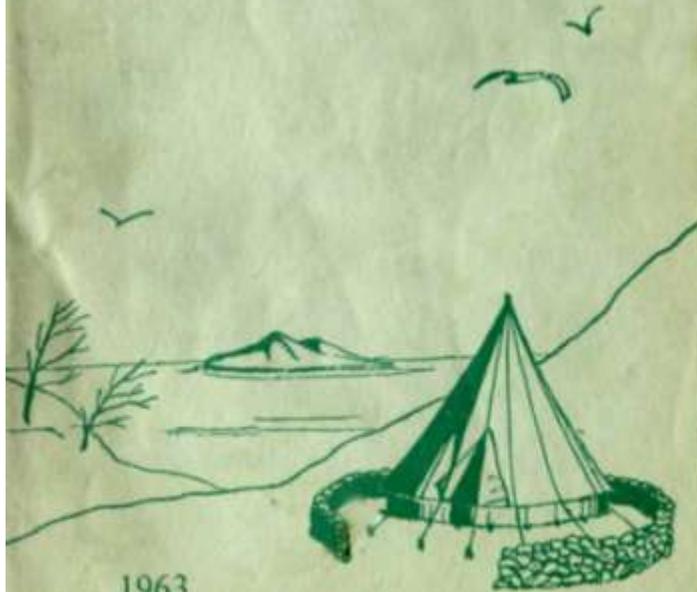


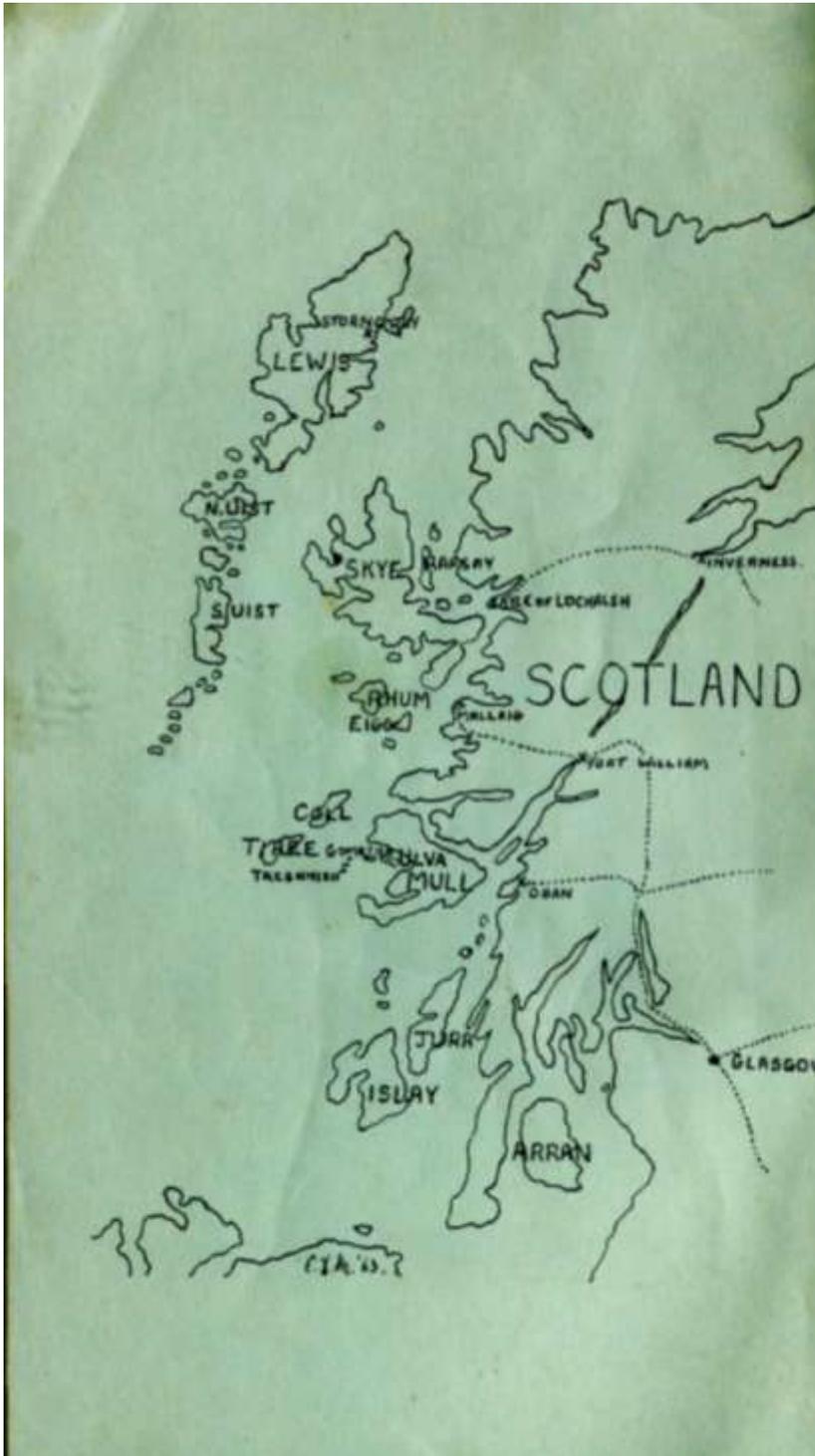
# Schools Hebridean Society



1963

[www.schools-hebridean-society.co.uk](http://www.schools-hebridean-society.co.uk)

1963 Report



THE 1963 REPORT OF  
**THE SCHOOLS HEBRIDEAN SOCIETY**  
 (Founded in 1960)

*Proprietors*

THE SCHOOLS HEBRIDEAN COMPANY LIMITED

*(Registered as a Charity)*

*Directors of the Company*

A. J. ABBOTT (*Chairman*) R. M. FOUNTAINE  
 C M. CHILD, B.A. (T.C.D.) R. N. A. LORD, B.A. (T.C.D.)  
 C. D. FOUNTAINE M. J. UNDERHILL, B.A (Oxon.)

T. J. WILLCOCKS

*Hon. Advisers to the Society*

THE LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH

G. L. DAVIES, ESQ., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin

S. L. HAMILTON, ESQ., M.B.E., J.P., Inverness

I. SUTHERLAND, ESQ., M.A.,

Headmaster of St. John's School, Leatherhead

**CONTENTS**

Foreword by Lady Congleton	2	Gometra Expedition 1963:	
Introduction to Society	3	Expedition Members	22
Rhum Expedition 1963:		Leader's Report	22
Expedition Members	4	Oban to Camp	23
Leader's Report	4	Camp Administrator	24
Advance Party		Surveying	25
The Start of it all	8	Climbing	26
The Outward Journey	8	The Cottage	28
Running the Camp	9	In Ships?	28
Duty Section	11	Weather Station	28
Evening in Camp	12	Photography	29
Climbing	12	<u>Football</u>	30
The Papadil Trip	15	Gometra News	30
Fishing Trips	16	Gometra Records	31
Land use on Rhum	18	Society News	31
The Red Deer	19	Plans for 1964	32
Insects	20	Acknowledgements	33
End of Camp Party	21	Expedition Members	33
Rhum Records	21		

## FOREWORD

By Lady Congleton

In these days of hurry and bustle in most parts of Great Britain, and indeed throughout the world, it is pleasant to find groups of young people who can enjoy the quiet, solitude and unspoilt beauty of some of our smaller islands. Here history and romance have left their mark over the past centuries, and members of these expeditions find many diverse interests to occupy their time and energies. The boys who are able to come to the Hebridean islands are all eager and enthusiastic to make the most of their camping expeditions, and they have brought fresh life and interest to Ulva and Gometra.

It has been a real pleasure to meet and welcome them and to partake of their friendly hospitality. We have also benefited from the information they have so carefully accumulated about the past and present human and animal life on the islands.

I am full of admiration for the organisation of the camps, and for the entire scheme behind the founding and running of the Schools Hebridean Society, which is much to be encouraged. I wish the Society the best of luck in their present and future endeavours.

EDITH CONGLETON OF ULVA.

August 1963

## AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SOCIETY

The many unspoilt islands off the North-West coast of Scotland provide an ideal opportunity for people to live, for a short while, a life that is less restricted and less complicated than usual. With their combination of mountain and sea, of beauty and solitude, the Hebrides offer untold adventure for those who seek it.

The Schools Hebridean Society exists to organise expeditions of schoolboys to these islands. Each expedition is made as self-supporting as possible from the moment at which it leaves port; the boys have ample scope, throughout, to think and act for themselves. Opportunities are given for instruction by the officers in such sports as climbing and sailing, and in pursuits such as ornithology and botany. This is combined with a practical project that is undertaken by all expeditions.

