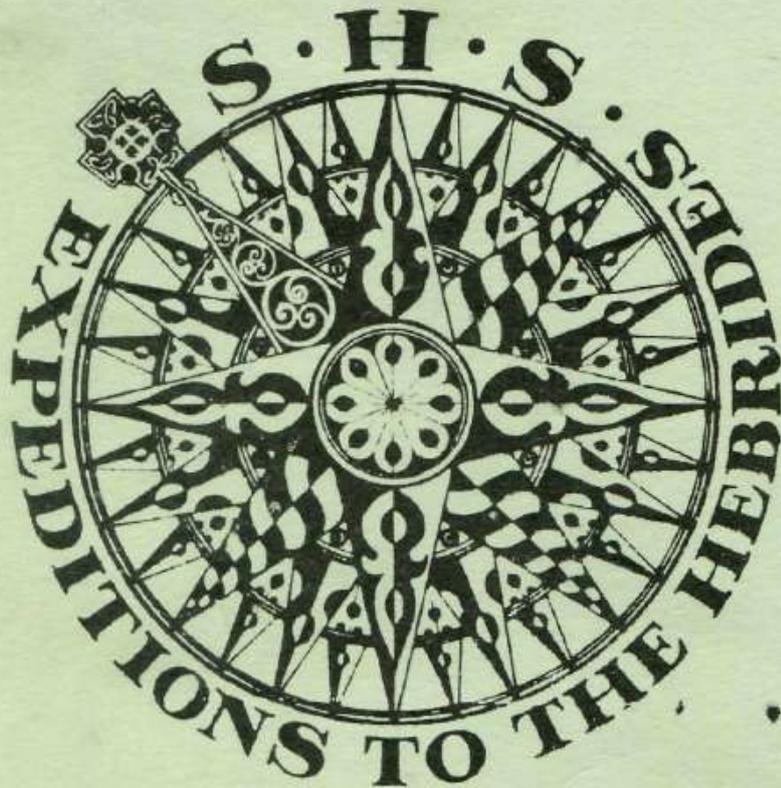




SHS Expeditions



25th ANNIVERSARY

1961 - 1986

1986 Report

<http://www.schools-hebridean-society.co.uk>

SHS EXPEDITIONS
ANNUAL REPORT 1986

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EDITORIAL

"Friends, Romans and countrymen, lend me your ears"/eyes... Twelve months have passed and we are still stuck as to what to write for the editorial.

Our thanks to Phil for the Chairman's Report, which arrived at the beginning of November with the following covering letter: "My humblest apologies for the lateness of this report - I forgot about it until Richard Young reminded me on the phone earlier this evening. I hope that it is not too late to be included because I think that it is important." You could say that!

Three successful expeditions this summer, and many interesting accounts and pictures follow.

Thanks to David Hutchinson for typesetting all the material and to Gavin for the printing and production.

It is a time of mixed feelings for the Society. Sadness at the necessity to cease operations for the foreseeable future but a feeling of satisfaction and celebration at the achievements of the last 25 ears. We all have memories personally and as groups; all will remember the SHS in different ways. Who knows what Phoenix is waiting to rise from the ashes?

And now on to the Chairman's report. Enjoy it!

Kirsten and Brigit



CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

The first SHS Report was published in 1962, a slim volume of only 14 pages which chronicled the very first expedition to Gometra in the summer of that year. This, the 25th, reports on expeditions to Harris, Lewis, and Knoydart. In the years from 1962 to 1986 we have organised a total of 121 expeditions. The three 1986 expeditions went extremely well in every respect, except perhaps the weather! To the leaders and all who worked behind the scenes so efficiently is owed a large debt of gratitude.

It is thus with very great regret that I have to tell you that the Board of Directors and Shareholders have very reluctantly decided to suspend operations as from now. For the last four or five years we have found it increasingly difficult to recruit enough expedition members to keep us financially viable. As a result we have made financial losses. Fortunately, due to wise financial planning in the past, it has proved possible to absorb these losses. For 1986 it was decided to spend more on producing a much better brochure, and in general to concentrate more effort on a recruitment campaign. Despite this we fared even worse than in previous years. It has become clear that what we do in the way that we do it is no longer a "saleable" product, and that we cannot afford to continue to run as we have been doing.

As a consequence we are going into a state of suspended animation in the hope that someone will come up with an idea or ideas to organise similar expeditions with similar aims. If proposals are received before October 31st, 1988, then the Board who are acting as trustees of the remaining equipment and funds of the SHS, are empowered to use these as they think fit. If no proposals are received by then, the remaining assets will be distributed to similar organisations. Thus it is to you, the members of the S.H.S. that I appeal - If you think that what the S.H.S. has given you was important, then are you prepared to give the opportunity for such experience to others? If so then you must do something about it soon. Proposals should be addressed to the new chairman, Richard Young [34 Glenthorn Road, Newcastle-upon Tyne, NE2 3HL. Tel. [REDACTED].] For advice on how to present a proposal please contact me if you wish. [Im Stichel 2, 6393 Wehrheim-Obernhain, Federal Republic of Germany Tel. [REDACTED].] On a personal note this state of affairs saddens me greatly. I went on my first expedition to Jura in 1965 as a sixteen year old. Since then I have been on a further twelve expeditions. I have done just about every job in the S.H.S. in that time from being i/c "stationery" to Chairman twice. I have had many of the most memorable experiences of my life through the S.H.S. and have made many lasting friendships. Above all I have seen what the S.H.S. has given to all those who have been involved.

Phil Renold, Chairman.

1985 REUNION.

"Does anyone know where I can hire a disco?" asks Tony, fingers crossed and hoping in his heart. "I'll see what I can do" said Rob.
[AGM September 1985]

October 1985, after several hours of frantic phoning and eventually getting through at 10:30pm

"Graham, can I put your name down to do the ceilidh again this year?"

After a little hesitation "Yes".

At a call box in Kensington, London, in early November: "I wrote to you last week requesting 3 films: are they still available?" pleads Tony to a girl at the Shell Film Library.

"A confirmation letter was sent last Thursday". Tony floats to his car. He has just fallen in love with a voice on the phone

One day in December:

."Tony, I've now got 5 different phone numbers for you I've just confirmed the hiring of the disco" says Rob.[Rob has been trying to contact me all evening.]

"Rob, I don't know how to tell you this; only 40 people have applied," says Tony in a tone of slight panic. "Leave it with me: I'll tell Phil" comes back the reply.

"How many members are coming?" asks Phil. Tony faints... [or very nearly]

In the past when I needed help Phil always came up with the best ideas. This was no exception, and a few phone calls later I was receiving 2 more bookings every day, and we soon succeeded in getting 60 people to the Reunion.

The Reunion began on 30th December 1985, the organiser being half an hour late. 30 or 40 people who should have been annoyed were all in good spirits. This was in contrast to other road users on the A10 who I had left behind. There was a tremendous feeling of friendship right from the beginning. Something told me that it was going to be a good Reunion.

I'd had difficulty in thinking up a new programme, and still had some doubts: "the reunion will be boring", "people have done it before". However everyone there gave the event so much: we weren't lacking in life or novelty.

Slides and displays of the Expeditions showed that though very wet, a good time was had by all in the islands. We had many fond memories to relive. The slides were followed by the film 2010. Some people even stayed up all night, notably Jura.

The trad, football match had some half-time entertainment of the most exciting kind. .. throwing sticks up a tree to get the ball back. This was then continued with throwing almost anything to try to get the Chairman's shoe back!

The Annual Dinner got off to a great start by everyone being almost formally dressed. This included Dr. Jonathon Orr. who made a memorable entrance as Father Christmas. Speeches by Phil, Jonathon, and Colette were of the highest quality and humour. Messrs. Kramer and McDermott surpassed all with the Ceilidh and disco, which eventually finished at 3a.m., with a pause to welcome the New Year in with a toast of wine.

There was only one thing wrong with the Reunion: it had to finish. But what a fantastic way to start 1986.

To finish, I would like to give credit where credit is due. In the three years that I have been involved with the Reunion planning almost every decision has been made or supported by one man. During the Reunions themselves he has been the focus of attention and maintainer of standards. He should be remembered as the man who guided the Reunions into the events they are today. Directors. Executive Officers, Members; Ladies and Gentlemen; I bring to your attention Mr. Phil Renold.

Tony Ball



~ KNOYDART ~

Leader's report for the 1986 Knoydart Expo'

Leader: Rob McDermott
Assistant Leaders: Steve Brown, Colette Armitage, Paul Jackson,
Graham Kramer

Members: Edi Albert, Mike Home, Rebecca Humphreys,
Nigel Hall, Mark Norris, Ian Robinson, Sally
Sharpe, Graham Smith, Dave Spencer, Garry
Taylor, Robert Tuckett, Mike Taylor

LORRY : KNOYDART : TRAIN : LORRY : LEWIS : LORRY

Was I completely mad??? This was how I was going to spend seven weeks over July and August a great way to relax before returning to college. Mind you, I was expecting the Knoydart Expo' to be very relaxed and 'run itself'.

After an uneventful journey up by lorry, there I was, sat on top of the 'X' tons of equipment at 7:30 on a Monday morning in Mallaig waiting for the rest of the expo' members to arrive. If any of you remember the Jura '86 report, you will recall that I lost a member whilst still in Glasgow. This year was to be worse!!! Not only were two of them content with getting lost, they even tried to defect to the Harris expo' !!! A real boost to the leader's ego I can tell you. Still, we all arrived at the site, even, if we had been put ashore in the wrong bay.

So, there we were, one leader, three AL's, twelve members and no P4 boat. Well we still had a boat, and we still had an engine, it was just that the engine wasn't much use (was it Graham ".). Graham had been out i\\ the P4 for all of-- 30 seconds when he decided to pay an unscheduled visit to the other side of the bay, across the rocks that were in the way!! Perhaps someone would be kind enough to explain to Graham that boats (and P4's in particular) usually work best on water. It is also nice to comment that, apart from two accidents on the last day of camp, this was the only real problem we had to deal with during the expo'.

Very quickly I saw that the Knoydart expo' was going to be ever so slightly different from the normal SHS expo', but then again, what would you expect having AL's like Paul and Steve. It was also going to be an expedition of SHS firsts. Has anyone tried water-skiing behind a P4 ??? Paul did..... not that he succeeded because his wooden plank hessian strapped skis did not seem to work very well!!! However he was persistent and two days later there he was, flying round Inverie bay on proper skis being towed by a 60 hp engine. He did, however, fall in one or two or twenty-seven times, which gave both the rest of the expo' members and a lot of locals a great deal of amusement as we watched from the comfort of the 'Old Forge' hostelry in Inverie.

The expedition was also very lucky in having a spare Icelandic, and, having heard how Harris were using all their tents, we decided to do the same, so it was converted into a porch on the side of the marquee. We believe that this was the first expedition to have a porch on the marquee. It is also true that it served a very useful purpose acting as a windbreak and storage space for boots etc.

About a week into the expo' sexy Sal was complaining of feeling ever so slightly dirty and was not keen to use the cold water from the stream to rectify this matter, so what do Sal and Steve do but build a bath??? Using a large black box lined with a bivvy bag they were able to relax in the luxury of hot water. Not content with this, they then decided that some form of privacy was needed, (Steve is very shy) so, using a vango flysheet, the bathroom annex to the marquee was built, surely another 'first'. Not bad for an expedition. Most people even had the decency to use the bathroom -- most people that is except Paul. He simply filled it with water and sat there in the middle of the marquee quite happily splashing away with his rubber duck and toy battleship (he brought them with him from his own bath at home). Admittedly, some nasty person, who shall remain nameless, did throw rather a lot of flour over him during of his bath time sessions.

Aside from that, quite a lot of serious walking was done on the expedition, together with climbing some very interesting slabs close to camp, and canoeing in the bay in front of camp and also as far as the river at Inverie. No sailing was done mainly due to the fact that the Topper was on Harris (being used to its full extent) . Two separate bivvies were undertaken up to the Munros, with both finishing in the village where the rest of us met them and spent an evening talking with the locals. On both occasions we were fortunate enough to be able to kip on the deck of the Daego Bog (sorry, Spanish John) landing craft, although Garry and Mike chose to pitch a tent well away from the rest of us. If anyone knows the reason why, please contact me!!!

There were also several searches undertaken, one deliberate, the rest in response to distress signals. The first was in response to a 'red' flare seen from camp, which turned out to have been an orange flare fired as a "return to base' signal. The other search was for a fishing vessel which sank in the bay one night with the loss of one life (the body was never found although we did look for it). This was started by the appearance of a Sea-King helicopter at 7.00 one Saturday morning. It is unfortunate that, due to the lack of radios, we were only able to stand around helplessly and watch as we had no means of finding out exactly what was happening.

Hurricane Knoydart left us with a very anxious 24 hours in camp. A bivvy out to Seal Island (see report later) by fourteen members was arranged, leaving Becca and myself in camp. As the last lot left in the P4, the wind was picking up but nothing too serious. However, by 4.30 next morning, having spent six hours trying to keep two marquees, five Icelandic's, and four vangos on the ground, I was heard to utter several times "If that wind wants it, it can »*****ing well have it", (with variations no doubt. Eds), so utterly fed up were we both by then.

What made it a lot worse was the fact that the group on the island had found a very sheltered bivvy spot and had all slept soundly, only to return the next morning to two happy smiling faces back at camp, after all of about two hours sleep. Having made sure that everyone still had all their gear, I retired to bed, only to be woken up at about 2.00 in the afternoon with the news that the stream was rising. A 'quick' damming operation was carried out and we just prevented the store tent and one Icelandic from becoming part of the stream, although all three pits very quickly became flooded. Aside from this one period, the weather was very good (especially when you consider what hit Harris) and we were able to revel in the Hebridean sun (well, almost Hebridean anyway) such a change from 1985 !!:

I must also mention how easy it is to wind up each and every member in one go. I think J can be honest in saying that they all thought a night search and rescue was going to happen when all the time they were going to be blindfolded, handcuffed and handicapped across an area of moorland (well, bogland really) in freezing weather up to their necks, --- and all because the AL's were sadists. The nightline was set up by Paul and was very successful, although some of the comments from the members after 10.00pm are definitely not printable !!!!

The last part of any expedition is always the group of unsung heroes, those who make it all possible. They know who they are, a very big thank you to each and everyone of you for all the hard work (???) that you put in in making the expo1 a success. My thanks also go to the people of Knoydart who were very helpful in everything, ranging from actually using the estate to camp on, to sleeping on the landing craft, to actually being able to hire an engine to replace the broken one. Thank you all.

Rob McDermott

Beginning of an Expedition

I left Fort William Station on the 10:15 to Mallaig. I was a little confused as to how I was to recognize the rest of the expedition members and quite apprehensive as to whether they would be the type of people I was expecting. My first doubts were quickly dispelled when I met Steve, who was wandering about the train with an SHE sweatshirt on. I was quickly directed to the appropriate compartment of the train where all the other members of the party had gathered. To my surprise I found already actually knew one of the members, as the previous New Year I'd been on a Conservation Volunteers holiday with him (him being Mike Home).

We arrived at Mallaig at 11:35, and after congregating on the pier at 1200, decided to adjourn to a local hostelry for some light refreshment. Here we were formally introduced to our Leader and the AL's. It was decided that about 6 of us should go to Inverie on Bruce Watt's boat, and the other 8 (it should have been 10, but Nigel and Garry went to Inverness by mistake) would go in the Spanish John (= Daego Bog) landing craft.

We left Mallaig at 2 pm and arrived at Inverie half an hour later. There we explored the whole of the village - pier, a bar and a post office - along with a couple of houses. Luckily the Post Office was open so we were able to collect the bread. It had actually been ordered for the following day, but they let us take about 6 loaves. The next 2 hours were spent walking around the coast and exploring Mon, (whom we called 'de Madonna wi da big boobies!'), a large fibre glass monument of a man {woman?} on one of the headlands.

At about 4:45 pm we were nearing the bay where we were supposed to be camping and we thought the landing craft would have already been, and they would be setting up camp. As it turned out we appeared around the headland just in time to see the landing craft arrive, and hence in time to help unload. After unloading we discovered that we had landed in the wrong bay, and that the equipment needed carrying over the headland to the next bay. (Doubtless expertly planned as an initiative exercise by the Leader. Eds) We ferried gear into the next bay until 10.00 pm that night. By this time Graham 'gear-crasher' Kramer had already had a slight mishap with the P4 motor. Camp tucked into hot soup and beef burgers, peas and mash. Then all retired to the tents, exhausted after our first day in Knoydart.

Ian Robinson

"A Solitary Munro"

"Have you all got your first-aid kits with you?" came 'the confidence-inspiring voice of Dr. Graham Kramer (dressed as usual in the mountaineering garb of the 1890's - tweed jacket, deer stalker and walking stick). We all replied with a firm "Yes, of course", thinking 10 minutes into a walk was a strange time for an equipment check. "Good; because I haven't" Graham continued nonchalantly.

All morning the weather had been typically Scottish, but in the afternoon it lulled us into a false sense of security with a few bright patches of sky. We confidently headed for our first Munro, embarking on the rocky approach to Meall Buidhe (946m) via a steep gully. In a completely predictable manner the cloud descended onto us and the rain started, causing the already sodden ground to become dangerously loose. We *slid/fell/tripped back down and cowered behind a boulder to watch the weather brighten up again.

* Delete as appropriate.

We trogged back down the valley and then doubled back up Gleann an Dubh Lochain. "How far are we gone today?" asked the Geordie. "Just over 25km". "A canny walk! Ma feet ah minced!"

We reached Torcuileainn, a small fish hut. The Geordie crashed out in an empty fish tank, closely followed by the Scotsman. The tanks were about 3 feet high and 7 feet in diameter, and were used for raising trout fry, which then grown to full size and released (and later caught) in Loch an Dubh Lochain. We bedded down in the fish tanks playing "I spy ...", and doing lateral thinking problems, in the course of which we nodded off.

The next day dawned fair and we allowed ourselves an extra half hour in bed as a celebration. Our route up Ladhar Bheinn (pronounced Lar-ven according to Graham) proved to be most interesting, ranging from steep ridge walking to scrambling, and in one place the path ended at a 10 foot vertical rock step, resuming at the top of it. We lunched at a "bump", marked as a spot height of 849m. Here the Geordie and Mike had to retire, descending straight into the valley.

Graham, Scotsman, Dave and myself continued along a wonderful ridge, reaching the 1020m summit an hour later. Fortunately the cloud had lifted sufficiently for both Ben Nevis and the Uists (North and South) to be visible. On the summit Graham promptly removed his toothbrush and toothpaste from his top pocket, and proceeded to clean his teeth!!

We ran down the southern flank of Ladhar Bheinn into the valley in under 30 minutes. There followed a long trudge back along a hard track to Inverie, where we met the rest of the group and spent the evening socialising with the locals in 'The Old Forge'.

Edi Albert

Nightline

In nightline we had to follow a line of rope that was set out on a course unknown to any of the members. It had been laid out near the disused buildings in Sandaig Bay, the next bay to the camp site.

We all walked over to Sandaig from camp, leaving at about ten o'clock at night. At a ruined outhouse near the chapel we got sorted into groups of either two or, in our case, four (being the last group).

By now it was very dark, and about 2330. Now was the time to boldly go where no member had gone before, (apart from the group in front of you). At five-minute intervals we were taken to the start of the night line; but before we reached it there was the small matter of putting the blindfolds on!!

