

# Lothians Conservation Volunteers

In support of the Scottish Wildlife Trust

## Annual Review 2011 - 2012

### Inside:

Colin McLean	3
Views	12
Resi recipes	27
Review of the year	29
Noticeboard	31
Contact details	32

Welcome to the second LCV *Annual Review*. It's been a good year. Tasks have been popular resulting in a possibly record breaking number of volunteer days.

We've recruited several keen new volunteers, two of whom agreed to join the committee!

Several of our drivers passed the MiDAS course promised this time last year and we put one more driver through DI training. Our website has been redesigned to make it easier to navigate, manage and update. Hopefully we've retained the best of the old website—which we all liked—while adding a bit of the new.

Of course none of this would have been possible without the continuing commitment of our volunteers so thanks for your many and varied efforts.

Unfortunately it hasn't been all good news with the death on July 28 of one of LCV's most important founding members, Colin McLean. There are more memories of Colin throughout this *Annual Review* but, at ninety-one, and following a life well and truly lived, there are many positive tales and it was great to see so many LCVers—both past and present—at his recent memorial service. There would seem to be no better way to keep Colin's memory alive than to get out there and keep doing what we do best!

*Louisa Martin, Co-ordinator*



**Lothians  
Conservation  
Volunteers**

[www.lcv.org.uk](http://www.lcv.org.uk)





## Lothians Conservation Volunteers

*We are a Scottish Charity, run entirely by volunteers, and we've been doing conservation work in and around Edinburgh for over forty years.*

*We belong to TCV Community Network. Our funding comes from the clients that we work for, and also by grants from organisations like Scottish Wildlife Trust and Scottish Natural Heritage.*

Charity number SC020384

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**Scottish Natural Heritage**  
Dualchas Nàdair na h-Alba  
All of nature for all of Scotland  
Nàdair air fad airson Alba air fad

### The Editor Writes...

In recent weeks the London Olympics have prompted a great deal of talk of 'inspiring a generation.' But what does this mean in practice? Well, nobody demonstrated it better than Colin McLean, whose death has saddened us all. We start our Review this year with Ken Knowles' fitting obituary and a word from Tim Duffy. Following these articles come tributes from current and former LCV members spanning the four decades of Colin's involvement with our organisation. His warmth, humour and practical common sense shine out in these memories, written by a tiny fraction of the total number of people who have been motivated by him to protect our natural heritage. He will be much missed.

We then have a series of articles on our year's activities, with five residentials under our belts. Ken and David write of our two trips to Scone Palace—and Colin's request that we measure a tree in the pinetum results in a catalogue of errors. Jackie and Mark recall Taynish and Willie reports on Alness, a new site for us.

And if you're joining us for a resi next year why not volunteer to cook a meal? David and Louisa share recipes which have been proven to satiate even the most ravenous volunteer. Find other ideas on our website.

Simon's ceilidh write-up will hopefully encourage you to attend this year and Edel's reflections on our cycle trip to the 1000 year-old Ormiston yew provide an appropriate conclusion to a year tinged with thoughts of posterity and longevity.

Thanks go to all contributors. This is your newsletter, and items from all LCV members are welcome. Most formats can be accommodated—handwritten, drawn, photographed or electronic. Just get in touch with the editor via [mucker@lcv.org.uk](mailto:mucker@lcv.org.uk) if you have something you'd like to see included. I hope you enjoy our second Annual Review.

*Sarah McConachie, Newsletter Editor*



# Colin McLean



1921-2012



An armful of Uist hedgehogs

*Photo courtesy of Anna McLean*

## An appreciation

For almost all LCV members who know Bawsinch as it is now, it is hard to imagine that forty years ago the whole reserve was little more than an overgrown rubbish dump. The transformation of the area since 1971—when the Scottish Wildlife Trust (SWT) purchased Bawsinch—has been the result of a great deal of hard work, not least by LCV members. However one individual stands out in particular: Colin McLean. While the news of his recent death, aged ninety-one, is very sad, it is perhaps softened by the knowledge that he has left a great legacy, foremost at Bawsinch and Duddingston Loch, but also at many other Scottish Wildlife Trust nature reserves in the Lothians.

Colin developed his love of wildlife as a child, reinforced during his army service in WWII when he recalled one of the few brighter moments as listening to the dawn chorus of gibbons in the Burmese jungle. After the war, his choice of a career with the Forestry Commission was also influenced by his interest in wildlife and this

coincidentally led to his joining SWT in 1969, when the Trust had a stand at an exhibition at Bush estate where he worked. Forgetting the old army maxim of 'never volunteer', he joined an LCV work party in 1972 at the newly purchased Bawsinch reserve. He obviously showed some talent because by November of the same year he had been co-opted onto the reserve committee. In 1976 he became convenor of the reserve committee and he served continuously in that position for thirty-four years until he decided to retire aged eighty-nine. Naturally, at such a young age, he did not retire completely and remained an active member of the committee and was still regularly attending meetings this year.

The transformation of Bawsinch has included major excavations for numerous ponds and the creation of a flower meadow. In Duddingston Sanctuary Colin organised a major scheme in the 1980s to clear a series of channels through the reedbed to the west of Duddingston Loch using a floating dredger. However, perhaps his most distinctive achievement, reflecting his forestry interest and expertise, is the creation of a new woodland, following proposals developed by the Edinburgh University Forestry Department. The wood is a 3.5 ha area of Bawsinch described at the time of its acquisition by the Trust as being 'rubbish and willowherb'. The wood is now a maturing collection of all species of trees and most shrubs known to be native to Scotland along with smaller groups of many of the woody species native to Britain. These have all been sourced and planted under Colin's supervision and include groups of Scots pine grown from seed taken from almost every known native pinewood in Scotland.

However Colin's contribution to the Trust was much more wide ranging than Bawsinch. He was recruited onto the Lothian Branch—later Lothians Members Centre—committee in 1974 and he served continuously after that in a variety of roles, including a term as Chairman and Lothian representative on the SWT Council. He always passionately believed in the importance of acquiring land for nature reserves—almost any land including overgrown rubbish dumps!—and was closely involved in the acquisition and management of many current SWT Lothian nature reserves. A quick tally includes Addiewell, Roslin Glen, Linn Dean, Woodhall Dean, Linhouse Glen, Bathgate Lagoons, Tailend Moss and Pease Dean—actually in the Borders region. At Addiewell, Colin was also Convenor until retiring in 2010 and again made great use of LCV in developing the reserve.

