

SCHOOLS HEBRIDEAN SOCIETY ANNUAL REPORT 1984

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### Expedition Leaders 1984

North Uist	Richard Young
South Uist	Mark Bankes
Mingulay	Nick Deeley
Harris Cravadale	Stephen Paynter

### Expedition Leaders 1985

Jura	To be appointed
Colonsay	Collette Armitage
Harris Rhenigidale	.....Alan Smith
Rhum.....	To be appointed

## CHAIRMAN S REPORT

When I took over from Steve Paynter as Chairman in September 1983, it was felt by some that the Society was in sort of difficulty partly because of problem experienced during that year. Having been a Director since 1970, I was under no illusions about the problem which we faced and the Board of Directors and everyone in any way connected with the running of our Society was determined to overcome t)«m. Thus, it is with a very great deal of pleasure that I can report that 1984 produced four vintage expeditions which experienced no problems of any great importance and only a few minor mishaps. If I tell you that at a recent joint Board and Management. Committee meeting the major points of concern were teabags going to the wrong expedition and tilley lamps which did not work too well, I am sure that you will appreciate that there is little wrong with the SHS.

The success of the Society depends entirely upon the volunteers who run it. I know that they all work extremely hard to ensure that the members do enjoy themselves whether it be at the Reunion, in reading this Report or on an expedition in terms of being able to take out a canoe that doesn't leak, eat food which is both nutritious and tasty, use tents which stay up in a Force 8 gale and walk miles with the correct emergency equipment. Those who have never been involved in such an organisation as the SHS will perhaps not appreciate the hard work, care and thought which goes into running the Society. To all the Leaders, Management Committee and Board I say 'thank you' on behalf of all the members who have enjoyed themselves in 1984.

Since our foundation in 1960 the environment in which we have operated has changed considerably and we have changed with it. Our founder Directors would probably be surprised at some of the things which we now do but I am sure that they would still recognise the atmosphere of fun and enthusiasm which prevails. I for one hope that we never lose that feeling and that we continue to enjoy the Hebrides for what they are: a wonderful place of incredible beauty, tranquillity and friendliness.

Despite the fact that the SHS offers something quite unique in terms of an experience for the members it is recognised by the Board that we cannot stand still. In terms of recruitment we face increasing competition from other organisations which offer similar activities. In the Hebrides 'themselves, we find that we are no longer the only expedition visitors. In the face of these challenges, and others, it is vital to be prepared to change.

In 1985 we are organising four major expeditions to Colonsay, Jura, Rhum and Harris (Rhenigidale). In addition, we are sponsoring an Expedition for those aged 19 and over to a site and for a duration to be set by the members. This expedition will be entirely organised by the participants, and it is hoped that it will not only undertake activities of a more adventurous nature than on other expeditions but will also prove to be an excellent training ground for future assistant leaders.

We are currently considering many other innovations such as changing the name of the Society to exclude the word 'School's', organising expeditions of a more specifically adventurous or scientific nature, running expeditions to areas other than the Hebrides providing more expert training and many other ideas. We must not fall into the trap of thinking that we are self-perpetuating. Whilst the Society as it at present exists is vibrant with life we must be prepared to change if change is necessary.

Phil Renold

#### EDITORIAL

Once again, I have had the somewhat dubious pleasure of editing the Society's Annual Report, a task made even more difficult by the fact that I can never decide what to include.

The Report, you will see, has taken on a slightly different format this year. In response to requests made at last year's reunion I have included more photographs and have tried to make it more of an account of the whole years events, rather than just reports from the summer's expeditions, (Let it not be said that we don't listen to your requests!). Despite this, however, the Report is, sadly, a bit on the 'thin' side as there was very little material received from the Mingulay Expedition and there was a distinct lack of projects.

Special thanks go to Gavin Macpherson for the printing and putting together of this Report (in other words, for doing all the hard work).

By the time you receive this report - unfortunately a little late this year - plans will be well underway for 1985. Some of you will have been to this years reunion at Swanwick and some of you may have already decided where you are going next summer so without further delay (and since I am not a great believer in long, boring editorials anyway) I will let you get on with the task in hand. Happy reading!

Collette Amitage

#### ANNUAL REUNION 1983

High Leigh Conference Centre, Hoddesdon, Herts. 29th-31st December 1983

The Reunion was once again held at High Leigh, a rather splendid conference centre situated in 45 acres of gardens and grounds.

The first evening was spent renewing old acquaintances and looking at slides from the Jura, Colonsay, Skye and Rhum Expeditions. These inevitably brought back many fond memories, and of course there was the usual series of "embarrassing" photos. It would seem that, no matter where you go, there is always a camera.

The following days activities included, amongst other things, the Society Meeting (when members were able to express their views about the Society), a competition to see who could rig the "Topper" dinghy the fastest (I still don't know who won), the traditional football match and a home video about Mingulay made by none other than Nick Deeley. This year saw the introduction of what is hopefully, to become a major social event on the SHS calendar - the Annual Dinner. This proved to be very successful, although I strongly suspect it was merely an excuse to dress up and eat a lot! The dinner was followed by the "evening entertainment", which gave the members of each expedition an opportunity to display their talents in a series of sketches and anecdotes. I must admit that I wasn't aware that we had quite so many budding scriptwriters: this year's Expeditions have quite a lot to live up to! The final morning gave everyone the chance to find out more about the Expeditions to Harris, Mingulay and North and South Uist, and to decide which they were going to go on before, all too soon, the reunion had to draw to a close. An enjoyable time was had by all!



EASTER EXPEDITION TO THE LAKE DISTRICT  
Dubs Hut 19th - 23rd April 1984

Organiser: Tony Ball

Visitors: Phil Renold, Jonathan Orr, Jane Davies, Sarah Reid, Eppie Micklem, Frank Farnham, Geoff King

The expedition started at 9.30 p.m. in the car park of the Honister House Youth Hostel. From here we made our way, in drizzle and mist, up to Dubs Hut, a one roomed dwelling originally built for the quarrymen but now rented out to various organisations.

The first day or two was hampered a little by the "not so good" weather, so the time was put to good use by catching up on sleep, organising the hut, working out how to use the boiler and inviting passing hikers in for tea.

During our stay at Dubs Hut much walking and climbing took place. All in all a memorable four days despite the fact that only a few people were able to go.

Tony Ball

THE UNEXPURGATED ACCOUNT OF THE SHS EASTER EXPEDITION

DAY 1. In the beginning there were five, Eppie, Jane, Sarah, Tony and Jeff and they all met in Keswick. They arrived at a car park at the foot of a mountain. Somewhere near the top was "the hut". The five, undaunted, strolled up. In the middle of the hut they found a gas ring.

"There's a gas ring over there!"

"Wonder where they keep the matches?"

And without more ado, they put the kettle on.

Later the same day, at seven o'clock Phil, an intrepid 54-year old (?), arrived. Having deposited supplies of food and dog food he walked back down the mountain to the pub, taking Tony with him.

DAY 2. In the morning. Jonathan the Great and a cockney lad (laarf ? I could have tiled a roof) Frank arrived. Frank and Jonathon were late. They raced up the hill with their rucksacks. Frank was younger, but not fitter, and came second.

At eight o'clock an eager hand of five men, three girls and Phil's dog set out to conquer Great and Green Gable. Triumphant they returned.



Photogenic Frank and J the Great went off to pose on a rock face to be photographed by conveniently passing grockles.

"Coo! Isn't his helmet plastic!" - Grockle 1.

"Ooh yes! And with it being on his head!" - Grockle 2.

We, the "not-so-glamorous" ambled around close to "home" until the overcast clouds loomed too close for comfort.

Back at the hut, they drank tea. Tony made rice (had Phil but known he needn't have bothered lugging the dog food up). After leaving the hut in ship-shape, spick and span order (?) they partook in the ancient art form of drinking.

(Jonathan "Ealing's answer to Chris Bonnington" was so butch he kept his boots on inside his sleeping bag)

DAY 3. Fed up with grockles peering and leering into our little place. J the Great pinned a notice on the door to the effect "coffee and hospitality here", which attracted even more. Mid-morning Frank and J the Great, the two climbers, left whistling "Teddy Bears Picnic" and the rest went walking.

The day was exhilarating as we were able to appreciate to the full the glories of the view from 3000ft. We thoroughly enjoyed the walk.

The meal was unmemorable but was prepared by Frank and Jane accompanied by a running commentary by Great consisting mainly of "...Everywhere I go ....\*\*\*...?\*"!

Evening's activity: Walk to the pub, stagger to the hut.

DAY 4. In the morning Tony left, preferring to celebrate his birthday in more civilized climes. Frank took three novice climbers out on to the diff. climbs. Eppie, now the intrepid, having pulled the short blade of grass, was severely tested with a far more rigorous climb.

Great, having been left to his own devices, engaged in a masochistic mega-walk.

At lunchtime, joined by Jeff, we hit the Lodore Swiss Hotel (an insignificant 4-star establishment). However, because we were all confident, self-assured and carried our grime well, they welcomed us with open arms (?).

Last evening we ate everything. Spam a la salmon a la dehydrated dregs. The end result was successful. Even J the G, who had observed our efforts with constant amusement, was pleasantly surprised. The chief supervisor must be given credit: he did keep throwing hot water over everything so we are all grateful to him for giving us sterile conditions to work in.

Variety being the spice of life, we changed the scene of our drinking for

the last evening and hit Keswick. On our return we tested our intellectual capacities to the utmost by playing snap.

During the night, Jonathon the Grate, on hearing the mouse, caught and killed it. Yet another in the long line of successful Great endeavours.

DAY 5. We left in the morning, well pleased with the holiday of a reduced lifetime. Relapse.

Culprit, Jane Davies



## HARRIS (CRAVADALE) EXPEDITION 1984

Leader: Steve Paynter

Assistant Leaders: Alan Tytler, Frank Farnham, Mike Young, Jo Walker, Greg Cotton, Janet Shakespeare, Douglas Warburton, Dave Lock

Members: Stephen Ashman, Sharon Baldwin, Duncan Bell, Tiffany Banner, Maria Borg, Philip Bush, Richard Butterworth, Theresa Hill, Toby Cameron, Alana Lennon, Graham Jackson, Alex Haigh, Cathy Middleton, David Worsdall, Neil Mason, and Cheryl Watson.

