

INTERLOPERS

ORIENTEERING CLUB

EDINBURGH

NEWSLETTER NO. 86

November 1992

LXXXVI

Are You Hanging Up Your Stocking On The Wall ?

Well I hope you've washed that rancid pair you trawled through the muck and mire at AeForest, Beecraigs, Cardrona, Devilla, Elibank, Gala Hill, Holyrood Park, Inshriach, Kinneil Wood, Lanton Moor and Mabie Forest or Santa won't be leaving anything in them. It's back to that time of year when orienteers stagger out of hostelrys and swear blind they've just seen a team of reindeer fly past. Lots of grubby little notes written on the back of old control descriptions plead for a new pair of Walsh PB's promising they'll never criticise a course planner again. The little elves are busy packing job lots of garish tights which Ultrasport couldn't pay people to take. Older, wiser heads are booking up their accomodation for the Six Days and anyone who is right in the head (and that disqualifies quite a few club members !) knows that the one event not to miss over the festive period is the Christmas bash - Chez Riemersma. See you there !

Special Bumper Issue

*Scottish
Schools,*

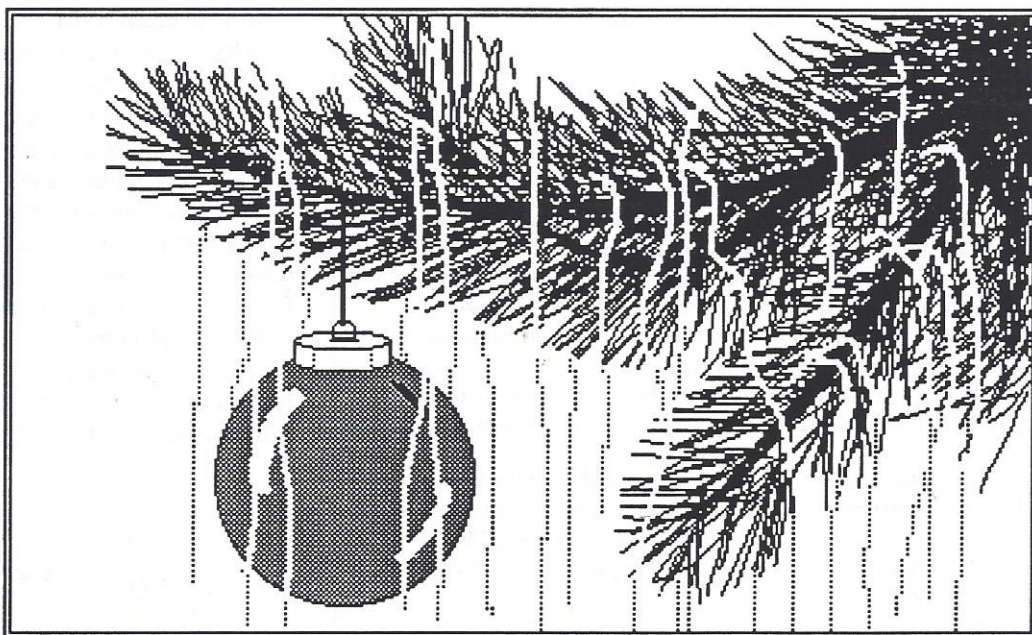
Harvester,

*Junior
Inter-Area ,*

Social Events,

*Letter From
Space,*

*Les Quatre
Jours*



In response to pleas to brighten up the sport, millions of households across the country this Christmas will test the proposed new controls shown above.

Scottish Schools Championships

*Going back a bit in time.
This article was held over from
the last issue. The editor is keen
to encourage any one daft enough to
write anything! Many thanks Graham
for your report. Can I have some more,
please! (Did someone famous not say that?).*



Membership Renewals for 1993

Full members will soon be receiving the BOF membership renewal forms for 1993. This year, the Combined fees for BOF + SOA + Club will be more than before (owing to higher fees for Club and the SOA and BOF).

The Combined fees, and the Club-only fees, for 1993 are:

Category	Combined	Club-only
Junior (born 1973 or later)	£4.90	£1.00
Senior (born 1972 or earlier)	£15.45	£4.00
Family	£22.75	£6.00
Group	£14.60	£2.00

Note that for 1993, any Juniors aged 19 or 20 are expected to be Individual members; Juniors included in Families may be aged up to 18 only. Ages are taken as at 31 December 1993.

