the mainland and the island.

The post from the mainland is carried across the water by the ferry and then delivered by the post van to each house.

The telephone messages get bounced from a large, black board on a hill over Scalasaig to Islay to Kintyre and finally to Glasgow.

Messages and news also get passed by word of mouth when people meet in the bar of the hotel and when they meet around the island.

Trade

There is not a lot of trade on the island like a weekly market but every September there is a market when people come from the mainland to buy the islanders' sheep and cattle. The islanders very rarely send animals to be sold on the mainland because the ferry crossing adds to the price of the animals.

The hotel provides trade for the islanders, buying many of its supplies locally.

The only person who owns cattle on the island provides milk, butter and cheese as well as delivering them.

Tourism

Camping on Colonsay is not allowed, but the Schools Hebridean Society has special permission for expeditions.

Islanders have come to appreciate tourists because of the extra work for them at the hotel. 64% of the chalets are full all year round.

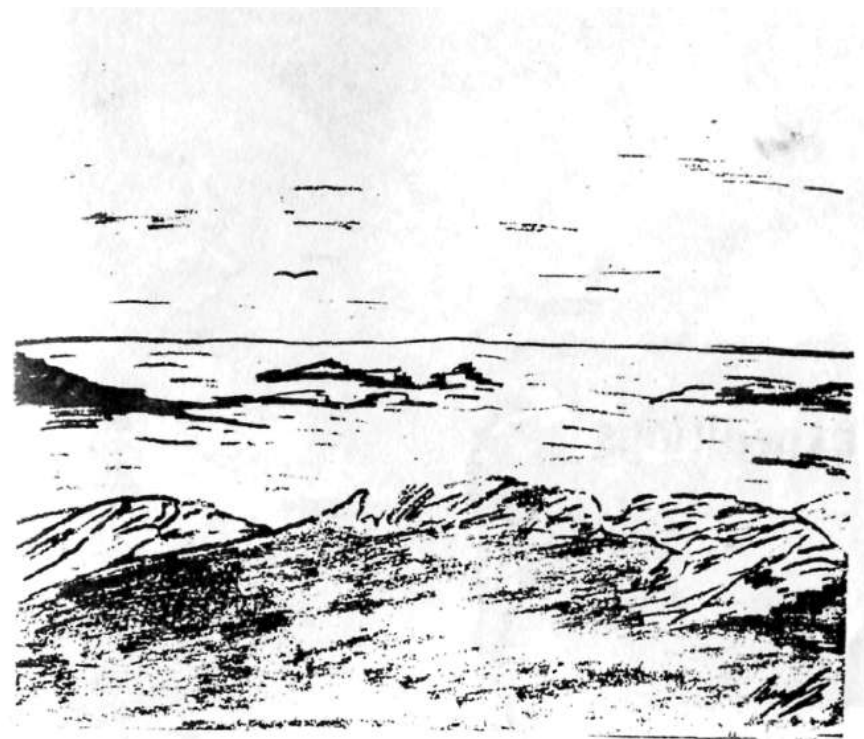
Crofts are used as holiday homes for tourists.

Colonsay House is using its top wings for apartments which are let to tourists.

Most of the islander like tourism because it brings money and jobs to the island, but they don't think it is becoming too commercial. They hold dances especially for tourists, which are called a "ceilidh".