It is the sincere hope of the Society that boys and officers alike will benefit greatly from the close sense of interdependence that such a community life engenders. The skills and fresh interests gained will, it is believed, enable a fuller life to be enjoyed by all concerned



## RHUM EXPEDITION

1963 July 29th—August 14th

Leader John Abbott

*Camp Administrators* Clifford Fountaine and George Walker

*Doctor* Bill Clow *Climbing* Francis Beloe

*Surveying, etc.* Jimmy McCully and Tony Bradshaw

*Section Officers* Chris Dawson, Richard Fountaine,

Frank Johnston, Peter Parks and Michael Underhill

### *Boys*

Martin Ashton, John Bailey, Andrew Beale, John Birt. Neil Cole, Peter Cole, Simon Duff, Geoffrey Fieldhouse, Malcolm Ford, Mark Hayden, Anthony Hill, Kenneth Huxham, Christopher Hyde, Robert Jones, Roger Jones, Tony Jordan, John Lace, David Leathley, John Martin, Angus Pimblett, Kevin Price, Terry Samuel, John Stirrup, John Turner, David Westrup, Julian Wilkins, Barry Wilkinson, David Wrigley and Nick Yates.

The ages of the boys, who were from fifteen different schools, were from nearly 15 to 17¼ (For a full list of schools and home addresses, see page 33)

### LEADER'S REPORT

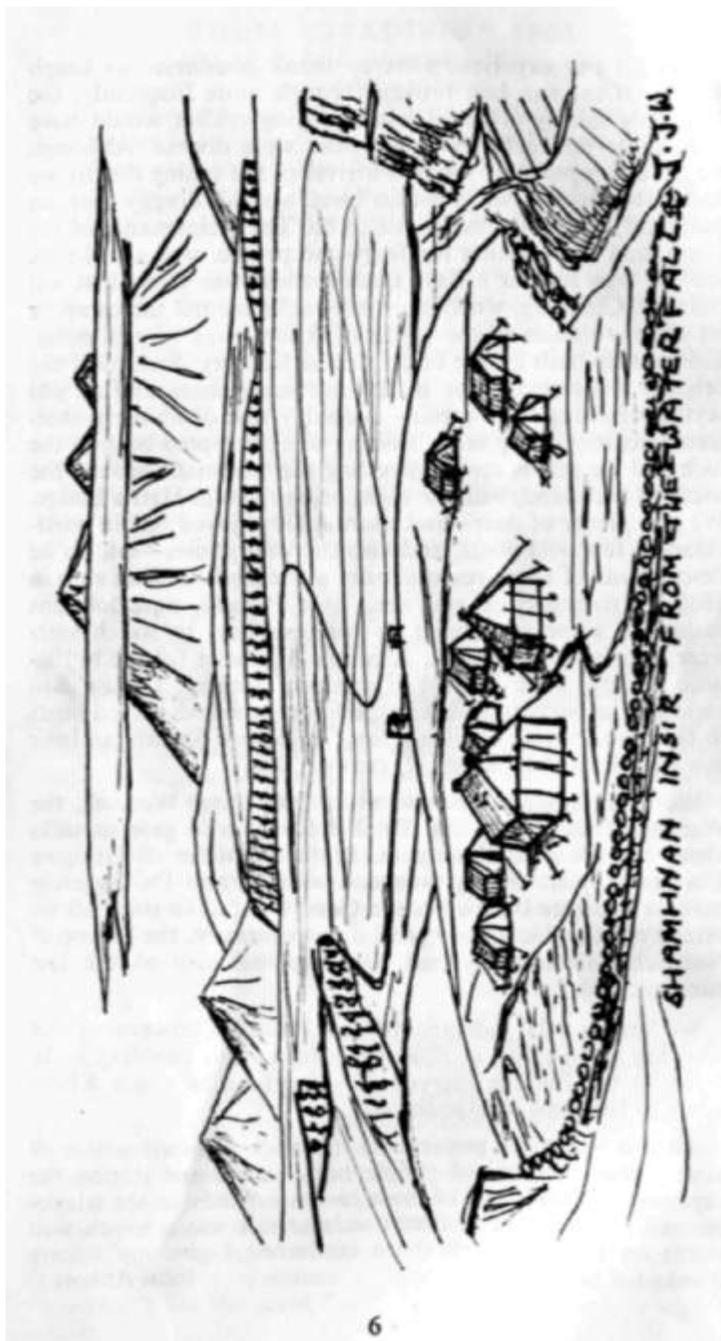
For many of us, Rhum provided the opportunity for a reunion. Seventeen of us had been together on Gometra last year, and several of these had been on Raasay in 1960. Four of the officers had been on the original Rhum Expedition in 1959. To have a nucleus of people so well trained in the life of a Hebridean Expedition was a consoling thought when we sailed from Mallaig, as we had just been informed by the crew of the *Clansman* that we were to be landed at Kinloch, some eight miles' trek from Shamhnan Insir—the site of our camp and the bay where we had arranged to be landed. The 48 hours which followed provided a tough experience for everybody. We all carried our own equipment to Shamhnan Insir and the Nature Conservancy very kindly transported the several tons of food, tents and equipment by Land Rover to Kilmory about 1½ miles from Shamhnan Insir. Later that first night the great "lift" began. Three of the ridge tents and the marquee 20 ft. x 40 ft. when erected and packed in two large bags (can we ever forget carrying it that 1½ miles?)—were put up, and later still some bread was brought through. By 1 a.m. the next day everyone was asleep of exhaustion. Four hours later we started again and, by 7 o'clock, the first of the calor gas and cooking equipment arrived. A hot drink the first for 24, and in some cases 36 hours was served. In warm weather the "lift" continued all that day with invaluable help from the dinghy. By evening we had nearly everything with us. No longer was it a question of the "experienced" and the "novices": for the great "lift" had welded us into a united whole.

Not all our experiences were - thank goodness —as tough as this. If the sun had broken through more frequently, the tans only faintly achieved while playing cricket would have been more noticeable. Our activities were diverse. Although we were hampered by the non-arrival of the sailing dinghy we had hired (luckily we had also hired a small dinghy with an outboard), there was much else to do. The maintenance of the camp, and the cooking for forty-one people, was a full-time job for one section a day. Each section was given first aid training. Climbing, whether on the rocks around the camp or on the mountains in the south of Rhum, was very popular. Cairns were built on the best route to Kilmory. Studies of the original settlements were made, and some china and an old scythe were dug from a ruin probably that of an early nineteenth century sheep farm. Fishing was attempted both in the loch and the sea. A most interesting trip was made around the south of the island, with the night being spent in Harris Lodge. We saw plenty of deer—and thoroughly enjoyed one in particular—a few wild goats, and also the wild ponies —said to be descendants of those rescued from a wrecked Armada ship in 1588. A golden eagle was seen over Papadil, and dolphins caused us some excitement in our own bay, to which seals were also frequent visitors. A couple of whales (of the bottle-nose variety) were seen at Harris one Sunday. I must also mention the party to end the expedition, when we played hosts to the islanders: surely it is a long time since Shamhnan Insir saw such a large or happy (!) crowd.

We were pleased to receive visits from Peter Wormell, the Warden of the island, and Dr. Pat Lowe, who gave us talks about the island and the deer. Professor Miller of Glasgow University spent the last weekend with us, and Dr. Eggeling gave us a lecture on the Nature Conservancy. To them all we extend our thanks. To our great disappointment, the Bishop of Norwich unfortunately had to cancel his visit at the last moment.

We are greatly indebted to the Nature Conservancy for allowing us to camp at Shamhnan Insir, thus enabling us to enjoy to the full the marvellous opportunities which Rhum offers to this type of expedition.

All this was made possible by the work and enthusiasm of a very great number of people both before and during the expedition. The success of these camps depends on the whole hearted co-operation of everyone, and this was a lesson well learnt on Rhum. To all those concerned I give my sincere thanks for their help. John Abbott



### ADVANCE PARTY

The news that I was to go up to Mallaig to check the stores and make final arrangements a few days before the onslaught of the main party was broken very gently to me by John Abbott. Trying to contact Frank Johnston and Bill Clow, who had been delegated to help me, is a job I envy nobody. Nevertheless, I did manage to catch up with the former after my letter had chased him from one address to another for several days; and although no actual day of departure had been assigned to us, we planned to meet in Mallaig on the Friday, four days before the expedition was due to sail.

I duly arrived at Mallaig at 11 a.m. on Friday, July 26th, with three things in mind: to see the boatman, Mr. Bruce Watt; to find somewhere to sleep; and to meet Frank Johnston. The first two items were dealt with at the same time. Bruce Watt said that everything was in order for our departure on the Tuesday, and allowed me to use an old pleasure cruiser-later called "the flat"—as sleeping quarters.

That afternoon I met Frank at the station, and he and I checked over our stores which had been sealed up in a van on a siding near the kipper factories. A few items were missing, but we felt that nothing could be done until the arrival of our P.R.O., Robin Lord, the next day. So feeling that we had done a good day's work, we adjourned to the West Highland Hotel for high tea—a custom which we continued for the next four days.