The course took us over uneven ground with the odd drop, but it got much worse near the end, especially when we dropped about 7 feet into the stream, and then had to walk up the stream until the end of the rope, which was tied to a tree. (And they say AL's aren't malicious. Eds)

Nigel Hall

The Glas Eilean Bivvi or Fourteen go Bad on Seal Island

AL's: Colette Armitage, Steve Brown, Paul Jackson
Members: Edi Albert, Mike Home, Nigel Hall, Mark Norris, Ian Robinson,
Sally Sharpe, Graham Smith, Dave Spencer, Garry Taylor,
Mike Taylor, Robert Tuckett

Those of you familiar with the two previous editions of the annual SHS report will be acquainted with my accounts of bivvies, sublime and ridiculous (simultaneously ? Eds), on mountaintops. I assure you that it is not through some weird fetish of mine for trig, points that I have found myself in such uncompromising and uncomfortable positions as the summits of Beinn Mhor (S Uist) and Toddun (Harris) as the sun went down. It was however with grave disappointment that I discovered a lack of suitable summits within close proximity to the camp on Knoydart this year. However, not to be put off by this, we started to consider alternative but similar exploits.

On an earlier P4 trip to Mallaig four of us had been held captive for some while watching the seals that form a colony on Glas Eilean, a small island roughly 1.5 km SW of the site at Torr Mor. Many sightseeing and photography trips ensued, the seabirds population also being considerable, and it dawned on us that the (renamed) Seal Island would make an excellent bivvi site. As well as the abundant fauna, Seal Island also afforded a locally unrivalled view of sunsets over the Cuillin ridge on Skye.

It was thus after a day of excellent weather and a hearty meal that the majority of the expedition set off for the Island as the inevitable wind and rain began. Four brave souls canoed the trip, we mere mortals were willingly ferried by Paul, P4 skipper extraordinaire. We began to explore the island for suitable shelter much to the disgust of hundreds of resident seabirds, one of which demonstrated its disgust on my head! At first sight the terrain seemed composed of little more than deep nettles and bird droppings, the latter being so overwhelming in both quantity and aroma that the island was nearly re-named once more with another four-letter noun. Just as spirits and dusk were-falling we came across a near perfect "wee dell", sheltered on all sides and remarkably free of bird droppings. Paul, Steve and a few others disappeared to transport the P4 a remarkable distance over the rocks to well above the high tide line; the rest turned to domestic considerations.

By now the rain was descending in torrents, and we had all hands on deck to keep the toilet roll dry, but we remained totally sheltered from the wind, oblivious to what was brewing up for Rob and Becca back at camp. As everyone started to bag their berths the air was filled with quotes such as "The bumps are in all the right places" and "It's very comfortable but a bit soggy". Smugly Graham settled into his snug dry little cave. Mark's bed was commandeered as a kitchen, and Garry's tent

as a baggage store. Hot orange and Penguin biscuits later, as many people settled down to try and sleep their attempts proved to be in vain, as a small congregation had gathered around a very soggy SHS songbook. It warrants explanation that Knoydart '86 roust have been one of the least musically talented expeditions ever. It was a miracle that the seal colony remained in the morning. At one point the silence was broken with a yell and the sound of Graham sliding downhill in his bivvi bag. Apparently he had just been thinking about adders when something in his snug dry little cave moved, and so he had to sleep in the open with the rest of us. Needless to say all the good sites had been taken; My sleep was disturbed by Paul's commando type attacks on Graham from a rock, under which I happened to be lying. The ensuing wrestling match also came very much my way. Poor Colette had to survive being pulled out of the side of Steve's fly-sheet by her feet by two anonymous members bearing Scottish and Merseyside accents. (Might have guessed. Eds)

Eventually silence reigned golden over the sleeping ranks, sheltered in their comfortable hollow. At the same time Rob and Becca were trying to hold down the entire camp as "Hurricane Knoydart" raged through the campsite a short distance away. As we returned for breakfast we were surprised not to be met by smiling faces. Rob and Becca were amazed that we hadn't been carried away in our bivvi bags up the Sound of Sleat. On learning of our comfortable night they trudged off disgruntled to catch up on lost sleep, leaving us in a somewhat wind-battered marquee. It soon seemed more homely as the egg-bread began to sizzle.

Sally Sharpe

Hurricane Knoydart

While the majority of the expedition bivvied on Seal Island in peace and tranquillity (what, with Paul? Surely not!), Rob and I were left to camp-sit, which, to some, seemed a soft option. Those who subscribe to this view conveniently forgot the ability inherent in the Hebridean weather to turn nasty at the drop of an SHS songbook. Murphy's (or should it be Sod's) law (Knoydart Version) reads "If it's going to blow a violent gale it will do so when there are only two people available to prevent the whole set-up parascending to Mallaig".

When the final party of bivviers had departed an eerie calm descended on the camp; it was strangely quiet. A gentle breeze rustled the canvas periodically and darkness settled around. It was an ideal opportunity to update my logbook. Thus the evening progressed, the peace only broken by the movement of the marquee. I wrote my diary and Rob completed routecards. (A picture of domestic bliss. Eds) (This serenity it later transpired was the 'lull before the storm")

By midnight we had retired to our (respective) sleeping quarters (I should think so. Eds), with the intention of a good night's sleep. The weather however had taken on a new complexion, and was now in possession of a force we had not yet encountered. A force 8 had missed the Harris-ites, and hit us instead. (Must be the only one that did. Eds) (Well, I suppose that we had tempted fate by sending them cheeky letters about our Mediterranean weather!!) I could hear Rob wandering about and his shadow was occasionally projected against the canvas by the light of the Tilley. But when his utterances developed from the harmless to those needing to be censored, I realized that all was not well. Emerging from the petite, but relatively stable, Vango I saw Rob clinging desperately to the marquee. The four Icelandics were apparently intent (puns of that order are not called for. Eds) on joining the marquee on a sortie to Skye. For the next six hours we cursed, hammered, pegged, roped, rocked or (in the case of the Marquee) just hung onto our camp.

To accompany the thunder created by the wind, there was a percussion section, courtesy of the dishes, cutlery mugs, ketchup, curry powder and Tilley lamps, as they were blown off shelves, against tables, onto bivvi bags; not to mention the whip crack of the ridge-poles. (Sounds ominous for the next expo,.Eds) By 6.30 the entire site looked like an earthquake area. A joint decision was taken: "If the wind wants it, it can have it", and we retired once again to our peaceful night's sleep. Whereupon..

The wind promptly dropped

Rebecca Humphreys

The SHS Report on the Munroes

Our party consisted of four persons, Steve (AL), David, Mike and myself. We started on the last Monday of the expedition, and planned to tackle three of the Munroes. Our main aim was to climb Ladhar Bheinn. We were dropped off by the P4 at Inverie, saving us a four mile walk, and set off up the hilly track weighed down by heavy rucksacks. It was about an hour before we reached the base of Ladhar Bheinn, where we sat down, had lunch and refilled our water bottles.

We started walking up the first part of the slope in high spirits as the top looked only a stone's throw away. We rested twenty minutes later: unfortunately Ladhar Bheinn looked just as high. The next hour was hard work; indeed sometimes I thought the end would never arrive. The next hour was even more tiring for us, Steve included, but Dave seemed to make an easy job of the climb, and was soon nicknamed "Mountain Goat". (I've heard that of a David before. Eds)

We reached the top having been climbing for 3.5 hours. The view was fantastic, looking over Eigg, Rhum and Muck, with Mallaig in the distance. Unfortunately the fog came very quickly, and we came down to a small plateau about 108.m from the top, where we bivvied for the night. AL privilege - Steve had the one man tent ! After hot Weetabix (courtesy of Mike and Dave) we set off at 1038 back up to the top of Larven, and walked along the ridge (after the inevitable photo session).

Our next destination was not BO high, but more difficult to reach: we had fairly high mountains to cross (roughly 830m). We lunched at the base of the second Munro. A passable rendezvous with Rob and group didn't materialize, and we started our climb of 946m up the second Munro. This was less steep, and in fact our only problem was scree and boulders at the beginning. Half way up we disturbed a very large mountain hare, which sprinted away like a flash of lightning. From the summit we had another fantastic view of the Small Isles, as clear as a bell. We sat on the arête for about half an hour admiring the view and planning our route up the third and final Munro, which was clearly visible. We dropped down a few hundred metres (he says it so casually. Eds) to a small lochan where we had supper and bivvied for the night, after seeing a roost beautiful sunset.

Next morning we woke to pouring rain: all of us were wet; even Steve in his tent. The climb looked doubtful as the third Munro was shrouded in mist. We had a cup of tea and a biscuit, and Steve decided it would be too risky to climb the hill in the mist and wet. The third Munro had beaten us, but we were the first group to manage two Munroes in a bivvy. Following the escape route we reached a small hut where hot Weetabix was extremely good. We set off after breakfast and arrived at Inverie just before lunch time. We had a hot shower at the Inverie Hotel, and then walked back to the camp, tired but proud of our achievements.

Robert Tucker



Adapted from G.S. Landrigan's map 23 by G. Stewart
 Scale 1:100,000 Contours: 50m, 100m

Legend: X = 100 (p.m.) --- = road
 = contour - - - - = stream/river
 dashed symbols are numbered G.S.

"A Munro-bagging-mega-bivvy"
Wasn't it just a lovely day
The day we climbed up Larven
The hill it was steep, the views fantastique
But we ail got right to the top
Then came down again, bivvied in a glen
And stuffed ourselves with supper.
We saw the sun die in a bright orange sky
Up on that beautiful mountain
We woke up next morn, not long after dawn
And went back up to the summit
We went down the ridge, there wasn't a midge
The summit of Luinne Beinn was our goal
We got there at last, slid down it quite fast
And pitched the tent by a lochan.
Our supper we ate from an SHS plate
Before kipping down for the night.
Next morning we found we were covered in cloud
So we went straight down to the boat-house
The stream we followed, it wasn't a road
And we arrived there soaking wet
We cooked up a brew, and stopped getting 'flu
By lying about in the sunshine
That mega-bivvy will ever be with me
'Till the day I die!

/

(To the tune of "Didn't we have a lovely day")

(Larven = Ladhar Bheinn. Eds)

Dave Spencer, Mike Taylor, Rob Tuckett and Steve Brown

Canoeing on the River Inverie

Paul Jackson (AL), Sally Sharpe, Edi Albert, Ian Robinson, Garry Taylor, Graham Smith.

Equipment: P4, 4 canoes, 5 paddles, lifejackets, rucksacks.

Graham, Garry, Ian and Edi left Torr Mor by canoe for Inverie at 12.00 lunchtime. Paul and Sal passed us in the P4 taking the second Munro mega-bivvy group to Inverie. They then waited until we were well knackered and halfway down Loch Nevis before coming to meet us in the P4. Then 'Direct Route' Jackson tied the fronts of our canoes to the back of the P4, and set off across the loch at high speed with the four of us clinging to our canoes for dear life!!

When we neared the River Inverie we broke away from the P4 and paddled towards the mouth of the river. Somehow in those 60 yards I managed to capsize my canoe (I put it down to a large wave, but others said lack of skill). Garry and Ian were soon on hand and, being the 'experts', performed an 'H' rescue and set me under way again. We paddled a short way upstream and moored the P4 next to a large pleasure boat when we stopped for lunch, only to be pestered by a silly old goat claiming to have beaten a motorboat on a windsurfer (personally I think his moustache must have given him the edge). (Nice idea, a goat on a windsurfer. Eds) After lunch, the four of us set off up the river leaving Paul and Sal to walk up the bank.

The river was shallow in places, and caused us to scrape the paddles on the bottom of some sections. It was in a shallow area like this, where the water was flowing quickly, that Ian broke his paddle in a dramatic burst of activity. I sneaked past that section by pushing along on my knuckles. From here we had to carry our canoes past one area, which was too shallow and rocky.

We reached a small weir after some feverish activity in paddling against the current. We got out of the boats and carried them above the weir before re-launching and shooting the weir. Now that's what I call fun!! Garry, Ian, Edi and myself paddled upstream until we reached a large weir which Jacko decided was not navigable, so we turned round and came down the river, over the small weir, and round to meet Jacko and Sal. By this time the tide had come in and the water level had risen, so it was possible to paddle the area we had previously had to carry the boats around. In attempting this fast flowing stretch I half capsized, through inexperience as much as anything. After I had managed to get myself underway again Paul, Garry and myself went back upstream to the large weir, whilst the rest decided sunbathing was now the order of the day. Garry and Paul played about in the stoppers (I wasn't allowed to), then came back downstream, Garry and myself shot the small weir backwards (to show Paul how to do it), just for a bit of variety.

We then paddled downstream to the P4, changed into dry clothing, tied the canoes onto the P4 and set off for camp after a great day's canoeing, where I had learned a considerable amount, having known nothing before.

Graham Smith (the only true Scot on the expedition)

"The Plonkers"

The Plonkers are a duty group
From Knoydart - 'En Ecosse'
With Dave and Ian, Nigel and Gaz
And Paul who was their boss.

Two Plonkers made a classic start
It left them in a mess
They got on the wrong part of the train
And when [went?] to Inverness !

This duty group did not excel,
Compared with all the rest
Preparing food in time constraints Although
they did their best.

The Plonker duty group you know
Are not a pleasant sight
With cabbage hats, like silly prats
Your day they'll try to light.

Our head plonker, he had a hat
Thru' choice he'd never leave it
But from the top of the marquee pole
He never could retrieve it.

The Plonker duty group are not
A clever bunch, you see
With melted jugs, half empty mugs
Their speciality.

To sum up all, I do declare
They made their worst mistake
In leaving for the AL's meal
Those great big tins of steak.

Anon

AS AT LAST DINNER

Beer Belly Bob (Rob)
Colette (Batty Owl) Armitage Graham (Gear
Krusher) Kramer Steve (Mole) Brown
Paul (Direct Route) Jackson
Rebecca (Howling) Humphreys
Edi (The Mouth) Albert
Dave (Crag Goat) Spencer
Nigel (Helmet Head) Hall
Ian (Spackerhead) Robinson
Mark (Macho Man) Morris
Mike (The Fridge) Horne
Mike (Dumbo) Taylor
Robert (Muscles) Tuckett alias 'Spoonhead'
Garry (Saturday Afternoon Soldier) Taylor
Graham (Bog Man) Smith
(Sexy) Sally Sharpe

Sally Sharpe

End of an Expedition

Arose at the unearthly hour of 0830! Most of us very under the weather due to silly games and abuse of various liquids. (I seem to recall a game with 2 pudding spoons and a ladle that Paul, Robert and Graham played!!) Dismantled the tents, filled in the pits and moved all the equipment down to the high water mark. At 1pm the expedition ended when the group departed, leaving the rearguard watching them leave in Keith's boat.

Rearguard - Steve Brown (AL), Dave Spencer and myself.

Next day we got up at about 0930. A lazy day beckoned us and we decided to do some washing. At 1130 the silence was broken by Keith's boat coming into the bay. He told us that he needed the marquee for the Inverie games the next day. We were told that we could stay in his loft, and so we left camp taking the marquee and went to Mallaig. On arriving back at Keith's house at about 5.00pm we devoured a 15 portion pack of Chicken Supreme between the 4 of us. (True to form. Eds) We adjourned to the Bar in Inverie and arrived back at 2330.

Next day we erected the marquee in a field next to the Inverie River, hard work even with 5 of us. Later that afternoon we went to the Inverie Games. There was a tug-of-war, in which we too't part and were beaten. After this strenuous exercise we basked in the sun I! That night there was a dance in the village hall and so the rearguard accompanied Keith to Skye to pick up the band. It was a Scottish Dance Band. I left the dance about 0030, and it was still going strong then.

On Sunday we didn't rise until late, but managed to dismantle the tent and clear the village hall before being offered free drinks at dinner time! We happily accepted a lift to the bridge at the head of the valley, and arrived back at camp at about 1500. Ate, swam in the sea and sunbathed. The evening was glorious and we didn't go to bed 'til 2300.

Monday. Time to clear camp. "Spanish John" arrived on the high tide and beached itself. We loaded all the equipment, and then had to wait until 2114 (from 1045) to be able to get clear. It was dark when we arrived in Mallaig (2200), and even darker when we had unloaded all the equipment. This was only to find out it was in the wrong place, and we had to move it into a car park around the corner. Finished moving the kit by 2345, and bivvied under the P4 trailer. Had two sandwiches made of 'out-of-date' bread and 3 glucose tablets for supper. (That seems *a* bit lavish. Eds)

Woke at 0830 on Tuesday. The weather was exceptional. I decided to walk to a lake outside Mallaig, but it was too hot!! Returned to find Rob, Colette and Richard had arrived with the van. They were in need of sustenance after their long trip, so we accompanied them to the pub. At about 1430 we loaded the van and I caught my train home, arriving Morpeth at 0115 next morning. I bivvied on the platform, arrived home about 0800 after 24 days out. Altogether a superb expedition.

Ian Robinson

IN THE EVENT OF YOU HAVING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT

Please be sure to:-

1. Catch the medics off guard, i.e. wait until you are disembarking the launch at Mallaig and the First Aid kit is with the rearguard on site.
2. Ensure removal to medical aid is possible i.e. a first class taxi service to a not so first class doctor.
3. Make sure any accommodation required is in a National Scenic Area, with an appropriate view, e.g. the Belford Hospital, Fort William, looking onto Ben Nevis. This ~~hotel~~ hospital is highly recommended for its high standard of service and nursing. Food however is in short supply.
4. Sustain injuries that facilitate at least two nights stay in the aforementioned accommodation, preferably those that may require surgery, or cause an inability to walk properly.
5. Make the accident and injuries are spectacular or embarrassing, (ideally both. Eds) e.g. cut and bruise one's crotch in a way that was not envisaged by your Maker. Also make sure that haematomas are large enough to change the walking action to the waddle (as in "Pregnant Duck").

.NB These methods are not recommended^ by the management, nor, for that matter, by me. I have already tried them all, and the only result was a lot of pain, and several fainting fits over various leaders. (Anyone in particular? Eds)
So only employ these guidelines in the last resort.

Rebecca Humphreys

Knoydart Quotes'86

Paul Jackson I had Capital Punishment administered whilst at school and it never did me any harm.

Rob McDermott Mine will go upto minus 20.

Mike Home I'm just popping into bed Dave, are you coming ?

Steve Brown It'll need a bit of fiddling with
(to Sally) Can I do it, can I do it ?

Sally Sharpe I felt great afterwards, so I carried on

Rob McDermott I view this as an exhibition (expedition ?)