I now have the privilege of continuing Colin's work as his successor at Bawsinch but I have to say that I cannot hope to match his length of service or indeed match his vast contribution to the development of the Bawsinch and Duddingston Loch nature reserve. Colin is someone that I am sure all of us will greatly miss—a great character and always great entertainment as well as leaving an immense legacy of work for wildlife conservation, not least for the SWT.

*Ken Knowles, Bawsinch Convenor*



## **Colin: Leaving an inspirational legacy for us all**

I first started doing nature conservation work with Colin around 1984 when I joined the SWT Lothians branch or first went out with LCV on task—probably the latter first.

Many fond memories of him are recorded below and more were voiced at the fitting celebration at the Botanics. My own would include seeing him swinging through the trees at Bawsinch with a large axe on his shoulder, and the time he told me of seeing the tigers sleeping around ancient temple ruins in the Burmese jungle when he was a Chindit there.

And that is my point: it seems to me—and to many—that they just don't make them like Colin anymore, with his delightful non-PC attitude to conservation and his enthusiasm for just getting on with it which we all loved.

Two people have inspired me to continue to volunteer to work for wildlife both in the wider countryside and in particular in urban greenspaces—and I won't embarrass the other one by naming him as he is still very much with us! Colin is one of them and it was his clear, unchanging message over the decades that wildlife needs refuges—real refuges with little disturbance—that has, and continues to, inspire me.

Too often excuses are trotted out by 'professional conservationists' as to why native species are unnecessary for habitat creation, or why we should let yet another piece of the urban green jungle become just another part of the grey, concrete jungle. But Colin never strayed from the basic principle of 'buy and own land, create new habitat and then patiently manage and improve it for wildlife refuges.'

Colin is trusting us all to continue this work; to keep and evolve our urban and countryside reserves. And to do it all with whatever scarce resources we can gather.

We won't forget Colin. After discussing several options, such as christening the new wildflower meadow on the old Goose Green 'Colin's land, the Bawsinch reserve committee has decided to rename the entire Inch Wood—which after all, Colin planned, planted and nurtured for over thirty years—to 'Colin's Wood'.

*Tim Duffy*



## **Colin and LCV: Supporting us in the Seventies...**

Colin's death is a great shame as he was a great man: here are some things you may or may not know. He was with the Forestry Commission for many years, and on retirement they presented him with a chainsaw—the SWT's woodlands were never the same again!

I also liked his management plan for Roslin Glen. Drawn up in the 1980s it prescribes the planting plan to restore native woodland up to the 2080s. Now that's what I call a plan! Same for Bawsinch—a mission to create a collection of Scotland's native trees. What a resource!

*Pete Sykes*



LCV c1976 at Bawsinch: Colin gets stuck in

## **...enthusiastic in the Eighties...**

We knew Colin whilst living in Edinburgh and active with LCV during the 1980s. He was the stalwart of SWT's Lothians Branch either on the Branch Committee or at meetings for the members. He was also active on tasks at which he oversaw the development of the local reserves that were dear to his heart: Roslin Glen, Erraid Wood and Bawsinch. Once met, forever remembered, Colin was certainly not the sort to get lost in a crowd, and the home-made fruit wines he generously dispensed in the festive season were not readily forgotten either! Although Colin hankered after the names of yesteryear, continuing to call LCV the Conservation Corps long

after the headed paper had been used up, many of his approaches to life have resonance today: if you want something doing, find others of like mind and get on with it: the Big Society; be organised and shoulder responsibility in a way that encourages others to follow you: inspirational leadership. He was a tremendous source of experience and advice, and if he could not help you himself he knew somebody else to approach—well networked, so to speak.

Colin took a disarmingly simple approach to making progress: draw up a plan, start at the beginning and keep going until you get to the end—leading to escalational banter on task about how Herculean an undertaking he could complete with how puny a tool. Mock though we might, few of us will achieve as much as him. Colin's passing away is a sad loss, but his memory and legacy live on.

*David Elston & Judith Cox*



I first met Colin in 1989 on a task at Bawsinch and it was immediately apparent there was a great deal of mutual respect between him and LCV. He was very supportive of LCV's volunteers and our practical work, and came out on task with us well into his eighties. He was also quite a character. I like to remember the way he very enthusiastically used a bill hook and cross-cut saw to fell trees in a way that was probably not always compliant with Health and Safety regulations. I also remember the day he used a spade to humanely despatch a rabbit that was obviously suffering horribly from myxomatosis. But that was Colin's way, as was the way that, when on task, he was always happy to talk to regular and new volunteers alike, to share his knowledge of trees and conservation and to have a laugh.

I also spent time with Colin on the SWT's Lothians Members Centre committee, and saw the sound contribution that he made to its work. He was dedicated to supporting practical conservation projects and always spoke very positively of LCV, raising its profile within the members of that committee. He was also an effective voice on the wider stage of SWT's work, having at times represented the Lothians on SWT Council. When I was Treasurer of the Members Centre (a post that Colin recruited me into) Colin would post me the cheques he had received from members who were renewing Bawsinch hide keys. The cheques were always accompanied by a hand-written note on a card, usually picturing an animal from the African plains such as an antelope or a giraffe, and always including a comment about recent wildlife sightings or the weather—waxwings over Bruntsfield Links were often noted during the winter. The notes were always signed off 'Yours, aye' in Colin's inimitable style.

So it's a sad time for all of us but I know that my involvement in conservation has been made richer by having Colin as a great friend, and that is how I'll remember him.

*Christine Johnston*



On one trip to Addiewell Bing, I chatted with Colin, and found out he had actually fought in the Far East during the Second World War in a similar area to my uncle—who was killed.

He really was an extraordinary person, who was also very ordinary and approachable in the way he humbly carried out his work. His wealth of knowledge was huge and I always learnt something new from him. He will be missed, but with very fond memories.

Mike Stewart



### **...non-stop in the Nineties...**

I have a fond memory of Colin on a tree felling task at Addiewell. I had just finished a tools talk explaining the safe use of a saw, when Colin pulled out his faithful bill hook and started felling the tree by hacking into it. I had to quickly explain to new volunteers that you only got to fell a tree in that manner if you were Colin McLean!

On another tree felling task I was struggling to saw through a piece of wood and I cursed—moderately I might add—in frustration. Colin overheard me and told me off for being ‘unladylike.’ He didn’t like women using foul language which I took as a fair reflection of his true gentleman-like nature.