### LEADER'S REPORT

This was only the second SHS Expedition to visit the north west coast of Harris, the first being led by John Abbott in 1965. That Expedition was also the first full size expedition that the Society mounted to the Outer Hebrides, and our arrival on the same shores in 1984 gave us a unique opportunity to compare the Society as it is to-day with the Society of 19 years ago.

The site at the head of Loch Cravadale was as ideal for us as it was for John and his crew in 1965. Flat, well-drained machair, lying just above a beautiful stretch of sandy beach and surrounded on three sides by steep ground rising up to over 1000 feet.

Our equipment arrived on the beach by an unusual yet ideal mode of transport - a landing craft. This had to be the ultimate in expedition on-island transportation and was a fitting climax to a very smooth logistical plan which brought the one-two tons of food and equipment up from England. All that remained was 20 yards of firm, level sand to negotiate on foot between the water's edge and the site - a mere nothing compared with most SHS Expeditions.

The beach continued to be of tremendous value to the Expedition. Launching the P4 and Yamaha from it for the first time was, for me, rather like early man discovering the wheel - sheer ecstasy. I seriously felt like beaching it and relaunching, just for the simple pleasure which could be derived from this operation in comparison with the normal struggle over seaweed-strewn rocks. Canoeing was safer and easier from the beach, and also made surf-canoeing an added luxury. The Society's Topper dinghy received almost constant use in the bay with many members experiencing their first taste of sailing under Janet's experienced hand. A wide variety of birds were seen along the bay and seals, trout, salmon and even some porpoises were seen from our privileged position on its shores.

Almost everyone tried their nerve at rock climbing at some point in the Expedition and for the more enthusiastic, Stronalladale and a rather gruesome short overhang, probably graded at extreme, provided ample challenge and difficulty for the duration of the Expedition.

Two main bivvies ran towards the end of the Expedition. The first walked

many miles to visit the famous Standing Stones at Callanish while the second took a shorter route and climbed Clisham. A magnificent summit, reached at about 8 pm one evening, and giving views over the length and breadth of the Outer Hebrides, to a steadily reddening western sky.

The ornithological highlight of the Expedition occurred when a young merlin was brought into camp with a broken wing. Alan did an excellent job, cleaning and bandaging, and was later successful in coaxing the bird to food. This exquisite bird of prey has now gone to a breeding project in the south of England since its wing could not be saved.

We received quite a number of visitors during our time at Cravadale and we soon got to know local shepherds and river watchers from the surrounding estates. The task of the river watchers is to try to catch the large number of highly organised poachers who move in on the salmon rivers at this time of year. We learnt quite a lot about the area from them and enjoyed a number of fresh lobsters which they kindly gave to the Expedition.

Time passes quickly on expeditions and soon we found ourselves preparing to leave. A beach Olympics, orienteering marathon and grand last meal only added to the already continuous hilarity and amusement. Walking out from Cravadale amidst a fresh breeze on an absolutely stunning day was accompanied by a strange mixture of high spirits, tinged with sadness. It was already easy to see what an enormous amount of enjoyment we had all derived from the Expedition and this in itself was quite enough to make the Expedition both worthwhile and successful. But in addition to this a whole variety of other "experience" was gained, too important and profound to list but which became the spirit of Cravadale '84.

In this respect the Expedition was, I suspect, little different from John Abbott's in 1965. Our equipment was more plentiful and more advanced and our organisation probably a little smoother. Our emphasis lay in outdoor activities while John's Expedition seemed to be strongly geared to the scientific investigation of the surrounding environment. We enjoyed the company of some delightful young ladies, but in 1965 of course it was boys only. However, in the last analysis, it would seem true to say that the basic essence and character of the Society has changed relatively little over the intervening years.

The success of Cravadale 1984 was certainly assured and I would like to thank everybody, both in the Society and on the Isle of Harris, who made the Expedition possible.

It was all summed up for me on the return journey, with the sight of almost the entire Expedition lying fast asleep (literally on top of each other) along the corridor of a British Rail luggage carriage, happy, content and exhausted.

Steve Paynter

## A NIGHT SPENT WITH A LOCAL

Not long after supper on a sunny evening at Cravadale, one of the local water bailiffs turned up and, as he had done before with his mates, he came up to the camp for a cup of tea and a bit of a natter. It was mostly Steve, Dave, Jo and myself who talked to him and after a while he explained to us that at that moment in time he was the only one out of the three water bailiffs who was present - one of the others was having a weekend off and the other had gone to a family funeral.

During our discussion with him, we questioned him about his job and what it entailed. He told us that his job of guarding the valuable salmon rivers at Tamanavay was originally only temporary but since he had had notice on that very day that he had lost his permanent job on a sea-fishing boat out of Tarbet (Harris), he planned to stay at Tamanavay for as long as possible.

He told us that most nights the three of them would go out late at night in the inflatable provided by the owners of the estate, go slowly over to another cottage on Loch Tamanavay, checking all the shoreline on the way with powerful torches to look for ropes, which might be securing poachers' boats, and light a lantern (this was to deter would-be poachers). After this they would usually return to their cottage and sleep until about 4 a.m. They would then go out again with torches and walk up one of the rivers to see if they could catch any poachers. Returning about 6.30 a.m. they would collapse into bed and sleep until about 11 a.m.

He also told us that there was no way that he was going out that night on his own to light that lantern, or walk the rivers, no way at all!

The conversation lasted about half an hour and at every opportunity he repeated his fears about being at the house by himself and lighting a lantern across the loch. By this time an idea was flickering through my head: should I go with him back to Tamanavay and spend the night with him? At first, common sense said no, but then the sense of adventure and excitement overtook that initial caution, and I suggested it. He was all for it, and I think for him it was the best suggestion anybody had made all day.

I questioned Steve about the wisdom of my suggestion, and he said it was up to me whether I go or not, so I finally said goodbye to my fears and told him that I would go.

After I fetched my waterproofs we were ready. I said goodbye to everyone in camp and went down to the beach with my new companion and a few helpers to launch his inflatable. Within a few moments we were hurtling across the choppy swell at breakneck speed, a 20 hp outboard throbbing behind us. The speed might have been greater but safety was utmost, with the revs being drastically reduced at the sign of any large waves that might have caused problems at speed.

As darkness fell we entered Loch Tamanavay and he questioned me about

whether or not I would like to see his lobster store. I said I would, so we entered a tiny cove, located a buoy and as we slowly drifted past we caught hold of it and hauled up a converted fish crate. He opened up the lid and the whole of the inside seemed to move - twelve lobsters squirming about. (The claws on all lobsters caught are rendered useless by cutting the appropriate muscle with a knife. This is so they can't harm humans or other lobsters, as the only good lobsters are live ones! (They are boiled alive). After we had replaced the crate, we headed over towards the house used as a residence by six people - three carpenters and three waterbailiffs. (The carpenters who were on holiday at that particular time are doing up a house in the area).

Upon reaching the shore we jumped out and using standard mooring techniques using a secured buoy, we moored the boat and went up to the house a couple of hundred yards away, on the way exchanging such facts as names: his was Angus. We entered the house through a semi-rotten door into the kitchen - a bare, square room with a tiny window above a primitive sink, two gas stoves, a few simple shelves and a bare concrete floor. Another door in a similar state to the first led us into the main room of the house, about twelve foot square. The dominant feature of the room was a fairly modern looking table about six feet by three feet. Along one side of this table was a 'park-style bench with a thick layer of foam along the entire length. The fireplace was opposite this bench but it was obviously not used as a gas heater was placed directly in front of it. On the third side of the room was a sideboard with two Ordnance Survey maps of the area on the wall above it, and on the final side there was the only window of the room, which was fairly large and looking over Loch Tamanavay.

As light was fading quickly our first job was to get some light - a "camping-gaz" light was soon supplying more than necessary (much brighter and easier to manage than Tilleys - lasts about eight hours). Next, the gas heater burst into life and with the help of four glowing segments my trousers, which were soaked when launching the boat at camp, soon dried out and within fifteen minutes the room was just about too warm to stay in.

We then proceeded to talk about all sorts of things including his fear of aeroplanes (he has been in one only once, once too often, in his view!). We also talked about how he and his companions had caught some poachers red-handed one morning and about how, only a week before, they had lost their outboard engine. It came off the transom board and Angus went off with it, still clutching the throttle! Next second the engine and Angus passed the inflatable before gravity took over and the engine began to sink. Angus is a non-swimmer so he had to let go and splash around in the water until his mates could paddle back to him and pull him out. We also talked about his old jobs on various fishing boats, and what each one entailed.

Suddenly at about a quarter to twelve, after about half a bottle of Whyte and Mackays had strangely disappeared, Angus remembered that he had not replaced the self bailers in the inflatable and if he did not put them in then, in the morning, the boat would be full of water. After a lot of deliberation we decided that we would go back down to the boat, go over to the other side of the loch, light the lantern and possibly have a look around for some poachers.

This we did, starting at about a quarter past midnight, flying across Loch Tamanavay on the plane with only torches to locate the shores of the loch. When we returned, we tied up the boat again and walked up the steep hill to the house (Angus complained about this hill every time we went up it - it was only about sixty feet!) We spent about another two and a half hours talking about much the same things as before, during which the other half bottle of Whyte and Mackays disappeared without trace, and we finally struggled into our beds at half past three.

At that moment, our plans for the morning were to get up at about nine and after breakfast walk a few miles up one of the Tamanavay rivers. These plans, however, were shattered when we woke up just after eleven! After two weeks of SHS breakfasts, I was really looking forward to a mega breakfast. (No offence, Rosie, the food was magnificent overall).