On the morrow Frank and I met Robin on the train that we had boarded when returning from an afternoon's sunbathing at Morar. We spent the next two days sorting out final details for the embarkation. On the Monday evening just as we were settling into our sleeping bags there was a knock on the side of the boat. It was one of the local constables. "Anyone here from the Schools Hebridean Society?" On hearing a reply in the affirmative. Bill Clow -now famous for the construction of "Bill's Bath" and for the little white pills—tumbled over the side to join us.

On Tuesday, after our usual picnic breakfast, we took all the luggage and equipment which had not been loaded the evening before down to the pier. We then proceeded to the station. We had all guessed whom we would first see leaning out of the train window, and what his first words would be. Sure enough, there was John, with his usual cheerful "Hello me old fruit!" to greet us. The train came to a halt, and everything around us developed into organised chaos.

Chris Dawson

### THE START OF IT ALL

Highly involved instructions as to where, how and when you are to meet, how you are travelling, and what to bring, coupled with a booklet on mountain safety, a colourful map of Scotland, and a pile of red labels, are your first introduction to the expedition. You read it all casually and put it away. Twenty-four hours before you are due to leave, you grasp the fact that there is much to be done. Sleeping bag and lilo (if you are soft and/or sensible) have to be begged, borrowed or stolen. Clothes of an old yet sturdy nature have to be selected. The task seems impossible, and your temper suffers accordingly.

The morning of your departure dawns, bright and hot. In fact it is the hottest day of the year so far, and you are spending it packing and travelling- such is life. Your bedroom is chaos; socks under the bed, shirts scattered about the chairs and dresser. You push things in regardless, any-old-how. What have you forgotten? Towel? Razor? Bathing trunks? No, they are all in, and anyway your rucksack is overflowing. Now you notice your sleeping bag in a corner, where you kicked it last night before going to bed. It gets fixed on somehow. Now try to shut it... it won't. . . , lift it . . . you can't. Tired, sticky and fed up, you start again.

Fortunately your mother/sister/fiancé has heard your anguished cries. "Do you consider this packed?" she exclaims "Well, sort of" you mumble in reply. With a deftness and efficiency that seemed impossible to you, all is neatly folded and put in with room to spare. "Got those pretty labels?" she says. They are tied on. "Schools Hebridean Society Rhum Expedition 1963" they proclaim. The dream has become a reality.

Tony Bradshaw

### THE OUTWARD JOURNEY

The Preston party set out for Wigan at 10 p.m. on the first leg of the journey. This year everything ran to schedule, and by 5 a.m. we had reached Stirling where we had to change carriages, as the one we were in was going to Perth. The sleepers did not come off as expected, and the lucky Londoners were able to snatch another 1½ hours' sleep. From Crianlarich Lower the equipment was swiftly moved to the Upper station, where we were able to have a cup of tea before the train came in. When it did come there was some consternation at first, as the guards van was seen to be off the end of the platform. This was soon remedied when the train was moved forward for us. We loaded the van and set off on the third leg of our journey. We stopped at every possible halt as far as Mallaig. There we moved the equipment from the train to the boat, the *Clansman*.

Unfortunately the boat which we had arranged to take us to Shamhnan Insir was being used elsewhere, and the *Clansman* could not take the swell round on the north side of the island. The crossing took 2½ hours and was smooth, except for some of us landlubbers. When we reached Kinloch, the thought of humping our rucksacks eight miles knocked us back a step!

Kenneth Huxham

The Nature Conservancy people were very good to us, as they agreed to take all our heavy equipment, such as calor gas, food and tents, over to Kilmory (about a mile and a half from camp) by land rover. We all carried our personal stuff from Kinloch to Shamhnan Insir. Then we began the transporting of the equipment from Kilmory to the camp. By nightfall we had the marquee and three ridge tents up. Most of us spent the night at the camp site, though some had to stay at Kilmory to ensure that the rest of the equipment didn't get wet.

By mid-morning the following day, the boat was ready, with Daz and Pete in charge. They began ferrying the remainder of the stores to Shamhnan Insir. By Thursday everything was at the camp site, and we were ready to start normal activities. But it had taken us nearly three days to get the camp ready. On Gometra in 1962 it took us only a few hours!

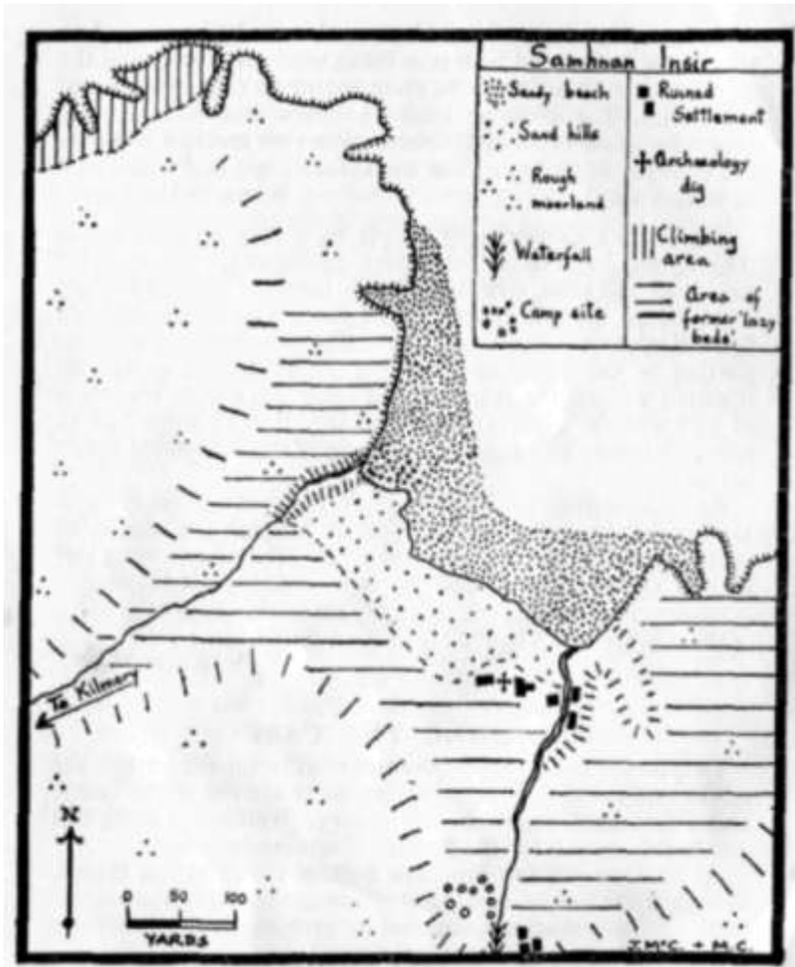
Kevin Price

### RUNNING THE CAMP

Despite the somewhat haphazard start to the expedition, the stores and cooking equipment gradually arrived at the camp, and I was able, together with George Walker, to work out reasonable menus for the first few "settling-in" days.

As on Gometra last year, the bulk of the food was tinned, though a carcass of venison was obtained during the second week and was much appreciated by everyone, since it made a change from the various tinned meats.

Each of the five sections took it in turns to remain in camp for the day, doing the cooking, washing up and general tidying. Each section, needless to say, reckoned itself the best at cooking! Breakfast consisted of cornflakes, a cooked course, bread, butter and marmalade. Dried milk was used, as the Isle of Rhum keeps only enough cows to supply its tiny population. Lunch was usually bread, jam or cheese, with slab cake, a bar of chocolate and an orange or apple. Most lunches this year were in camp, so hot bovril was drunk as well. Tea was bread and jam, a cup cake, a penguin biscuit and tea. For the evening meal, we started with soup; Lancs. Hot Pot, corned



beef, luncheon meal or venison were the staple meat courses, with potatoes and beans, peas, carrots or mixed vegetables. The meal was completed with fruit of one kind or another, with cream. This meal was often shaken down by a game of touch rigger (at which once again the officers showed a slight superiority!) before prayers. Hot chocolate ended the day's cooking activities after prayers.

The camp's water was supplied by a stream running alone-side the site itself. This stream provided good drinking water and lent itself, at a certain point, to being adapted to a bath!

This was soon used both voluntarily and involuntarily by numerous members of the expedition! The cesspit and lavatories were situated some 150 yards from the camp site, towards the sea, as hole digging in sandy soil was obviously much easier. Driftwood was collected during the first two days, and tables and benches were duly built. These were considered by many to be better constructed than those on Gometra last year, but I know I was not the only one who had difficulty in "climbing" the benches! (I have already bought a new pair of trousers!) The tents used this year were Icelandic ridge tents far superior to the bell tents used last year, in both strength and convenience. In addition we had a large marquee as a living and eating quarters (part being used as the kitchen), together with a smaller marquee for the stores and driers. The driers were, as usual, a vital part of the camp equipment, and were nearly always in use.