Edel Sheridan



Some friends of mine considered buying his house in Roslin after it was put on the market a few years back. The garden apparently was fabulous, though the inside of the house ‘had potential’—not a surprise since it seems Colin’s energy was all focused outside.

I remember him saying he had caught three boys vandalising one of the structures inside Bawsinch and that he had put the ‘fear of God’ into them. I imagine that would have been quite a scary encounter in such a setting as he had quite a presence about him, and not just in physical size.

I think the Lothians have lost a great and remarkable man. The local birds and beasties probably won’t miss him—but they should after all he has done for them.

Jim Clarke



I met Colin on my first ever task with LCV back in 1997 when we felled an enormous elm tree at Bawsinch: it was the era of Dutch elm disease. It remains my favourite site, having listened many times to Colin enthusing about its history and understanding how his stewardship transformed it from waste ground to serene oasis. [See *last year’s Annual Review*—Ed.]

He welcomed us warmly to every task we did for him, catching up with the regular volunteers and ensuring that all new LCV members were introduced to the site. He then led by example, disappearing into the woodland with his bill hook, returning—



perspiring gently—to his cup of sugary LCV tea at lunchtime. He drank this while chuckling mischievously, confiding that he wasn't allowed to take sugar at home. More often than not, he would then lead us on a guided tour of the reserve, expounding knowledgeably on all the wildflowers, birds or trees we pointed at. Particular highlights for me were discovering the fruiting bodies of Lords and Ladies, jewel-like in the gloom of the woodland floor, and my first ever glimpse of elegant great crested grebes on the loch, seen from the hide. His delight in nature was tangible on these rambles; clearly he was in his own 'natural habitat.'



Colin leads a group around Bawsinch

*Photo courtesy of Tim Duffy*

Despite fading health he remained interested in LCV's activities and continued with his own practical conservation projects. A few weeks before his death I visited him at home, only to be hustled through his house—past the photograph of him with an armful of hedgehogs: 'Ah yes, Sarah, they were sent on the plane from the Uists in a cardboard box and we released them into Bawsinch. I fear they all got eaten.'—to his garden so that I could see the redwood seedlings he was due to plant out at Duddingston the following day. This typified his astonishing clarity of purpose and is a great example of his lasting legacy: forever taking steps to secure a future for others to enjoy.

*Sarah McConachie*



The passing of Colin McLean will sadden many who worked for wildlife conservation around Edinburgh and the Lothians.

A woodsman and plantsman full of years and wisdom, with an ability to solve / resolve any problem concerning his beloved woodlands, Colin's contribution was immense.

Colin Mclean was a child of his race: indomitable and determined, not likely to suffer fools gladly and yet full of warmth and humanity in good measure. Having spent many happy hours in his company working in both Bawsinch and Addiewell, I learned much about woodland management and how to make much with little.

Always a joy to be with, I shall miss him greatly as will those who love nature and had the pleasure of spending some time in his company. *Tony Irving*



### **...and motivating us well past the Millenium.**

Kate and I were sorry to hear about Colin, he was a real inspiration, the bill hook always hanging at his side into his eighties. We have one little tale from about six years ago.

Colin

'These Oregon pines were planted in 1948.'

Knowledgable Volunteer:

'Surely those are Douglas firs?'

Colin:

'That's the species yes, but they are pine trees and I bought them in Oregon myself!'

*Jamie Wood & Kate Ravilious*



When I joined LCV in July 2005 at—what I considered—the pretty advanced age of twenty-six, Colin was eighty-four. It says a great deal for Colin's ongoing enthusiasm, love of life and commitment to LCV that I met him at all, and still more that he was an active presence until weeks before his passing.

So, what are my memories of Colin? Well, in truth, they're not dramatic. I remember watching him sit down on the ground to eat his sarnies at Addiewell one day and thinking that if I could still do that in 2065 I'd be well chuffed. I remember him sharing his birthday cake with us at Bawsinch just after his ninetieth birthday. I remember sending him a few photos of LCV in action at Addiewell not long after he'd had to give it up and getting a lovely note in response with news of how the willow warblers were doing. Small things, but part of what LCV is for me and, I hope, part of what LCV was for Colin. In fact, as one of the last LCV Co-ordinators to have had the opportunity to meet one of LCV's most important founding members in person, I consider myself privileged.

I've heard it said that you are never truly an adult until you lose your parents. If so there is now no excuse at all for LCV not to get out there and carry on keeping up what Colin started!

*Louisa Martin*



And the last word comes from Colin himself. Reprinted here is his ode to LCV which he penned for our fortieth anniversary in 2010. Sing it to the tune of 'Nicky Tams', a well-known North East bothy ballad.



A brief rest from the bill hook

*Photo courtesy of Anna McLean*

When I was rising fifty years, I joined SWT.  
And then a whillie later on, I thocht that I should see  
What sort of wark was gaun on, like delving for a pond,  
Or stickin' in the shrubs and trees of which I was sae fond.

I speired aboot a wee wee bit, and shortly was directed  
Tae Waverley, tae find a van, and get masel elected  
Tae Lothians Conservation Corps, who met there Sunday morning  
Then worked awa wi spade and saw, the elements ignoring

The taskman on that fateful day said 'Aye – just come and join'  
We'll gie ye blisters, aches and sweat, but not a single coin  
For nature's good, we think we should jist dae it a' for free  
But if ye wark wi' micht and main, ye'll get a cuppie o' tea

Noo forty years hae flipit' past, achievements have been great  
Safe hames for flooers, birds and beasts, afore it's a' too late.  
Some countryside remains alive, an' I'm sure that you'll agree  
It's due tae the fun o' wark well done of the fabulous LCV

So list all Lothian Volunteers when yer pushing up the daisies  
Many Scots folk yet to come will stand to sing your praises  
Up on cloud nine we'll quaff oor wine, and toast ye more and more  
Good luck, long life and many thanks tae the Conservation Corps!

*Colin McLean*



# Views



## **Fraternising with fritillaries and pausing in piggeries**

### **Taynish residential September 2011**

On Friday evening we set off promptly from St Andrew Square with our sights set on the nature reserve at Tayvallich on the west coast. This is just about thirty miles south of Oban.

As tradition dictated we paused for fish and chips, the convenient stopping point being Balloch. After taking over the shop for about half an hour we continued on our way. We arrived at the hostel at Kilmartin at about 10.30. I had been told the hostel was very comfortable, and it was, the bedrooms even having an en suite bathroom.