Angus' cooking was not to be laughed at. We had cereal followed by sausages, black pudding, bacon and fried bread, all accompanied by tea or coffee. After we had gorged ourselves there were two jobs to be done, tidying up the main room and doing all the washing up. We decided that we would allocate these two jobs by throwing darts at the dartboard, highest score getting the choice. I won and chose the tidying up, but we ended up both doing the washing up and then the tidying.

We then put on our gear again and went down to the inflatable. Angus asked me if I had seen any mussel ropes before and I said no so he spun the inflatable round and we headed off to another corner of Loch Tamanavay. Mussel ropes as he showed me are simply weighted ropes hanging from floats. The ropes occasionally have intertwined pieces of wood in. Over a period of eight months to three years, depending on the location, mussels attach themselves to these ropes in vast numbers and grow to their full size. When they are ready to harvest it may take as many as four men to haul in a rope only about thirty feet in length and since the price of fresh mussels can be a pound a pound, then this kind of 'farming' can bring in some money.

After this we headed out of Loch Tamanavay and back towards the camp but on the way we stopped and I hauled up six lobster creels (frighteningly close to a large cliff in an inflatable and a heavy swell). Two lobsters were contained in these creels so we removed them and decided that we should take them with us back to camp (two out of the six that we were given during the Expedition: about thirty pounds worth). As we approached the sandy beach a few members came down to meet us and helped us land the inflatable. Once in the marquee we had a brew up and within half an hour, I was off on an orienteering course. That's SHS life!

Greg Cotton

#### Day 1

Despite a very wet and windy night with Hebridean weather at its worst, the Clisham bivvy party was still determined to conquer the highest peak in the Outer Hebrides.

After brief farewells (and last minute regrets) the party left camp for the first leg of the journey. This was to take us to Kinlochresort from where we would continue to a small bothy on the Langadale River. If morale was high when we left, it was non-existent when we trudged into Kinlochresort later that day. It had rained cruelly and relentlessly on us for almost four hours. We were soaked to the skin and totally miserable. The prospect of walking another 11 km. (7 miles) across rough, boggy moorland before pitching camp was horrendous.

It was doubtful we would have made that distance before dark in our state. Fortunately there was an abandoned and broken down house in which we could stay. We met Peter Cunningham, an elderly gamekeeper in charge of protecting the lochs, who lived at Kinlochresort. He showed us the room where we could stay, and brought us news of the Callanish bivvy party who had passed through Kinlochresort an hour or so earlier.

The upstairs room where we spent our first night was the only room in the house that was intact and sheltered from the elements. We lit a blazing fire and dried our clothes (and sleeping bags). In the evening, the sun came out, bringing spectacular views of Strone Ulladale with Clisham just visible in the background.

#### Day 2

After a very cosy night we left our house at Kinlochresort and headed up the river to Loch Voshimid. The going was tough until we hit a track used by fishermen for access to the lochs. We enviously passed a parked Range Rover, and continued to plod down Glen Meavaig. We cut off the track at the bridge and headed up to the col between Braigh an Thais and Creag an Speireig. We pitched camp on a bed of heather by a lochan just above Loch Brunaval. Clisham towered up in front of us, slipping in and out of the mist.

At 5.45 pm we left camp to "do" Clisham. We descended to the valley separating us from the Clisham ridge and climbed up a small gully on to the ridge at Mo Buidhe. The mist came down and we scrambled steeply over the loose rocks until we reached Milla fo-Dheas, the second highest point on the ridge. The ridge then descended to a windswept col before rising up on to Clisham itself. This descent was by far the hardest part of the ridge. Often there appeared to be a sheer drop over the edge of the rocks in front. Steve was continually encouraging us with "Take care, men!" He didn't seem to remember to add "and women!"

On Clisham itself we had more room to move as we were not on a knife-edge ridge. We arrived at the summit quite unexpectedly, surprised that it was the actual top, and not a false summit.



Many photos were taken of the magnificent views we had over the whole island: north up Loch Langavat, south to the whaling station at Bunavonheador, east to Seaforth Island and a spectacular view west across five ridges to the sea. This made it all worthwhile.

We left the summit at 8.30. The view was breathtaking in every direction but we had to concentrate on getting back to Loch Drunaval before the night drew in. The descent to the plateau due south of Clisham was steep and rocky: very typical of Harris hills. From there we followed a stream down to the valley and back up to Loch Brunaval. Once there, we still t see our tents but fortunately we found them without too much bother. (Whose idea was it to have mucky green tents, anyway?) once back, we flopped on our beds, tired but triumphant.

Day 3

Mist had blown in and we struck carp in a fine drizzle and headed to the road at Meavaig. We had planned to do Cleiseval if we had any energy left, but that was definitely out.

CXir attempts to hitch-hike (well, mine actually) totally failed and we trudged along the road past endless moor and bog until we reached Amhuinnsuidhe. There, we revived ourselves with Mars bars and Lucozade I set off a bit more energetically back to Hushinish. Hushinish to camp took an eternity but once camp was in sight we were encouraged and couldn't get there fast enough.

t was, in all, a very enjoyable bivvy. We climbed a magnificent mountain that was well worth the soaking on the first day.

Thanks to all who participated.

Cathy

## SCARP - A CASE STUDY OF ISLAND DESERTION

A SHS Expedition is, for many, their first experience of a rare existence: that of living in an isolated community where the circumstances are such that all aspects of life are intensified. Islanders in the Hebrides experience similar conditions including the difficulty of surviving at all. When bounded by a physical barrier, like the sea, the sense of belonging to a community which is separate from others and of sharing a life with one s fellow islanders is greatly strengthened. So, too, is the desire to explore what lies beyond the sea. An islander tends to be more intense both in his wandering and his coming home.

The effect of an island on its inhabitants is a function of its size and distance from the mainland and also of the existence or non-existence of navigable harbours (and what is navigable changes with the technology of seafaring) and with the threshold of acceptable discomfort set by the standard of living of those with whom we compare ourselves and to which we consequently aspire. The more complex life becomes, the larger is the population required on any island to maintain a viable community. Apart from the lack of employment for young people, families leave because they do not wish to be without doctors or schools, and while at one time women were bound to the land, while the men might roam in search of work, it is probably the women who are most anxious to leave.

The Island of Scarp is separated from Harris by a strait, half a mile wide at its narrowest, which is often coursed by strong tidal currents. It is roughly circular in shape, with a diameter of 3 miles. Topographically rugged, cliffed on all sides, the island achieves a maximum altitude of nearly 1000 feet, the trig, point of Stron Ronuil giving what must be one of the most panoramic views of the western coast of the Western Isles: north to Brenish and towards Dig Sands, east to Kinlochresort and the rugged terrain of Lewis, south to Ben More on South Uist, Eaval on North Uist and Luskentyre on South Harris, and west to St Kilda and the Flannan Isles. Lying off the exposed Atlantic coast of Harris, Scarp has no anchorage of any sort. Instead, there is what appears to be a raised coastal beach from which the pier protrudes and on which is the only settlement, the majority of the buildings now being deserted. Their condition is the result of many factors. In 1900, the total population of Scarp was 200, in 1965 it had dwindled to 29 and in 1967 the island was deserted. The major cause of the exodus was overpopulation. The island was originally settled in 1810. The lazy beds, now deserted, occupy both relatively protected and thoroughly exposed sites beyond the modern settlement, evidence for a denser population and actual overpopulation. Slowly, though, over the years, Scarp was drained of its human resources. The population carrying capacity of the island, though, is severely limited by the small amounts of land available for tillage. Out of a total of 7 square miles only half a square mile can be used. Climatic conditions and soil type also restrict the type and quality of crops that can be grown.

Depopulation can be traced to other factors as well: the better employment opportunities and social attractions of Harris and Lewis, the lack of scope for other forms of work and the decline of Harris Tweed spinning. As an industry it has become more organised on the main island. Relative isolation from the mills meant that a steady income could not be assured, especially when Scarp was cut off by heavy seas during the winter. The mill masters, in any case, were not particularly interested in such a precarious source of supply.

In the 1920s Scarp was frequently cut off from the mainland of Harris because there was no road to Hushinish, the nearest point on Harris to Scarp, and small boats which could be handled on the beach at Scarp were unable to venture into the open Atlantic, as they must get further round the coast of Harris to Tarbert or the road end at Amhuinnsuidhe Castle. Meal and household necessities were carried in creels on the backs of the Scarpaich for eight miles or so across the hills to get to the sheltered water where a boat could meet them. They complained of their isolation but at that time there was little thought of leaving. Lord Leverhulme eased their situation by making a road to Hushinish, but they were still occasionally cut off from medical aid. A German scientist suggested in the mid-1930s that mail and medicines could be delivered to remote islands by rocket and he carried out a demonstration at Scarp, but it failed. The situation of Scarp was considerably alleviated in the 1950s by the building of a massive pier at Hushinish.

In 1965, when the SHS last visited Scarp, there were 7 families owning 1000 sheep and 12 cows on the island. There had been some intermarriage between first cousins, carrying the usual genetic risks. The island depended upon the virility of its younger men to manhandle the boat and hump the peat supplies. However, in 1965 the young men did not rate highly their chances of staying on the island for the rest of their lives. Apart from being tempted elsewhere, like Tarbert, they recognised that it would be an exceptional girl who would adjust to the tough conditions of life on Scarp. In 1965, the existence was a subsistence one with self-sufficiency in such products as potatoes, turnips, cabbages, oats, milk and fish. Modern conveniences were few, extending only to a telephone cable line and a basic shop.

The island was finally evacuated in 1967 when there was no longer a boat crew left and the telephone line was broken. The boat from Hushinish would or could no longer go to the island, so the Scarpaich departed, leaving their houses intact with furniture, treasured possessions and an open bible. Most moved to crofts between Hushinish and Atihuinnisuidhe and they still keep 1000 sheep on the island, visiting every fortnight to check the sheep and keep the crofts together, although crossing is virtually impossible between September and March.

Despite all the hardships, there now are signs that people are deliberately seeking to return to the remote islands of Britain, including the Hebrides, in an attempt to escape from the restraints and pressures of an industrial society. Tourism and the proliferation of second homes are affecting many of the Scottish islands.