Expedition	Year	Leader
Gometra	1962	John Abbott
Rhum, Shaman Insir	1963	John Abbott
Gometra	1963	Tim Willcocks
Mingulay	1964	Martin Child
South Rona	1964	John Abbott
Raasay	1964	Richard Fountaine
Gometra	1964	James Emerson
Harris, Cravadale	1965	John Abbott
Jura, Ardlussa	1965	Johnny Ker
Raasay	1965	Clifford Fountaine
Morvern	1965	Jim Hardy
Lewis, Bhalamus	1966	Roger Dennien
Harris, Rhenigidale	1966	Alan Bateman
Jura, Ardlussa	1966	Andrew Wilson
Colonsay	1966	Chris Dawson
Dingle, Ireland	1966	John Houghton
Mingulay	1967	Kenneth Huxham
Rhum, Shaman Insir	1967	John Dobinson
Harris, Rhenigidale	1967	Andrew Wilson
Lewis, Aird Bheag	1967	John Abbott
Colonsay	1967	John Jackson
Vatersay	1968	Phil Renold
Lewis, Aird Bheag	1968	David Cullingford
South Rona	1968	Chris Hart
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1968	John Cullingford
Colonsay	1968	Alan Bateman
Shetland	1969	Chris Dawson
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1969	John Cullingford
Lewis, Aird Bheag	1969	John Hutchison
Rhum, Shaman Insir	1969	Chris Hart
Colonsay	1969	Roger Trafford
South Uist, Usinish	1970	Geoffrey David
Shetland, Unst	1970	David Vigar
Fladday	1970	Mike Baker
Lewis, Aird Bheag	1970	Alan Howard
North Uist, Eaval	1970	Phil Renold
Ulva	1970	Alan Fowler
South Rona	1971	Roger Weatherly
Rhum, Salisbury Dam	1971	Phil Renold
Jura, Cruib Lodge	1971	Charles Hooper
Colonsay	1971	Alan Howard
Mingulay	1971	Hugh Williams
Shetland, Muckle Roe	1972	Ray Winter
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1972	Alan Fowler
Lewis, Aird Bheag	1972	Gavin Macpherson
Raasay	1972	Paul Caffery
North Uist, Eaval	1972	Roger Weatherly
Harris, Rhenigidale	1973	Phil Renold
South Uist, Usinish	1973	Alan Polwer

Expedition	Year	Leader
South Rona	1973	Jim Turner
Rhum, Salisbury Dam	1973	Mark Rayne
Jura, Cruib Lodge	1973	Dave Bradshaw
Colonsay	1973	Alan Howard
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1974	Jim Turner
Raasay	1974	Peter Carlisle
Harris, Rhenigidale	1974	John Hutchison
North Uist, Eaval	1974	John Cullingford
Lewis, Uig Sands	1974	Paul Caffery
Colonsay	1975	Phil Renold
Jura, Cruib Lodge	1975	Lawrence Hall
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1975	Alan Evison
Raasay	1975	Gavin Macpherson
Mingulay 1	1975	Nick Deeley
Mingulay 2	1975	Nick Deeley
Lewis, Uig Sands	1976	Paul Caffery
Harris, Rhenigidale	1976	John Bromley
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1976	Mike Hayward
North Uist, Eaval	1976	Alan Fowler
Rhum, Salisbury Dam	1976	Roger Weatherly
Lewis, Uig Sands	1977	Nick Deeley
Jura, Cruib Lodge	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, Eaval	1978	Simon Atkinson
South Rona	1978	Mike Hayward
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1978	Dave & Angie Crawford
Rhum, Salisbury Dam	1978	Humphrey Southall
Knoydart	1978	Jim Turner
Rhum, Salisbury Dam	1979	Mike Hayward
Islay	1979	Roger Weatherly
Lewis, Tamanavay	1979	Tony Ingleby
Loch Shiel	1979	Alan Smith
Jura, Cruib Lodge	1979	Stephen Paynter
Lewis, Mealista	1979	Pete Weston
Colonsay	1980	John Round
Mingulay	1980	Nick Deeley
North Uist, Eaval	1980	Stephen Paynter
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1980	Simon & Rose Atkinson
Harris, Rhenigidale	1980	Jonathon Orr
Knoydart	1980	Ian Arrow
Colonsay	1981	Chris Venning
Lewis, Mealista	1981	Gavin Macpherson
Jura, Cruib Lodge	1981	Roger Weatherly
Lewis, Tamanavay	1981	Peter Fale
Rhum, Salisbury Dam	1981	Alan Smith
Loch Shiel	1981	Steve Paynter
Raasay	1982	Chris Venning
North Uist, Loch Eport	1982	Hugh Lorimer



Expedition	Year	Leader
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1982	Richard Young
Loch Shiel	1982	Simon Lord
Harris, Rhenigidale	1982	Simon Atkinson
Mingulay	1982	Ian Arrow
Rhum, Salisbury Dam	1983	Richard Young
Skye, Camusunory	1983	Simon Lord
Jura, Cruib Lodge	1983	Hugh Lorimer
Colonsay	1983	Colette Armitage
North Uist, Loch Eport	1984	Richard Young
Harris, Cravadale	1984	Steve Paynter
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1984	Mark Bankes
Mingulay	1984	Nick Deeley
Rhum	1985	Alan Smith
Harris Cravadale	1985	Jo Walker
Colonsay	1985	Colette Armitage
Jura	1985	Robert McDermott
Knoydart	1985	Mark Bankes & Jonathon Bletcher

1986
SHS Expeditions