We were here to improve conditions for the marsh fritillary butterfly, a species in decline. Britain is now believed to be to be a major stronghold in Western Europe, and the west coast of Scotland has the largest number of colonies of the insect. We were to rake the mown grass from a wild flower meadow so that the soil would not become too enriched in nutrients and cause the habitat to become degraded.

Saturday was a good day: raking the meadow, filling sacks with the debris then dragging them to the edge of the site. The weather was a bit windy with occasional showers, but very warm and there was plenty of sun. The view across to the sea was beautiful, and the clouds produced ever changing patterns – not that I really noticed of course, as I was working too hard for that.

We ate our lunch each day within the walls of an ancient piggery, state of the art in its time. Built of stone, it had separate compartments for each family, an indoor and outdoor area, and a stream from the farmhouse from where scraps of tasty morsels could be thrown in, eventually arriving at the food trough. It had been restored by the rangers to be a feature of historical interest on the reserve, and a very good job they had made of it.

It was then back to the hostel for showers, food and drink. David had, as usual, prepared a delicious meal, much of it in advance, thus relieving us of the need for too much preparation. There was soup to start, then a wild rice stew. David did not consider the jam roly poly to be up to his usual standard however, and threw a lot of it in the bin in disgust. I was downhearted at this, as I could certainly have managed some more given the chance!

The Sunday was windier and wetter, but for some reason I felt a surge of energy (could it be the company? or that I was working with Tony?) and worked quite hard that day. But I did manage to persuade Tony that it was better to take small loads more often, rather than trying to prove how strong we were by filling the bag to the brim and busting a gut to get it off the field—the difference between the female and male approach perhaps. Later, thankfully, we were removing the material from the

site on a motor vehicle with about eight wheels—which seemed very good on the boggy ground—and on which could be piled great hay stacks of the mown grass. The ground was becoming boggier and boggier, and we were getting very wet as the showers became heavier and more prolonged. We finished early, following a frenzy of activity, and went back to a barn to change into what had previously been our evening wear.

Relieved to be dry again, we got into the bus and started on the long drive home. This was thankfully uneventful and we stopped again for fish and chips, this time at Inveraray. At that point the rain was extremely heavy. We arrived home in good time, to contemplate an enjoyable and worthwhile weekend.

Thanks to Debbie for leading and lending me her shirt, Willie for driving, David for the food and Tony, Calvin, Trevor and Morag for being there.

*Jackie Howlett*

## **The Wrong (Over) Trousers**

### **Scone Palace New Year residential December 2011**

The artificial mound of Moot Hill in the grounds of Scone Palace is the coronation site of Scottish monarchs such as first king Kenneth McAlpin and Robert the Bruce. In Victorian times the Mansfield family built the mansion house of the palace and improved its environs.

Our accommodation was a converted farm courtyard building within walking distance of our work site. The estate staff had kindly provided us with an excellent shepherd's pie for dinner plus some scones - no pun intended - and shortbread.

Our task was to open out a path running along a small rivulet which flows past the palace to the river Tay. We were working with Elspeth from the palace estate team who did a great job of adapting to whatever work was needed on the estate, from co-ordinating gardeners to organizing corporate hospitality. With reinforcements from several day-tripper volunteers, we soon set about felling and burning rhododendron.

The grounds of Scone palace have all of the trappings of a parkland estate for the Victorian nobility. These include walled gardens, ponds, a maze, woodland and a pinetum stocked by David Douglas, a Victorian horticulturist from Old Scone famed for collecting new tree specimens from America, including the eponymous Douglas fir.

Of an evening we were served up with fine vegetarian fare from Christine, Sarah McC and Greg Milne. Simon had brought his radio which oscillated between Radio Scotland and Smooth Seventies. At Hogmanay we had the special treat of cranachan for desert and assorted board games.

On our day off we did a local walk up to the top of Murrayshall Hill, near Balcraig. One good vantage point is the folly of McDuff's monument which provided an excellent windbreak for the lunch stop. The high point is crowned with the obelisk of the Lydedoch monument and is rewarded with views of the Perthshire hills to

the North. We returned to meander through the Palace grounds and look for the elusive hawfinch while tackling Colin McLean's tree-measuring project. [See *separate article* – Ed.]

The last day brought howling gales in the morning. News reports on the radio revealed that central Scotland had extensive damage with fallen trees on roads. Working in woodlands was clearly too dangerous in these conditions. Later on the wind subsided and we were able to carry out some tree thinning and woodland management. I had inadvertently picked up the wrong over trousers which were strangely loose. Remembering the LCV proverb - 'no one ever loses weight on a resi' – I realised my mistake and they were soon returned to their rightful owner. By this stage the Forth Bridge had been re-opened and we were able to get home. Many thanks to Elspeth and the Scone estate for their warm welcome, Simon Bonsall for leading, Sarah McConachie for driving and Christine Johnston for organising the catering.

Ken Humphreys



## **How many conservation volunteers does it take to measure a tree?**

### **Part I**

#### **Scone Palace New Year residential December 2011**

Our friend Colin McLean, retired convenor of Bawsinch, Addiewell and Roslin SWT reserves, set us a task for our day off at Scone. In 1970, while working at the Scone Palace pinetum, he had measured one of the *Wellingtonia*—*Sequoiadendron giganteum*—trees. Planted in 1862, it was due to turn 150 in 2012: re-measurement seemed a fitting birthday present.

In 1970 it was 115 feet—thirty-five metres—tall and twenty-six feet and eight inches—eight metres and thirteen centimetres—in girth. Colin informed us that the convention was to measure at chest height, taken to be four feet three inches—one metre and three centimetres—from the ground.

First we had to find the tree—quite a challenge given the abundance of towering specimens in the pinetum—but made significantly easier by Scone's useful labelling system. Finally Greg located the one *Sequoiadendron* which rose above them all. Gazing skywards from its base was quite breathtaking, particularly with the bark glowing russet in the sunlight. We had found our quarry.





Nicola ponders the giant



Looking upwards

Measuring the girth was easy enough: thirty-three feet and nine inches—ten metres and twenty-nine centimetres—a difference of seven feet and one inch—two metres and sixteen centimetres—in forty-two years...which, come to think of it is the age of LCV.