The 1984 Cravadale group visited Scarp) on a pleasant, warm July day to see how this new trend has affected Scarp and attempt to discover the fortunes of the island and its inhabitants since their final departure in 1967. Mike took Steve, Catherine, Graham, Terry and myself over to Scarp. After a superb but lazy walk around the island we returned to the settlement. There is no sign of the road mentioned in the '65 report. The area around the buildings is knee-deep in grass, thistles and a variety of sand loving flowers. Most of the buildings are now in a state of disrepair and on talking to one of the owners we discovered that only six of the buildings are still habitable: the old schoolhouse, which is owned by a Pakistani hotel chain, based in London, which bought the island last year; the Minister's house, or manse, which is owned by a minister from Cumbria; the Post Office, which is owned by an American who lives in London; the bungalow, built shortly before the island was abandoned, which is owned by a Birmingham man; the Green Croft, which is owned by a German from the Rhineland, who visits twice a year; and the Red Croft, recently bought by a man from Cheltenham. The hotel company has plans for a holiday settlement with bungalows and cafes but the German, who we talked to, doubted that these plans would be realised because such development would be severely restricted by the Crofters' Commission, who are at present helped by the Islands Development Programme, which provides considerable financial and practical help towards the upkeep of sheep and buildings.

At the end of the day, Scarp is a vivid and sad reminder of man's retreat from the frontiers he once maintained. The picture is the same at many of the sites we visited. An understanding of those forces involved will hopefully lead to a greater appreciation of both the human and physical environment in which a brief but memorable three weeks of our lives is spent.

Jo Walker

(Footnote:

Members of the Cravadale Expeditions of both 1965 and 1984 might be interested in the following recollections of Scarp which I visited at the beginning of the Lewis Aird Bheag Expedition in 1972. At that time, the island was owned by a wealthy young Anglo-Scot who was hoping to develop lobster fishing in the waters off the west coast of Lewis and Harris. He lived on the island and owned a substantial fishing boat called the "Golden Chance", which the SHS chartered to carry our equipment to Aird Bheag. Although it was midsummer, we were given a memorable demonstration of just how treacherous the sea can be between Hushinish and Scarp!

I do not know the details, but assume that the lobster fishing venture, like so many attempts by well meaning outsiders, from Leverhulme onwards, to invest capital in the Western Isles, came to nothing.

Gavin Macpherson)

## HARRIS CLIMBING REPORT

".....to boldly go where no man has gone before" (Captain James T Kirk)

I think the captain must have been talking about climbing on Harris when he made the above, well known, statement. In fact, the bold going consisted of a small crag about 300 yards from camp, a larger crag about 500 yards from camp, and Stron Ulladale, quite a large crag quite a few yards from camp.

Of these three venues, the small crag had the most appeal with almost everybody doing a face route on the right and a few people trying the overhang next to it. Abseiling here was also popular with everybody descending at various speeds, including the record of 25 feet in about three seconds.

The larger crag was less popular, probably due to the extra 200 yards of walking involved and the large number of friendly midges, always willing to hang around for a chat at the bottom....on the belays....in fact, everywhere. Alas, Richard and myself attempted the obvious route on the crag, a leftwards slanting crag line that split the face. This provided a few hours of entertainment and gave about 200 feet of hard severish climbing.

Flushed with our success, a bivvy to Stron Ulladale was thought in order and Douglas, Neil, Richard, Terry and myself set off, a few days before the end of the Expedition. As the weather was fine, we decided to be hard and just take sleeping bags and bivvy bags. This was a mistake, but more of that later. First, a few words about the crag. We first saw it when we were about three miles away and no description of its size could have prepared us. From the loch to the top is 1000 feet, overhanging 150 feet at one point - it is huge! No wonder no-one had much to say as we settled down for the night, nothing, that is, until about 2.30 in the morning when the immortal words "Oh \*?!\* it's raining!" were to be heard. Douglas and I took cover under a conveniently placed overhanging boulder whilst the other three simply grunted and went back to sleep! Twelve hours later it was still raining. We had had enough, so we walked back to camp (much to the delight of certain people, I suspect).

Climbing quotes of the Expedition:

1. "Pull the •?!•!?! rope in. (Douglas on overhang)
2. "Just watch this block and see if it moves when I pull it". (Frank testing possible belay)

Things I will never forget:

1. Douglas' face just before the first quote.
2. Richard and Neil 's faces just after the second quote.  
Frank Farnham

## POEM

Among the smooth and darkened rocks  
The swell moves up and down;  
Oyster catchers dwell among  
The rocks that are so brown

The seaweed clings relentlessly.  
The barnacles do so to.  
They seem to stick on easily  
With a kind of superglue!

Occasionally a white horse  
Can be seen among the waves  
Mhich carve out strange formations  
Like stacks and arches and caves.

The tide is coming in now  
And I'm just about cut off,  
But if I 'm quick and nippy  
I won't have to take my footwear off.

Anon.

## NORTH UIST EXPEDITION 1984

### LEADER'S REPORT

Leader: Richard Young

Assistant Leaders: Paula Hollingsworth, Bridgit Hutchinson, Simon Lorimer, Robert McDermott, Richard Pitts, Simon Ringrose, John Thorpe, Kirsten Warburton

Members: Alison Adams, Clare Alderson, Steven Allard, Rachel Allen. Michael Bailey, Kevin Bateman, Elizabeth Boulter, Susanna Boxall, Ian Brown, Stuart Brown, Jennifer Bundy, Jeremy Clough, Paul Connolly, Alasdair Davidson, Nicholas Gee, Rachael Gooberman, Keith Hawker, Ryan Herbert, Alexander Hester. Charles Hickman, Stuart Hogg. Georgina Hopwood, Nicholas Hurrell, Michael Krango, Brian Marsden, Robin Potts, Nicholas Travers, Innes Webberley, Peter Young..

There was some doubt as to whether we would all get into the bus at Lochboisdale School. Soon, however, the packed vehicle was winding northwards - and the isles welcomed us with blue sky and clear air. We passed an endless number of lochans and peat cuttings as the road grew smaller and smaller, and the bends sharper and more frequent. Finally, we came to a halt on the south shore of Loch Eport, where the road ends at Obisary. We were all very glad indeed to hear that the advance parties who were waiting for us had taken it upon themselves to ferry most of our equipment round to the site. Quite a tribute to the organisation, as none of them had ever been there before!

After a friendly reunion for a few folks from previous expeditions, and plenty of "hallos" from us all we decided to get to the site as quickly as possible, while the good weather lasted. There were two factors which I hadn't counted on whilst planning this part of the activities: first, the tremendous enthusiasm and effort put in by everybody; and second, the good weather, which made the whole thing so much more enjoyable. I can't remember a camp going up so quickly and thoroughly, especially remembering that most of the members were on their first Expedition.

Teamwork was the order of the day and this spirit was very much present throughout our time together. I wish to stress this because, whilst no-one knows exactly where it comes from, it meant a tremendous amount to all of us. It explains, perhaps, how it was possible to do so many things in such a brief venture. As I look back now, the time seemed to be so full that it's not possible to remember it all.

Nonetheless, I have fond memories of sailing on Loch Obisary, of eating trout and pollock and of drinking Mrs MacPhail's tea after we had helped her fetch her peats! I might also mention the search and rescue exercises (both the practice and the real one which followed), sleeping under the stars with the distant sound of breakers on our bivvy to the West Coast or watching the moon rising over Loch Eport from our newly pitched camp.

I enjoyed watching two Arctic Skuas circling over our boat in the evening light, and equally the moment when two of us spotted another swimming in the surf at Griminish Point. Climbing Eaval at 6.00 a.m. and watching the sunrise was an experience I won't forget. Sometimes, the whole world around seemed to "fill you up". One such moment came as two of us were returning to the camp in the inflatable boat in the evening with the bread supply. The sun had gone from the sky, and the moment was reached when the mirror-smooth water-surface and the pearly-blue sky were indistinguishable. Only the glowing trail of phosphorescence from our wake was left as we rounded the headland to the camp.

Being nearly a mile from the nearest house we were very much surrounded by the natural aspect of the island. I think the interest shown in both the island and its people is apparent from the fact that seventeen overnight camps were undertaken in just ten consecutive days.

Whilst it is always easier to talk about the 'outward' experiences in such a review as this, I am quite sure that for many members and leaders the friendships made and developed, or the sense of self-reliance gained and tested will prove the most enduring memorial to their visit to North Uist.

I must finally take this opportunity to thank very warmly indeed all those kind people who enabled the Expedition to be such a success - many within the Society who organised food, transport, membership and equipment for various activities; John MacKinnon for his hospitality at Lochboisdale School; the whole community at Sidinish and Obisary who were so kind to us; to David Shaughnessy and Alistair MacDonald for permission to stay where we did; and last, but not least, the Assistant Leaders who worked at least 50% harder than any other group I've known! Thank you all very much.

Richard Young

### THE LEES WALK

Members: Elizabeth Boulter (Izzy), Georgina Hopwood (George), Alison Adams, Innes (Guinness) Webberley, Rachael Allen, Ian Brown, Stuart Hogg, Claire Alderson, Nick Travers.

ALs: Brigit Hutchinson, Simon Lorimer

We set off in the P4 and arrived at 11.00 at the other side of Loch Eport. We then climbed the first of the two hills. South Lee. After a well earned rest, we scrambled down the steep side of South Lee and then went to climb North Lee, which was slightly lower. We stopped here for lunch and fell asleep!!) Three hours later, we awoke and realised we could be a bit late meeting the P4. To make up some time we took a shorter route down to the meeting place, where the P4 picked us up.

The whole walk (sleep, more like - Ed) took seven hours and was about eight miles long. It was extremely enjoyable, especially as the weather was so very hot.

George, Izzy and Alison



### THE BALMARTIN BIVVI

(Thursday 23rd - Saturday 25th)

Mentors: Mike Bailey, Rachel Goberman, Nick Hurrell, Alisdair Davidson.