If you intend renewing your BOF membership, please send the entire form and subscription direct to BOF. Note, however, that this year the subscription to "Compass Sport" is being handled independently of the BOF subscription.

Would Club-only members please send their subscriptions (payable to INTERLØPERS) for 1993 directly to the Club Secretary:

John Barrow
3 Charlton Grove
Roslin
Midlothian
EH25 9NY

John can also handle conversions from Club-only to full BOF membership. Please phone 031-440-2136 for answers to any queries you may have.

We left Edinburgh at 5.15 p.m. on Saturday 20th June in a Moray House College minibus bound for Aberdeen. There were 6 of us all together; Anthony Squire, Peter Robertson, Jason Ng, Martin Brown, Ross Graham and myself. When we arrived at the Aberdeen youth hostel at about 8 o'clock we were all tired and stiff from the long journey.

As everyone waited around for the warden, Anthony and I sneaked off for a game of pool at which I beat him easily. After my amazing victory we all piled back into the minibus singing "Pizza-Hut-Hut-Hut". No prizes for guessing where we wanted to go for something to eat! Once there we put in our orders. Most people ordered sensibly but Jason stupidly ordered a 'Large Hawaiian Pizza'. We all finished ours no problem but Jason ended up having to pile a quarter of his into a Pizza Hut doggie bag. As we all staggered off under the weight of our immense, bloated stomachs to face the shortest night of the year we all felt in great shape for the reason why we had come to sunny Aberdeen. The next day's Scottish Schools' Orienteering Championships.

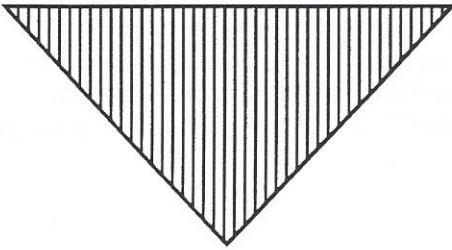
Sunday was nice and sunny and we arrived early at the event venue, Shooting Greens. After numerous trips somewhere we felt prepared for what was to come and made our final trip to the start. One by one my companions filed off and eventually, after Anthony's departure, I was the only one left. I stood around for ten minutes mentally preparing myself for the ordeal to come. Suddenly, it was my turn to go and I felt physically and mentally ready.

The first control was awful! I took at least 20 minutes on it and got totally disorientated. The rest of the course went relatively smoothly however, but I still arrived at the finish feeling as if I could have done much better. I was cheered up though to find that Ross, who had started nearly an hour before me, still hadn't arrived back yet. My cheerfulness soon vanished when I discovered that I had punched the wrong second last control.

Meanwhile, reports of Ross were coming in from as far away as Northumberland and Jason too revealed that he had been disqualified for punching wrongly at his third last control. By this time we were all beginning to feel a bit dejected and if it hadn't been for good results from Martin and Anthony and a reasonable performance from Peter, we would probably have hanged ourselves on the spot.

The medal ceremony proved a sorry affair for us with, not surprisingly, nothing for Watson's. However, I'm sure the worst part was for Anthony when he had to explain the results to the Principal on the following day.