To sum up, the camp was run on much the same lines as last year's on Gometra, except, of course, that there were 41 instead of 29 people to be catered for—a difference not unappreciated by those responsible for organising the expeditions, and also, no doubt, by the section on camp duty for the day!

Clifford Fountaine

#### DUTY SECTION

The live sections took it in turn to cook. The duty section for the day had to get up an hour before breakfast -what a grind!—to prepare the meal and call the rest of the camp ten minutes before it was served. There were, of course, the occasional people who had to be rooted out of bed, and Pete Parks and his section found an excellent method of dealing with this. It was to put the milk on the cornflakes early, so that the later one was for breakfast, the soggier one's cornflakes became! It was extremely unpopular and not repeated! The section stayed in camp all day except for about two hours in the afternoon. There was always plenty to do: washing up peeling potatoes, tidying the camp, and "burning, bashing and burying" the rubbish.

We usually started cooking supper at about 6.30, and as this was our main meal it took the longest to prepare. Prayers would be held after the washing up for this meal had been finished; and when we had had hot chocolate, all the mugs were washed and put away. We then had the pleasant thought that there would be no more washing up and spud bashing for another five days.

John Lacey and Simon Duff

## EVENING IN CAMP

Prayers have just finished and hot chocolate is being given out. The marquee is illuminated by four tilly lanterns around which cards and dice are in action. There are odd heaps of matchsticks being used as stakes littered over the improvised tables. On one side there is the usual crowd listening to Radio Lux, with Geoffrey Fieldhouse drumming on a jam pot with Pierre's drumsticks. As time passes the numbers thin out, and all those who might be doing a long trek on the following day disappear to bed. Now Chris and Daz bring out their accordion and banjo. The battle between radio and Chris-type music has begun. However, the singers remain unmoved by the jeers of their "opponents" and after half an hour or so sing their famous signature tune, "Home on the Range". By this time all are on their way to bed. Soon all is quiet, but for the odd appeal from one tent to another to be quiet and go to sleep.

John Birt

## CLIMBING

### My First Climb

We reached the rock face one sunny afternoon and Frank Beloe, leader of the party, climbed the thirty feet to the top. One by one ropes were tied round each of our waists and we then had a go at climbing the rock face. Several went before me, and two of them had to take the path to the top as they could not get started. My turn came at the end. After struggling for five minutes trying to tie a bowline, under the direction of those at the top, I started.

I climbed the first few feet comfortably, with the rope twisting round my arm only once. At the half-way mark I began to shake like a jelly through no apparent reason. I barely overcame this and carried on. A few feet from the top footholds became scarce. A voice told me to scramble the last few feet. This I did, only to get stuck in a crack between two pieces of stone. During the next two or three minutes everything happened. While my feet were dangling over the edge, Frank kept pulling on the rope; voices kept telling me to get my hands free. My arms and head were practically pulled off until finally Chris Dawson grabbed me by the seat of my pants and yanked me up on to the ledge.

Then we all saw the funny side of it and had a good laugh after which we made our way back to camp for a cup of tea.

Terry Samuel

## The Peaks

On both Sundays of our visit to Rhum a party went out to climb some of the mountains in the southern part of the island. On the second trip the party consisted of six boys with Frank Beloe and Rich Fountaine.

We first climbed over Mulloch Mor and down into Kinloch, staying there for about half an hour. Then following the road we began our ascent in the drizzling rain. After a while the road changed to a track and then to a path going up beside a stream in roaring spate. At about 1,000 ft. the path stopped almost entirely at a weir from which the water for Kinloch's hydro-electric plant, and also their drinking water, comes. We then made for the saddle between Barkeval and Hallival which is at about 1,500 ft. After a short rest we proceeded to the top of Hallival through mist and rain, so unfortunately the view was obscured. Towards the top the climb steepened to rock scrambling, and we began to see the nesting-holes of a unique colony of Manx Shearwaters who inhabit the tops of these mountains. This colony is unique because normally these birds make their holes very much nearer the sea so that their young can easily reach the water.



The descent was almost as steep as the ascent, and quite tricky in parts, as the rocks were loose and easily dislodged. We skirted round the mountain for a while to find a sheltered place for lunch. After eating, we went up Askival, the highest peak (2,659 ft.), and here much to our surprise we found a Trig point. We pitied the people who had taken the cement up there! As we climbed the mist cleared and from time to time gave us a view of the glen beneath. The descent from Askival was even more perilous than that from Hallival, and much longer: nearly 2,000 ft. to the ridge below, which we almost missed in the cloud. From this ridge we climbed the easier and lower Trollaval, disturbing as we went a large herd of deer grazing on the lower slopes. Trollaval is interesting in the fact that it has twin peaks, joined by a ridge only five feet across in places, though generally much wider. We climbed it through



cloud so we could not see the summits until we actually reached them. We had some more to eat on the second peak, which is grassy but sheer on both sides for about 100 feet.

We followed the ridge for about a quarter of a mile, and then went down the side—a descent of over 2,000 ft., and steeper than that from Askival. We crossed the burn in the glen at the bottom and went over the next ridge, via a loch, to join the road from Harris to Kilmory Glen, and from there round the coast to Shamhnan Insir. There was time for a dip in our improvised bath, which we had made at the beginning of the expedition by damming up part of the stream. This was cool and refreshing—the perfect ending to a wonderful day.

Nick Yates and Andrew Beale

#### THE PAPADIL TRIP

On the Saturday before we returned, nineteen of us packed our rucksacks and made the journey round by the coast to Papadil. The idea was that those who had not as yet seen the island should now have the opportunity. We set off at 10 a.m. on a day that promised sunshine. After Kinloch the going was quite hard until we found the narrow path which goes round almost the entire perimeter of the island. On our left we saw the large island of Eigg and then the smaller one of Muck as we headed south for Papadil. Many a time we surprised numbers of deer, and once or twice saw wild goats. At Dibidil, an old settlement, we stopped for lunch, sheltering in a roofless cottage during a shower. Then we went straight on to Papadil, which we reached at about 5.30 p.m. The Lodge there is situated amongst some trees protected from the deer. It overlooks a beautiful loch and a small stream that runs from the surrounding mountains. The house was built as a hunting lodge, but is now never used. It has five rooms, and is still complete with slates and windows. It is said to be haunted by someone who drowned in the loch many years ago.

After about an hour's stay there we set off for Harris, a few miles along the coast, where there is a magnificent example of a raised beach. To get there we had to climb Ruinsival to a height of 800 ft., and then walk down to the lodge, where we were to stay the night in company with a party of geologists from Liverpool. We had done getting on for twenty miles that day, so everyone had a good sleep despite the rock-hard floor! Next morning we awoke at nine, and after breakfast we started off for the camp, arriving back for lunch. The distance we walked was over 25 miles, and the terrain was extremely difficult. Nevertheless, the trip was most enjoyable and was looked back on with a real sense of achievement.

John Turner, John Martin and Roger Jones

## FISHING TRIPS AND FISHING TRIPS

### Dolphins

On the second Sunday a party of us went out in the boat to do some fishing. We headed eastwards from Shamhnan Insir. In the second bay along we saw two dolphins in the shallow water. We took in the lines and opened the throttle. The dolphins heard the motor and started to swim towards us. One came half-way and turned back to the beach, but we could not see the other one.

Suddenly there was a rush of water and a snort as the dolphin jumped clear of the water a few feet away from the boat. By this time we were nearing the end of the bay, so we turned round and made another run back towards the camp. This time the dolphin swam around the boat several times, coming up for air at each circuit he made. He came nearer and nearer to the bows until once he missed us by about eighteen inches.

In all we made four trips across the bay, and the dolphin followed us constantly. Then we had to make for camp, hoping to be able to return and take some photographs of him—but unfortunately we did not have time.

Chris Hyde

### The Little Boat

She was without doubt the best stroke of luck in a chapter of skilfully circumnavigated misfortunes. Around fourteen foot in length, respectably broad in the beam, shallow of draught and complete with the proverbial cork and bung-hole (perhaps fortunately, somewhat belatedly discovered), together with a "Seagull" of the usual uncertain two-stroke temperament, she provided a useful, although by no means luxurious, and in the circumstances almost indispensable mode of motorized transport.