AL: Paula Hollingsworth

After an early breakfast and a kit check we were given a lift up to Sidinish Post Office in the P4. The Post Bus to Clachan arrived promptly at 8.45 and the drive only took ten minutes. After disembarking, the major priority was to visit the store! We then had to start hitching to Balmartin up on the north west coast. Mike and Rachel managed to get a lift all the way and so did Paula, but Nick and I could only get one to within four miles of our destination so we walked the rest.

The bivvy site was just outside Balmartin, at the southern end of Trigh Verral. a sandy beach due west. Richard Young's group were just having breakfast when we arrived, at about 11.30. After we had settled-down, they left us and we went for a swim in the bay. The breakers were fairly big and we all tried bodysurfing. The rest of the day was spent lazing around, swimming and collecting firewood.

We had a good meal that night with Richard's group and a great campfire. The dreaded songbooks were brought out, and it was found that some people actually like them: Paul Connolly actually fell asleep cuddling one!! (Is this a first? - Ed). Everyone slept outside that night and someone taught us how to recognise the Cassiopeia star pattern. We finally fell asleep at about 1.30.

Everyone was awake by 10.30 a.m. The other party packed up and left for base camp, whilst we walked to Griminish Point to see the fantastic natural arches and tunnel, and the big waves hitting the rocks, straight from the North Atlantic.

We returned to camp around 6.00 p.m. Paula went to get water and eggs, Gooby (Rachel) and Mike went for a swim while I did some quadrant counting for a project. The meal that night was out of this world and as it was so warm, Gooby, Mike and I slept outside by the fire on the beach.

Everyone was woken at 6.30. a.m. by Paula, or the midges, if not both! The campsite was cleared in record time and we were on the road walking to Tigharry Post Office by 7.30.

The Post Bus arrived at Tigharry at 8.15 a.m. and it took one and a half hours to get to Clachan. There, we cleared out the stores of Mars Bars and Highland Toffee, and walked the remaining distance to camp.

Alisdair Davidson

### THE CLIMBING BIVVY (23rd - 24th August)

Members: Susanna Boxall, Keith Hawker, Peter Young, Nick Travers, Jennifer Bundy.

AL's John Thorpe, Simon Ringrose

#### DAY 1

The group left mid-morning, minus John, who had set off earlier to remove Km pegs from the site of a previous climb. This meant that we had to carry his rucksack, which slowed us down somewhat.

After about an hour, John joined us, and we arrived at the site just before lunchtime. We decided to spend the night in a cave halfway up a small cliff and after leaving our rucksacks there we went off to look for a good climb. There seemed to be many possibilities, so after lunch we set off to explore the first one.

It proved suitable so Simon led and the rest of us followed at intervals whilst John took some photographs as we climbed. Once we were all at the top, an abseil was arranged and Simon was the first to descend. He disappeared over the edge, and a few seconds later we heard him shout something about "gorse". All was revealed when, one by one, we each abseiled into the middle of a large and prickly bush which was halfway down the rock face. By this time we were all very hot, so a swim in a nearby loch was extremely welcome. Even more welcome was tea, once we returned to the cave, but unfortunately we found that we were sharing it with midges by the thousand intent on eating us. The solution to this seemed to be a fire. This did deter the midges slightly but it also suffocated us so we made our way up to the hilltop where it was midge and smoke free. It was then decided unanimously to bivvy up there so after cocoa we crawled into our sleeping bags and were asleep within minutes.

Jennifer Bundy

#### DAY 2

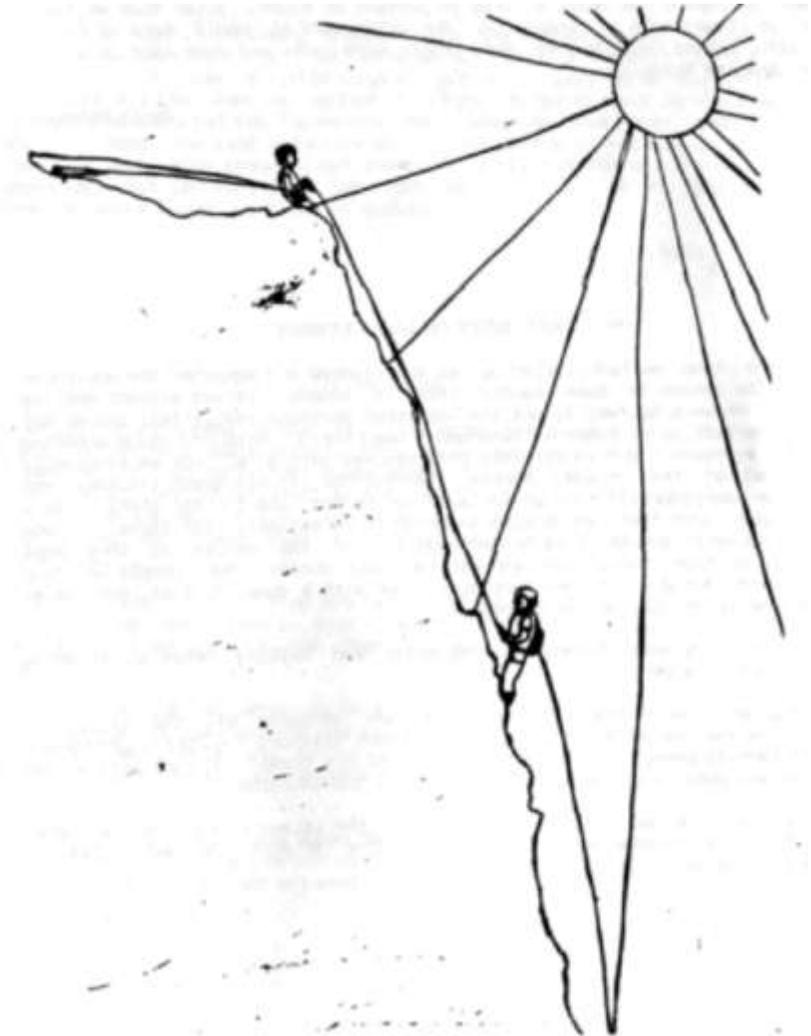
In the Morning Nick went to fetch breakfast before most of us were awake. After 20 minutes Jenny and I set off to look for him - we found him in the cave looking for a clean(ish) pan left from last night.

Breakfast, when we eventually got it, was fun. Managing to get a spoonful of cornflakes from the plate to our mouths without them being blown off was quite an achievement.

It was midday before we reached the rock face. John and Simon led up separate routes while Keith and I belayed them. Simon's route was graded as severe, John's was on flatter rock with plenty of foot and hand holds. Shortly after reaching the top, the rest of us followed one by one. John's climb was graded at mild-severe but we found that overall John's climb was nicer as it was more open and not so claustrophobic as Simon's

After we'd done some more abseiling it was about half past four and Peter, who had hurt his knee, wanted to go back to camp. So Simon, Peter and I walked sedately back to camp while the rest of the party started on a more difficult climb. John's party arrived back in camp in time for tea after having done a mild or very severe climb.

Susanna Boxall



## CANOEING

Our canoeing instructor was Rob McDermot. We had to wear a helmet, a spray deck and a life jacket.

We learnt many strokes: low brace stroke, draw stroke, forward paddle stroke, reverse paddle stroke, sweep reverse and forward stroke.

But before we could do this, we had to go through some capsizing drills so we knew how to get out of a boat if we capsized.

Next we learnt the basic strokes in parties of eight. After that we just asked if we could go canoeing and Rob or another AL would take us for a paddle around Loch Obissary. Some people were lucky and were able to go on a canoeing bivvy.

Kevin Bateman

## CANOE BIVVY ON LOCH OBISSARY

By the time we had cleared up tea and crammed and squashed the equipment into the canoes (a task harder than it sounds!) it was already getting dark. We were halfway across the loch when darkness really fell and we had to make full use of Simon's (Ringroads) head torch. With my canoe wobbling and Izzy going round in circles, progress was very slow, but we eventually arrived at the island. Robert (Budgie[due to his green tracksuit and yellow waterproofs]) told us to land the canoes and lug the stuff up to a suitable bivvy spot, which also happened to be suitable for ticks! It took us a while to get the hard boiled eggs out of the canoes as they kept escaping from their boxes and rolling about inside. Some people had damp sleeping bags due to bad packing as even with a spray deck on, some water managed to get inside the canoes.

We eventually settled down to sing-songs and telling jokes and at about 1.30 got to sleep.

Being so close to the water, with the wind dropping all the time, the morning saw us swarmed with some unpleasant visitors - MIDGES!!! Repellent was hastily brought out and a breakfast of dry cereal and cold hard boiled eggs was eaten - guess who forgot to bring the saucepan!

After a while, we left the equipment on the island to be picked up later by the P4 and headed back to camp to give Bridgit the awful task of de-ticking us all.

Rachel Allen

## THE BIVVY TO RSPB BALRANALD

Members: Mike Bailey, Stuart Brown, Steven Allard, Kevin Bateman

AL: Richard Pitts

The bird reserve at Balranald has always had to fight against the sea for its survival. However, thanks to the RSPB and the SHS, the fight has become a little easier. During the Expedition, the warden of the bird reserve, Colin Morrison, asked if we would help to put up some fencing. A bivvy was therefore arranged.

Six people went, including Richard Pitts, the Expedition's "wildlife expert". We were taken to the reserve in Colin's Renault (grossly overladen!). It was a little cramped, but we all arrived in one piece. Colin took all the fencing equipment round to the blowout in the sand dunes. We constructed the fences and then draped seaweed over them to help to trap the sand and allow the top vegetation of machair to grow. This is a very slow process, but the crofters who own the reserve really appreciate what is being done for them, and it also helps the Society's name to become known among the islanders.

Mike Bailey

## OTTER BIVVY

We set off after supper in the P4. The group comprised of John Thorpe, Bridgit Hutchinson, Susie Boxall, Jenny Bundy and myself, Clare Alderson. We went across Loch Eport to a place where otters were supposed to be found. After leaving our stuff at the top of a hill we went to look for firewood. On the way, we found some tracks in the grass which looked like otter runs, but there were no recognisable footprints in the mud to confirm it.