Ken & Sarah try the 'hug' method



Elite tree-measuring team

But how were we to measure its height? A quick pre-resi Google revealed three methods:

1. Climb to the top of the tree, drop a rope to the ground and then measure the rope.

We decided against that, as we doubted the LCV ropes would be long enough. And the risk assessment would require a *Sequoiadendron*'s-worth of paper.

2. Use of a clinometer

A quick search of the LCV tool store revealed our only specialised tree-measuring tool to be a tape-measure—or perhaps also the cross-cut saw to enable the counting of rings?—so that method was also rejected.

3. The stick and muddy puddle method, as recommended by the Woodland Trust.

'That's more like it!' we thought. This method involved the following:

- Find a stick about two metres in length
- Find a helper to hold the stick for you
- Take twenty-seven steps away from the base of your tree and stand the helper and stick there
- Take three more steps and lie on the ground with your eye as close to ground level as possible—the muddy puddle bit
- Locate the top of your tree and line it up with the stick
- Mark where the top of your tree crosses your stick
- Multiply this by ten and this is approximately your tree's height

So, off set Keith, Christine, Greg and I deep into the pinetum. Our first problem was noticing that a two-metre stick would only be useful for trees less than twenty metres tall: our tree was considerably higher than that. Keith, always reliable in a crisis, utilised his planet-sized brain to hastily recalculate that we would need to place the stick at ninety-eight paces and take a measurement from 100 paces.

Ninety-eight paces later, Keith bravely volunteered to hold the stick, having quite worn himself out with all that mental arithmetic. Christine fortified us with chocolate biscuits. I got to lie in the mud. And Greg was team photographer, documenting the occasion for posterity.





Keith: 'Gosh, this is hard work! My arm's getting awfully tired.'

Sarah: 'Mutter.'

Christine: 'Are you sure you've got the right tree there, Sarah?'

Sarah: 'Of course I have. Grumble. Whose idea was this, anyway?'

Greg: 'I'll just try that photo again with umpteen different camera settings.'

Hold that pose!'

Sarah: 'Whinge.'

I expect you're keen to know the tree's height? Well, I'm afraid to say that despite our careful preparations our plan was foiled at the last minute by human error—I measured the wrong tree!

In my defence, there wasn't a clear view of the top due to the wealth of neighbouring pines. And shortly after realising my mistake, we had to start packing up to leave Scone in light of a bad weather forecast.

So if that's not yet another reason to go back to Scone Palace for a residential, then I don't know what is. Sorry Colin.

Sarah McConachie, photos Greg Milne

And in response to this pitiful excuse for scientific research, Colin sent the following missive.

### **On the nomenclature of the *sequoia* and *sequoiadendron* species**

The use of the title *Wellingtonia* should be banned forever. Although I have every admiration and respect for the Iron Duke, the use of his name in connection with the tree is pure politics. So-called by English botanist J. Lindley in 1853, many US scientists objected to the name given the recent war of 1812. Thus in 1854 the American C. Winslow proposed the name *Washingtonia*.

However, the purist botanical taxonomists added to the confusion by deciding that the two species were of different genera. As the coast redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*) was the first of the two species to be named and described, it had to be called *Sequoia*.

Sequoyah was a Cherokee Indian with a German father who devised an alphabet for the Cherokee language and had no link to the trees, or to California. But he

was lionised by conscience-ridden politicians of the late nineteenth century, who questioned whether policies which targeted native peoples were strictly in accordance with the sentiments embodied in the American Constitution.

Hence, both species were named *Sequoia* as being more aboriginal than *Washingtonia*. But of course, there was now the generic difference, so –dendron was added to the name. This distinguished the enormous redwoods growing up in the Sierra Nevada (*sequoiadendron*) from the equally colossal redwoods thriving on the coast (*Sequoia*.) There are now at least another six names in common usage, but the American Forest Service uses the following:

Giant sequoia (*Sequoiadendron giganteum*)

Redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*)

It is the former species which LCV failed to measure at Scone!

Try this method:

### **How to take the top height of a tree without profanity or mud-snorkelling**

- Identify the tree – no substitutes allowed
- Obtain a straight stick, piece of dowelling, hazel rod or light metal tubing
- Cut the length of the stick to the exact distance between your right eyelid and your right fist, with the supporting right arm rigid and parallel to the ground
- Position yourself where the tip of the tree and the base are both in good view
- Move forward or backward until the tip of your stick coincides with the tip of the tree, and your fist with the base
- Get your assistant, standing to one side, to check that your rigid right arm is parallel to the ground and that your stick is truly upright and ninety degrees from your rigid right arm
- When the image of the stick truly covers the view of the tree, stop and mark the spot
- Measure the distance from this spot to the base of the tree
- This distance is the top height

Colin McLean

Find out the results of this method on page 24. But first, it's back to Tynish.

## **Fires and frogs at Tynish**

### **March 2012 Tynish residential**

How does the ripple effect theory go? A distant butterfly flaps its wings causing slight atmospheric changes, and a hurricane results some weeks later. Well at Tynish on the weekend of 10 – 11 March LCV contributed to a real-life butterfly

effect. The butterfly in question is the rare marsh fritillary. It lives in damp open grassland. The caterpillars mainly feed on devil's bit scabious and are declining in every European country. Western Scotland, in particular Argyll, is one of the species' remaining strongholds. So the following band of Conservation Brothers and Sisters set about making a little bit of the National Nature Reserve managed by Scottish Natural Heritage (SNH) more suited to this rare butterfly.



The Taynish residential volunteers

We were met by John Halliday of SNH early on Saturday morning after our minibus traversed the minefield of potholes on the single track road into the heart of the reserve. Our mission was to cut back and burn large areas of gorse to create more open grassland next to the sea inlets. It is a beautiful location with part of the Isle of Jura visible a few miles across the sea.

We began by dragging sheets of corrugated iron to a fire site in already-cleared gorse. After getting the fire going it was a simple—but exhausting—task of cutting and dragging gorse to it. The spiny leaves and dry branches of the gorse were quickly consumed by the fire and a satisfying 'whoosh' was emitted when a particularly large or dry load was thrown on.



Mr. Willie McSporran feeding the fire: 'I like this one – should we save it?'

We were blessed with mostly dry skies and a warmish breeze. This did create the risk of the fire spreading to the grass. Constant tending of the fire by two volunteers to keep it on the metal sheeting and to extinguish any spread averted any problems. Frogs did appear to be attracted to the fire and I twice had had chase one away. At close of play at about 4.30pm on the first day we carried water from the sea to extinguish the fire and spread the ashes out as there was a small risk of a passerby stumbling onto the fire site.