Often to be seen with "Powerful Pierre" at the helm, complete, of course, with the inseparable woollen helmet (P.P., that is, not the helm), wending her way among the rocks and reefs, the little boat more than earned her keep just in those first laborious days of encampment. One and a half miles overland from the road side at Kilmory, where the supplies were dumped, to the sandy shelter of Shamhnan Insir, was more than enough to try the patience of travel-weary walkers. But her dozen or so trips by sea saved more than an ounce of leather in reviving flagging spirits, besides providing the wherewithal for the artistic talents of Frank Johnston (did someone say he was Irish with *that* accent?) to fashion into a functional, nay, almost comfortable dining room suite of driftwood,



Then there were fishing trips and Fishing Trips. 19s. 6d. worth of "feathers" for one mackerel and two whiting was not exactly an auspicious start, although subsequent forays with spinners of various shapes and sizes did prove more successful, besides indicating a preponderance of Mackerel, as might be expected in Scottish waters. (Ugh!—Ed.) There was "Operation Trawl", where the entire complement of the camp with all available rope attached to either side of a beach-combed trawl net of not inconsiderable size, in an attempt to sweep the bay of fish, amassed the vast catch of one jam jar load of baby whiting too lazy or too stupid to swim through the mesh of the net.

The other end of the fish scale was exemplified by the occasion when, nearing Shamhnan Insir bay on the return trip from Kinloch, the boat disturbed from among ebb-exposed reefs two amphibians every bit as long as the boat herself. "Sharks" was the inevitable thought as two dorsal fins ploughed the water towards the boat, but the playful gambols of the dolphins (for such they were) soon put the minds of the occupants at rest; although one crew member was later heard telling a tale of "a vicious attack by killer whales, only avoided by superb seamanship in evasive dodging through treacherous uncharted reefs, and by a final back-breaking row to safety as the engine gasped to a stop on its last drop of petrol".

So the two weeks neared completion, and the little boat approached her final hours of glory. One last trip to Kinloch with a £13 cargo of surplus food and trawl netting (duly realised by barter with the islanders) in seas too rough to be comfortable, a second broken motor clamp, a belated return journey in even rougher seas, when all was feared lost and search parties were out looking from the cliffs for the tell-tale

foam which might indicate Daz's demise (Daz, for the uninitiated, is M.J.U.'s nickname; being a physicist, he is also known as Britain's No. 1 nuclear detergent but I diverge Ed.); then the fulfilment on the last day of her final essential purpose. It was undoubtedly the crowning achievement in her career, when our worthy and revered expedition leader ("The Mighty One") in a never-to-be-repeated performance (so he says), displaying his best Irish-style oarsmanship, undaunted by one oar being a foot or so shorter than the other, ferried the entire personnel and remaining equipment of the camp from the shore to the *Clansman*. A fitting end to two weeks of sterling service. "Yes- she gave her yawl."

Michael Underhill

(I doubt whether many editors would pass the final sentence. -Ed.)

#### LAND USE ON RHUM

Although separated from the populated regions of Britain, the history of land use on Rhum is a story of external influences. Since the abortive Jacobite rising of 1745 until the present day, the use that has been made of the island has been controlled by trends and decisions made in areas far to the south.

After the '45 rebellion the old clan system in the Highlands and Islands collapsed; the chief lost his power and the people their tradition. The landlords had to extract payment of rent in cash instead of kind or service, but since the economy was of a subsistence nature, this was virtually impossible. However, with the advent of the agricultural revolution to the North, commercial sheep farming provided the means from which a worthwhile rent could be collected. Rhum was fortunate that its laird or landlord Maclean of Coll—did not resort to the usual method of forced eviction of tenants to make way for a sheep farmer. Maclean waited until the people of Rhum requested a move, and then helped them to emigrate en masse to Canada in 1826, before introducing the new breeds of sheep to the island. The fact that a request to move was made is a reflection on the way population had increased, to more than 400 people, while living standards had decreased. The old methods of lazy bed cultivation and the rearing of black cattle could no longer support the people of the island.

The next foreign trend to affect the island was that of the sporting estate. The Marquis of Salisbury purchased Rhum in 1845 and set about improving the river fishing and deer stalking. Then in 1885 the industrial revolution came to the island in a profound if rather extraordinary way Heavy industry had made John Bullough, a Lancashire ironmaster, a

wealthy man and he purchased Rhum as a country residence and sporting estate. The home that his son built. Kinloch Castle, with its imported red sandstone, period architecture, no-expense-spared fittings and costly plantation of fine trees, is as much a symbol of the age of iron and coal as the factory chimneys of his native Lancashire. Under the Bulloughs a small, but thriving, community was established, and this has been maintained by the Nature Conservancy who purchased the island as a site for biological research in 1957.

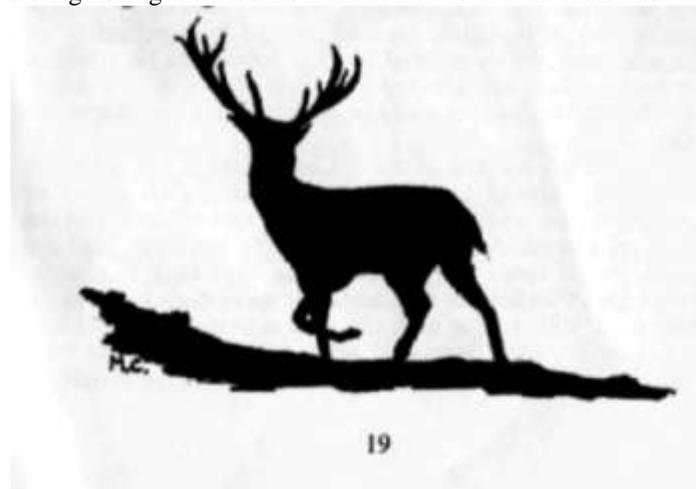
The '45 rebellion and its after effects, the agricultural revolution, the fashion of possessing sporting estates, the industrial revolution and the wealth that it brought, and the awakening of the State towards the need for conservation of our natural heritage—these have all played their part in determining the use that has been made of one of the most beautiful, even if one of the least fertile, of the Hebridean islands.

Jimmy McCully

#### THE RED DEER

According to Dr. Pat Lowe there are about 1,700 red deer on Rhum, and I am quite convinced that during the two weeks we stayed there a large percentage of this number was seen. However, I know that few of us knew much about the deer apart from what we saw, so I have done a little research on the subject.

The red deer is the largest and probably the most magnificent mammal in the British Isles. The male - properly called a stag or a hart stands about 3 ft. 6 ins. at the shoulders and weighs about 280 lbs. The female -properly called a hind-is smaller and weighs a good deal less. The most obvious way of distinguishing the male from the female is that the male has



antlers, whereas the female hasn't. Antlers are shed annually and then grown again—usually to a larger size than before. They are covered with a thin skin (called "velvet") which dies when the antlers are fully grown. The stag then rubs this skin off against some hard substance (he "frays" it). Red deer are gregarious creatures, but the sexes live apart except during the breeding season. This fact explains why, quite often, ten or twelve stags were seen together on Rhum. Stag calves do not leave the hind herds to join the stag herds until they are three years old.

Red deer are silent animals except during the breeding season, when they emit a sound like the bellow of a bull. The deer feed between sunset and sunrise. They are vegetarians and eat grass, mosses, leaves, shoots of trees and often seaweed. They have a very keen sense of hearing and smell, but do not seem to be able to focus on a stationary object. However, they can detect the tiniest movement from a great distance. To stalk them, one has to keep quiet, out of sight, and upwind of them.

David Leathley

#### INSECTS I HAVE KNOWN

The Nature Conservancy on Rhum is the proud possessor of a number of primeval bogs. Unlike bogs in the more populous parts of Europe, these have been expanding ever since the inhabitants started to evacuate the island. The conservancy people are justly proud of them, as they are the home of many a subject of zoological interest. However, it is a fact that as well as the rarer types of insects, every horsefly, midge and tick long to make its home in the semi-decomposed paradise of a secluded bog; and thousands found their way to our camp to enjoy the change of diet.

On the afternoon of our arrival, we were met by swarms of horsefly. But at that time we had enough fly repellent to sit light and swat the occasional fly that refused to be repelled. The only person not affected was Pete Parks, whose beard either frightened the flies away or merely proved impenetrable to them.

As predicted by the Nature Conservancy, the horsefly, miraculously, almost completely disappeared after a day or two. The midges and ticks gave trouble on and off, but with the placing of insecticide aerosols in strategic positions, and the regular use of them, the nuisance was kept to a minimum. It was found that midges attacked only when the wind and the victim were still. In the end, the only activities affected, and those only on calm evenings, were 'fielding at cricket, and peeling potatoes out of doors.

David Wrigley

#### END OF CAMP PARTY

On the last Sunday evening of camp a party was held in the marquee. An open invitation had been given to the islanders at Kinloch, and so the duty section for that day had to cook for about seventy people altogether—rather more than we had bargained for! What would be your reaction if faced, like we two were, with cooking venison steak for seventy? Various officers had been enrolled as butchers and by 5 p.m. the steaks were cut and we were heating up our frying pans. 7.30 was our deadline and so there was no time to waste.