We lit our fire on the hilltop and had cocoa and biscuits before going to sleep. We were woken by John at about 5.40 a.m. We walked along the coast a bit, stopping now and then to scan the shoreline with our binoculars.

Eventually, we settled ourselves on a grassy hillock where there were many remains of sea urchins and crabs. We sat and watched the sea for some time. Many seals and herons were spotted plus several possible otters or porpoises, but unfortunately they were too far out to distinguish definitely.

After a while Richard Y. and Brian Marsden turned up in the P4 to pick us up, somewhat late. Before returning for our breakfast we went round the islands to see the heronry and seal colony.

Clare Alderton

## NORTH UIST 'S BIVVY TO SOUTH UIST

Members: Rachel Goberman, Charlie Hickman & Nick Hurrell

AL's: Hugh & Simon Lorimer

We left the camp early in order to catch the postbus at "Loch Eport Post Office", but we arrived at Loch Eport to discover that the post office and the bus did not exist. We then continued into Clachan only to discover that "Loch Eport Post Office" was, in fact, in Clachan. We had, however, by this time, missed the bus altogether (this is getting confusing! - Ed). The only alternative was to split up and hitch down to Loch Eynort (the base for the South Uist Expedition).

Simon and Nick arrived first having walked fifteen miles. Hugh, Charlie and I arrived later, having hitched about 30 miles. The night was spent at the South Uist campsite, amidst terrible midges.

In the morning the four of us (not including Hugh as he was going to go home) hiked up Ben Mhor (620 metres) where we spent one and a half hours dozing on the summit. After our refreshing rest, we began to hitch back to North Uist. Nick and Charlie arrived at Clachan at 8.30 p.m., Simon and I finally managed to get a lift at about 10.30. We eventually arrived back at camp around midnight, having walked a long way!

Rachel Goberman

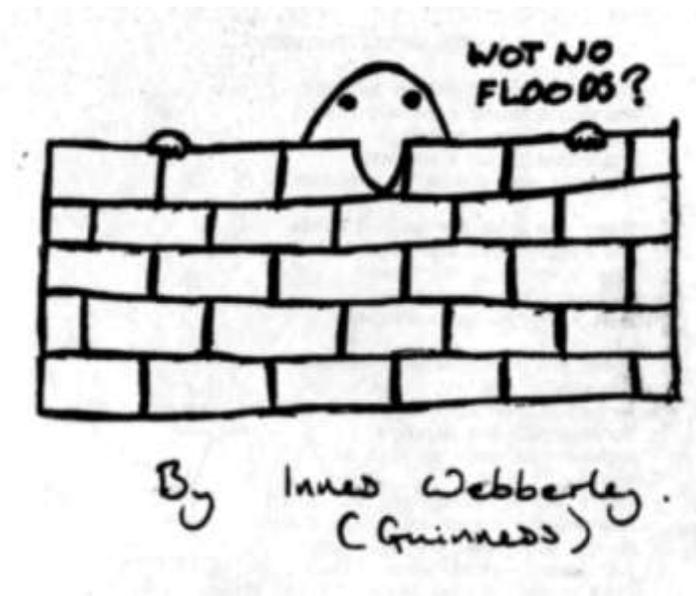
## A THOUGHT FROM A NEW AL

Despite the numerous memories that I have of the Expedition, the incident that will probably remain with me longest occurred on the journey home.

It took place at Glasgow Station whilst we were waiting for the train south. To see a group of people standing round in a circle at 10.30 p.m. on the platform singing "Green grow the rushes, oh!" to the amazement of passers by had to be seen to be believed.

This incident, to me, sums up the Society in that, no matter where you were, you were part of a friendly group who were prepared to be not only friends but, I think, also partners. I felt that I had known everyone for years, rather than just two weeks.

Rob McDermott



## THE BIVVY TO TRAIGH VERRAL ON THE WEST COAST

Four people went on this bivvy, Richard Young, Bridgit Hutchinson, Clare Alderson and Paul Connolly.

When we arrived at Traigh Verral, which was a beautiful sandy beach, we went swimming. The next day, we went for a walk to Griminish Point where we saw an otter, some fulmars, gannets, shags and cormorants. I learnt a lot about birds in those two days. At Griminish Point, the waves were spectacular; they seemed to appear from nowhere, smashing on to the rocks, sending spray everywhere. This is where we saw the otter. It poked its brown head out, swam along for a yard or two and then dived beneath the waves again. All in all I really enjoyed it, and learnt a lot as well.

Paul Connolly

## THE EXPEDITION DITTY

There was 'an AL called Bridgit  
Who did nothing else but fidgit  
One day she laughed  
And ended up in a mudbath  
Came out and shrunk to a midget

There was a walker called Paula  
Who really felt she oughta  
Have a walk up Burrival  
But ended up on Eaval  
That silly AL called Paula

There was a birdwatcher called Pitts  
Who really was a nitwit  
He got landed with Innes (you're telling me! - RP)  
To make all the dinners  
And he just gave up with it

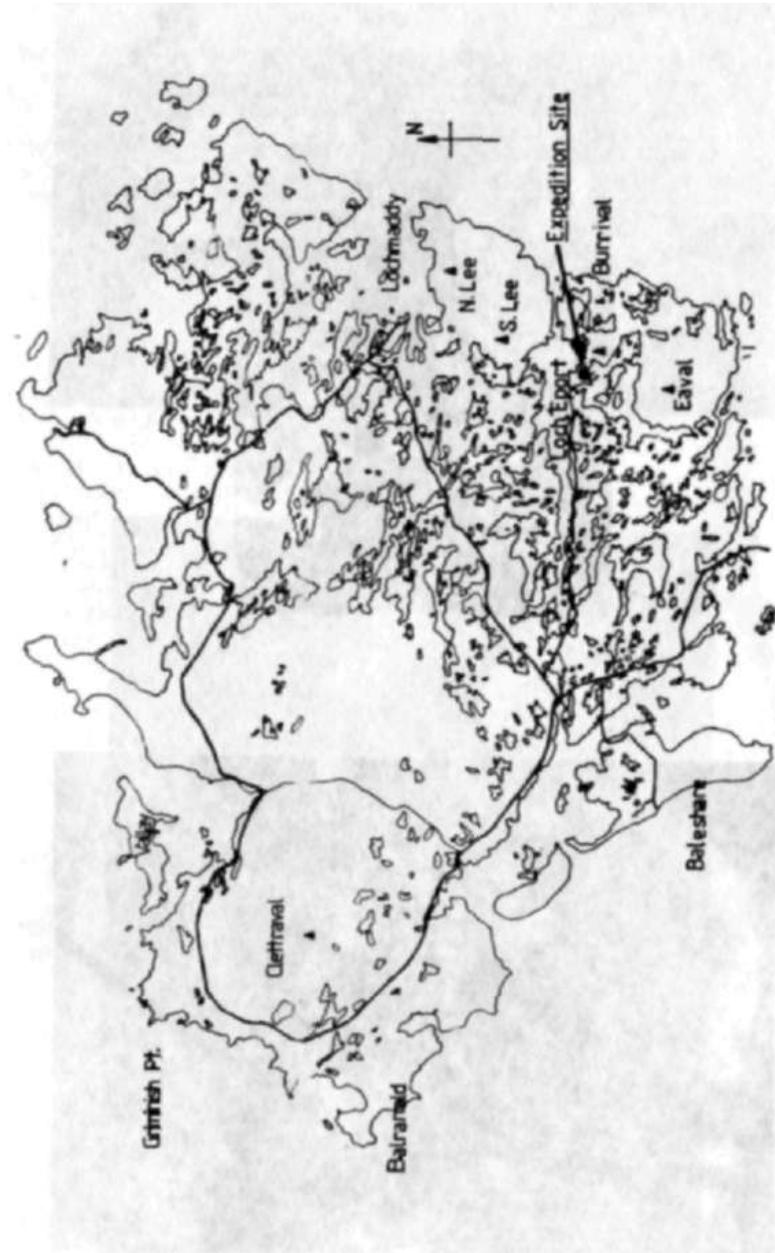
There was a leader called Young  
Who never stopped using his tongue  
He got everyone on a bivvy  
And some people were livid  
That stern bearded leader called Young  
Mike Krango



RICHARD YOUNG



RICHARD PITTS  
BY  
NICK  
GEE





## South Uist expedition 1984

### Leader's report

Leader: Mark Bankes

Assistant leaders: Tony Avery, Nina Avery. Collette Amitage. Jonathon Bletcher, Sarah Butler, Andy Mitchinson, Judith Pielou

Members: Paul Blakemore, Jane Beaumont, Mike Bowen-Long, Steve Carr, Michael Cole, Margaret Cox, Jo Darwent, Danny Finlan, Mark Hallows, Patrick Hart, John Humpherson, James McMillan, David Nash, Brian Paget, Sally Sharpe, Helen Smith, Iain Smith, Chris Sorenson, Michael Spencer, Howard Wareing.

When I heard Howard say "the guard's van is no longer attached" (as he almost fell out of the train), I knew that my problem as expedition leader had begun. Four rucksacks, including my own, had disappeared in the direction of Edinburgh with the rear part of the train. Only after several 'phone calls was I able to persuade British Rail to depart from their bureaucratic ways and the rucksacks were returned a minute before our train was due to depart.

The next morning, the scheduled departure of 9 a.m. was delayed as Hugh tried several ways of getting two loads of food and equipment into a small lorry. Just as we were despairing, a second lorry appeared, three times as large. With one more repacking, the Expedition was finally under way.

However, due to our earlier antics, our arrival at the road end was later than expected and a race against the tide began as we tried to move the equipment round to the site.....we lost As a result, the equipment had to be carried about half a mile, but this was completed more quickly than expected, especially with Nina carrying the gas cylinders. No sooner had we finished carrying our equipment than we put in a massive effort shifting a few tons of peat for Archie. Nina once again demonstrated her strength and further incited the male members to exert themselves.

After having set up camp, we had an "activities" day when we "encouraged" all the members to take part in four training sessions which comprised of canoeing, climbing, first aid and navigation.