Fire / heat-loving frog!

We then returned to the luxurious Kilmartin Bothy for showers and food prepared by our vegetarian masterchef, Trevor Paterson. The area we were working in has a resident deer population and associated ticks lurk on vegetation to attach to animals or people brushing by. Thorough tick searches did uncover some that were quickly removed. If removed as quickly as possible—ideally within twenty-four hours—then the risk of contracting Lyme disease is considered to be very low.

After a well deserved night's sleep we all had breakfast and got organised to leave for the second day's work. The squeaky floorboards of the Bothy acted as substitute alarm clocks! The work was to be more of the same but with a new fire site some 100 metres further up the coast. There was light rain to begin with but it quickly cleared by mid-morning to leave another beautiful day for March. By the end of the day the amount of open ground created was impressive and I hope the marsh fritillary butterfly multiplies to fill this new habitat. As we were leaving for good, approximately ten buckets of water were carried from the sea—whose waters were very clear and shallow—to douse the fire's embers.

A good time was had by all and particular thanks go to Willie and Sarah McC for driving and Trevor for catering. There was a minor incident with the minibus getting stuck in a ditch whilst leaving the SNH sheds. But Willie's driving skills and army-style teamwork made quick work of extricating it. I'm afraid I was asleep for most of the homeward journey, so can't recall very much - except for some really weird music being played. *[Thanks also to Mark for leading and providing some very fine homebaking—Ed.]*

*Mark Herron, also photos.*

## The trainspotting screefers of Alness

### May 2012 Alness residential

On Friday 4 May nine of us set off for Alness in Easter Ross for a weekend of tree planting and associated tasks at a worksite new to LCV. We stopped in Aviemore, marvelled at the snowy Cairngorms and refuelled at the chippy before setting off for the second leg to Sleeperzzz hostel in Rogart, near Golspie. This is similar to the bunkhouse at Glenfinnan, consisting of several converted old-style train carriages. *[And First Class compartments at that!—Ed.]* On the way we passed Loch Fleet, the site of a previous summer resi.

The next morning dawned dry with a chorus provided by a nearby rookery and we set off for the site travelling over the Struie road. There we met our client Simon Lockwood who gave us an overview of the plans for the plantation and enhanced our vocabulary by teaching us the word ‘screefing’. This, we learned, means to remove the vegetation around the base of a tree to limit vegetative competition and vole damage. Simon and his associates are planting an extensive area with a varied past and a bright future.

We then set to work, with groups preparing fence posts, removing an old barbed wire fence and building exclosures. The weather was reminiscent of March with blustery sleet and snow showers but we were bolstered by soup provided by Simon's partner Mary. Work continued apace and towards the late afternoon we began to plant trees within our new exclosures. We returned to Rogart and Edel provided us with a fine dinner.



Debbie fencing the enclosure



Helen & Ian planting in enclosure

Sunday began dry, cold and bright with the rookery providing another alarm call, and so began round two. On cresting the central hill, both the site's scale and its place within the extensive vista became apparent. We began planting and tubing in earnest with the fence post preparation continuing to its conclusion. The weather

gods provided something for everyone with bright sunny spells and wintery showers in turn. Undeterred, we continued planting and tubing until all too soon it was time to pack up and return south with Aviemore again providing chips for us and diesel for the bus. The snow fairy had been good to the Cairngorms as they now had a more deep, crisp and even covering to rescue their ski season.

Suitably energised we resumed the southward journey to Edinburgh where we arrived tired but refreshed from a successful weekend. Thanks to Debbie for leading, Edel for catering and Sarah and Louisa for driving. *[And thanks also go to Willie for driving without recourse to bagpipe music on the radio—Ed.]*

Willie McSporran, photos Louisa Martin

## **LCV Summer Games**

### **Scone Palace residential, July 2012**

In July 2012 a crack team of volunteers took up residence in the decaying grandeur of the Factor's House at Scone Palace for the latest in a series of competitions against their arch-nemesis: *Rhododendron ponticum*.

It is possible that some kind of sporting event was taking place in London at the time, but the details rather escaped our notice.

The Factor's House accommodation was basic and practically designed for the needs of LCV. Namely, a big larder for food, sufficient rooms for more than one each and a spacious scullery for storing muddy boots and tools. There was even a large garden frequented by roe deer of an evening. After all, who really needs carpets or light fittings?

The arenas decided upon by the Master of Ceremonies Brian Cunningham—who passes the time otherwise as Head Gardener—were two sites in the palace grounds; namely the pinetum and a spot close to the children's play park.

Destroying the rhododendron here would help to prevent the potential spread of sudden oak death to important specimen trees in the pinetum and allow expansion of native tree planting activities.



Burning in the walled garden



The games began on Sunday with the felling of a stand of rhododendron at the rear of the pinetum. There was a brief exhibition bout of Door Smashing to permit access to the walled garden where, after a ferocious 100m Rhododendron Drag, we burned the remains of our comprehensively-vanquished foe.



Tending the fire

Of course, after achieving the zenith of athletic performance some relaxation was required, prior to further battle on the morrow. Happily this could be combined with watching the fire to make sure it burned out safely. Such performance requires appropriate nourishment and our team of caterers did us proud for the week, despite the immense appetites of the rhododendron-slayers

Day two featured some further burning in the walled garden and a new event: Tree Trunk Hurling. In addition to the rhododendron there was a large quantity of fallen tree to burn. This material was extremely useful in weighing down the springy and uncooperative rhododendron when on the fire. Even in death the beastly stuff put up quite a fight, evidenced by the numerous bruises and scrapes suffered by volunteers at the end of the week. A large log thrown onto the top of the fire ended any further rhodi resistance though.



Tree trunk hurling for Team LCV

As part of the Games' cultural programme, LCV visited the Highland Wildlife Park to see the various exotic creatures there, and the Loch of the Lowes reserve in Dunkeld. There we were lucky enough to witness an attempted incursion by another osprey into the territory of Lady and her offspring. Very exciting.

The remainder of the events included further work at the pinetum—including the biggest fire yet—plus clearing a particularly boggy area by the children's play park. The challenges there included dismantling rhododendrons while simultaneously swatting mosquitoes and trying throughout not to fall into the bog.

There was still time for a go on the zipwire, however. Not just for children as it turns out!