Graham MacDonald

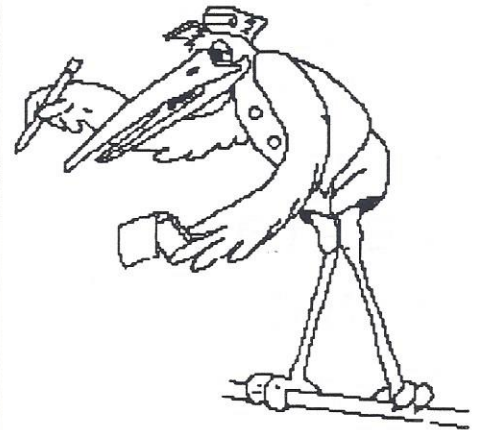


- **Sunday 15th November**
SOLWAY Local Score Event
Keir Hills, Penpont
 (NX860918)
 Information from
 L. Fraser
 (0387-710140)
- **Sunday 15th November**
PO Colour Coded
Craig a' Barns, Dunkeld
 (NO005470)
 Information from
 P. B.
 (0783-9123)
- **Sunday 22nd November**
Glasgow Gallop 8 (CUNOC)
Culzean Country Park
 (NS233100)
 Information from
 H. Moiser (0294-822880)
- **Sunday 22nd November**
LOL 3 (RR)
Cardrona, Peebles
 (NT293384)
 Information from
 J. McNeilly (05783-209)
- **Saturday 5th December**
Scottish Sprint-O
Championships (CLYDE)
Bar Hill, Twechar
 (NS700572)
 Entries to
 Dave Robertson,
 146 Fergus Drive,
 Glasgow, G20 6AT,
 (041-946-6184)
 Entry Fee £5
 Closing Date 27th November
 No EOD
- **Sunday 6th December**
Scottish Score Championships
Blairadam Forest, Kelty (WFO)
 Entries to
 Les Smithard
 150 Langton View,
 East Calder,
 West Lothian
 Entry Fees £4 / £2
 Closing Date 22nd November
 No EOD
 Enquiries to
 Andy Batham (0383-728782)
- **Saturday 12th December**
FVO Local Event
Dollarbank, Dollar
 (NS963993)
 Information from
 Jim McGroarty
 (0786-841622)
- **Sunday 13th December**
LOL 4 (ELO)
Hedderwick Hill, Dunbar
 (NT651787)
 Information from
 I. Barrie (0620-843499)
- **Monday 28th December**
ELO Local Series
Yellowcraigs, Gullane
 (NT515855)
 Starts 14.00hrs. Entry Fee £1
 Information from
 P. Rogerson
 (0386-64922)

Events



Congratulations



A bouncing baby girl for Jane and Ian. Dad looks after her while Mum goes swimming apparently. All the best to Claire McIntyre and her proud parents from all your fellow Interlopers.

The boy Kitchin has done well again! The most recent trophy to be crammed onto his mantelpiece is that for Scottish Hill Running Champion of the Year. Muchos congratulations, Andy.

Congratulations also go to those younger club members selected for the recent Junior Home Internationals in England. Ynske 1st - W15A, Gordon 3rd - M17A, Fay 7th - W13A and Anthony - 8th in M15A. Getting faster all the time, you lot!

More new members in the club. Excuse the expression and welcome Nicola Kennaway from Edinburgh and the Giannelli family from Kirknewton. We wish you all happy and successful orienteering.

Inter-Area Champs

2nd -3rd October

On Saturday at the relay race at Faskally Woods we started our bid to retain the title we won last year. The teams consisted of M13, M15 and M17 in the boys' relay and the same age group for the girls' race. Since the teams ran their legs in different orders, it was quite difficult to work out how the race was progressing. However, in the end, Lothian and Borders seemed to do quite well with 1st and 2nd places in the girls' race and 2nd place in the boys' relay. The problem was caused by several teams being told the wrong order in which they should run their legs. This resulted in some people running the wrong course. For our team, Fay Balfour (W13) ran W17, and others had to rearrange their running order at (very) short notice. Once out in the forest though the problems weren't over. The W17's had a wrong control code on their description sheets which surprisingly enough caused a few lost minutes for some. The W17 course needless to say ended up being declared void and discounted for the relays. (There then followed an exhortation from our reporter to the organising club which the editor has decided to censor in the desire to maintain good relationships with our fellow clubs. - Ed. Everybody makes mistakes - See !)