Surprising was the number of nights spent by various members out of the site on bivvies. I prefer to believe that this was out of enthusiasm for activities rather than the release it gave from the midges. Midge paranoia was a major concern of the Expedition and it tended to curtail evening activities, climbing and the use of the SHS Songbook, despite the fact that we had two "world famous" guitarists on the Expedition.

The midges got so annoying and depressing towards the latter part of the Expedition that I exercised my powers as leader. A Board Meeting was called (of the ALs). This summoned a General Meeting of the Expedition in a midge-free zone (on top of the hill), giving reasonable notice (get out

of bed - NOW!!!). A special resolution was then unanimously passed that the Expedition abandon camp. (Spot the solicitor - Ed). The next few hours was spent organising the equipment and food necessary for a massive day bivvy over to the west coast. The volume of equipment grew and Archie kindly volunteered to drive it over for us.

The movement of the troops came next. Whilst Jonathon and Collette route-marched some of the members 6 miles to the coast in precisely one hour, Sarah led a party in canoes. That evening proved that even SHS food can taste better barbecued and the next day we had the only injuries that occurred on the Expedition: two damaged ankles during a game of football.

The calm weather continues, as did the midges. Everyone returned to camp rejuvenated and activities were able to be carried on. The Expedition was activity-orientated and virtually everyone did some canoeing and climbing, and also a 150ft abseil down the sea cliffs into the P4. This did, however, mean that little project work was undertaken.

On the final night, the ALs managed to produce what even the members thought to be an excellent buffet and then we were treated to entertainment in the form of sketches about the leaders from the members - especially Patrick and Co.

When we left, plus one recruit (a kitten named Daphne) we were already forgetting the midges and remembering the good times. Our thanks must go those, both within the Society and in Loch Eynort, especially the McDonalds, who helped to make the Expedition such a success and made my role as leader such an easy one.

Mark Bankes

PS I'm writing this report whilst relaxing on a Greek Island, away from midges. My excuse for my holiday is that I am in search of the origin of Daphne (so I can claim expenses).

## TRUE GRIT (An Epic)

This Morning itchy bits were sand, midges left at camp.  
And underneath a pile of stuff, the cornflakes, rather damp.  
The greasy plates of yesterday were coated with a grit.  
Even the general air around tasted of it a bit.  
And when it came to the bread and jam  
Despair had settled in,  
And even our patient leader was heard muttering under the din,  
The whipping rain began to fall;  
Waves and sand created a wall;  
Grit flew here and grit flew there.  
Sand in the mouths, sand in the hair.  
The tension grew  
(The sand did too!)  
And weighted down, we found .....a canoe!  
With aching limbs and heavy heads  
We staggered to the shore.  
And even there, to our surprise, was sand and sand galore.  
Leaving the windswept beach behind we struggled across the blue,  
And terror entered all our hearts as after us sand flew.  
We pushed ourselves in circles through winds and waves and gales.  
Paddling hard and sweating,  
Amid the screams of frightened ALs.  
Then suddenly a curtain dropped,  
The sand gave up the fight,  
The weary few, recovered somewhat from the fearful fright.  
All that now remained ahead was mud, salt, sea and reed.  
And back at camp, at home sweet home, the dreaded midges' greed.

South Uist 84

## MEMBERS OF SOUTH UIST 84

Paul "KEV, Fungus top lip" Blakemore  
Jane "Happy homes for drunks" Beaumont  
Steve "The axeman" Carr  
Michael "Mustapha fag" Cole  
Jo "Sharkiller in a loch" Darwent  
Danny "Heavyyy, deeeep" Finlan  
Mark "Go direct" Hallows  
Patrick "McBongo" Hart  
John "Grizzle" Humpherson  
James "Pixie Bilko" McMillan  
David "I am NOT wingeing" Nash  
Brian "Kick it in the teeth" Paget S  
Sexy, sensuous Sally Sharpe  
Helen "Hollow legs" Smith  
Iain "I didn't do it" Smith Chris  
"Lots of babies" Sorenson  
Sir Michael "Multiple syllable" Spenser  
Howard "Main frame Tardis" Wareing  
Mike "The rabbi" Bowen-Long  
Margaret "Midge attractant" Cox

## ASSISTANT LEADERS LEADER

Tony "My brain hurts" Avery  
Nina "Naughty masseur" Avery  
Mark "Lean back a bit further" Bankes  
Jonathon "Stop at the next peak" Bletcher  
Sarah "Not another stripey one" Butler  
Randy Andy Mitchinson  
Judith "Aah midges" Pielou

## AND

## COLLETTE

"Stop wingeing  
lets go on a doss  
smoke free zone

Swarfega

Jelly Babies"

ARMITAGE

Mark Hallows

with help from other members

## THE DOSS

A two night bivvy to Balranald Nature Reserve, North Uist Leaders: Collette Armitage, Judith Pielou

Members: Jane Beaumont, Helen Smith. Brian Paget, John Humpherson. Danny Finlan, David Nash.

-We've walked 20 miles to-day. This was meant to be a doss!" These were the cheery words of greeting from Collette and Judith after they had walked the entire length of South List without managing to hitch a single lift, whilst all the menders had got to North Uist with remarkably little effort.

This was a project (??) bivvy, where we were supposed to do enormous amounts of work for the report. Collette and Judith were meant to be providing the enthusiasm, but after their mega trek they decided that it would be better to doss on the beach.

A small amount of bird watching was done, and a brief pollution survey carried out. The rest of the time was spent lounging about, analysing the sand, testing our sun-absorption rates and doing tons of hard work on our backs. The plant survey was limited to a patch of daisies and grass, and an in depth survey of land use stopped at the first farm Brian visited.

Our trip back was all sweetness, roses and lifts. The main highlight was a rendezvous with some members of the North Uist Expedition at an inn on Benbecula.

A great bivvy!

David Nash



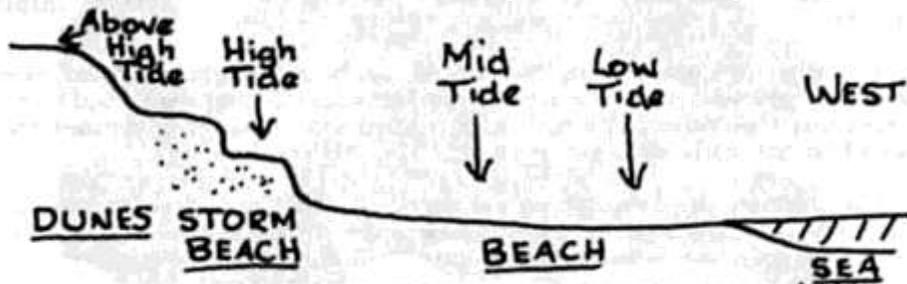
## POLLUTION SURVEY

### A COMPARISON OF THE WEST COAST BEACHES OF NORTH AND SOUTH UIST

The survey was carried out on two similar stretches of beach on each of the two islands, the idea being to note where most of the beach pollution was located, and of what general type it was.

The location of the debris was roughly classified according to the diagram below.

A note was also made of the item's composition and country of origin.



We spent many a happy hour ambling up and down the beach looking at rubbish! Here are our results, given as percentages. It was decided not to give actual figures since we didn't measure the length of coast surveyed in each case.

#### Results

##### 1. Composition of item found

North Uist	Composition	South Uist
30%	metal	14%
47%	plastic	44%
2%	rubber	8%
9%	glass	8%
5%	polythene	5%
3%	paper	10%
4%	rope	6%
0%	wood	3%

##### 2. Where items were found

North Uist	Area	South Uist
1%	Low tide mark	0%
49%	Mid tide mark	45%
50%	High tide mark	45%
0%	Above high tide mark	10%

Not all the items were marked with country of origin so we were unable to make a proper analysis. However, we were able to make a list of the different countries, which included the following:

Japan	Denmark
Sweden	Norway
France	Holland
Germany	Brazil
Italy	South Africa
Poland	

A lot of the items came from Britain. We can assure from this that Britain is the biggest litterbug.

A larger survey would have been more informative but due to a lack of time we just had to form a general picture of pollution on the most western coast of Britain.

David Nash and John Humpherson

#### DAPHNE OF UIST (Another Epic)

A weary, wet and ragged cat sat upon a bridge,  
 Stumbled across by those many canoeists from the west.  
 So under my wing she was taken, away from that stone bridge,  
 Back to camp, tinned Spam, tinned cream and wrapped in a string vest.  
 Mark groaned. Col moaned. And Patrick licked his lips.  
 Sal whined, the veggies declined and all discussed cat dips.  
 When she awoke, now warm and dry, her future had been settled,  
 Saucepans on, water boiled and all the blunt knives fettled....

Next day, however, Daphne, as she was now called,  
 Had charmed us all and sundry and cat-haters were all mauled.  
 And now she makes her way abroad, Peterborough bound,  
 A true "cat in (Jonathan's) hat" and not a sailor we've found.  
 The small time cat is not afloat,  
 From rags and peat to sea and boat.  
 Away from Mum, away from Dad, away from midges (not so bad),  
 So visit Swanwick at New Year, and Daphne you will meet,  
 Unless, of course, the boat breaks down....fried cat you cannot beat!

We arrived here on Tuesday morning;  
 We were then engaged in unloading.  
 John Jo's encouraging shouts and cries  
 Were met with our ill fated sighs.

Mark said in his falsetto voice  
 My campsite is of excellent choice.  
 We've canoeing, abseiling and walking, too,  
 For the more adventurous long bivvies to do.

We shifted and heaved up to our site  
 And before counting our chickens we said "hey, it's alright"  
 So we laid down boxes and pitched our tents  
 And Tony and Andy built the ladies and gents.

After four days in our secluded haven  
 Many decided our heads should be shaven,  
 for the peril of the camp were the tiny midges.  
 Billions of them in all the nooks and ridges.

After a week friend Archie did say  
 "Your help for an hour I do beg if I may."  
 "Of course," said Mark, using the royal we  
 "No matter how hard the work we'll do it for thee."