Steve Brown This can't be an SHS expedition; I've got
Sally Sharpe dry boots

Colette Armitage I don't need a torch, if I don't know where the
bits are

Steve Brown now — PANIC

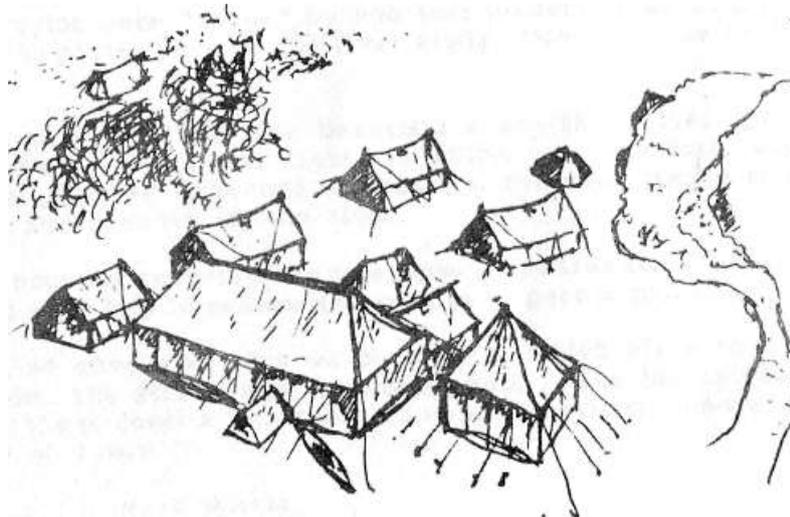
Edi Albert Once I get my tent up, I'll show you my bits

ColetteArmitage The best place to do it is in a sleeping bag at night

Steve Brown I don't want a lot, I'm quite happy with a little bit

Graham Smith You just want to grab hold of flesh and squeeze
I want the right to have babies
I was champion tosser at school (re pancakes)

As you will see the majority come from 3 or 4 people. It's not that the rest were silent, it's just that the above are the only repeatable ones!!!



Leader's Prerogatives

Good Ones

- 1 First to drive the P4
- 2 Able to sleep in any tent
- 3 Allowed to finish the tin of fruit
- 4 Allowed to belch the loudest
- 5 To remind all AL's that they have to sign a declaration, and must obey all instructions
- 6 To be able to organize the search and rescue, and then watch others doing it
- 7 Not to know what is happening
- 8 Last to do capsize drill
- 9 To curse every member of the expedition committee who has not done their job
- 10 To have breakfast in bed
- 11 To sleep all day and night
- 12 To resign and reinstate himself at any time

Bad Ones

- 1 First to empty the toilet
- 2 First to start digging the pits
- 3 First to do capsize drill
- 4 Has to cope with lost members
- 5 Has to give away vast quantities of Scotch to the locals
- 6 Not being first to have a bath
- 7 Having to explain to the Director of Expeditions why the P4 engine is indisposed on the first day, and that it isn't your fault
- 8 Having to wake up occasionally
- 9 Having to lead by example

Knoydart worm density survey 1986

Scientists: Mike Taylor, Mike Home, Garry Taylor

Date: 28/7/86

We marked out a square meter in two different locations,

1 Trampled grass 4-5m from the river,

2 A more brackeny area further from the stream.

Both of these locations were within the Knoydart campsite, and were around 60m from the sea, and about 2m above sea-level. On the day of the survey the weather was warm and faintly windy.

Method

At each location we poured about 5 pints of cold soapy water onto the test area, and counted the number of worms, which surfaced, noting their lengths.

Results

	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>10</u>	cm worm length
location 1		2			1		2	1			worms
location 2		2									worms

We suggest the lower density of worms at the second location maybe due to a nearby ants' nest.

Mike Taylor

A RIVER STUDY

Myself and four other members (Garry Taylor, Mike Home, Nigel Home and Mike Taylor) were "asked" by Rob (our leader) if we would "like to volunteer" to participate in the river study. (We know the technique –Eds)

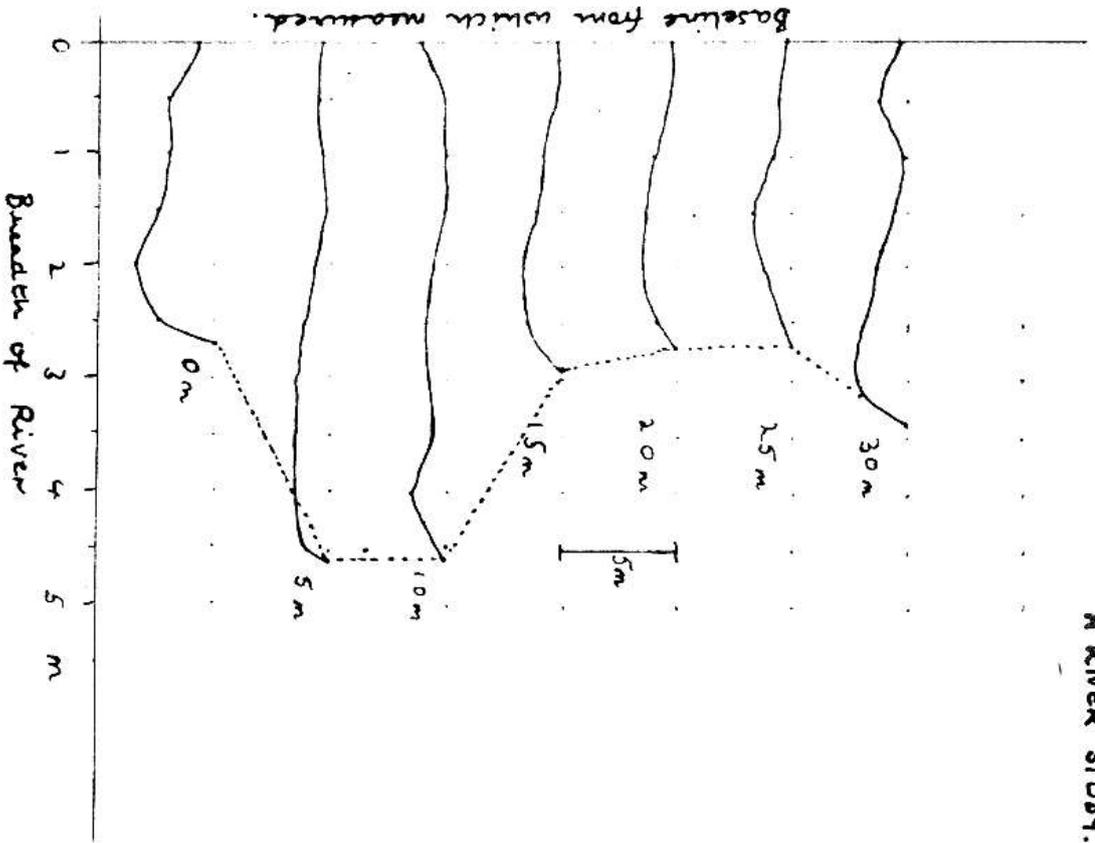
We embarked on our task one beautiful sunny lazy afternoon (having previously finished a water fight, in which everyone lost, especially Rob!). I volunteered to record the results, the study being to measure the depth and breadth of the river.

In about 1 hour we measured the river every 5 metres for a distance of 30 metres. (I have had to redraw the results to permit printing - typist).

After we had completed this we decided to finish off with a velocity measurement. The stream was flowing normally. Mike improvised a boat, which took 35s to cover a 35 m run. If my arithmetic serves me this gives a velocity of 1 m/s.

Mark Morris

A RIVER STUDY.



~~HARRIS~~

HARRIS (CRAVADALE) EXPEDITION 1986

Leader: Claire McCombe
Assistant Leaders: Jonathan Bletcher, Tony Ball, Jacky Randall, Lee Varley, Tim Willcocks
Members: Andrew Baker, Harriet Boxall, Paul Clough, Mary Fawcett, Nicholas Furneaux, Leon Gooberman, Ruth Ireland, Ben Lambert, Andrew Marsh, David Martin, Kathy Rooke, Andrew Scholes, Mark Scott, Philip Scriven, Jonathan Willcocks.

Leader's Report

The days of planning were over. The day had dawned. The expedition gradually grew as people joined the 2100 London-Inverness train from all directions. The complicated travel plans all went smoothly, and we arrived at Cravdale 39 hours later - you can get to Sydney (Australia) quicker than that!!

We then lay in the sun, waiting for the landing craft to come around the corner, dreaming of how this place seemed so unconcerned with the pageantry going on in London for the Royal Wedding. When the landing craft arrived it grounded out in the waves, so we had to wade thigh deep through a sea of jellyfish to reach the equipment, but the weather was warm, so it didn't seem to matter.

We then spent the afternoon setting up camp in ideal conditions. The next morning the sun had retired, and capsize drill was carried out in driving rain and wind. At the same time some very respectable tables and ~hairs were erected in the marquee - but that afternoon the gales started. During the next few days these intensified, and the innovation to keep the marquee up was remarkable. A variety of props were used, ranging from fish net to very thick ships' anchor rope, from 3 large tree trunks (probably ex ships' masts) to 3.5 tons of rock from the beach. The marquee survived the expedition, but I'm afraid we have to mourn the passing of 8.5 tents (the half being the store tent, which lost its brailings) .

Our main problem was that we were being hit by strong winds from a number of directions, and eventually we had to make the decision to move. Everybody worked exceptionally hard (was it the thought of a Mars Bar?) to move the camp over to nearby Cravdale House. It was no mean feat setting up camp a second time.

From then on activities could begin in earnest. The canoes were much used on Loch na Cleavag (now next to our camp), as was the Topper. Jono managed to catch a few trout, and very tasty they were too, cooked with onions for breakfast. Most people had a go at climbing some of the nearby crags by using a top rope. Philip managed quite a difficult overhang. Our movements were restricted for the first part of the expedition due to the deer stalking activities of the estate, but later on we got some good

walks done, including an entire expedition exodus up Tirga Mor, and a 'quick nip' up Clisham (799m) for a small super fit group. An excellent peat oven was made out of old tin cans, which kept the camp supplied with freshly baked brown bread, chocolate cake and many jacket potatoes. Mark succeeded in making a very good lobster pot, and when this was finally launched the bait disappeared, but no sign of any lobster !

Tim Willcocks had visited Scarp in 1965 and had made great friends with the islanders. So now in 1986 he was keen to find out what had happened to them all. He made many visits and consumed much tea and jam sponge (I hope his waistline didn't suffer too much), but the amazing thing was -they remembered him - and by name, after 20 years ! Having heard so much about the history of Scarp, from Tim's many stories, we were determined to make a visit to this island, and after a few failed attempts, we eventually made it, twice. And what a beautiful island! Some project work was done, including shore ecology and surveying.

Evenings were always full due to Tony's efforts, and much hilarity was had at Cathy's birthday party (please excuse the brown stains on the marquee walls). The AL's meal was stomach bursting to put it mildly, but what was to beat Tim's massages? Despite all the difficulties morale remained high, and for that I have to thank everybody present. Everyone worked well as a team, and I think everybody deserves credit. To Jonathan "Surgery at 2500 hours" Bletcher, Tony "Diet tomorrow" "I've learnt how to make coffee" Ball, Jacky "Mum" Randall, Tim "Official masseur" Willcocks and Lee "Hippie" Varley may I express my thanks, along with a thank you to each individual member.

Claire McCombe.

ANNIE MACINNES wants to rent out her luxury 6 berth Caravan for 35 pounds per week; it is outside the house at Bedersaig in North Harris, and not far from the sea. Also B&B is available.

Annie, Murdo, and Donald Angie made us welcome with tea and cakes at their home (also she bribed me with a pair of hand-knitted red socks!).

SO CAN WE HELP THEM ??????????

Why not encourage your family or friends to go to sunny Harris for a weekend break, or for two weeks cheap holiday ?

EVEN BETTER...

go yourself with some friends next summer, and use the caravan as your base for local walking and exploration.

Write to -: Mrs Annie MacInnes, Bedersaig, North Harris, Scotland.

THE BALLAD OF CRAVADALE 1986

Chorus: Si o, a lo, si o, a lay,
Si o, a lo, si o, a lay.

- 1 Here's the SHS arriving.
Here's the tents and all the guys.
Here's the SHS arriving.
Landing craft an AL cries.
- 2 Meet our leader Claire McCombe,
A lovely lass we all agree.
Meet ...
Learned in ecology.
- 3 Weather foul and winds are stormy,
Blow the tents away each day.
Weather ...
Bog tent off, and flies away.
- 4 Sitting eating chocolate biscuits
In the storms and in the gales
Sitting ...
"Help, our tent's down " someone wails.
- 5 Wish the wind would stop its howling,
Wish the rain would stop its beat,
Wish ...
Maybe we could get some sleep.
- 6 Moving camp to keep us busy,
Chain-gang rocks and stores about;
Moving ...
Quite insane without a doubt.
- 7 Boys and girls are still surviving.
Hanging onto life somehow;
Boys ...
Strange - we thought they'd die by now.
- 8 With our lives we trust the AL's,
Lee, Jon, Tony, Tim, and Jack;
With ...
That bunch of nuts? We must be cracked!
- 9 Lee's our resident hippie,
with long hair and dungarees,
Lee's ...
'That's why there's a lot of fleas'.

10 Jonathan's our smallest AL,
Works as hard as he can;
Jonathan's ...
Perfect little action man.

11 Tony's huge in comparison,
Sixteen stone of flesh and bone;
Tony's ...
One hit by him, and home you go.

12 Tim's our only therapist,
His mind is full of weird facts;
Tim's ...
And he's great at soothing backs. •

13 Jackie's good at water sports.
Little bombshell, watch her swim;
Jackie's ...
Don't look now - she's fallen in!

14 Shop and 'phone box trading busy.
Mars bar, galaxy and sweet;
Shop ...
Fourteen miles return by feet.

15 Scarp is still a distant prospect,
Home of eagle and of wren,
Scarp ...
"Get the P4 bailer Ben".

16 Botty's lobster pot is finished;
Hasn't seen a lobster yet;
Botty's ...
Still unused next year, I bet !

17 Frisby golf and Cathy's birthday
Coincide on August 2;
Frisbee ...
Cake and games, and jelly too.

18 Watching porpoise, deer, and salmon,
Taking tea with Gaelic folk;
Watching ...
SHS is one big joke!

19 Eggy bread again for breakfast,
Just what members dread the most;
Eggy ...
Even worse is Spag. on toast.

20 Small romances flourish quickly,
"Get out that tent" the common cry;
Small ...
I'll name no names - too young to die!

21 Jonny's dumplings are delicious;
Eat some - you'll sink like a stone;
Jonny's ...
Strain the bowels, make you groan.

22 Scorpions to the Isle of Harris
Came in 1965;
Scorpions on the Isle of Harris Trip traps keep
us all alive.

23 If you der to take a fler
And to fer it in the er,
If ...
You'll incur the wrath of Cler.

24 Now our song is nearly finished,
Hardly any more to sing;
Now ...
Needs more whisky, or some gin.

25 Nine then held a small reunion.
Off to Malvern went to walk;
Nine ...
Swim and nosebleeds, slides and talk.

26 This ballad's getting longer
Every time I write a verse;
This ...
Worse, and worse, and worse, and worse.

Contributors: Kathy - v4.
Harriet and Ruth v8-13.
Harriet v20.
Jono v!9,22.
Tim - others.



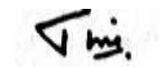
THEN (1965)AND NOW (1986)

In 1965 (first expedition to Cravadale) we had:
Salmon and sea trout for tea one day,
More and better furniture, including kitchen shelves, and a
'Project Table',
Better weather (sometimes),
A tug o' war with the men of Scarp, followed by a party,
More intensive project work,
Prayers and hymn singing,
Better home made music (the one radio was for weather only) .

In 1986 (last expedition -?- to Cravadale) we had:
Lots of canoes and the P4 inflatable,
'Lady members' - thanks to Claire, Jackie and the girls,
Two vegetarians,
Improved safety measures, including helmets,
Much-improved private loos,
Cathy's birthday, with a crazy/brilliant party.

PS How do I know ?

Because in 1965 I first located the Cravadale site during a recce, in April, and went on that expedition as an AL ("Officer" in those far off days) . In fact I was even on the first SHE expedition to Gometra in 1962 ! This time (1986) was much tougher going for me personally - unfit, middle aged, and out of practise - but even so didn't get left behind too badly. And a record for the SHS This was the first time that a son or daughter of an AL (either past or present) has ever followed in the family footsteps WE^TL DONE JONO !!!!!



CLISHAM

As the highest mountain in the Hebrides some of us were drawn to this challenge. Five intrepid idiots (Lee, John, Nick, and members Mark and Harriet) got up at five one morning, had breakfast and set out to meet the Postmaster at Husinish for 0700. He gave us a lift as far as the road at the base of Clisham (leaving us 2 miles to walk). We bade him farewell and stared up at the task ahead. The walk up at first was easy, and the rest consisted of scree. We reached the top, our thigh and hamstring muscles aching. We had a 10 minute stop at the top, then set off again because we had to get back to camp.

When we got to the road we put our trainers on and began to hitch our way back to Husinish. We walked 5 miles before we got a lift to Amhuinnsuidh, then we watched the salmon leaping for 5 minutes and walked through the grounds and then picked up another lift to Husinish, from where we walked on back to camp.

Nick Furneaux (with help from the rest of the of the climb).

As the rain pelts down upon the Celts
The sheep dog yelps and calls for help.
The snow melts and comes down in belts
From the mountain streams.
The SHS came, but not in vain; I mention no
names, but we're all insane. We're all the same; in
agonizing pain On top of mountains green.
When all is black we hear a crack, It's time to pack
'cos our ridge pole's snapped. We put on our macs and
wear our rucsacs And walk over the mountains. How keen!!
Soon I know, it'll be time to go,
Will we have to row ? Please say 'HO'
Ow ! I kicked my toe with quite a blow
As we leave the mountains where we've been.

Kathy Rooke

The calm after the storm

From the first moment of consciousness I knew it was going to happen. Lying face upwards I was perfectly calm, just waiting.

The dim light of early morning seeped green through the canvas, discolouring the scattered possessions and enlarging the heaped rucksacks with shadows. Silhouettes of indiscernible objects lay about me, block against the green. Occasionally a glimpse of white flashed between the lacing of the door flaps. Inside the tent was stillness. Dormant bodies lay shapeless in sleeping bags, giving no hint of life, asleep, or like me, waiting.

The wind soared, hurling squalls of rain hard against the tent. The tent flapped and trembled. I could imagine the wind rushing down the valley, playing havoc with the sea. The sounds of wind and sea mingled, pounding, swelling and swirling. Only the thin material of the tent protected its inmates from the savage elements howling outside.

The same material was now straining to pull away from the wall of stones encircling it.

There was a colossal gust. The tent billowed to its full extent. I stiffened and held my breath, my heart fluttering. Would it happen now? The wind eased off slightly and the tent slackened. My mind sighed its relief, and I relaxed *a* little. Again the tent billowed, again my body snapped into rigidity, and I stopped breathing. Another false alarm, but it wouldn't be long now; at any moment ... There was another huge gust, this time, the last time, much longer and harder; as if it were determined to wreck the tent. Stones shifted and the tent poles creaked and rattled their protest as the tent was forced to its limit. Still the wind persisted, but the tent could take no more.

With a great crack the ridge pole snapped and crashed down. The sagging tent now buzzed into life. People hastily dragged their clothes on, gathered belongings and bawled orders interwoven with curses. We dashed back and forth from the tent to the marquee as if our lives depended upon it; but the tension inside me had been driven out by light-headed relief. The worst had happened and we had coped with it.

Harriet Boxall

Walking

The opportunities for walking are good around the Cravadale area. Problems we found when out walking are the lazy beds; long ridges and troughs used in potato growing. After rain these form marshy streams, which have to be leapt over.

On fine days, if you can get to the high peaks, the view is incredible. These areas also afford the chance to observe lots of wildlife: deer, sheep, rabbits and many varieties of birds. Sometimes Me also met a shepherd working with his dog, always getting a friendly greeting.