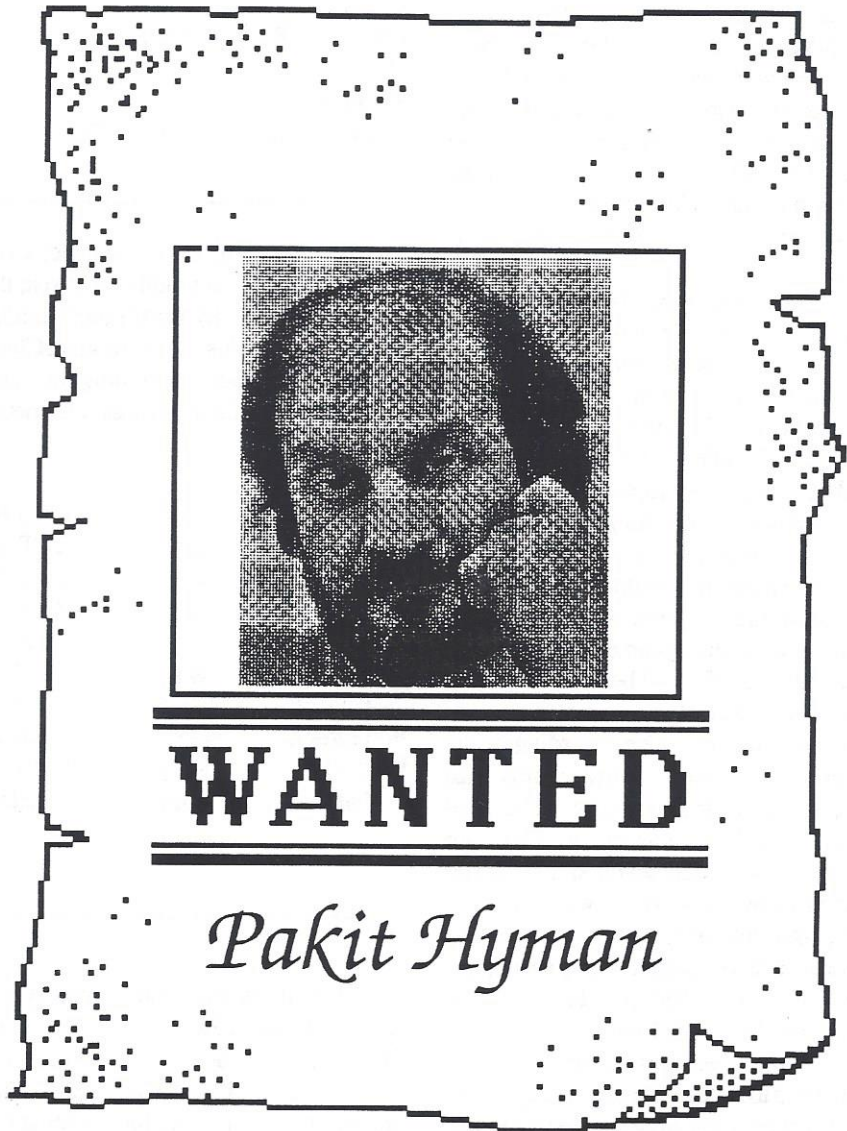
On the next day we were out on a new area, Allean, running Scotlandsgaloppen courses which were quite well planned. The area was quite tough but enjoyable nonetheless. Once more L+B did well with several individual winners and other good results. From Interløpers, Ynske came in 3rd, I came in 2nd, Anthony 3rd, and Fay and Gail came in 6th in their classes. Also worthy of note was Rachel Balfour's run. She won W11A by one and a half minutes although she was too young to count for the inter-area competition. An excellent run !

Overall then, the Lothian and Borders team did well, winning for the fourth year in a row (I think !) with considerable help from several Interløpers juniors.

Mumblings From The Chair



Errr,



For failure to meet the mighty newsletter editor's deadline, I impose a fatwa on the scurrilous dog above ! A year's free subscription to the first club member to catch him alive. (Shouldn't be too difficult !) The unworthy cur will be strapped to a table and have lager poured mercilessly down his throat till he begs for mercy and swears to write his column for Newsletter 87.

The Chairperson's Bit

The 'Not Another Club Championships' Article

The morning of the club champs was a wet and misty day. As I ran around putting out the control flags I was wondering whether anybody would turn up. Fortunately, when I reached the car park there were about fifteen people sheltering in their cars.

The club champs has over the years increasingly become an unusual event. In planning this year's event I had to follow last year's example where the controls were not marked on the map. For this year's theme I decided that, in order to find your way in orienteering, you need to use your senses and you need to use your brain (I don't! - Ed.). This led to a two-part competition with a team effort for the first section followed by an individual challenge for the second.