So off we all set by boat or by foot  
 To meet at 2100 at Archie's lovely hut.  
 He took us across to a desolate isle.  
 "There s nothing to do" said Arch, his face all lit up with a wry  
 little smile.

Crumbs! What could we do to get out of this job?  
 3 billion peat sacks to be carried by our mob.  
 Of course, J.J. s boat could manage half in one trip.  
 Once again the midges surrounded all and his ship.

Once over the loch and standing on Archie's pontoon:  
 "Don't wowwy wads, we'll finish soon"  
 Said Mark, in his leader's booming great shouts.  
 Ten minutes more of shovelling and then we'll all have cleared out.

Same got lifts in the P4,  
 others traversed the dense heather.  
 "We've been really lucky here with the weather"  
 Or "I think the midges and thingies are going away"  
 Were snatches I heard as we evacuated the bay.

That night came the jokes, thick and fast  
 From Howard and myself, short sharp blasts,  
 Memories of the first night, the joke BONGO  
 And the shy sheltered ALs laughing ho-ho-ho.

It's Saturday night now, we're missing our homes,  
 We're picking on C., calling her a fat, jolly gnome.  
 I know it's cruel and I'll say I'm sorry.  
 We picked this Expo, it's just our own folly!

Patrick Hart

#### BIVVY ON TOP OF BEINN MHOR

AL Tony Avery. Members: Sally Sharp, Jane Beaumont. David Nash, Chris  
 Sorenson, Paul Blakemore, Mike Spencer and Mark Bellows.

It was partly the prospect of another night being eaten alive by midges, and partly  
 the prospect of seeing the sun rise from the top of the island's highest mountain,  
 that induced our one-night Beinn Mhor bivvy. So, after trekking six miles from our  
 previous midge-free sanctuary on the west coast, we demolished a meal of  
 scrambled eggs, beans and instant whip and then the eight of us started on our way  
 to the top. At times, I wondered if Tony's newly discovered midge psychosis had  
 lowered our resistance to mad ventures but as we were all probably slightly insane  
 anyway (we had come on an SHS Expedition, hadn't we?) I trudged on.

The summit was reached without much trouble around 10.30. It was dark, and a  
 howling wind was blowing (no midges!). While some of us (the saner ones)  
 sheltered in the trig point and became annoyed with an inefficient primus, the  
 others searched for shelter in the rocks nearby, it was eventually decided that we  
 would all have to sleep inside the trig point (only just physically possible) and we  
 settled down to a mammoth supper of coffee and biscuits, finishing off with  
 chocolate cake and real milk.

In his deranged state, Tony bad decided to bring his guitar along and one by one  
 we fell asleep to his strumming and didn't even notice the irony of "Stairway to  
 Heaven". After a fantastically midge-free night under the stars we awoke refreshed  
 and ready for the descent.

As for the sunrise - it was cloudy. But who cares?

Sally Sharp

## MASS EXODUS DUE TO MIDGE PSYCHOSIS: ARE MIDGES SIMPLY FIDGETS OF THE IMAGINATION?

Midge psychosis was first described by Seamus -????-Freud in 1847 (Acta midge psychology 41; 1-17). The condition is an important complication of midginitis and symptoms can vary from mild irritation to irrational and uncontrollable fits where the subject, scratching the body in a frenzy, emits cries such as "...off,.. you....and...ing midges."

Midge psychosis has been associated with a sharp decrease in sexual potency (see Birth rate in April and May, "Population studies in the Outer MacBongo Islands, 1901-1981"). This report details the migration of 21 SHS Expedition members to a midge free zone following an acute case of midge psychosis. The mass flow psychic mechanisms involved in such an occurrence and the possibility that midge psychosis is a secondary phenomenon resulting from mad ventures in mentally unstable individuals (type SHS personality) and not in fact due to midges, is discussed at length.

MacMoses reports (the gospel according to MacMoses. ch.2 v.4-6) that an exodus does not necessarily find the promised land. Such was the experience of SHS members on the canoe bivvy to the west coast. Although the west coast had been declared a midge free zone in 1980 by MacKenLivingstone MacSocialist, the political autonomy of this move has been challenged by the positioning of land-air cruise midge launch sites nearby by Seams MacHeseltine MacFascist. Thus midges were still present. However, the perceived annoyance of their presence was considerably reduced. This suggests that midge psychosis is more a function of the SHS camp atmosphere than of the midges themselves.

The mass-force psychic mechanisms involved in the perceived madness induced by midginitis has been described. MacDesmondmorris (MacScrewedup psychologist) (1982) has shown that if control (midge free) subjects (psychotic stimulators) are introduced to an SHS camp and start scratching themselves and uttering anti-midge slogans, the level of midge psychosis in the community is increased significantly ( $p < 0.001$ ). The existence of naturally occurring psychotic simulators in the community is 0.004%. However, such subjects have been shown to be concentrated on SHS Expeditions. (76.4% ( $p < 0.0000001$ )) All such subjects have "type SHS personalities". However, to become psychotic stimulators these subjects need to be activated by "the unique aspects of expedition life that distinguish an SHS expedition from another 'holiday'". Quotes MacBankes MacLeader 1984.

The canoe bivvy did not live up to this description. Basically, people were warm, well-fed and enjoyed themselves. Thus psychotic simulators were not activated and the level of psychosis was low.

This study confirms the findings of MacDesmond MacScreweduppsychologist. A high percentage of SHS members are mentally deranged and midge psychosis is due to mass flow psychic mechanisms rather than the existence of midges.

Dr MacTony et al

### THE ERISKAY BIVVY

Tony gently woke us from our fitful sleep  
By shouting gently, "Wake up, you feasting heaps!"  
By nine we were pecked, ready and fed,  
By ten we were off, and it was Howard who said  
"Wait a sec., my mainframe's unable to cope."  
Tony 'Karrimat', Howard 'Belt up the lot, the others all lying about."  
We had walked another yard: "Please don't let anything else fall out."  
We had walked two miles for the bus and it was adventure all the way.  
The bus stop was outside the general shop. The bus was due at mid-day.  
To jump the gun, we're now at Eriskay, looking for the inn.  
We looked, and were told, "there are no pubs, and the off's shut," so you just can't win.  
Oh, great planning, Tone. All this way and nowhere to drink.  
We've already gone ten days without one and we're really on the brink.  
"You set up camp. We'll be back in an hour. Have a swim in the sea, if you dare."  
They're back with the ale. We're screaming and ranting like rabid dogs.  
A beach party's organised, we'll build a fire using driftwood and logs.  
(The rhyme in this poem is the worst we have known,  
But at least it has some initiative shown.)  
We settled down and went to sleep among the empty cans,  
A scene from the Some would befit ours on the sands.  
Next morning we upped and left and again we took the tidy ferry.  
I'll miss out the beauty of the peaks, but try walking a tightrope when you're merry.  
We left West Kilbride having a jolly good time  
And after you've finished reading this poem of mine  
You'll say what a dog, get sloshed every night,  
For during the day, we worked up a thirst by walking and climbing several peaks of moderate height.  
You might still think that this is a load of crap  
But would you rather hear the funny bits or read the co-ordinates of a map?

Patrick Hart

A DEEP AND MEANINGFUL (HEAVY) POEM

It's Uist again, another year  
I ask myself what am I doing here  
Back to the midges, the wind and the rain  
Tinned tomatoes to eat and blisters to gain.

More boxes to shift and more and more,  
More and more, it's getting a bore.  
We sit at a table of rotten old wood,  
I need a bath, if only I could.

Let's go for a walk, the midges are out,  
Bheinn Mhor is midge-free, there's no doubt.  
We sweat and we pant and we get to the summit  
But we're beaten by midges; they're there too - dammit,

On duty again, the kitchen's a mess,  
What the soup's going to taste like, I hate to guess.  
But never mind this, we're soon going home  
To lovely old England where no midges roam.

.....INTERLUDE.....

It's now Monday morning, to work I must go  
To toil at the desk of Marconi and Co.  
The traffic's as usual, nothing but queues  
I'm sick of this work, think I'll hide in the loos.

I'm trying to think and use my brain  
But all it does is give me a pain.  
I shuffle the papers into big piles  
And my mind drifts back to those beautiful isles.

I wish I was there with the lochs and the heather  
Back to the quiet and the calm sunny weather  
Lying on the grass by the side of a stream  
Lie there in silence, do nothing but dream.

Back in the marquee with laughter and smiles  
Tired and happy, having walked miles  
Singing a song while guitars strum  
Don't tell the members, but let's have some rum.

Forget the midges, forget mouldy bread  
Forget those members who hear nothing that's said  
Forget all the luxuries far islands lack  
There's one thing that's certain: I'm going back.

Judith Pielou



## 1985 EXPEDITION PLANS

All ages are as at 31st August 1985

### COLONSAY

Age 13 - 14.11 (2nd t 3rd years at school I

Tuesday 13th August - Saturday 31st August (London to London)

Fee, including travel from and back to Oban: £155

Leader: Collette Armitage

### JURA

Age 14 - 15.11 (3rd & 4th years at school)

Saturday 20th July - Thursday 8th August (London to London)

Fee, including travel from and back to Kennacraig: £165

Leader: To be confirmed

### RHUM

Age 16 - 18.11 (5th, 6th \* 7th years at school)

Sunday 11th August - Sunday 1st September (London - London)

Fee, including travel from and back to Mallaig: £175

Leader Alan Smith

### HARRIS (RHENIGIDALE)

Age 16 - 18.11 (5th, 6th & 7th years at school)

Sunday 21st July - Saturday 10th August (London - London) Fee.

including travel from and back to Mallaig: £175

Leader: to be confirmed

### OLDER AGE ASSISTANT LEADERS TRAINING EXPEDITION

This expedition will be entirely organised by its members who will be 19+. The site and dates will be decided by the members, who will undertake all of the planning. The Expedition Co-ordinator is Mark Bankes, Laurier Road, Hampstead, London N.W.5. Anyone interested in going on this unique expedition should contact him direct.



PAST EXPEDITIONS OF THE SHS

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, Uinish	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, Uinish	1973	Alan Fowler

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 Pale
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