Before 1 August we were restricted by the deer stalking. On 1 August I went on a walk to Tirga Mor. Two other groups had set out about an hour before. We took a coastal route to near Mas Garbh, from where we climbed up a sheer rock and peat face. I had never rock-climbed before, and trying it with a rucksack and walking boots on soft moss with a 70 foot drop was very

We climbed to a plateau, and from there walked down a steep grass gully. We reached the end of the gully only to find an eighty-foot cliff to the path, so we climbed back to the plateau. Walking along further we found another gully, this time floored by loose rocks and a stream. We climbed and scrambled to find another sheer drop.

After some hard thinking, and peering over the edge, we decided to turn back, nearly losing a rucksack down a hole. Me had to leave our planned route, and took a cross-country (-marsh) route to reach Tirga Mor.

Nearing the summit it began to rain, but cleared up a little at the to the end we were only a few minutes behind schedule.

Later in the expo' I also went on a coastal walk ending at Husival Mor. The view from the top was brilliant, and the weather was hot. We saw several deer and rabbits, and met several islanders during the walk.

Mark Scott

Harris Cravadale '86

- Fishing -

We decided to try to catch a real, live, fresh lobster with a home-made lobster pot. Mark Scott (Botty) made an excellent project out of this, constructing and making, on his own, a lobster pot. Using his humorous imagination that never dies, Botty put it together with old bits of barbed wire, drift wood, reeds woven around the entrance, and hammer and nails. It turned out to be a great success, and was later launched full of bait. The next morning when raised, the bait had gone, but no lobster for supper !

Because of the rough weather and sea conditions we weren't able to go sea fishing for mackerel from the P4, which was rather a shame. I have done some brown trout fishing, off the bank of Loch na Cleavag. I brought my fly rod along on the journey, so I was all set up for fly-fishing. The first night of fishing I caught 3 trout, all approximately 12 inches long, and weighing about a pound. Since then I have caught more fish, including four eels, which I caught on worms with my night line. I was told by an old fisherman, familiar with this area, that the opposite bank to Cravadale House is better, and that worm fishing's more popular than any other type in this particular loch.

Jono Willcocks

The attempts to get to Scarp

The first attempt to get to Scarp in the P4 was to be made on Saturday 26 June, but as one of the Icelandic's and the store tent blew down we had to get up at 0530 to build the store tent again. Unfortunately the Icelandic had a broken ridge pole, so it stayed down. The weather remained stormy all day, so the three-day camp on Scarp had to be delayed until the next day.

The next day we were woken by Lee's tangled mass of hair protruding through our door, telling us to get up. When we got up we found that the store tent had gone again along with another Icelandic, so the Scarp trip was delayed further.

The following morning we found that the two bog tents had gone leaving *the* bogs standing in the middle of nowhere. (How picturesque. Eds) The store tent had gone again, one Icelandic had broken a ridge pole, Jackie's force-ten-proof tent had snapped s ridge pole, and Claire's Vango-hurricane-proof tent had a broken pole. This left a disgruntled leader as we moved 3'. 5 tons of food and equipment over the hill to a more sheltered campsite.

The next attempt on Scarp was made a few days later when the AL's decided that the time was right to embark in the P4. Tim, Jono, Mark, Ben, John, Nick and myself prepared the P4 for the trip. Fortunately for me I did not go (it would have overloaded the boat) . As the boat slowly chugged away (even though it was at full throttle), the winds started to increase. When the boat reached the headland it turned about and chugged back, looking very low in the water. What had happened was that the boat had been taking in water on every "wave; Ben had been struck with temporary paralysis, and had totally failed to find the bailer needed to assist the sinking bath-tub. Everybody and everything was soaked, and further trips to Scarp that day were cancelled.

Next we attempted to hitch a lift in a boat going to Scarp, which (of course) never arrived. At the time of writing the optimistic mariners who are in charge of us still hope to get some of us to see Scarp.

PS Scarp is a small uninspiring island 5 miles across with 10 deserted houses. It is surrounded on one side by quicksand. There is one low mountain in the middle. It appears to be a barren island even looking through binoculars.

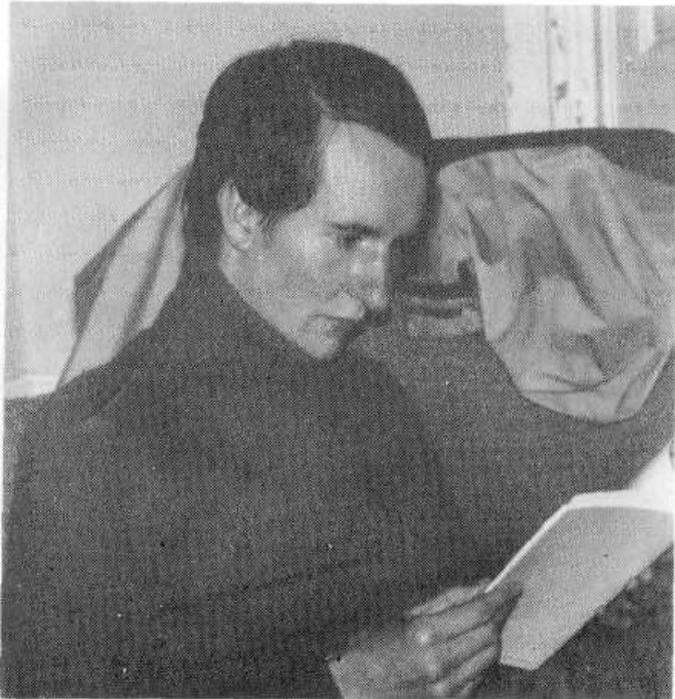
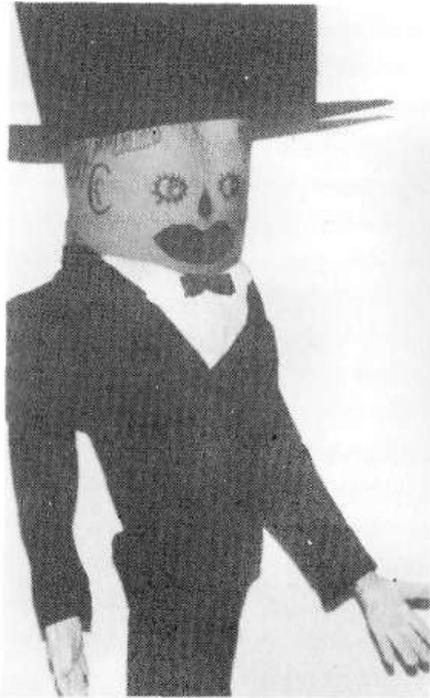
Leon Goberman

(We believe they did reach Scarp. Eds)

REFLECTIONS ON SCARP STATISTICS

"... and ile call.it Scarp, manurit, fotide, gude for corn, stone and fishing, pertaining to Mc Cloyd of Haray." Thus it was described by Munro in 1549. Rising to 1000ft, and about 2.5 across, the island is probably 95% bare ice-scraped rock or peaty moorland (1).

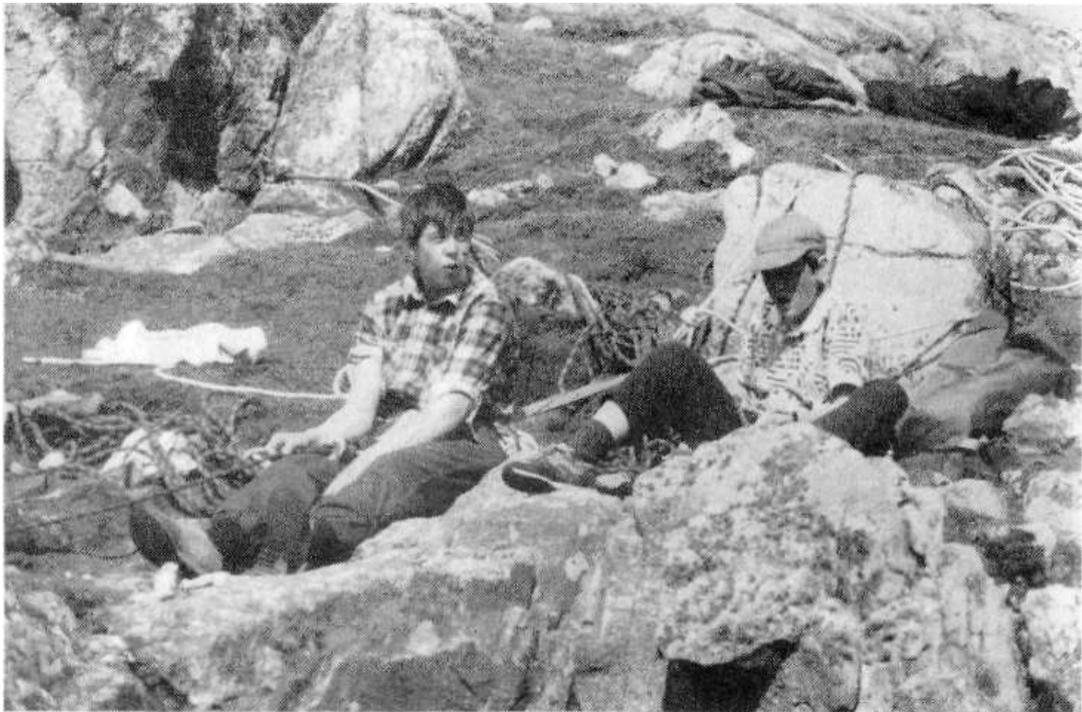
Swept by gales, coursed by strong tides, and without any secure harbour or anchorage, the island was not settled until 1810; it then became more or less economically self sufficient. Food was derived from the arable farming of oats, potatoes, and other vegetables - there are still obvious signs of disused 'lazy beds' scattered around the island. There are still over 300 sheep on the island belonging to those who have lived there and still hold crofters' grazing rights. And there was always fishing ... including lobsters, mussels, and (illegally) salmon.



Reunion 1985



Mealista Campsite



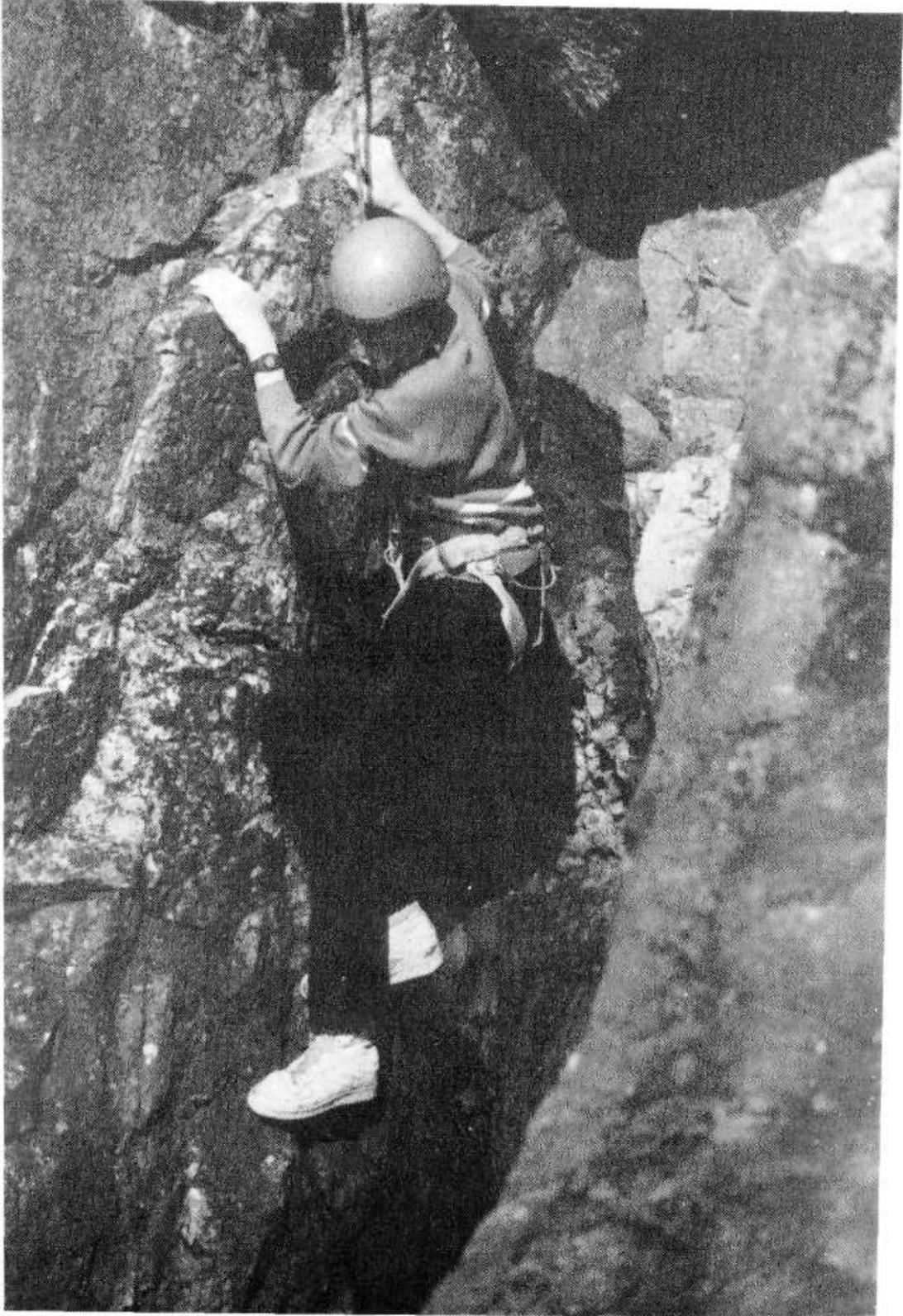
Healista Xpo



Highland Pixie found on west coast of Lewis



Table for ALs meal Knoydart



"It's drier up here'."

For 100 years until 1921 the population of the island was around 150, with a peak of about 288 in 1851. Amazing that so many people could subsist on that bleak but beautiful island I See graph.

Every household once had its own spinning wheel, made its own clothes, and sold tweed in Tarbert. Meat was salted to last over the winter, and each house had a vegetable plot. In 1919 flour was brought from the mainland for the first time, and about about the same time the local tweed making began to die out.

Fuel for the fires always created seasonal employment. Without wood or coal the traditional source had been peat - peats have to be dug by hand in early summer, dried in the sun, and brought in in the autumn: 350 sack fulls a year for each hearth. Scarp's peat source was at Cravadale, which meant boat transport over 2 miles or so - we helped load it in 1965, and it was not light work!

The school closed down in 1967, and the last of the people moved out in 1969, seemingly some time after the telephone link was broken. There was never any electricity on Scarp.

Most of them moved locally along the road between Husinish and Cliasmol, occasionally as far as Tarbert or the Scottish mainland, and indeed John, who was once the principal ferryman on the Scarp boat 'Morning Star (?)', is now a Securicor guard at Heathrow. But that is an exception, and probably John will return at some time: with family connections,crofting subsidies, and sheep still on Scarp the ties with the land are still very strong.

The church was an important ingredient in the lives of the islanders. A resident Church of Scotland missionary held two services every Sunday and a Thursday prayer meeting at least until 1965, which the whole population attended. In 1967, from memory, the missionary was no longer resident but a visitor.

The island is taking on new people now - part timers and holiday makers from...Devon, Stourbridge, Cheltenham, London, Glasgow, Germany and the USA, including the head of the Moonies cult, and a Tanzanian Asian with a Scottish accent! But even so, of the eleven houses of the settlement, only four or five have sound roofs now.

SHS VISITING

Two landing parties finally made it to Scarp after the first abortive attempt - when the P4 nearly swamped with the loss of all hands, 100 yards out into Cravadale bay.

Tea with the locals was usually first stop, followed by graveyard inscriptions, lichen population growth, tramping a bit of the island, and looking for seals and caves around the north side - neither project too successful. We found the remains of the 1934 Ford truck which I last saw driving about in 1967, and likewise the wreck of Kenny's Landover.

Roddy used to own the Ford, and it was his brother George, the Landing Craft pilot, who first took us to Cravadale this year. It was also George who first sang the 'Scarp Song' to the SHS in 1965, when we had a mammoth party and Tug o'War competition. The boys of Scarp won the Tug o'War two-nil, and George's song formed the basis for 'The Ballad of Cravadale' (He sang it with his face in his hands!)

We did not make it this year to the 'White Rock' - a great plug of asbestos up in the hills, which had excited the SHS get-rich-quick geologists so much in 1965.

There is a story that a dog ran into a cave at one side of Scarp, and was later seen to emerge on the other side of the island. Unfortunately we could not find the cave! Neither were we able to gather further information about a story, which states that a light was sometimes seen from Scarp in the northerly direction of Brenish, conjectured to be a phantom light. It was also seen from Brenish in the direction of Scarp, while there was in fact no boat at sea, or other natural explanation.

We were also told about the first attempt to deliver offshore mail by rocket: Scarp was the chosen location in 1934. Unfortunately the rocket exploded on landing, the Scarpachs lost their mail that day, and the experiment was called off! I think Peter MacKinnon said that special commemorative stamps were made: if so I'd really like to see one.

OTHER SCARP MEMORIES

1965

I can remember staying a night at the Gatliff Youth Hostel in April - the last Black House on Scarp. There are now three dead sheep in it ! For the expedition the men of Scarp loaded all our heavy gear aboard their 'big boat' and ferried it around from Husinish to Cravadale. And then back at the end of the trip - when the onshore gale made loading ultra-hard, and the outboard wouldn't start !

1967

Eight of us stayed for twelve days in the schoolhouse, which had just closed down for lack of pupils. It was a magical holiday. We helped with 'shearing the sheeps'. The morning was spent by the island population and the visitors (about 30 in all) in rounding them all up, using dogs, and the afternoon in clipping and marking them. Rounding up was a communal activity; clipping was an individual family concern.

We got to know the residents and made some genuine friendships. There was Kenny's Landover on the island, and Roddy's 1934 Ford car/truck. So we had a party with the help of Donald Angie's wind-up gramophone and some ancient 78 records, and well I remember next morning having to empty the 'can': full to the brim, and to be dumped down at the sea.

1986

Nineteen years later it was amazing and rather humbling to be greeted with recognition by Donald Angie MacInnes at Beitarsaig (= Bedersaig ? .Eds) ("I know you don't I ? ... your name is Willcocks, isn't it ? ... yes, Tim Willcocks"), and then at Amhuinnsuidh by Dollie MacLean ("Tim is it? and I thought you were dead!"). Also pleasurable was meeting again George MacLeod of the landing craft, Peter MacKinnon of the post, and Murdo John MacInnes helping with house building on Scarp. I believe that any of us on the expedition now have a link with these people, if we wish to continue it.

(One good way would be via Annie MacInnes' caravan, see note earlier. Eds)

OTHER BITS OF LOCAL HISTORY AND LEGEND

SCOURST - the boat house: Ghosts ?

1960 or so, John Abbott and 3 or 4 others: various personal experiences over two nights which scared the wits out of them ... and they moved out ...fast!

1965, Calum MacLeod of Scarp: " ... supposed to be haunted ...feet walking around it ..."

1965, Peter Dan Buchanan, Luachair: "There is nothing
in the ghost stories."