The teams contained five people, each using one of the five senses to discover which controls were on their course. Twenty six controls had been placed around Blackford Hill and in the valley of the Braid Burn, each labelled with a letter of the alphabet. These were copied on to a map by each competitor. The longest course was 'Phot-O'tm where the team member had to guess eleven controls from photographs of the control sites. There were three trick photographs of inaccessible sites (How did you get there? - Ed.). The second longest course was 'Ear-O'tm where the team member listened to a tape recording of me running round a nine control course with musical clues to the locations. The third course, 'Pooh-O'tm, was tricky. The team member had to smell seven spices or flavourings whose appearance was disguised by blue food colouring. These were cloves, nutmeg, oregano, rosemary, soy sauce, turmeric and vanilla. The first letter of each name gave the control letter. The fourth course, 'Yog-O'tm, was shorter. The team member had to taste six flavoured yoghourts. The correct answers were blueberry, gooseberry, hazelnut, natural, peach melba and raspberry. Congratulations go to 'Alive' yoghourts for producing a peach melba that tasted more like mandarin. Again, the first letter gave the control. Finally, 'Pean-O'tm, (after the French word for skin), was the shortest course. An apple, a banana, an orange and a pear were wrapped in a black plastic bag and the controls had to be discovered by feeling their shapes.

For the individual competition, each person was given the letters A, B, C, D, E, I, L, M, O, R, S and T. A word had to be constructed and the controls with the letters visited. It was a trade-off between the number of controls and time.

The results of the team competition were as follows:-

Sight	Sound	Taste	Smell	Touch	
Team A					
Charlie	Colin	Lucy	Scott	Kirsty	35 controls in 180 minutes
Team C					
Ian	Ray	Cathy	Pat	Rachel	35 controls in 223 minutes
Team B					
Gordon	Janet	Gail	Eva	Fay	34 controls in 234 minutes

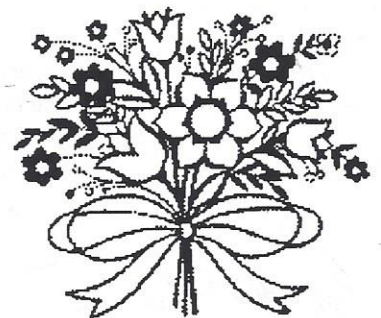
At the time of the event the exact scoring method for the individual competition had not been decided. I eventually arrived at the formula that each person's score was the number of controls * (1 + 16 mins/time) * handicap, where the handicap was the mins/km achieved by their class in this year's Scottish Champs. This accounted for both the number of controls found and the speed of finding the controls.

The results of the individual competition were:-

1. Cathy	W40	BAG in 10 minutes	75.7 points
2. Fay /Rachel	W13/W11	CAT in 14 minutes	71.4 points
3. Janet	W21	STORM in 24 minutes	70.8 points
Lucy	W21	ROAST in 24 minutes	70.8 points
5. Ian	M21	CORDIALS in 28 minutes	70.4 points
6. Gail	W15	MIST in 19 minutes	70.0 points
7. Charlie	M21	STORABLE in 29 minutes	69.5 points
8. Gordon	M17	STORM in 15 minutes	67.2 points
9. Colin	M35	SMILER in 26 minutes	63.0 points
Pat	M45	CREDIBLAMOST in 39 minutes	Not in dictionary!

For the life of me I can't understand why two people chose the word 'storm' on that particular day. If Pat's word had been in my dictionary he would have scored 125.2 points. The timing accuracy of +/- 2 minutes will have made a big difference to peoples' positions. (So that's how I didn't win! - Ed.). Finally many thanks to those gallant souls who let me dry out in the car while they went and collected the controls in for me at the end.

Well Done Cathy !





A selection of results in very random order because I can't remember when some of them happened !

Pentland Skyline Race

One of the most challenging races on the hill running calendar. Something of the order of 14 miles and 6,500 feet of climb. Imagine poor Graeme Ackland's frustration coming down out of the mist to see someone in front of him for the first time and to lose by 1 second. Well run, Graeme !

2nd	Graeme Ackland
6th	Pakit Hyman
15th (?)	Pete Kinny
25th (?)	Charlie Walton

Saturday 19th September Scotlandsgaloppen 5 Achilty, Contin

A loyal band of Interløpers made the pilgrimage north for the Club Weekend and on the whole were rewarded with some fine results. There were some complaints about the bracken from certain quarters.