The closing ceremony involved pouring copious quantities of water onto our last fire to extinguish it before we left. Very time consuming, but the clouds of steam were pretty enough to make it worthwhile. Then it was time to pack up all our gear back at the Factor's House and depart. We look forward to our next opportunity to meet the rhododendrons in mortal combat. Thanks go to Louisa for catering and Willie and Sarah for driving. *[And also to David for leading—Ed.]*

*David Nutter, photos Greg Milne & Louisa Martin*



## **How many conservation volunteers does it take to measure a tree?**

### **Part 2**

Determined to make amends for the scientific shambles of New Year, a second attempt was made on the summer resi to measure Colin McLean's suggested *Sequoiadendron*. This was made all the more poignant by the sad news of his death, which had reached us on the first work day.

So it was back into the pinetum with the tape measure and stick with the aim of using both the 'stick and muddy puddle' method and Colin's strategy to measure the height of our tree. This time Willie and Greg were the designated Beautiful Assistants, and we all double- and triple-checked that we were eyeballing the correct treetop.

And the results? Ah yes. Well, Greg measured it at fifty-four metres with Colin's approach while I got forty-one metres using our original tactic. Hmmm...it would seem that it's not as easy as it looks on paper. However, I notice that one can now download a clinometer app. Do you think I could smuggle that—and the accompanying smart phone—past the LCV Treasurer as 'forestry sundries' in time for our next trip to Scone?

*Sarah McConachie*



It hasn't all been work for LCV this year—we also have a busy social programme.

## **Lothians Conservation Volunteers' ceilidh**

**October 2011**

Well, wasn't it a remarkably balmy night for the ceilidh? In previous years gloves and scarves have been insulation of choice for those manning the door, but not so this year. We had a turnout of about seventy willing dancers who were entertained by the jigs and reels of the Nine Points of Roguery Ceilidh band, and even a rendition of 'Big Yellow Taxi.' The band certainly knew how to keep the crowd going!

Raffle prizes were donated by the Scottish Seabird Centre, The Royal Yacht Britannia, Butterfly World, the Scotch Whisky centre, Tiso, Martin Brownjohn, Louisa Martin and yours truly. So we had a very healthy table of prizes this year which created quite a stir. Impromptu drum rolls added to the suspense of the ticket draw, which can really only be otherwise matched by wondering if Santa really will bring the invisibility cloak you've written on your list...or is that just me? (*I expect so, Simon—Ed.*)

The warm temperatures meant that the bar was kept busy the whole night and the availability of sliced lemons and limes seemed to impress the first timers.

The final dance was possibly the longest Strip the Willow I have ever seen: we only just fitted across the width of the South Side Community Centre and there was some very enthusiastic spinning going on. This was followed by the customary 'Auld Lang Syne' and general madness that ensues for a couple of minutes as a huddle of people breaks up into couples jiggling around each other in the hall.

It only leaves me to thank all those who helped the night go so smoothly by helping out on the door, on the bar and in advance by putting up posters and generally helping out with the administrative work.

This year's ceilidh is at 8pm on 10 November—hope to see you there.

*Simon Bonsall, LCV Fundraiser*

## **LCV sees yew \***

### **Ormiston yew cycle ride May 2012**

Not being a car owner or driver, one of my favourite aspects of LCV is going to places I couldn't easily access or simply don't know about. So thanks go to Greg Milne for guiding us along the cycle paths and quiet roads of East Lothian on a lovely cycle ride to Ormiston for the recent LCV social trip.

Our destination was the famed Ormiston Yew, a truly magnificent specimen. It wasn't a small pretender but a massive grandfather which stretched and layered wider than a house. Its impressive trunk threw out large, sprawling branches which drooped into the ground and resurfaced nearby, forming tall trees which reached towards the sky. The bark was red in places, and small green leaves adorned the branches giving it an 'old-yet-young' appearance.



Inside the spreading branches of the yew

Wandering beneath the tree called to mind spooky, *Blair Witch*-style pagan rituals. We tried to imagine how many people might have hidden or sheltered beneath its crown over the course of its 1,000 years.

You'll be pleased to know that we even managed to do a bit of conserving on the return journey by sawing back a conifer which was overhanging the cycle path, courtesy of Mark's Swiss army knife!

Thanks to Sarah for organising this fun outing.

*Edel Sheridan, photo Sarah McConachie*

\*Dreadful pun courtesy of Keith Knight.



# Resi recipes



## Louisa's spinach lasagne

Serves 12, or 10 with leftovers for lunch. You will need two large lasagne dishes.

### *Ingredients for the filling:*

3kg frozen chopped spinach	1.2kg low fat cottage cheese
200g grated parmesan cheese	Pepper to taste
4 cloves garlic, finely chopped or crushed	4 chopped medium onions
4 tbsp vegetable oil	1.6kg chopped tinned tomatoes
2 bay leaves	2 tbsp mixed herbs
4 tbsp tomato puree	Approx. 400g lasagne

### *Ingredients for the topping:*

400g grated mozzarella cheese	100g grated parmesan cheese
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### *Method for the cheese / spinach layers:*

Defrost the spinach (this can easily take 24 hours).

Squeeze all the water out of the spinach. Discard the water.

Mix the drained spinach with the cottage cheese and 200g of grated parmesan.

Add the nutmeg and pepper to taste. Mix well.

### *Method for the tomato sauce layers:*

Fry the onions and garlic in the oil until starting to brown.

Add the tomatoes, bay leaves, mixed herbs and tomato puree. Mix well.

Bring to the boil then turn down and simmer for 20 minutes.

### *Lasagne-ise:*

Layer spinach and cheese, lasagne, tomato sauce etc. Depending on the shape of the dishes you'll usually get about 3 lasagne layers but it doesn't matter so long as you end with a tomato sauce layer.

Mix the mozzarella cheese with the 100g of grated parmesan and spread over the top of the lasagne(s).

Bake at 180°C / gas mark 4 for 40 minutes.

Serve with garlic bread and salad.

## David's hot potato and lentil curry

Serves 10

7 oz red lentils	1 pint water
1 lb potatoes, peeled and chopped into cubes	2 large tomatoes, chopped
4 tbsp vegetable oil	1 tbsp mustard seeds
1 onion, finely chopped	2 garlic cloves, crushed
2 fresh green chillies, finely chopped	1 lemon, squeezed
2 cardamom pods, lightly crushed	2 tsp turmeric powder
1 tbsp cumin seeds	1 tbsp coriander seeds
Cayenne pepper to taste	Salt

*Method:*

Heat the oil and fry the cumin and mustard seeds until they start to crack.