1965, MacLeod family, Tarbert: "The old people used to say there was fairies at Scourst ... all nonsense of course, and pagan." 1965, SHS party of six, with flash cameras and tape recorders at the ready: No ghosts appeared.

1986, SHS bivvy party: Weather and land restrictions prevented us.

1987 ... Who's for Ghost Busting ???

DIRASCOL

Back in 1885 three families moved from Scarp to Dirascol, an inaccessible spot 3.5 miles east of Cravadale on the south side of Loch Resort. Three houses were built, and they lived here for fifteen years until 1900, when too many of the deer and salmon were 'disappearing', and they were evicted by the landlord. The Dirascol people moved back to Husinish, and the names are still well known to the older residents such as Alex Mac Kay of the Amhuinnsuidh shop: "the MacDonalds, MacCleans, and Mac???". Our friend 'the shepherd' - by name Donald John MacDonald - was from one of these families.

To obtain supplies the Dirascol people would have travelled by boat two miles to the head of Loch Resort, then over a bog-path for three miles to Voshimid, four more miles by track to Meavaig, and a final five miles on to Tarbert. Some shopping trip 1 That seems to have been the track which was built on a 100 pound government grant: it only went so far as Voshimid because the money ran out.

THE HORGABOST GIANT

From about 800 to nearly 1200 AD the Vikings had control of the islands, before the Scottish kings again won them back. A giant Norseman was reputed to be buried at Horgabost in South Harris, and stones marked his grave site. Captain Cooke (around 1750 ??) unearthed him, and measured him as being six feet from head to knees ... a giant indeed.

REFERENCE SOURCES

These reference sources contain loads of information, only some of which is summarised in these notes - I hope some of the more interesting bits.

SHS reports for 1965 and 1984

Barry Smith, 1968: Depopulation in the Hebrides from 1745 (mainly referring to Scarp and Scalpay).

Tim Willcocks, 1967: 'Scarp '67', and article in the "Scotsman" magazine.

Tim Willcocks, 1965: entries in personal site diaries.

Verbal and Written information about Scourst, 1965: John Abbott, Martin Child, Sara Ker.

FINALLY ... EXCERPTS FROM MY 1965 DIARY

5 August

Rainy day. Store tent down in morning. John Abbott and party back from Kinresort in evening having got soaked. Storm party up in marquee that night. Party off to Scarp in morning.

10 August

.... Back from Scarp on the peat boat; helped to hump sacks on board at Cravadale. Finished off day as usual and practised a few songs for the party. Storm watch on duty that night since forecast was for Force 6-7 SE.

11 August

.... In early evening side guys broke on Section 5 tent, so it was evacuated and used as a windbreak for Section 4 tent, which was swung end-on. Later No 4 was evacuated and taken down. Side guys on AL's also broke, so this was not used. Wind strength about 3-4, but at campsite gusting to 7. Tried to cancel party, but Scarpmen said they were coming anyway, so it started about 9pm. Tug o'War won by Scarp 2-0 followed by beefballs, hamburgers, chicken supreme and peas; cold rice pud, coffee, and a can of beer each. Singing continued till 2 or 3 am including two Gaelic ones from Scarp.

Some funny stories by the minister from Tarbert. Then sang the Scarpmen away to sea by the light of a roaring campfire on the beach, and finally prayers around the fire.

WHAT'S NEW ABOUT GALES AT CRAVADALE???

PERHAPS THE OLD TIMERS COULD JUST WEATHER THEM BETTER ???

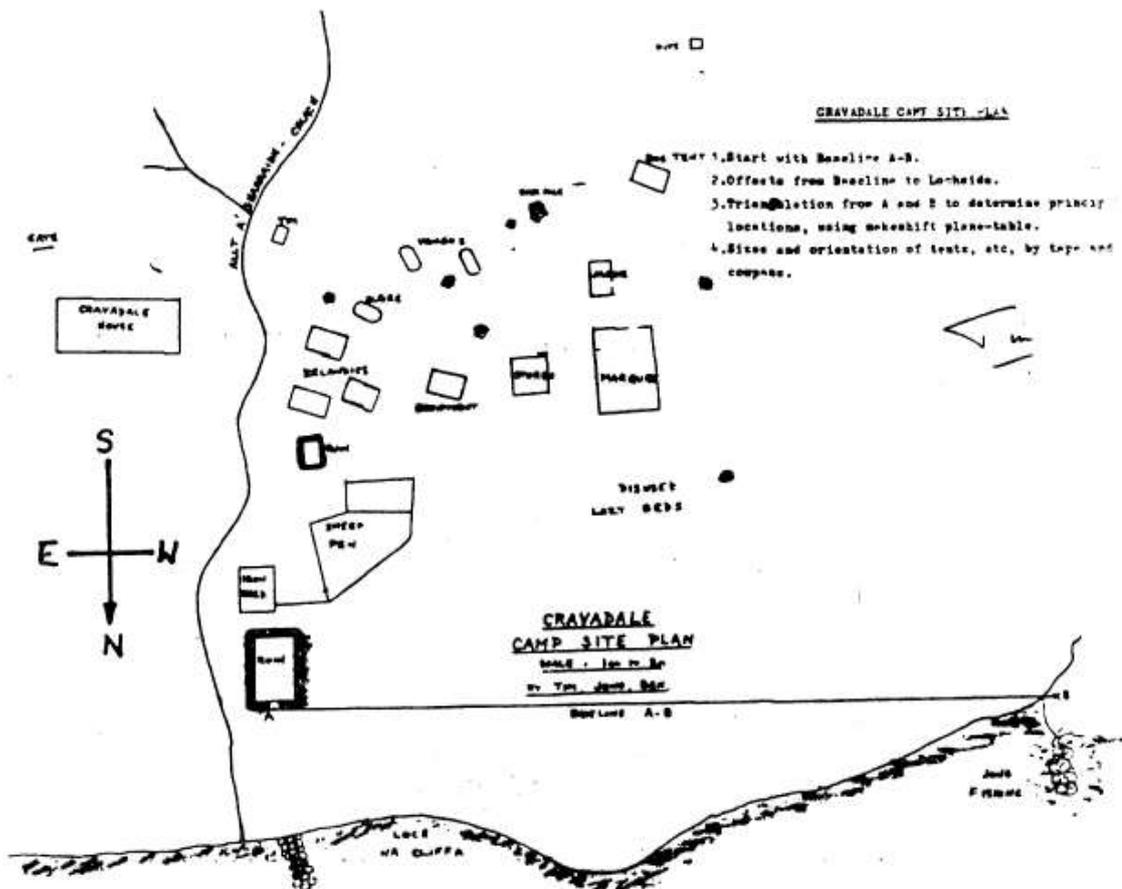
Tim Willcocks

Donald John Macleanan

Don is typical of the Hebridean shepherd - one of the last few of the old school. He is deeply tanned, very strong indeed, and has no teeth. The first time I met him was when he brought some sheep down to the tank just outside the camp. Amazingly he still used hand shears on the sheep. After the sheep were shorn we invited him in for tea. As he drank his tea his sheep dog Jill came and sat by us and demanded to be petted.

Don came back about four days later with three more sheep - one ewe and two lambs. He asked me if I would help him, so he grabbed hold of one of the lambs and told me to hold it still whilst he sheared the ewe. Don then came in for some more tea, and told us of the day's activities. Tim managed to get an order for a woollen hat from Mrs Maclean, who is 83 and still going strong.

Nick Furneaux



SHS GEOLOGY ON HARRIS

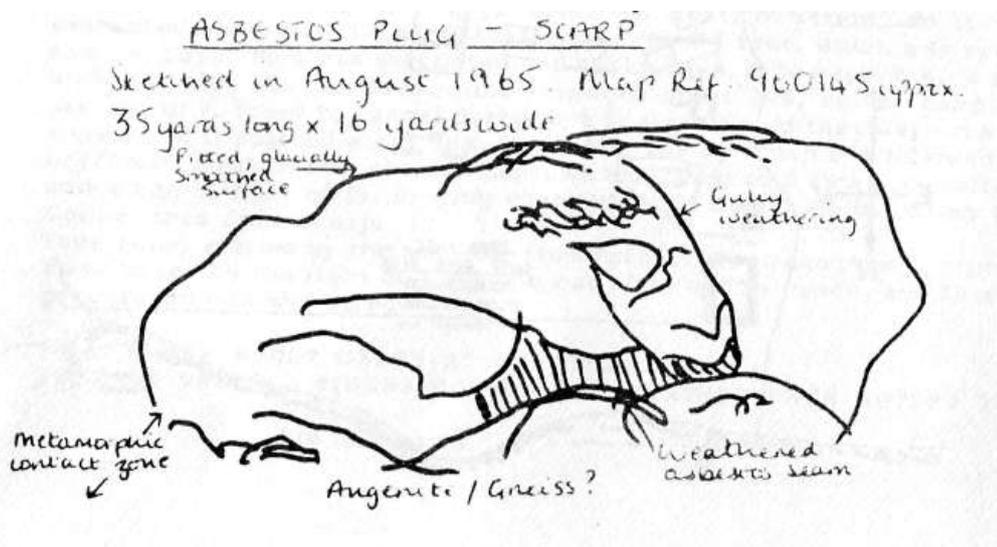
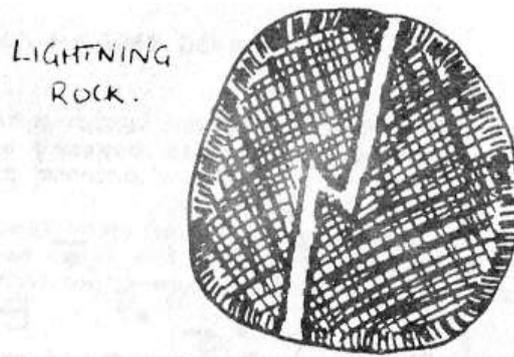
The expert says: "Harris and Lewis are almost entirely formed from metamorphic rock, namely Lewisian Gneiss, and large plutonic masses of granite and pegmatite. These rocks are of pre-Cambrian age, and represent the oldest rocks in the British Isles".

Our field studies fully confirmed this statement, and we found the following interesting/useful/fancy rocks:

- 1 Flaky chunks of mica (biotite) in a cave which also contained the pellets of a fish eating bird, (maybe a Roc ? Eds)
- 2 Boulders and rocks of gneiss (reheated and squashed granite) - some finer and some coarser grained.
- 3 Smaller pieces, and also many veins, of quartz.
- 4 "Lightning Rock" - dark hornblende (?), with a streak of pale pink quartz.

Chain-passing rocks from the beach to marquee in order to hold it down was excellent for examining lots of these in quick succession, and making snap decisions and guesses as to type and quality.

Tim Willcocks



WEATHER RECORDS

Started well with Mary and Andy in command. Quality deteriorated as enthusiasm waned!!

Rainfall

Measured at 0900 and 2100 ... sometimes both.

Readings sometimes in mm, sometimes in cm. Does it matter ? Not really much difference in one letter!

Maximum and Minimum Temperatures

Measured at 09:00 and 21:00 ... until the magnet was lost!

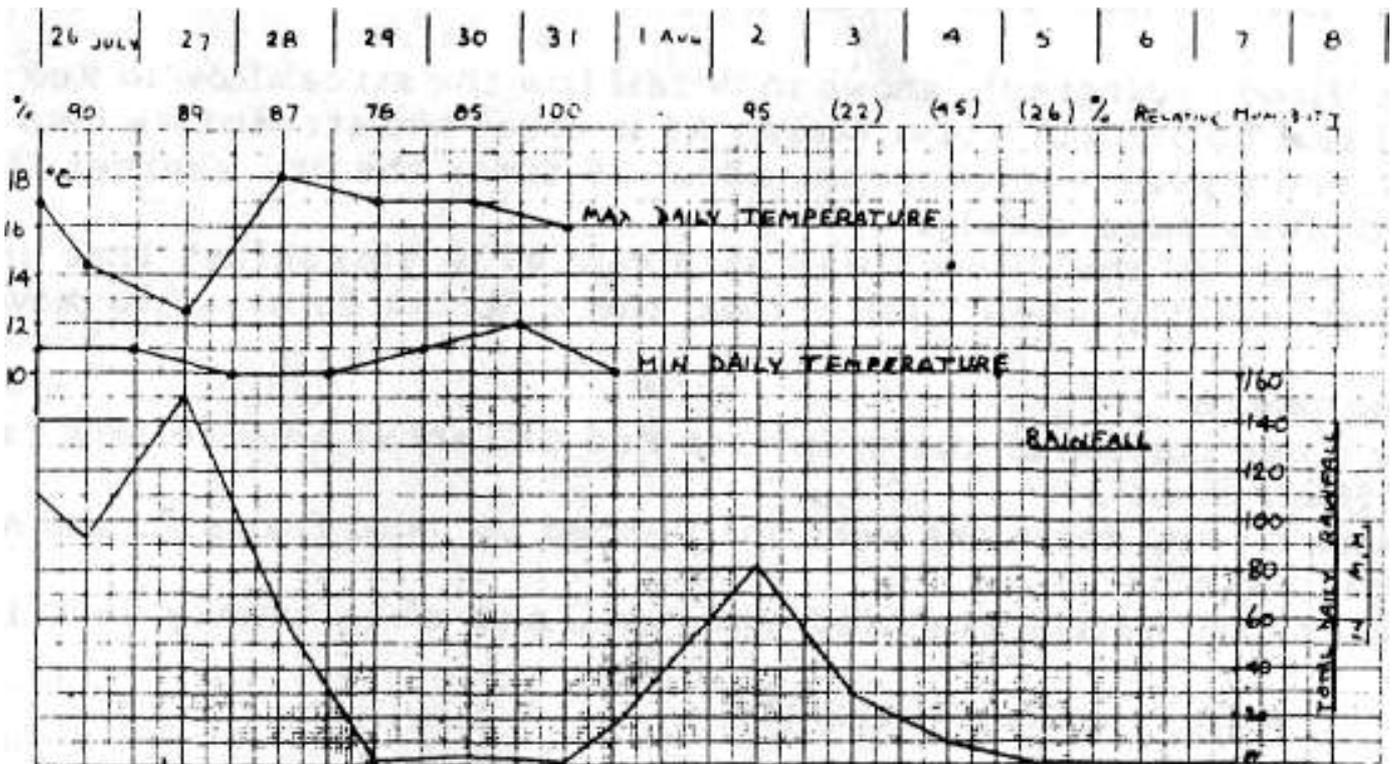
Relative Humidity

Generally 80-90%, except when Andy calculated 22 and 26 %

Results

Cobbled together, and shown in the form of graphs; these look much better than a table of figures. Notice how the heavy rain on 26 and 27 July brought the daytime temperature to its lowest on 27 July. Also how the minimum (nightly) temperature varied very little in the two weeks, from 10 to 12 C. Rainfall was greatest around the 25th to 27th July, when camp kept blowing away, with another burst around that very wet and windy Saturday 2nd August. Otherwise very little rain.

Tim Willcocks



STREAMFLOW RECORDS

Method

Gauge height readings were taken two or three times a day, mostly by Tim, first on Red Gill in Cravadale Bay, then on the stream by Cravadale House.

A super-intensive flood hydrograph for Red Gill was measured half Hourly by the dedicated Jono W, Andy M, Andy S and Mary - all through the night. And they helped to hold up the marquee in the storm ... BRILLIANT WORK.

Jackie and Nick measured the cross-section of the Cravadale house stream at two points: By the pole where gauge readings were made, 20m downstream of this. They also measured the water velocity, and thus the total flow (discharge) was calculated.

Results

The 'streamflow hydrograph' shows that for the duration of our stay there were two peaks, a major 'flood' on July 27th, and a very small one on August 3rd.

The hydrograph also indicates that the flow characteristics of each stream are probably very similar, and so the measured cross-sections were taken to apply to both streams. The 'stage-discharge' relationship was assumed to be linear for each stream.

Streamflows (Discharges) were calculated as;

Cravadale - Actual flow	1100	Aug 4 th	0.13 m ³ /s
			4.6 ft ³ /s
Red Gill - Flood peak	0730	July 27 th	2.4 m ³ /s
			81 ft ³ /s

The 'flood hydrograph' shows in detail how the streamflow in Red Gill rose and fell during our worst storm. As is usual the streamflow rose quickly, reached a peak - in this case about 20 times the dry weather flow then died away more slowly.

The peak of the 'flood' was at about 07:30 (breakfast time in camp), almost exactly when Claire took the critical decision to move.

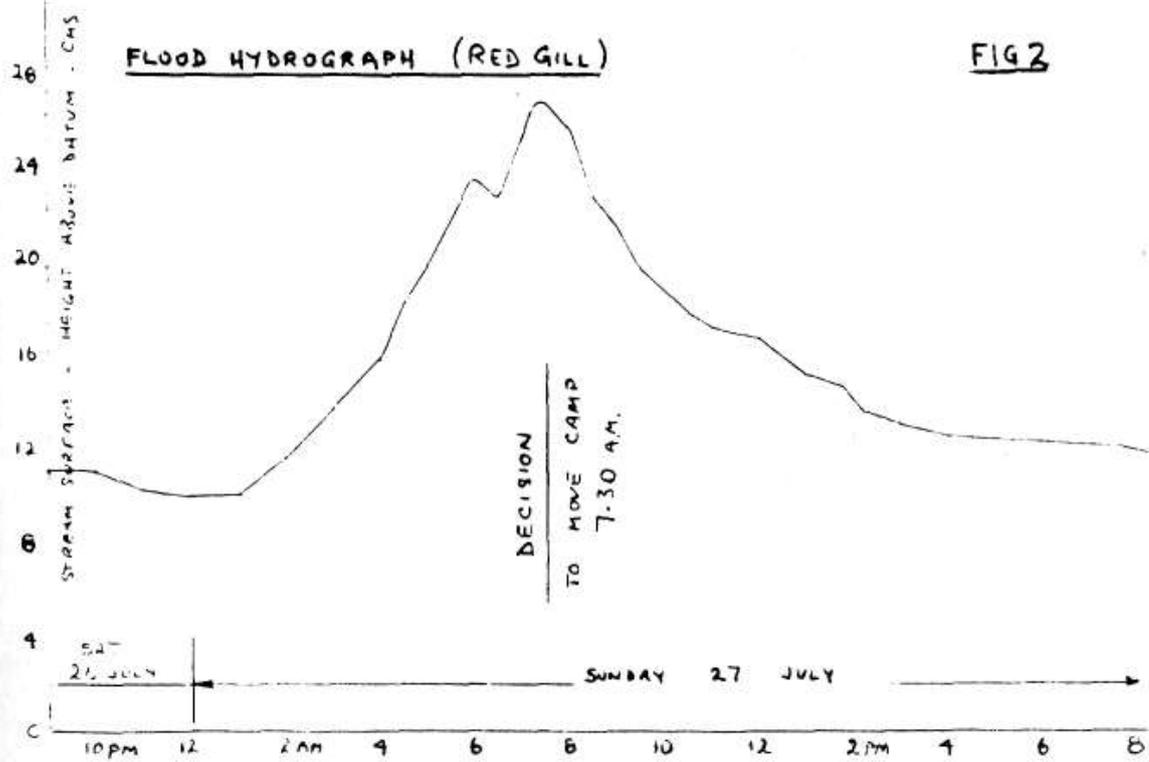
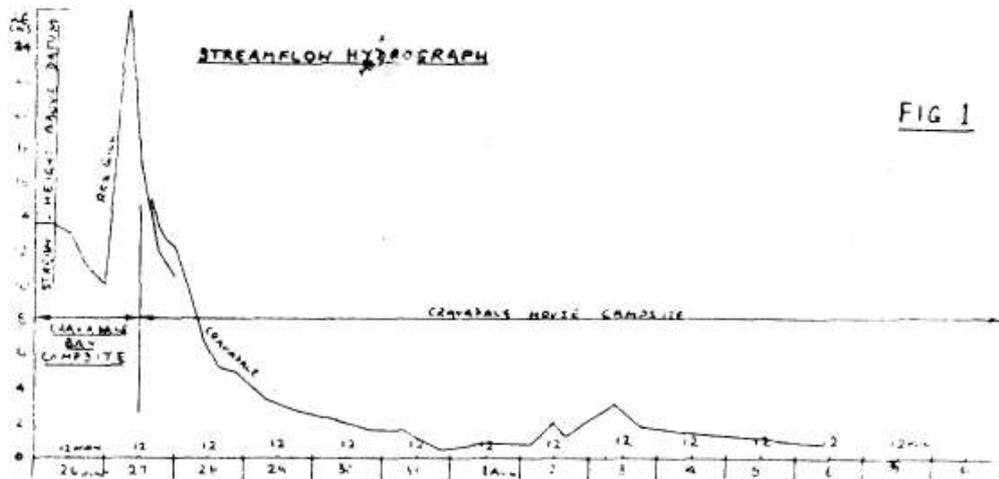
Conclusions

The steep portion of the graph for Red Gill shows an excellent example of a 'flash flood'.