Soon the first few steaks were popped into the sizzling fat. Each side was given a touch of salt and pepper and the gas was turned down to ensure their being cooked right through. The steaks took anything from seven to thirteen minutes, depending on their size, and gradually the pile in the warmer grew and the marquee filled with a rich aroma.

Time went quickly, and "they have arrived" spurred us to a greater effort. Twenty-five visitors came into the marquee, casting hungry eyes towards us cooks: more steaks and more speed. In and out they went, as fresh ones were put in and the cooked taken out. Finally all was ready and we took a welcome rest after a couple of hours at our frying pans. Would they like them or would we be thrown into the camp bath? Happily for us there were more smiles than frowns, and we remained dry.

Most people had managed to squeeze on to the driftwood benches for the meal of three courses, washed down with ale (or soft drinks for those who preferred). There was a cup of coffee to finish off with, but unfortunately cigars and brandy (cherry?—Ed.) had to be omitted because of the expense. After everyone had been out for a breath of fresh air and the washing up had been done, entertainment in the way of games was devised and directed by Messrs. Dawson and Underhill. The former also provided instrumental backing for the singing which went on until nearly midnight. Solos were sung by A. J. A. and Peter Wormell, both receiving great applause.

At midnight our guests were escorted to the shore and ferried amid much singing of (suitably) "Over the sea to Skye", to their motor boat. The sea for once was like a mill pond, so we suspect that the islanders had a smooth trip round to Kinloch after what had been a most enjoyable evening.

Robert Jones and John Stirrup

#### RHUM RECORDS

Kinloch -Shamhnan Imir	M. J. Underhill	55 mins.	1959
Shamhnan Instr Kinloch	P. D. Parks	57 mins.	1963
Shamhnan Insir Harris	W. Clow, A. J. Abbott. A. Hill, T. Samuel		
(walking)	P Cole	2 hrs. 12 mins.	1963
Harris Shamhnan Imir	A. Hill, T. Samuel, P.Cole		
(running)		1 hr. 15 mins.	1963
Biggest meal served	70 people		11th August 1963
Eater of biggest meal?			

## GOMETRA EXPEDITION 1963

August 1st-17th

Leader Tim Willcocks Camp Administrator Robin Lord

Doctor Tim Roc Climbing Bill Wilson

Section Officers Martin Child, James Emerson, David Evans, James Hardy and David Mole

Boys: Martin Bedwell, Andrew Black, Barry Brookshaw, Philip Carpenter, Nicholas Chapman, John Coward, William Firebrace, Richard Gibb, Ian Green, Peter Hannam, Timothy Hill, Peter Liver, Frederick Markham, Richard Perks, Michael Powell-Brett, Clifford Reeves, Alister Reid, Bob Sargent, Barry Smith, Paul Thompson, Graham Turner, Michael Turner, Michael Ward, Brian Watson, John Webster, Peter Willis and George Wrigley.

The ages of the boys, who were from fourteen different schools, were from nearly 13 to 15. (For a full list of schools and home addresses, see page 33).

### LEADER'S REPORT

This was the second year that an expedition had been to Gometra, and I think that the knowledge of the place gained last year helped to pave the way for this year's success. It was indeed an extremely enjoyable, and yet tough, fortnight, during which time twenty-seven boys and nine officers welded into a spirited and harmonious body.

The weather was never extreme, and while we could certainly have done with some more sun, I think we can count ourselves lucky that there were no storms up to last year's standard.

We are of course indebted to Colonel and Mrs. Howard for all their help, and for the use of their dinghies, and to Lady Congleton for welcoming us on Ulva, and in particular for allowing parties to spend the night in the croft on the south side of the island. Again we were fortunate in having a most interesting talk on the history of the area from Mrs. Belts, who then took a field outing round two of the Iron Age forts on Gometra, accompanied by Colonel Belts who described some of the birds which were likely to be observed on the island.

One of the highlights of The expedition was the visit for eight of us to Mull, where a party was very kindly invited by John Bradfield to Loch Scridain, and was well entertained by the Walhamplon School camp. We were shown a dim in an

excellent state of preservation, some most intriguing basaltic structures, and the remains of a fossilised tree slump; and in spite of walking twenty-five miles in the two days this was a trip well worth while. I hope it will be possible to arrange a "return match" next year.

It was a great blow that the sailing dinghy we were hiring was damaged shortly before our arrival and could not be put into action in time for our use. However, of the other activities climbing was generally the most popular, and it was unfortunate that Bill Wilson should have injured his ankle after only a week, and so had to remain an observer for a few days. Surveying proceeded steadily; fishing was much more successful than last year; the Gometra Gazette never achieved more than one side; The archaeologists had to depend on the tide at Dun Ban, but produced some interesting finds; James Emerson and The Met men gave us some professional weather readings; walkers covered up to nineteen miles in a day; and several parties spent the night in the cottage on the south side of Ulva, an idea which proved most popular.

All in all the expedition ran very well and smoothly. I feel this was due largely to a first class set of officers, many of whom had put in a tremendous amount of work to ensure that everything went properly; and also to all the boys, with whom it was very easy to work, and without whose cheerful co-operation the expedition could never have been the success it was.

Tim Willcocks

### FROM OBAN TO THE CAMP SITE

#### The Voyage

For our voyage from Oban we boarded the *Dougal's* on which we were going to Gometra. At 11 a.m. we started loading the luggage and supplies into the hold, and in half an hour we were all ready; but the boat could not sail because of thick fog. Most of us who had fishing rods tried our luck, but we did not catch a thing. At last at 12.30 we set sail. The fog was still thick and we nearly had to turn back. After an hour we had our packed lunches, and then anyone who could not swim had to put lifejackets on as we were rounding a point of Mull and the sea was quite choppy. At last at half past five we arrived at Gometra. On the whole the voyage had been very pleasant, and I think everyone enjoyed it.

Ian Green

#### The Arrival

When we arrived in the late afternoon at Great Anchorage on the west side of the island, we tied up and unloaded the *Dougal's* while the tractor and trailers were fetched from the farm.

After loading a trailer, our section and three officers climbed aboard and we set off along a winding track to the camp site. On the way I remember seeing Gometra House, next to the farm; a curious dome-shaped hill on the right of the track, and dozens of wild rabbits.

On reaching the camp site, we saw the remains of last year's activities, consisting of a few low stone walls and two rough tables made from assorted lengths of driftwood. They must be among the few tables where it is possible to drop one's food through the middle! While we started unloading the trailer (so far I seemed to have done nothing except loading and unloading!), other sections arrived, and soon we had the marquee, store and section tents up, a hot meal ready and a feeling of being securely established. This was to be our home for the next fourteen days.

Frederick Markham



#### ON BEING CAMP ADMINISTRATOR

This year the Gometra expedition was up to thirty-six in number (compared with twenty-nine last year), and this meant more tents, more equipment, and, of course, more food. As all the boxes of food were unloaded from the *Dougal's*, I realised that we were about to be cut off from further sources of supply, and I hoped that there would be enough to prevent starvation. However, as the camp progressed, it became clear that we should have to cat like starving tigers if we were not to be left with too much at the end.

For most of us the day began at 8.30 a.m. The noise of ladles hitting pan lids announced that breakfast was ready, and the general lack of response showed that once again most people had overslept! The punctuality of the duty section in preparing breakfast often made people feel that it would be an act of kindness if breakfast were late occasionally, thus allowing everyone else a little longer in bed.

While the other sections and groups were preparing for the various activities, the duty section would be washing up. For me, this was the time when I would stand by the Calor gas clothes driers, waiting for the three or four boys who, with unfailing regularity, managed to sleep in such a position that, if there was any rain, their sleeping bags would once

again have been soaked. For the duty section, a day in camp followed. Lunch was a picnic meal. A light tea was produced at about 4.30 p.m. - bread and jam, slab cake or cup cakes. Cup cakes to the campers had a similar effect as carrots are supposed to have on donkeys. Two boys ran some thirteen miles for the prize of four of these delicacies!

The main meal of the day was in the evening. Through the shimmering heat of eight gas burners going full blast, the cooks would be seen endeavouring not to spoil the broth, and ensuring that the meal was of the right Calorific value. Soup, meat, vegetables, tinned fruit and cream was the usual menu. Prayers were at 9.15 p.m. and afterwards everyone had hot chocolate and perhaps a further plate of tinned rhubarb another popular item! Most people made use of the hot water before going to bed, at about 10.30 p.m.

Fortunately there were no severe storms this year, and no serious cases on which the doctor, Tim Roe, might use his skill. Instead he had to keep in practice by dissecting rabbits.

Robin Lord

#### SURVEYING

Instead of turning our attention to a careful survey of one particular area, this year our aims were much more widespread. Firstly it was considered to be of more interest to find and record all old habitations on Gometra and parts of Ulva, particularly those which were nowhere marked on the existing maps, and many of which were so overgrown with grass and bracken that they may well be lost for ever in another few decades. The search parties which went out to find these brought back evidence of two more small settlements on Gometra together with many isolated buildings which may have been shielings.