Fry the onion, garlic and chillies until starting to soften.

Add the remaining spices and salt then fry for a further couple of minutes.

Add the potatoes, tomatoes and lentils and fry for a short while.

Add the water and lemon juice, bring to the boil and gently simmer for 25 minutes, stirring occasionally, until the potatoes are just cooked. Churn a bit to break up the lentils.

Serve with grilled / fried halloumi or saag paneer and rice.

## David's Saag Paneer

Serves 10

2 blocks paneer, cubed	Vegetable oil
800g frozen or canned spinach, defrosted	2 small onions, finely chopped
3 hot dried red chillies	Garam masala
Salt	

*Method:*

Heat 1 tbsp oil in a wide, lidded pan. Fry the cubes of paneer on each side until browned. Remove and reserve.

Heat more oil in the pan. When very hot put in the chillies and stir until the chillies darken. Add the onions and fry, stirring constantly until they are brown.

Add the spinach and salt, cover and wilt the spinach. Stir once, reduce the heat and simmer for approximately 25 minutes.

Uncover and cook, stirring until excess liquid is gone.

Season to taste with garam masala and cayenne, mix in the paneer and serve.

# Review of the year

This is a shortened version of the Annual Report and Accounts for 2011 – 2012. A full version of this is available on our Yahoo newsgroup or upon request.

## Work carried out

In the year to April 2012, LCV ran 63 tasks for 12 different clients at 24 different sites. In total, we did 716 days of voluntary work (2011: 684, 2010: 621, 2009: 654) for conservation projects in Scotland. We had an average of 10.7 volunteers on each task (2011: 10.2, 2010: 10.8, 2009: 10.7). Midlothian Council was our biggest client, receiving 163 (2011: 140) of our total workdays. We continue to maintain a close relationship with the Lothians Members Centre of SWT, as shown by the number of different local SWT sites that we visit, and they were our second biggest client, receiving 140 workdays (2011: 153). Our summer residential task this year was at Scone Palace.

## Minibus

LCV runs a minibus that is used to transport tools and volunteers to the work sites. The minibus is used exclusively for the purposes of the group, and this year it was driven 3,398 miles (2011: 3,527) on task. The minibus is vital for our operation: it allows us to welcome volunteers who do not have their own transport, and gives us the means to transport bulky tools in safety. We plan to replace this bus with a new one in 2019.

## Tool store and garage

LCV owns a wide variety of tools. One of the strengths of the group is that we can provide the client with volunteers who are fully equipped for the task. This year has seen a continued investment in new tools and safety equipment to ensure that our volunteers have everything they need to do an excellent job.

We have continued to maintain and replace tools as necessary. This year's accounts show expenditure on the tool store and garage for work that took place last year. The biggest item was replacement of the garage doors.

## Publicity and volunteer recruitment and development

A total of 72 new volunteers (2011: 48) came on their first task with us during the year. Our website is responsible for the majority of new recruits. During the year the site was visited 9,844 times (2011: 9,375), and in March 2012 received 771 unique visitors. We also attract a significant number of volunteers from the Edinburgh Volunteer Centre, by word of mouth and by our attendance at local volunteer fairs.

Of the 72 new volunteers who came out in the past year, 22 (31%) returned for a subsequent task.

We had 11 different task leaders in the last year and 8 different drivers over the course of the year.

We are always looking to recruit and develop more leaders and drivers, but we are content with the distribution of the work among our volunteers.

### **Tree nursery**

LCV runs a tree nursery in which we grow native trees of known provenance. Our Tree Nursery Manager plans the planting in the nursery in consultation with our clients to enable us to provide trees that they require. Being able to provide quality trees of known provenance is important for tree planting projects.

It can take up to four years to grow a tree from seed to a size that is suitable for planting on a reserve, and the Tree Nursery thus represents a considerable investment of volunteer time and effort. We are grateful to the City of Edinburgh Council for providing us with a site for our tree nursery.

### **Conclusion**

It has been another busy year for the group. We have again run a wide variety of tasks to maintain the enthusiasm of both long-standing and new volunteers, and our residential tasks have been popular and well-attended. Retaining new volunteers continues to be our biggest challenge in the year ahead. The committee are focusing on planning to ensure that there is a supply of volunteers willing to take on senior roles in the group as they become vacant.



# Noticeboard



## Leading tasks and driving for LCV

We are always looking for new volunteers to lead tasks. There is a description of how to lead a task on the LCV website—look under ‘how to’—and training courses are run from time to time. Normally an experienced leader would be around as backup for the first few tasks. If you might be interested in leading tasks for LCV, please get in touch with Ian our Leader/Driver organiser—contact details overleaf. Minibus drivers are also needed—if you are a relatively experienced driver, the first step is to get in touch with Willie our Minibus Officer—contact details overleaf. Our aim is that all LCV drivers will also receive MiDAS training, which involves theoretical and practical aspects of safe driving. We can also arrange DI training for those who need it.

## LCV clothing

Image Scotland is a company based in Musselburgh that supplies a good range of branded outdoor clothing. See [www.imagescotland.com](http://www.imagescotland.com) for their catalogue. They have a large green screen printed version of the LCV logo on their database that works well on anything from T-shirts to high visibility jackets, along with a smaller multicoloured embroidery version that is better for fleeces, hats etc. Contact Nicola Robson our Membership Secretary—contact details overleaf—if you would like to purchase a garment branded with the LCV logo for your outdoor activities.

## Paper copy *Puggled Mucker* and *Annual Review* subscriptions

If you would like to receive a paper copy of the quarterly *Puggled Mucker* newsletter and our *Annual Review* the cost to cover printing and postage is £4 per year. Please send a cheque payable to ‘Lothians Conservation Volunteers’ to Nicola Robson, who will advise you of her address when you call her—number overleaf. Let her know if your contact details change.

## LCV Online

Don’t forget that you can check the task and social programme online at [www.lcv.org.uk](http://www.lcv.org.uk). The website is a mine of useful information for leading tasks, working the kettle and catering for large groups on residential.

## Keep up with LCV news

Join our Yahoo! online discussion group, where we publish LCV news, discussions about LCV activities and social events. To subscribe contact David Nutter, LCV Webmaster—contact details overleaf.

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