Claire's camp decisions were influenced by local floods ... and she timed them perfectly!

Streams on Harris are cold and wet, and make whisky last longer!

Tim Willcocks



SCORPIONS

The first day was bright. The first sign that anything was amiss with the AL's sanity was the appearance of a long white apparatus around their green Icelandic. It consisted of a few old pegs, connected by string (tied in several places), and placed about a foot out from the side of their tent. Lee proudly announced it as "the scorpion trap".

It was the first time any of the members had heard anything about scorpions on Harris. Tim, the resident authority on local history, explained that scorpions had come to the island comfortably settled in a crate of bananas with the first SHS expedition. All the members were extremely sceptical about both the trap and the scorpions. It turned out the trap wasn't a trap at all, but really only a barrier. The idea was that a scorpion would find the nice warm tent, decide to spend the night in there, get its tail caught in the string, get flipped over onto its back, get very frightened, and run off. Nobody knew whether it would actually work. No one really cared anyway (what the AL's get up to is really their own affair). Nothing further happened for another 2 days.

Once more the weather was good. Camp morale was high. Tents were tidied and piles of rocks were placed around the tents. The tents were perfect. Why not put a scorpion trap around our tents too? We had time to kill, so we did this. scorpions were on everybody's minds. Perhaps the AL's sensed this, perhaps if they hadn't the following night's incident would never have occurred.

It was about 22:30 it was dark and the members were chatting (relatively) quietly. Suddenly Lee (AKA int.- hippy, goldilocks, and other names) ran around the line of tents calling for everybody to shut up and hit the sack. Suddenly there was a scream and Lee cried "Urgh! Urgh! Scorpion! Scorpion! Help!". Miraculously John (the AL) suddenly arrived and joined in shouting and screaming. Members were furiously fiddling with the lacings on their tent flaps. None of the members had seen anything at this point. Just as we emerged from our tents John and Lee ceased their cavorting, yelling, shouting and screaming, and said quite calmly "Oh, it's Just run off and escaped onto the beach". Very strange. Many members, including myself, still didn't believe one word about the 'scorpions'. Why had John arrived on the scene so quickly? Why had Lee come to shut us up? (It was the first time he had done so). Strange that the scorpion had escaped at the **exact** moment that we had appeared on the scene. (Still no members had seen any scorpions). The general conclusion was that the AL's had planned the whole thing. However more evidence was still to come. The following day Jackie (another AL) found a scorpion.

It was only a small larva, and looked suspiciously like a caterpillar, but it was quite impressive nevertheless. General opinion swung towards the existence of scorpions on Harris. Then Jackie (again) was bitten by a scorpion.

It was only a small red rash, and she had received it whilst walking barefoot on the beach. Once again nobody had actually seen any scorpions. Once again it was quite impressive.

So, on the 11th day of the expedition the question of scorpions still hangs in the balance. Perhaps there is more evidence to come

Andy Baker

BIRDS ON HARRIS

(We have merged two lists, one by Ben Lambert, the other being anonymous. Eds)

Great Northern Diver	Common Gull
Red Throated Diver	Black-headed Gull
Manx Shearwater	Kittiwake
Fulmar	Common Tern
Gannet	Arctic Tern
Cormorant	Razorbill
Shag	Guillemot
Heron	Rock Dove
Common Scoter	\Owl pellets)
Eider Duck	Raven
Shelduck	Carrion Crow
Brent Goose	Hooded Crow
Golden Eagle	Rook
Buzzard	Jackdaw
Oystercatcher	Wren
Lapwing	Dipper
Ringed Plover	Song thrush
Turnstone	Blackbird
Snipe	Wheatear
Jack Snipe	Stonechat
Curlew	Rock Pipit
Redshank	Pied wagtail
Greater Black-backed Gull	Starling
Lesser Black-backed Gull	Chaffinch
Herring Gull	House Sparrow
WILD MAMMALS	FISH
Porpoise	Brown Trout
Common Seal	Sea Trout and Finnoch
Red Deer	Salmon
Mink??	Eel
Rabbit	Pollock
(Mouse droppings)	Baby flatfish
(Otter tracks)	Jellyfish

STREAM STUDIES.

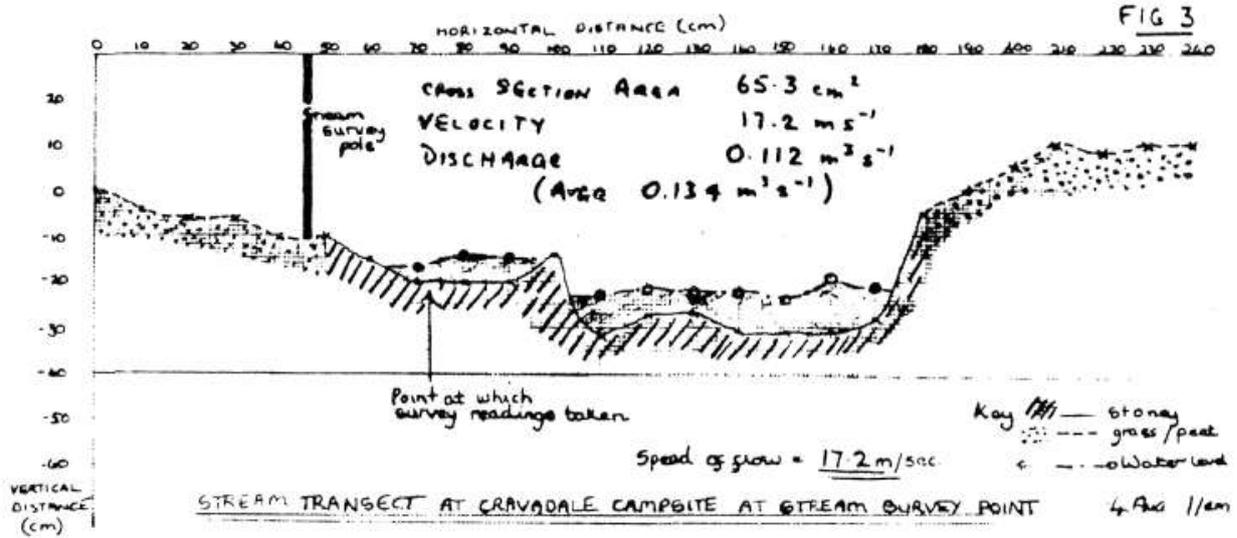
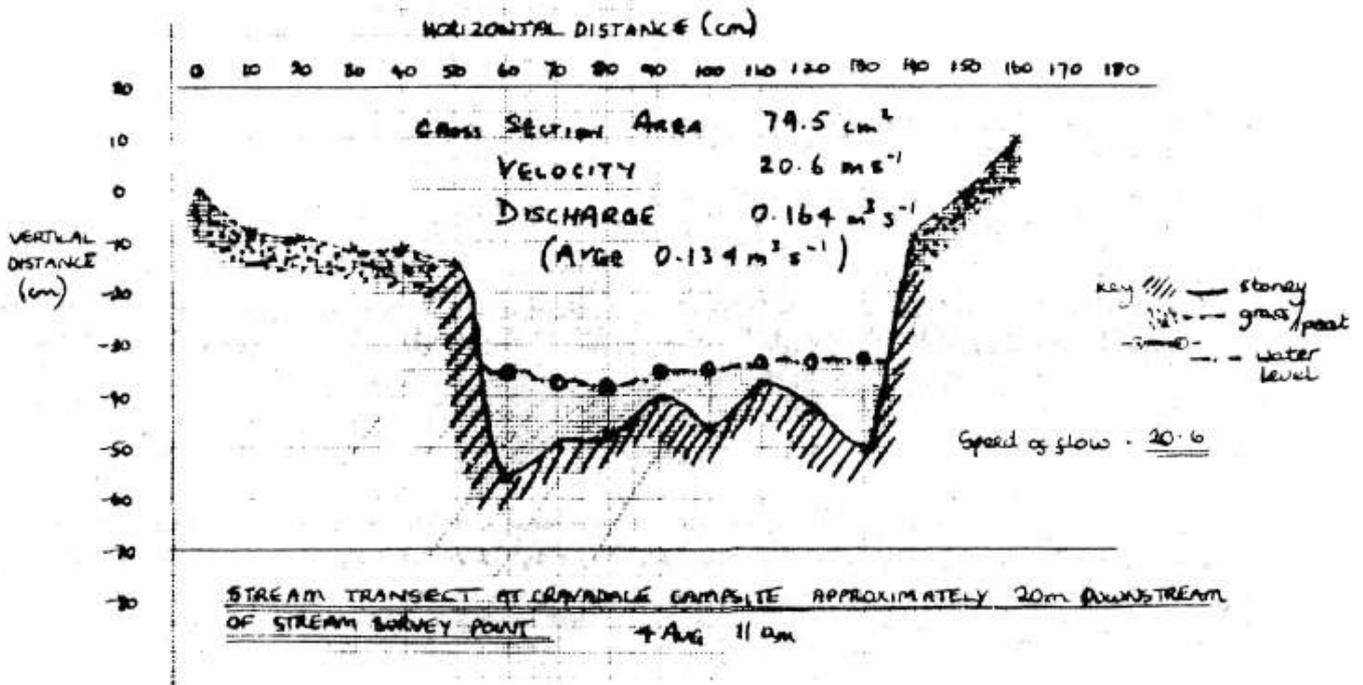


FIG 4.



CRAVADALE 1986: AL WASHING SURVEY

It was proposed by the male AL's that the ladies' clothes would be more filthy than the men's. Lee and his duty group volunteered their services, and set out to verify this theory. Each AL submitted clothing for testing except Tim (obviously he was too worried about what might be found!).

The clothing for testing :-

Jackie: 1 Jumper, 1 pair tracksuit bottoms, 1 rugby top, 1 T-shirt, 2 pairs socks.

Claire: 2 T-shirts, 1 cotton shirt, 3 pairs socks.

Tony: 2 T-shirts, 1 sweatshirt, 1 pair socks.

Lee: 4 T shirts, 2 headbands, 1 pair trousers, 1 rugby top, 1 pair tracksuit bottoms, 3 pairs socks.

Jonathon: 1 pair shorts, 1 pair tracksuit bottoms, 1 sweatshirt, 1 T-shirt, 3 pairs socks.

The experiment

Time at start 10:40.

18 minutes soak in cold water, rinse, soak for 20 minutes in cola water, 1 minute hard scrubbing.

First dirtiness measurement.

Add 4 heaped tablespoons of washing powder per bowl mix 10 seconds.

Add 4 pints of boiling water, then 4 pints cold water. Scrub for 20 seconds, leave submerged for 20 minutes.

First water sample.

Add 1 spoonful of powder. Hard scrub 10 seconds 60 minutes soak.

Second water sample.

Rinse thoroughly in stream.

Water colour and sediment levels were used as indications of the degree of dirtiness.

Results

First dirtiness measurement: In order of muckiness: Jackie, closely followed by Lee and then Claire.

Adding boiling water introduced a complicating factor - some of the dyes ran. Jackie's sample displayed a red tinge, Jonathon's a black tinge, and Tony's football socks moulded together!

The change in water colour from the first to the second sample was used as the measure of cleanness, the greater the change the smaller the original amount of dirt.

(Unfortunately we cannot reproduce the colours in the original manuscript. Eds)

<u>Name</u>	Sample 1	Sample 2	Change
Jackie	Boggy brown	Boggy brown	Not significant
Claire	Boggy brown	Rancid red	Water lighter less sediment
Lee	Dark grimy grey	Light grimy grey	Slight change
Tony	Ghastly grey green	Ghastly green	Definite change
Jonathon	Black	Grisly grey	Dramatic Change

Conclusion

The results support the original proposal, that girls do in fact have dirtier clothing!

Another interpretation is that the girls were working harder, and doing the messier jobs. Further investigation is needed, a future project??

Jacky Randall and Lee Varley

SHS Camp Oven Makers Inc.

Ingredients

A few tins, chicken wire, small stones, peat

Method

The workmen, (Lee, nippie) Nick (noisy), Marsh (general pain) and myself) went into action, digging a square hole in a bank. Baked beans, rice pudding and salami tins were retrieved from the dry pit and bashed flat. These were then fastened together by ties made from the chicken wire.

After many cut fingers the actual oven shell was finished, and was put into the hole. This was surrounded by four buckets full of small stones, which were covered in turf and peat. A gas burner underneath the tins completed the oven, and it was ready for use.

Uses

Bread and chocolate cake are prepared by the daily duty group, and after two hours they are baked and found to be delicious.

Phil Scriven

(By Appointment to the SHS Board of
Directors, Suppliers of kitchenware. Eds)

CRAVADALE BROWN BREAD

3 lbs wholemeal flour, 2 level tsps salt, 2 level tsps caster sugar, 1/2 pt lukewarm milk
1 oz butter
2 oz fresh yeast
1pt lukewarm water
Salted water

- 1 Put the yeast, sugar and two tabs lukewarm water in a bowl. Leave 15 mins.
- 2 Rub butter into flour and salt.
- 3 Mix yeast mixture into flour and slowly add the rest of the water and milk (lukewarm), mixing all the time.
- 4 Knead 10 mins
- 5 Leave to rise.
- 6 Knead 10 mins.
- 7 Put into oven. It took about 1.5 hours to cook.

A lovely doughy loaf !

CRAVADALE CHOCOLATE CAKE

3 eggs
3 oz sugar
3 oz margarine
6 oz flour

Yeast

1 tab. of chocolate powder for every tab. of flour

Preheat the oven. cream sugar and margarine, then beat in eggs. Fold in flour, yeast and chocolate. Put into tin (made out of silver foil) (Bake? Eds)

EPILOGUE: DON'T FORGET YOUR BIVVY PACK.

Inverness - Preston (lose 1) - Crewe (lose 4) - Birmingham - Cheltenham - Bristol Parkway (lose 4) - Bristol Temple Meads (lose the rest) - and HOME, yeh, yeh, yeh !

Jono and I got home, but the rest of the family wasn't there. We found the letter in the afternoon "If you (Tim) can bring him to Glastonbury that will be great".

We discussed it and had a meal.

Got our sleeping bags, bivvy bags, torch, and spare sweaters - this may be a Grade 3 route, 20 miles down the M5 the car packed up...had Dave's Dad sabotaged it in Bristol? Damn, we'd forgotten the flers (sorry, flares). So we phoned for SOS help instead. One and a half hours later as night fell we were taken aboard a service truck for a 50 pound ride to some God-forsaken garage near the Severn suspension bridge.

"There's a nice B&B place up the road".

"What? Not B&B for the SHS. We've come prepared - sleeping bags and all".

So we slept in the car! Garage coffee for breakfast and local bakery buns (Emergency rations all eaten in the train, like it told us to do in the circular).

1100 - here we sit waiting for Dave to bring a new fuel pump from somewhere.

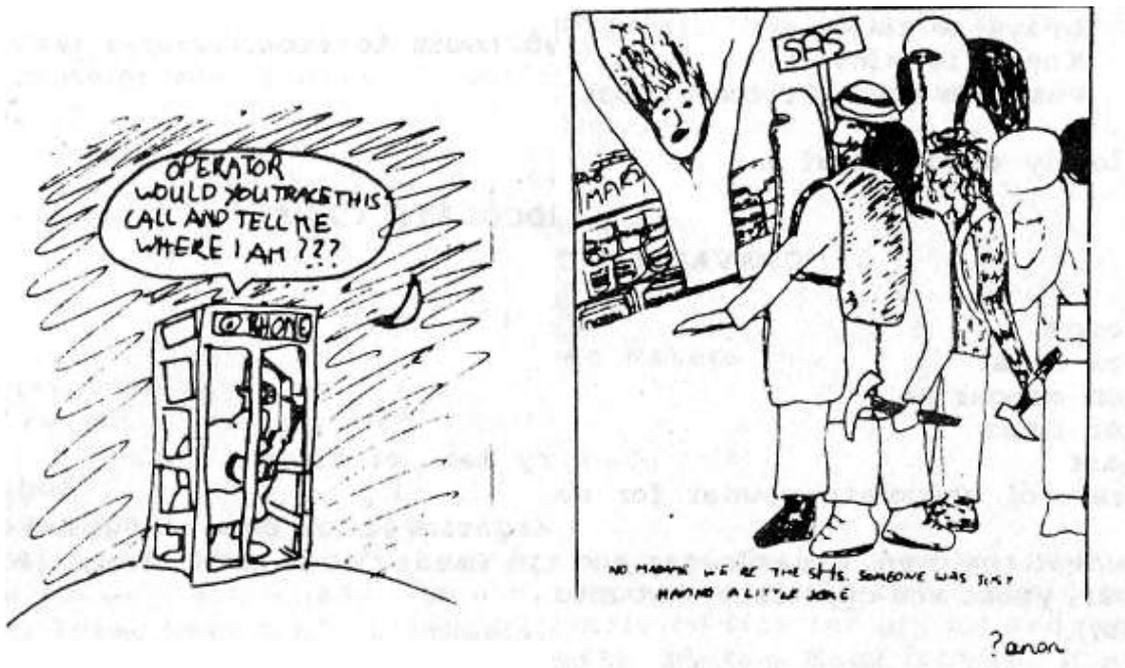
1200 - car still won't start, even with the new pump.

1300 - "Sorry", says Pete, "but your big end has gone. We'll run you home".

'EMERGENCY RATIONS? Always take them for motorway travelling -

Grade 3 style.

Tim



Kathy Rooka



~~LEWIS.~~

**LEWIS MEALISTA EXPEDITION.
LEADER'S REPORT.**

LEADER : Michael Osborne.

ASSISTANT LEADERS :

Rachel Craig ; Brigit Hutchinson ; Simon Lorimer [deputy leader] ; Robert McDermott ; Ian Earnshaw; Peter Davies ; Philip Hadley ; Robert Fielden ; John Humpherson ; Steve Brown .