Secondly, a settlement of more recent date consisting of fifteen ruined houses in comparatively good condition, quite close to the camp site, was carefully surveyed by Robin Lord and his team. One of these, Ian Green, found a pair of ancient and rusty sheep-shears by one of the buildings.

Thirdly, two parties visited the Gometra and Ulva burial grounds which are now both out of use, taking down as many inscriptions as were legible at each one, and mapping out the former. The newest tombstones commemorated four merchant seamen whose bodies had been washed up on the shores of the islands during the last war; whilst the oldest read:

1765  
JOHN McGUARIES  
Burying place of Balligarten



This inscription is something of a mystery. Baligarten being a place on the far side of Ulva, with as far as is known, no burial ground of its own. It is also interesting in that Ulva was the home of the McQuarie clan, of whom we found other inscriptions, and they came originally from Ireland as the McGuires; it appears that the name "McGuaries" is therefore a transitional one.

Where we thought last year that we might have found a Norse derived settlement in Glen Glass (Ulva). appears now, after the attentions of a de-brackening party, more likely to be a later shieling settlement of some type. The only other amendment is with regard to Dùn Bàn, which in last year's report was marked as having a harbour. However, as it has now been realised that this is not even covered at high water, it seems more likely that boats were either moored offshore, or kept at the Ulva end of the causeway on the beach.

Next year, a search for dwellings round the north and west of Gometra should prove fruitful; and some more tombstone decipherers would be welcome, particularly in the Ulva burial ground.

Tim Willcocks

## CLIMBING

Surrounded by almost perfect training rocks, we were fortunate that the weather was dry enough for us to climb throughout the fortnight of our stay. A large number of new climbs some thirty in all -were set up on Torr Mor, the Bru rocks, West Harbour and the small outcrops nearer the camp.

A slip on wet rock after four days left me with a twisted ankle and unable to climb; but with the willing help of the officers and the enthusiasm of the boys, the climbing went on without check. After an introduction to the safety procedures and basic techniques of climbing and roping-down, we moved

to the higher rocks where some climbs of a very high standard were put up. All climbs were done under supervision on a top-rope for 100 percent safety—and the few falls were just sufficient to bring home to the boys how safe the sport is when all the safeguards are observed.

I hope that the enthusiasm shown by some of the boys for this—one of the most rewarding of all sports does not die, but will carry them on to the country's higher crags and eventually to the world's great mountains.

Bill Wilson

When I was pondering whether or not to venture out to the Hebrides this summer, one of the greatest spurs was the climbing. Indeed I was not disappointed. We started on elementary climbs and here the officer made it quite clear that safety measures were of the first degree of importance. With Bill instructing, and with the help of other officers, we were able to advance quite rapidly. Steadily we progressed through the not-so-easy climbs, until in the last few days we were belaying each other up.

Alas, there are no elementary rock climbs within my reach at home, and so I must wait until next year when I hope to go on another expedition.

John Webster

I was a little apprehensive when we set off on our first climb as it was all new to me, including the heavy boots which seemed strangely cumbersome. I felt I could hardly lift my feet let alone climb in them, and I was relieved to discover later that we could use our gym shoes.

Bill Wilson was our climbing instructor and we all found him very helpful; with his assistance we manoeuvred tricky rock faces and overhangs which I would never have thought possible to accomplish. We climbed mostly at Torr Mor, a line of rocks about ten minutes walk from the camp. The enthusiastic went twice a day, but it was entirely optional.

It was great fun climbing and we had a few laughs at the amusing incidents that occurred, like the time when one boy was belaying another boy up a cliff, and was caught off guard when the boy below missed his footing and was dangling in space while the boy above frantically grabbed the rope with both hands and hauled him to safety. On occasions like this we proudly boasted that we had saved a life! The climber, in fun, always made sure he was on good terms with the belayer.

I am grateful to the Society for introducing me to this great sport which I now intend to take up as a regular hobby.

Philip Carpenter

## THE COTTAGE

During the expedition three parties, each consisting of five boys and two officers, walked some five miles over the hills with their sleeping bags and food to a lonely shepherd's cottage on Ulva. The cottage, situated on a beautiful little loch full of tiny islands, was in quite good condition, despite a somewhat musty smell! It possessed five bedsteads, although four of these were made of taut chicken wire, and everybody woke up with corrugated backs. The cottage being very isolated, and the only light coming from a wood fire, many ghoulish ghost stories were told.

The next day, having done some surveying in the morning, we started back for camp in the afternoon, after an enjoyable twenty-four hours.

John Coward

## ... IN SHIPS?

Unfortunately a few days before we arrived on Gometra the sailing boat which we had hired was badly damaged, so we were unable to do any sailing. But we had a small dinghy which was mainly used for fishing. Quite a few fish were caught, including codling and mackerel, some of which were later eaten by seagulls. Towards the end of the expedition we were also lent a larger rowing boat. Two parties rowed out to Little Colonsay; the second had a hard time returning, as the waves were fairly high, and they arrived back in camp soaked!

William Firebrace

## THE WEATHER STATION

As soon as the main task of setting up camp had been completed, a few of us looked around for a suitable site on which to set up our meteorological instruments. With the help of a packing case borrowed from the camp administrator, we built a thermometer screen, and soon, at least in our eyes, the station was open. Three times a day for the next twelve days we took readings of maximum and minimum temperatures, soil temperature, relative humidity (using a sling psychrometer until it was broken!), barometric pressure and rainfall. On top of this we made observations concerning the wind (direction and force), visibility (by the Gometra scale), clouds and the state of the weather. The boys did most of the readings, although in exceptionally good weather an officer might amble up to the station.

Though our methods would shock the Met Office, many worth while results were obtained and the station was a source of pride and amusement to all concerned with it. Our attitude

could be summed up by the boy who, coming into the marquee dripping wet after taking the readings, was asked what was happening to the weather and replied "It's raining".

## Weather Statistics

Highest Day Temperature	75° (F)	Sunday, 4th August
Lowest Day Temperature	50°	Friday, 9th and Tuesday, 13th
Highest Night Temperature	62.5°	Sunday, 11th
Lowest Night Temperature	43°	Tuesday, 13th
Highest Humidity	97%	Fairly frequently
Lowest Humidity	65%	
Heaviest Rainfall in 24 hrs.	0.76"	Wednesday, 7th
Total Rainfall	1.82"	(Rhum had 1.4' in one night!)
Highest Wind Force	6	Monday, 5th (3 p.m.) Tuesday, 6th (9 p.m.)

James Emerson

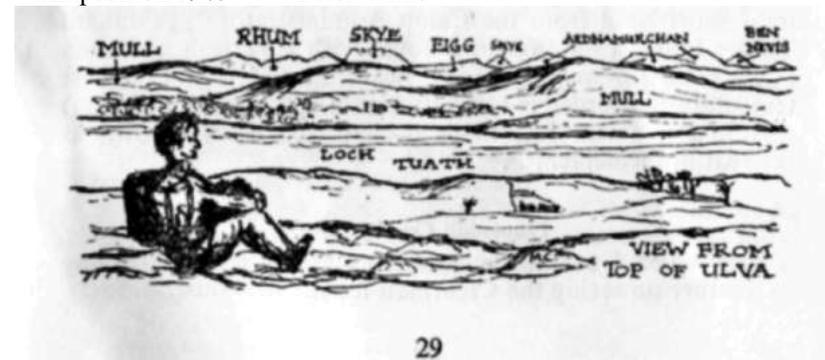
## PHOTOGRAPHY

The weather on the expedition was mainly dull in general, but before people start denying this, I hasten to add that we also had several sunny and good-for-photography days.

Subject matter was naturally rich, and one had the choice of human shots (hundreds of aspects of camp life) or some very beautiful scenery. Pictures taken from the top of Ulva were well worth the trouble of carrying a camera up: on a clear day we could see Jura and Islay, the Outer Hebrides, Rhum, the Cuillins of Skye, Eigg and even, away on the mainland, the top of Ben Nevis.

On several occasions I tried to take photos of the numerous rabbits, but this could only be accomplished from a distance. Bright anoraks, headgear and rucksacks made the colour photography gay if not harmonious. The ultra-violet filter ensured that just the right blue appeared, and not exaggerated versions.

In years to come, good colour transparencies and prints will serve to remind us of the happy times we all enjoyed with the Gometra Expedition 1963. Peter Willis



## FOOTBALL

The ground we selected had a distinct slope from goal to goal. This was an obvious advantage. The pitch did not lend itself to artistic footwork such as Jimmy Greaves displays. The teams were not even in numbers and usually consisted of about fifteen boys against six officers. Boys dropped out of the game as they got short of breath, so that at the end of the game the boys' side was a bit demoralised.