MEMBERS :

Siobhain Burke; Elizabeth Boulter; Rachel Allen; Susannah Boxall; Rachel Goberman; Alison Adams; Lucy Slack; Alison Townend; Hannah Johnson; Jennette Long; Nikki Marsh; Jane Thomas; Margaret Lees; Julia Russell; Howard Beamond; Jeremy Clough; John Parry; Darren Couzens; Mick Martin; Ryan Herbert; Tadgh MacFirbhisigh; Nick Gee; Paul Connolly; Alasdair Lennox ; Richard Glazier Simon Pollard; Tom Wakeford; Jonathan Adams; Philip Squance ; David Goberman (visiting only]

As previous expedition leaders have remarked, the old "ONE-TWO" approach from the chairman is a hard one to counter. [i.e. letter followed shortly by phone call]. I couldn't even hold up my job as an excuse, as my employer, when consulted, appeared keener than I was. "You must accept" he said.

With everybody else wanting me to take on the leadership role, how did I feel about it?

Certainly pleased to have been asked; wanting to give something back to the society after so many years of association. As usual I had no plans for the summer, and wasn't violently opposed to going back to the Hebrides so soon after Rhum '85; and the feeling that there were still fresh experiences to be gained; and new friends to be made: once again I saw the photographs of the site, with the Atlantic Ocean fetching up on its first landfall, a thrill of anticipation, wanting to be out there, living with and enjoying the elements; a new island, and a different horizon; temporarily assuaging the old restlessness and romanticism with movement and adventure!

And how did I feel at the end?

Extremely tired, but pleased that everything had gone so well. Unbelievably well. Brian Hanrahan's description of an airborne attack on Port Stanley from a carrier in the South Atlantic "I counted them all out, and I counted them all back " is particularly apt, although a great understatement of the organisation that can put forty people onto the West coast of Lewis, apparently abandon them, and bring them back, complete, replete, and together in every sense. [Thanks Colette, both Richards, Sue and Ian, The Great Orr, Joanathan. Rosie and Phil, Craig and the others.]

Everything came together , from a near standing start in late April, with just 10 members and 2 AL's, to a full expedition of 29 members and 10 AL's , of mixed ages but of outstanding abilities. I kept counting, and I always made it a different number; Advance Guard; Lorry and Equipment; Food; Extra tentage; the 2nd P4; Members and AL's; ALL met in the right places and at the right time. Ferries, coaches, and island lorries all arrived, and all ran to time. FAULTLESSLY! Post; Bread; Petrol; ALL came to hand exactly as required. [Many thanks to the Islanders who made this possible, and to Peter Cresswell for permission to use Mealista.]

Notes to leaders emphasise the need to meet AL's early, [I didn't meet some until the night before] and to communicate one's vision of what the expedition is going to achieve. I really had no firm plan beyond wanting the arrangements to be workable, and the camp well organised. Well organised?

I hadn't made an Easter visit, but I did manage to get to the site half an hour ahead of the pack, and made my last real decision to put the marquee up on the headland. A good choice, given the weather we enjoyed. Then I lit the blue touch paper and stood back gazing at the multi-coloured talent that erupted.

We had too much food, but nobody complained about that [except when it was inedible]. The weather was far too good: [no gales, no rain often no cloud!],but nobody complained about that either! The sea was too cold, although judging by the hours the P4's logged, it wasn't cold enough! There weren't even enough midges for a really good scratch!

Was there anything wrong at all? Yes, there was far too much noise, although I may be wrong. [The silence here since we got back has been almost too much. Roll on the Reunion,]

The amount of activity was astonishing. Rafts; Dune jumping; Callanish; Night lines; Lateral thinking. Everybody did everything. Non-stop. The good humour, the tolerance, the respect which everybody showed to each other was exceptional.

How does one stop a runaway expedition? Better just to hang on and admire the scenery: try to forget time rushing by ,and the hard landing at Crewe station at dawn on a Saturday morning, and the realisation that it was work or school or both, on Monday; and it wasn't going to be the sand .or the sea , or the sky in the Islands again this side of next summer.

Two reflections on the nature of time:

Firstly hearing the news that the Queen was hosting a dinner aboard Britannia, somewhere up the Yangtse, for Chinese leaders. Hadn't we just seen her sail through the straits near Kyle? Secondly, watching the eclipse of the moon, with the realisation that it was only two moons ago since we cast shadows at bedtime [and that never early] on the slopes of Craceval. I enjoyed the Expedition, and the Island, and most of all your company. "Haste ye back" as the Scots say.

Mike Osborne.

Dear Mike Osbourne, I am sorry to have left this so late and apologise profusely for any difficulties but I am a vegetarian if this causes great problems I would be prepared to eat everything and avoid meat as far as possible. Please do not go to too many special arrangements especially if I am the only veggie! The delay is due to exams.

yours sincerely
Guy Slack

Dear Mike,
Sorry not to have written sooner but I am coming on your Expedition to Harris and mid inform you that I am vegetarian and I do not eat meat or fish I hope this does not cause any inconvenience. I hope to hear from you soon with more details about the exhibition.

Your sincerely

Elizabeth Boulter.

Dear Mike,
- thanks for all the stuff about the expedition - I enclose all the forms about food; I'm a lacto vegetarian but not incredibly strict about it - I'll eat meat if I really have to. Would it also be possible to have some vegetarian birri foods?

Anyway, it looks like Swia Rachel, Hetta and myself will see you at Torbat. - See you then,

Rachael Guberman

"Surcharge the *****!"
J.P. Orr 1985.

Dear Mr. Osborne,

Thanks for all the circulars and travel advice you kindly sent me. On balance it will probably be easiest to join at Manchester, and I will get in touch with an 'Uncle' forthwith.

I've sent off all the forms etc. and have started to assemble a mass of books on Lewis. Considering that I am mainly interested in the geographical aspects of the field studies - (human and physical) as well as forestry I was wondering what books you might recommend. I am visiting Inverness on the way to my Glen Affric expo. next week - is there anything that might be available in the supposedly comprehensive bookshops there?

From your comments on the second circular it seems that the rest of the expedition has vast experience of not only expeditions but SHS expeditions - a limited knowledge of the Scottish Highlands - gained (I hope) in Glen Affric. My other expeditions having taken place south of the border, I will do my best. Maybe Philip Hadley, could help me out with good books.

Here at Long Lane Cottage we are amazed that no bill has been sent - mind you, we've not complaining!

Thanks again for your help.

Yours sincerely,

Tom Wakeford

R. 12/7/82.

The First Bivvi

There was a desperate race to be first group out of camp for a night. The bivvi was organised by an AL making his SHS debut: Philip Hadley. It involved a walk for a few hours to the base of the highest local peak, Mealisval (574m), to investigate reports of good climbing in the area.

The party of 7 arrived at the site at 1630, and went on a brief survey before retiring to the new luxurious Vangos at 20:00 for supper and bed. We had arranged to be back in camp by 18:00, and had nothing to do for the day, so we stayed in bed 'til 14:00, with brief outings to cook food outside the flysheet.

We strolled back through Islivig and Brenish, arriving back by 17:30, after a very lazy and exceedingly good bivvi. Naughty but Nice!!

AL: Phil Hadley (A promising start Phil ! Eds)

Members: Jeremy Clough, Jane Thomas, Alasdair Lennox, Izzy, Darren Couzens, Nick Martin.

Lewis Climbing Report

Climbing was only undertaken in two different areas on Lewis, reasons being i) there was enough very difficult stuff on one of them anyway, and ii) we were unable to find any other areas.

The two areas were both areas used in the past on SHS expo's, so we are unable to claim any new routes; the two areas being:-

A small cove 0.5 km south of camp, where one of the major handicaps was the incoming tide. This restricted climbing to the morning, leaving the afternoon free for several abseils.

A set of slabs north of Naidevala (NGR 023231), which afforded routes about 100ft in height. The only problem here was the seemingly ever-increasing wind as it came over the saddle.

The first three or four days were spent climbing in the bay, where many people, myself included, realised that the easy-looking routes were in fact extremely difficult. One, a chimney in the left corner, was abandoned with hardly a foot set upon it (although this was partly due to the rock being very wet). I must add that I am convinced that there is a way up it, but none of us could find it.

Working right from this corner the climbs got progressively 'easier', in that most people were able to complete at least one of them. I suppose that I will have two lasting memories of this climbing area.

The first was seeing Ryan climb an overhang, which everyone else (me included) had had to use the rope for an assist (sometimes it pays to be a lanky from Bristol), breathe a sigh of relief at having got past a very difficult overhang, and promptly fall off again - the fifth time in that particular climb.

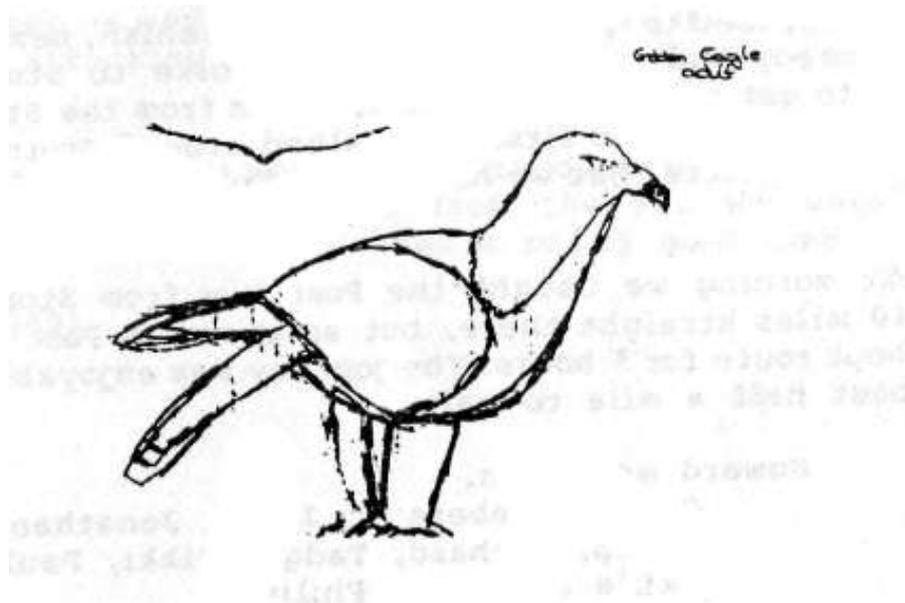
The second was when I was climbing up a relatively easy section and being belayed by John Humpherson. As John was unable to see me, due to his belaying position, I spent a very funny ten minutes asking for a 'tight rope' from John, whilst I sat at the bottom with the rope hooked round a protruding rock.

The other area of climbing, the slabs, were more interesting as they were twice as long (at least) as the climbs we had done back on the coast. The area was good in that in a North or South wind there was very good protection, but an East/West wind meant you were nearly blown away. Two bebies were undertaken to this area, each having its own characteristics. The first saw myself, Ian Earnshaw, Nick Martin and Darren Couzens settled very comfortably into a Force Ten Vango (see Rob F. you can fit 4 into a vango), whilst at the same time Siobhan, Susie, Hannah and Rachel Allen were getting slightly wet as they had forgotten their flysheet. Then again, as Rachel A. says, who needs a flysheet when your inner is "100% waterproof".

The second bivvy saw an all male party armed with two vangos (word had got round about these inner tents), consisting of myself, Phil (AL), Squashy, Howard, John P and Pete Davies. This was more notable for the after dinner entertainment which saw Squashy (Phil Squance) almost wet himself with laughing, Phil with a sore throat through laughing at Squashy so much, and me unable to continue to tell the story through laughing at Phil and Squashy so much !!!

The next day we were honoured with the presence of our illustrious leader, who went up climbs that most mortals had struggled at for ages. As a footnote to this bivvy I was most impressed by Phil's (AL) ability to get his left foot higher than his head to negotiate an overhang, which was then climbed by someone wearing walking boots and woollen gloves.

Rob (Budgie) McDermott AL i/c climbing



The Mystery of Mike

It was a dark and cold night when Mike Osborne was on the prowl. Seven 'innocent' members were asleep on the beach until it arrived ... The leader. He crept slowly over the rocks, over the sand and the grass, until we were in his grasp. Then suddenly a member awoke and a loud penetrating scream was heard over the bivvy site. Everybody awoke and the demon spoke: "Do you realise it is half an hour past your bedtime and you're going flower picking tomorrow-?"

Nick Gee

This piece of fiction relates to the Beach Bivvy. The Signing Out book records fourteen of you: Jennette, Paul, Alison T., Alison A., Nick, Ryan, Margaret, Nikki, Julia, Rachel A., Rachel G., Tom, Susie. I don't believe you got to sleep at all!

Mike.

Perhaps the other seven weren't so innocent, and are therefore not mentioned.

Bivvi to Callanish (Callanish III)

A group was formed to see the standing stones. We left at about 0800 on Monday morning to hitch hike in groups of two. Our group walked about 5 miles before getting a lift with a lorry from a gravel pit. Our rucksacks were put in the back of the lorry because there wasn't room in the cab.

The lorry took us all the way to a road junction about 1 mile from the Standing Stones. When we arrived two other groups had also arrived, leaving 3 groups still to arrive. Most of the rest arrived within the next hour, except Paul and Richard who couldn't get the hang of getting a lift. Philip (AD, who set out three hours later, still got there before them.

We were supposed to spend the night at Callanish, next to the Stones, but we got bored, and so decided to hitch hike to Stornoway. Our group managed to get a lift from about 50 yards from the Stones all the way to Stornoway, and arrived first. We walked around Stornoway, and decided to see a film. After that we had fish and chips, and bivvied the night in a park.

The next morning we caught the Post Bus from Stornoway to Brenish, about 40 miles straight there, but as it was a Post Bus it took a very roundabout route for 5 hours. The journey was enjoyable, and left us with only about half a mile to walk.

Howard and John.

Other members : Jane, Jonathan, Simon, Jeremy, Philip,
Richard, Tadgh, Nikki, Paul. AL's Rob, Rob, Philip.

Bivvi to Mealista Island

AL's: Robert F, Rachel, Steve.

Members: Nick, Jeremy, Ryan, Julia, Alison.

Joined later by: Siobhan, Hannah, John, Alasdair and Jane.

Visited next day by: Phil (AL), Darren, Izzy, Jennette, Alison T. and Richard Glazier.

And again in the afternoon by P4 pirates: Phil and John (AL's), Izzy, Nick G. and Darren

On Saturday 23 August a canoe bivvi to Mealista Island set off. There were originally 8 people, two of whom sailed over in the Topper, the rest proceeding in canoes, including 2 AL's (Rob and Rachel). It took about 20 minutes to canoe all the way, and we arrived on Mealista in the early evening. Once we had arrived we carried all our luggage and the Vangos up to a small flat area.

However about half an hour after we arrived, and when we were just about to have cocoa, another party of 5 extra members arrived. They had decided they were staying with us. We had already erected one tent, and were helped to set up the other 3. By the time we were ready for bed 4' people had decided they were bivvi-ing outside, which meant the night wasn't quite such a squash. In our tent that night we sang for quite a long time, but gradually we started to tire, so the songs came to a halt.

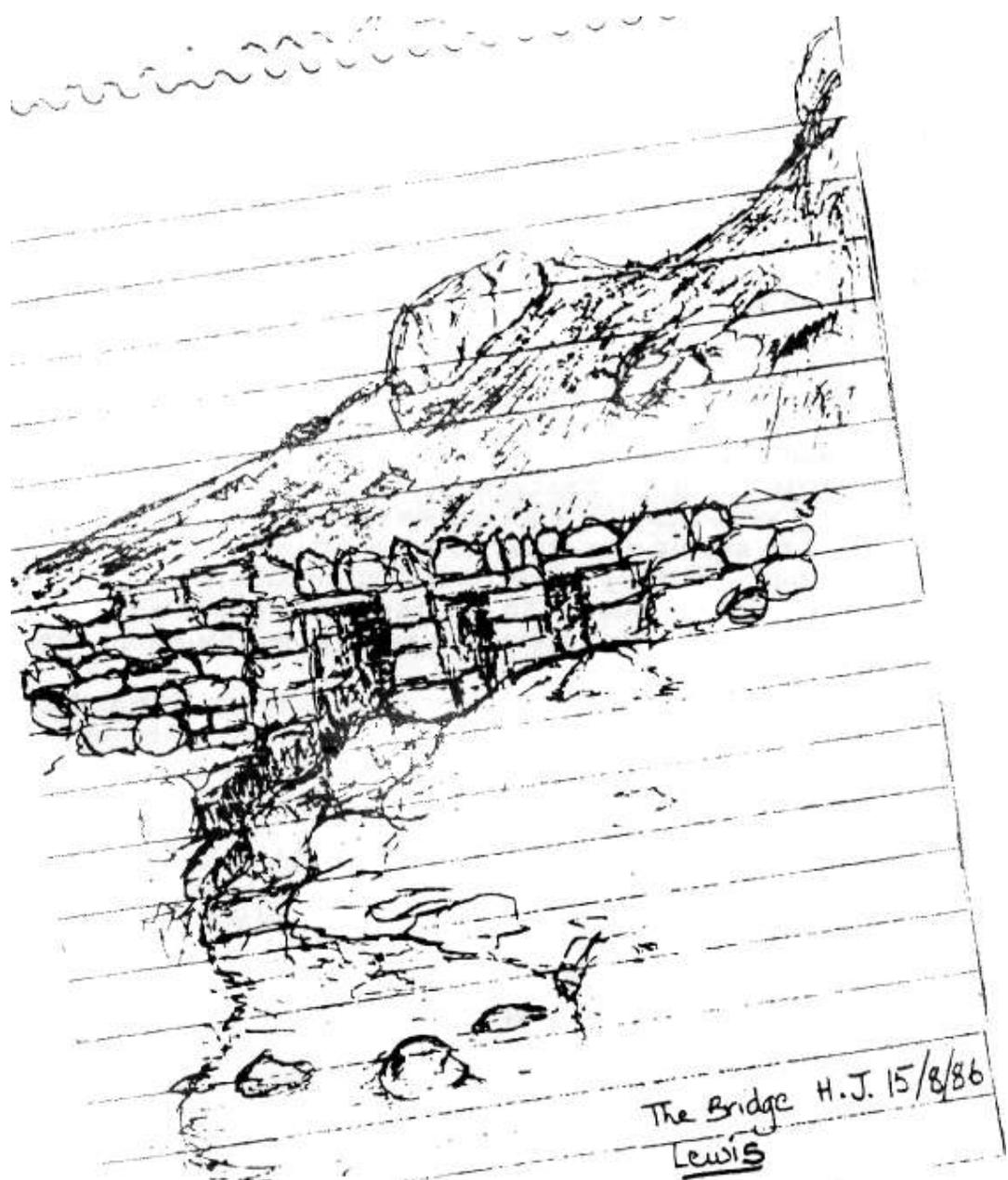
Quite early the following morning our tent woke up, but although we were awake we didn't get up. An hour later we were forced to get up when Nick (one of the members) decided to get us up. This he did by removing some of the pegs from our tent; which ended with us getting up!!

After breakfast everybody decided to look at the beach, so we all walked down. The beach was sandy, with some quite high sand-dunes, great fun for jumping down. Later on 3 of us decided to go swimming, and got a lot of fun out of it.

By 3.30pm camp was cleared up and we started back home to base camp, the canoeing was pleasant, and while we were canoeing home the P4 people decided to get us wet, and started throwing water at us. After a while they stopped attacking us, and started on the Topper people, who got soaked.

Revenge was the first priority when we returned to the pier, and it was then our turn to drench the people from the P4. We were quite successful, and although soaked, we had a really good time!!!

Nikki



3 R Grade RAM

Running past the bog tents at 12 am - ISH
Torchlight's and voices all around
Up a hill
By the sea
Dark and scareey
Collecting bits as we go
Little stix wont glow
Send boday back for a remedeeey
Boday back
Try again
Chocolate nose, choking throat, fridge-like-cold
Parts of islands disappear
As we sprawl , freezin? here
Blinking lights, squidgy views
"Here , try some of this"
WOWEEEE !
"Blast" its dark - better go Underground lights - surprise
marquee Giggling down a cliff , headlights follow Then the
"end" Oh , what sorrow ?!
By ...
... 3 R's. (By request typed as per manuscript. Eds)

The AL's

The Lewis expo' went our way,
'though we sometimes let the AL's have their say.
They always thought they were the best,
But .all they ever did was rest !
By Rob and Rachel we were sent, So to Mealista
Island off we went. Canoes and paddles went astray,
As other AL's came over to play.
For Pete and John a P4 each.
The decision for a duel was reached.
As John's Jolly Rogers were gaining power
Poor Pete's Plonkers were covered in flour.
For stubbly Steve and Ian the trusty duck, Along the ridges
they tried their luck, Whilst Ian went non-stop all the way
Steve lay in bed for most of the day.

For Budgy and Phil Callanish had some appeal,
But Stormoway's Pubs proved a better deal.
A snooker game was then decided,
And behind a hedge they all resided.

Raasay for Simon turned out a dead end
So him to Mealista they decided to send.
He went walking hour after hour,
'though it must be said Raasay missed his power.

The great white leader - Mike's his name,
Turns out the Tilley's to stop our games.
A ten o'clock curfew made talking a sin,
So what did we do? We all made a din.

The AL's thought they were in control,
With body checks and night patrol.
But what the eye doesn't see the mind doesn't know,
And on that note I think we'd better go.
Lucy Slack, Suzie Boxall, with help from Hannah
Johnson, Nick Martin and others.

CUSTARD'S LAST STAND

or How the members lost without really trying
or Rambos run, away

or I'm not going to get my Rohan covered in sand, I'll
hide in this Icelandic.

As has been the case in recent years, the expo' was lacking one thing, a decent water fight! There had already been one, but it wasn't much fun for those of us who had to watch the P4s from the shore. It was all a case of when it was going to happen. The ringleaders from the members, Nick M., Tige (= Tadgh), Jeremy, Darren and several others had got together and, with the brains available to them, decided that the AL's were going to get pelted with eggs. We must be fair to them - although it's not exactly original, it's the best that they could come up with between them. At the same time, the eventual winners were in the marquee 'arranging' several nice surprises for them. A hunting party was sent out, with orders to capture one of the ringleaders and return with him to base alive!! John, Phil, Ian and Rob set off and 'just happened' to capture Jeremy, who, despite persistent questioning, refused to break, even when the corkscrews were applied. There was only one thing for it. We had to capture one of the stars amongst the members (at least, she was a star in Tom's eyes if in no-one else's). So, coating Jeremy with pink suet and heaven knows what else, we set off after Rachel Allen. This was suddenly the signal for all out war between the TEN leaders and the TWENTY NINE members.

Admittedly, we AL's did have *a* slight advantage, in that we had already banned the members from the marquee which was where all the excess food was. This was very funny for us until they decided to take the walls off.

Soon the Battle of Mealisval was in full cry, with the heroic AL's beating off attack after attack without any problems. We were, however, running out of water to mix with the flour, so a last ditch attack was decided upon by us, and quickly implemented. Our plan was simple (it has to be for us to understand it), attack and keep on attacking. Unfortunately, not quite everyone was ready, and Pete and Rachel got 'left' in the marquee. Half an hour later the members caught on to this fact and, jumping around like Meand Athol (Neanderthal? .Eds) man, succeeding in dousing both Pete and Rachael in something (what we do not know).

Meanwhile there we were, Colonel Mike surrounded by his trustworthy troops (or was it because he had the bowl of custard) waiting for the final onslaught. Ten minutes went by, and suddenly there was a blood-curdling yell and Tige charged over the hill onto the beach. The thing was, he was on his own, and he almost didn't make it up the beach, as eight of us just fell on him, and he ended up getting slightly wet !! This was the signal for the rest of the members to attack, and it became a case of down with the buckets and straight into the sea.

All too soon the members had surrendered, and yet again the AL's were celebrating an all-too-familiar victory feeling in the water-fight syndrome.

Lewis AL's

Appendix: How to have your own water fight

Ingredients : (easiest to procure if the CA has joined you)
Eggs, Tinned Tomatoes, Raspberry Whip (made very thick),
Suet'n'flour'n'water paste, Vinegar, Custard Powder, Bread.
Method Mix together, spread generously over the members.

Mealista "More-ish" Gateaux

Recipe

320 oz Sugar 320 oz Mary 315

oz Flour 5 oz Cocoa 150 Eggs

Hot Water

Method

- 1 First find the biggest bucket in camp (preferably not the one used in the bog tents!).
- 2 Cream the sugar and marg together until light and creamy.
- 3 Add eggs one at a time with a little flour and cocoa, until all the ingredients are mixed well.
- 4 Place in an oil drum, add a handful of sand, and heat with 72 logs for about two days. Test with a tent pole to see if cooked.

To serve

Present a small piece to each of the members and AL's, and a percentage of the two gallon jug of custard.

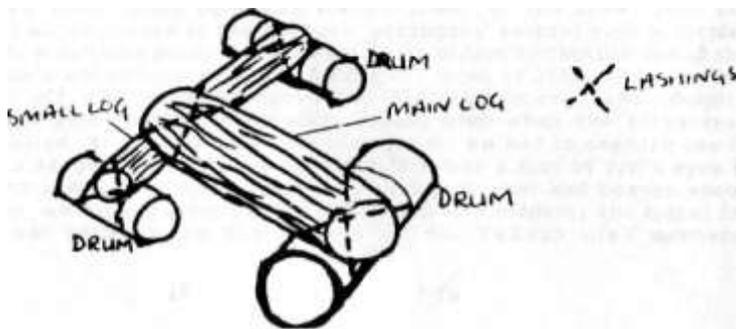
Garnish with two piece of freshly cut grass and a chunk of Mars Bar.

HAPPY EATING TO ALL THOSE WHO INDULGE 'COS YOU'RE BOUND TO BULGE !!!

Alison Townend

The SHS Lewis (MK 1 and II).

One gorgeous SHS afternoon at Mealista we set about gathering drift wood for a raft. After finding; the main log and three oil drums, with one more plank, we started to build the SHS. Lewis Mk 1 (Lockheed Blackbird). It consisted of rope, which was found upon the cliffs and around camp, binding the small log to the main one in the shape of a cross with the three drums on three of the end points.

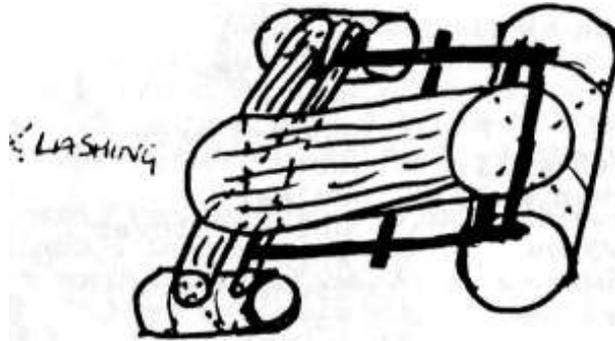


Results : Mk I

Eventually, with the help of some of the others, Paul, Philip and I got the Lockheed Blackbird in the water. We managed to get the raft to a rocky island just off the coast. On the way back the tide was too strong, so the p4 tried to tow us. Philip went to the front barrel to hold to tow rope in place. As he got there the front barrel began to rotate. The front end started diving beneath the waves, so Philip jumped in to lighten the load. When we finally got the raft ashore we set about redesigning it.

Mk II

For this we decided to make some adjustments. To start with we stabilised the front drum with two tent poles connecting to the main one, and two other poles. For the back we found another log to make the raft a lot stronger.



Results Mk II

It was very strong indeed. Ten people helped to carry it down to the sea. (Were they strong too ? Ed.) The wind was strong, so to test the buoyancy we got one of the P4s to tow us. This however proved to be impossible for the raft was heavier than the P4. Taking it into the bay we moored it at the bottom of the cliff. Then Rob (AL) who was with us decided to see how many people could get on it. This was a bad idea (What! I thought ALs' ideas were always good. Ed.) because when four people were on it the swell capsized the raft, turning completely over soaking us all.

We abandoned it like this moored to rocks overnight. In the morning however the rope mooring the raft had snapped on the rocks; the raft was eventually found on Mealista Island, and could only have been brought back on a calm windless day.

Paul Conolly,
Jonathan Adams,
Philip Squance.
Design Consultant: Robert Fielden.

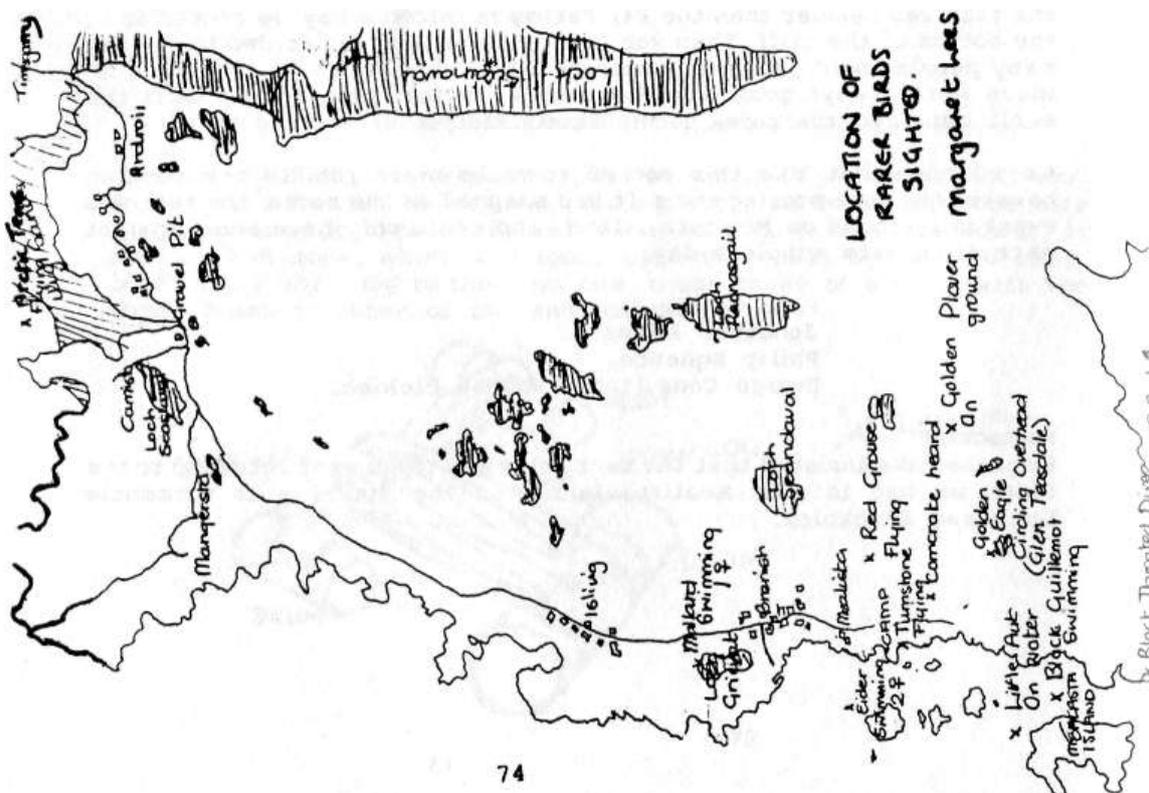
Postscript

Because Mike insisted that the tent poles and ropes were returned to the Store we had to visit Mealista Island on the last day to dismantle Lockheed Blackbird,

BIRDS ON LEWIS. By Margaret Lees.

Black-throated diver	Black guillemot (sub species)
Gannet	Little auk
Shag	Wood pigeon
Cormorant	Swift
Mallard	Collard dove (heard only)
Eider	Swallow
Golden eagle	Meadow pipit
Red grouse	Rock pipit
Corn crake (heard only)	Pied wagtail
Oystercatcher	Wheatear
Ringed plover	Blackbird
Lapwing	Song thrush
Turnstone	Chaffinch
Redshank	House sparrow
Curlew	Starling
Black-headed gull	Raven
Herring gull	Hooded crow
Leaser black-backed gull	Rook
Greater black-backed gull	Fulmer
Arctic tern	Golden plover
Razorbill	Wren
Guillemot	Stonechat
	Puffin

See map for details of where these species were sighted.



A Trucker's Tale

"Proceed to Domestic Street, Leeds. Tell them you're from the SHS and that you have come to pick up your vehicle. You must be on the pier at Uig by 09:15 Friday. Further instructions are being dispatched by Special Delivery, and will await you." Thus had my contact instructed me, and equipped for several days in wild country (roller mat, space blanket/mint cake) I set out early on the morning of Wednesday 27 August.'

The journey went smoothly, the rain starting 5 minutes before my train arrived in Leeds. I proceeded as instructed, but on arrival they initially denied all knowledge of the SHS. Obviously a very secret mission. Further investigation showed that a 7 written 7 had caused the problem, being read Wed 23 August. But still no instructions. At last I remembered the code-word "Special Delivery". "Ah, I have a packet for you" said the receptionist, and thus armed I set out in a 7.5-ton lorry, bound for Uig.

Lorry driving is an interesting art, the spray we make on the motorway we can see through, but I pitied the cars drivers. The road shrank dramatically when I turned off for Callander, no more dual carriageway for me now. After 7.5 hours driving I arrived at the Falls of Leny car park about 21:00, and slept in the back of the truck.

My instructions said, "You are about to drive through some of the finest scenery in Scotland". Indeed so, and via Glen Coe I drove on to Fort William, and then North towards Kyle. As luck would have it the ferry was in, and so on I went. Skye roads are slightly narrower still, and the sign "Uig 52" reminds one that Skye is a big island. Arrived Uig 14:00, making a total of 23 hours from Leeds.

Next morning (Friday) I was up early, to be ready for the arrival of no less than the Lewis Mealista expedition. But how should I recognise the SHS? My contact had omitted any photos; who is this Rob? No problem; the first down the gangplank. When all the members had arrived at the lorry we found a few shortages, a trailer, a black box and a canoe. Fortunately the members have long legs, and ran back to the boat before it had departed.

With lots of skill, judgement, brute force, ignorance, and kicks from hard boots we persuaded everything to go into the Great Orange Salford Van, including the 8 canoes and the Topper, strung near the roof. However the cargo had some additions. For logistical reasons Darren and Nick M. were to travel with us to Glasgow. After leaving the members in Portree we took the single-track road for Armadale, with all 4 of us in the cab. Plus one Brownie point to our Transport Organizer; he had booked us onto the ferry, so we reached Mallaig about 16:30.

On the end of the pier we observed a fuzzy haired object gesticulating at us. Yes, the dreaded Bligit had come to meet us. Being unable to find the man who had lent the expo' its spare engine we left it behind the bar in a pub in Mallaig, and loaded Darren and Nick into the back of the lorry. Strict safety precautions were observed (they were made to wear helmets). And thus we proceeded to Fort William, with a few stops to

check the condition of our cargo. They seemed to spend most of their time asleep, but were grateful for the helmets. As we had left Mallaig about 6 more helmets had descended from above onto Nick's well protected head.

At Fort William we went to what I now believe to be a holy place in the SHS philosophy, called Nevisports. This shrine served us with good and cheap food, but as I stood in it SHS members mysteriously appeared around me. Steve Brown, Peter Davies and Nick Gee appeared from a car, and briefly Phil Hadley joined us from the station. They all said "We saw your van on the road, and assumed you'd be here". Thus it was that we agreed to form a convoy, we took Steve with us, and arranged to meet at Crianlarich.

Our expedition consisted of David Hutchinson, Rob McDermott (drivers), and Steve Brown, Darren Couzens, Peter Davies, Nick Gee, Brigit Hutchinson and Nick Marten.

There Nick 'phoned home, to be told a 16 year old girl had an urgent message for him. Hum we thought, what's all this. Another call and the answer was out, she was engaged to be married, and wanted to tell her spiritual councillor. He was, as she had predicted, very annoyed, having previously advised her against such action. Once we had calmed him down we set off again into the gathering darkness towards the Falls of Leny. Here I reckoned we could pitch camp.

When we arrived it was dark, but with headlights we set up a Vango, and everyone fell asleep, variously in the tent, the back of the lorry, the cab and the car. Come morning we were much refreshed, and breakfast of cheese and cornflakes (not Hillards) and biscuits got us ready to go.

Here the convoy split up, but not before some memorable quotes had been uttered, both as it happens by Brigit.

Steve: "What's a man supposed to do when a woman tickles him "

Brigit: "Bare it" (bear?)

and "Put it away, it's too early in the morning".

We dropped Nick and Darren in Glasgow following an excellent piece of navigation by Rob, who drove to the bus station first try without a map, and then on to Edinburgh. One of the better ways to surprise your student house's warden is to arrange for a 7.5-ton lorry with 3 unshaven gorillas in it to arrive and park outside, but Brigit's warden didn't object. That afternoon we went shopping, and in the evening we went for a pizza to the middle of town, both trips in our fully loaded lorry.

Next day we collected the dead engine from Dr Kramer, and headed south to Leeds, where I caught the train home. One word of praise for BR: on Bristol TM station at 22:30 on a Sunday night they still had a functioning buffet open. Moral: should you ever find yourself near Nevisports beware! An SHS expedition may spontaneously form around you!!

David Hutchinson

PAST EXPEDITIONS OF THE SHS

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

Expedition	Year	Leader
North Uist, Eaval	1972	Roger Weatherly
Harris, Rhenigidale	1973	Phil Renold
South Uist, Usinish	1973	Alan Fowler
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	197 ⁴	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
Nouth 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, Tatnanavay	1981	Peter Fale

Expedition	Year	Leader
Rhum, Salisbury Dam	1981	Alan Smith
Loch Shiel	1981	Steve Paynter
Raasay	1982	Chris Venning
North Uist, Loch Eport	1982	Hugh Lorimer
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, Camusunary	1983	Simon Lord
Jura, Cruib Lodge	1983	Hugh Lorimer
Colonsay	1983	Colette Armitage
North Uist, Loch Eport	1984	Richard Young
Harris, Cravadale	1984	Steve Paynter
South Uist, Loch Eynort	1984	Mark Bankes
Mingulay	1984	Nick Deeley
Rhum	1985	Ian Smith
Harris, Cravadale	1985	Jo Walker
Colonsay	1985	Colette Armitage
Jura	1985	Robert McDermott
Knoydart	1985	Mark Bankes & Jonathon Bletcher
Knoydart	1986	Robert McDermott
Harris, Cravadale	1986	Claire McCombe
Lewis, Mealista	1986	Mike Osborne