Nevertheless, everyone enjoyed the games very much, and there were plenty of goals as the scores show. They were 9-8 to the boys, and 7-5 and 3-1 to the officers. There is no doubt that these football games are amongst the most popular recreations of the expedition.

Michael Ward

I firmly believe that a certain soccer team (no names) should be reported to the F.A. for play which was unbefitting to gentlemen. The whole team should be suspended (thus the boys are proclaimed victorious) and forbidden to play football as they are a disgrace to the sport.

I would, however, like to add that they behaved a little better on the cricket pitch. Richard Gibb

(One of these reports was written by the centre-forward, the other by the goalkeeper. I leave the readers to guess which was which!—Ed.)

## GOMETRA NEWS IN BRIEF

There were three reports of albatrosses (!) in the first few days . . . Phil Carpenter & Co. caught several rabbits . . . the best fish caught were stolen overnight by seagulls, and Martin Child spent the next day trying to photograph the culprits (to go in the Rogues' Gallery). . . "Uncle" Mole and Cliff Reeves produced the Gometra Gazette, and the jelligraph refused to wash out after the first page . . . Taffy Evans, Phil Carpenter and Martin Bedwell tried artificial respiration (not the mouth-to-mouth method) on a drowned sheep . . . the Doctor won the fashionable hats competition by a short head from the Camp Administrator . . . Graham Turner found a message in a bottle with American addresses ... a craze for making Turks' heads started ... the highest temperature recorded in camp itself (not in the weather station) was 79kF . . . Tim Roc made a chair which was known as the seat of medicine. . . .

Quotable Quotes . . .

"He makes Uncle Mole look like a boy of ten."—One boy to another on seeing the Chairman for the first time.

"I'm goin' to have a third helping"—Robin Lord in an Irish accent, referring to a Section Two Stew.

"A female deer only walks on her hind legs."—Anon.

"Yarrooch!" —Robin Lord, when one of the heavier officers mistook his big toe for a piece of seaweed.

"It's nice to get your feet off the ground." Martin Child sitting down at table, five seconds before the plank broke, precipitating three officers and two boys to the floor.

"Not to be used between Tonbridge and Battle."- Notice on Southern Region railway truck standing in neglected siding at Oban station.

## GOMETRA RECORDS

Walking in one day	1962	Martin Child	23 miles
	1963	Barry Smith	19 miles

Ulva Ferry to Camp (about 6 miles):

1962 (running)	Richard Fountainc	47 minutes
----------------	-------------------	------------

1963 (running)	Dick Perks	75 minutes
----------------	------------	------------

1963 (walking)	James Emerson & Co.	83 minutes
----------------	---------------------	------------

Climbing the two Ulva peaks and Gometra peak in one day:

1963	First Individuals	Tim Willcocks and Peter Hannam
------	-------------------	--------------------------------

also Michael Powell-Brett (within 24 hours)

First Section	Martin Child with Section Two
---------------	-------------------------------

Sea level to Ben Olasary (950 ft.):

1962	Robert Jones and others:	25 minutes
------	--------------------------	------------

T.J.W.

## SOCIETY NEWS

Since the last Report was published, lectures have been given at the following schools: Malsis, Cross Hills, Near Keighley; Bramcote, Scarborough; Millstone, Malvern; Malvern College; Lawrence House, St. Annes; St. John's, Leather-head; King Edward VI Grammar School, Chelmsford.

Lectures were also given at Trinity College, Dublin, and to the St. Stephen's Students Circle, Dublin.

A reunion for members of Gometra Expedition 1962 was held at Courtauld's, Preston, on January 5th.

The Chairman won first prize at the Irish Universities Geographical Congress in March with an illustrated paper entitled "The Hebridean Islands of Ulva and Gometra -past, present and future".

We congratulate Paul Malpass (Gometra 1962) on his engagement.

Chris Oakeley (Gometra 1962) has been on a Universities' Expedition to Greenland this summer.

We congratulate Robin Lord and Martin Child on obtaining their degrees at Dublin University. Each are now doing a year's education course, Robin at Oxford and Martin at Cambridge.

**Appeal-** So that the Society may provide each expedition with its own equipment, and so allow it to build up a working capital (at the moment all equipment is bought out of expedition fees), the Directors have decided that they must launch an appeal for capital later this year.

#### PLANS FOR 1964

The plans of the Society for 1964 are set out below. Application for participation in these expeditions should be made on the appropriate form. To avoid disappointment, please apply as early as possible. It is expected that the fee for each boy will be £20, plus the rail fare (reduced) to and from the port of departure. Each expedition will last for a fortnight, plus travelling time each way.

Full details will be published to successful applicants at the New Year.

**Group A.** Ages 15.6-18 (in August 1964). South Rona Expedition 1964. Leader: John Abbott. This party will probably consist of 30 boys and officers and will use South Rona as a base for visiting remote parts of the mainland, and other islands. For a fortnight in late August and early September. We are indebted to the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland, and the Admiralty, for permission to visit South Rona.

**Group B.** Ages 14-15.6 (in August 1964). The location of this expedition has not, as yet, been definitely decided on, but it will be to either Rhum, Raasay or Jura. Directors in charge (until Leader is appointed in Autumn 1963): Clifford Fountaine and Tim Willcocks. The party will be comprised of 25-30 boys and 8-10 officers. Similar dates to Group A.

**Group C.** Ages 13-14.6 (in August 1964). Gometra Expedition 1964. Directors in charge (until Leader is appointed in Autumn 1963): Robin Lord and Richard Fountaine. This expedition will follow the pattern of previous Gometra expeditions, and will provide a good training ground for those who have not been on a Hebridean expedition before. Once again our thanks go to Colonel and Mrs. Howard and Lady Congleton for allowing us to use Gometra and Ulva. Date: approximately the first fortnight in August.

Officers' Training Expedition, St. Kilda Expedition 1964. If it is possible it is intended to send an expedition, under the Directorship (until a Leader is appointed) of Martin Child and Michael I ruler-hill, to the remote island of St. Kilda. This will be a small party, comprised of possibly ten senior boys who will be able to become officers on future expeditions,

plus some officers. Participation in this expedition will be by invitation only, and details of dates and costs will be worked out in conjunction with the whole party.

On becoming a member of the Society (by being accepted for an expedition) you will be required to pay a membership fee of £2 2s., which will last for five years. Payments for the expeditions will be by arrangement with the Hon. Treasurer, R. M. Fountaine. Boys in need of financial assistance should apply to the Chairman, A. J. Abbott.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We acknowledge with thanks the kind help which we have received from many people, especially:

The Rev. J. C. Blackie, D. J. Fountaine, Esq., B. C. Gadney, Esq., Dr. K. G. Huxham, M. L. Jordan, Esq., Professor R. Miller, C. D. Mitchell, Esq., Miss M. P. Woodmansey, The Islander, of Gometra and Ulva, P. Wormell, Esq., and the Islanders of Rhum.

The Director of the Scottish Tourist Board.

The Station Master, British Railways, Oban.

The Station Master, British Railways, Mallaig.

H. Carmichael, Esq., the owner of the "Dougal's".

D. H. Wrigley, Esq., for medical kit and meteorological instruments.

The Argyllshire Education Committee, for the loan of cutlery and crockery.

The Army School of Artillery, Larkhill, for the loan of surveying equipment.

The Ordnance Survey, Chessington, for the loan of maps.

Farnham (Surrey) Civil Defence, for the loan of First Aid pamphlets.

The Editor wishes to thank L. P. James, Esq., and the Southwold Press Ltd., for help with the publication of this Report.

By an oversight we omitted to acknowledge in the 1962 Report the kind help of the Augustine Courtauld Do Good Trust.

We also acknowledge with thanks the help received when obtaining supplies and equipment from the following firms:

Thos. Black A. Sons (Greenock) Ltd., Bovril Ltd., London. Cadbury-Fry Export Dept., Bourneville, Calor Gas (Scotland) Ltd., Cooperative Society Ltd., Tobermory, Duncan Crawford A Sons. Oban, Joseph Dunn, Ltd., Glasgow, C. A. T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., Levi Jackson A Sons Ltd., Glossop, Johnston Bros., Mallaig, Knorr Anglo-Swiss Ltd., London. Lincolnshire Cannery Ltd., Boston, J. Lyons A Co. Ltd., London, Wm. Macdonald A Sons Ltd., Glasgow, D. & W. Maclean (Mallaig) Ltd., McDougalls Oban. D. McKerchar A Son, Oban. The Nestle Company Ltd., Hayes. Jas. Robertson A Sons Ltd., Paisley, C. Shippam Ltd., Chichester. Smedley's Ltd., Whytelcafe. Unigate Ltd., London, Van den Berghs Ltd., London.