M13A	TimBarrow	18th
M15A	Anthony Squire	1st
M19A	Gordon Riemersma	2nd
M21E	Pakit Hyman	4th
	Steve Conway	5th
	Simon Thompson	11th
M21L	Dag Aksnes	1st
	Phil Smith	9th
M21S	Andrew Bankhead	1st
M40L	David Marshall	5th
	Pat Squire	6th
M45L	Scott Balfour	2nd
M45S	Steve Ambler	2nd
M60L	Ray Heyworth	2nd
W11A	Rachel Balfour	4th
W13A	Fay Balfour	4th
W15A	Gail Balfour	10th
W17A	Ynske Riemersma	1st

Sunday 20th September Moravian Bull Trophy Darnaway

Some orienteers seemed to disappear by the next day, others ran up a class and others ran out of steam by the looks of things.

M13A	TimBarrow	13th	M15A	Anthony Squire	2nd
M17A	Anthony Squire	2nd	M21E	Pakit Hyman	3rd
M21L	Pakit Hyman	1st		Colin Eades	5th
	Rob Lee	2nd	M21L	Robin Galloway	1st
	Gordon Riemersma	5th	M21S	Andrew Bankhead	2nd
	Ben Hartman	6th	M40L	Dave Marshall	1st
	Steve Conway	9th		Pat Squire	9th
	Simon Thompson	14th	M45L	Scott Balfour	4th
	Phil Smith	22nd	M45S	Steve Ambler	1st
M21S	Andrew Bankhead	11th	M60L	Ray Heyworth	2nd
M40L	David Marshall	1st	W11A	Rachel Balfour	5th
	Pat Squire	5th	W13A	Fay Balfour	4th
M45L	John Barrow	13th	W15A	Gail Balfour	6th
M45S	Steve Ambler	3rd	W17A	Ynske Riemersma	2nd
W17A	Ynske Riemersma	1st			
W21L	Lucy Galloway	13th			

Saturday -Sunday 17th/18th October Senior Home Internationals Trossachs / Duchray Water

More international caps for Interløpers.

M19	Gordon Riemersma	3rd
M21	Pakit Hyman	10th
W21	Lorna Eades	7th
W35	Carol McNeill	1st

Carol was unsportingly running for England again. Hilary Smith, in her last international, finished 4th behind her.

In the relays next day at Duchray Water Scotland came 2nd in the Long Course, 2nd in the Medium, and won the short course. So in the relays overall we were 2nd, as we had been the previous day in the individual, making us 2nd over the weekend to guess who ?

No results from our junior internationals as yet but they have been busy too. Watch this space !

Scotlandsgaloppen is all over and done with now so those involved probably know roughly how well they have done over the year. Persistent injury has prevented me from attending any of them so I'm afraid I'm not up to date on this score. Leading Interløpers going into the last event at Ae were as follows :-

No doubt we'll have some successes to celebrate here. Unfortunately we seem to be being pipped at the post by ESOC in the unofficial club league.

1st	ESOC	1311 pts
2nd	INT	1373 pts
3rd	CLYDE	1483 pts
4th	INVOC	1745 pts
5th	GRAMP	1833 pts
6th	FVO	1869 pts

Apologies to those looking for some acknowledgement of a marvellous run I've missed. If you have done well - don't be modest ! Phone me up and tell me or write a note. You'll never become famous otherwise.

Coming Your Way Soon

Skittles

Ten Pin Bowling

Burns Supper

dnf

as well as standing for did not finish, on this page it means **do not forget !**

- Anyone interested in attending a BOF Instructor / Club Coach course. It's being held at Lakeland YMCA and costs £50 + VAT. Ring John Barrow (440-2136) for details.
- The National Coaching Conference is coming up soon at Lillieshall. John has the information on this also.
- Probably of more relevance and use is the opportunity for our existing controllers to upgrade themselves. The relevant parties have no doubt already had their arms twisted but for others interested, the SOA Controller's Course will be held at Stirling University on Saturday 16th January. Contact Jim Heardman on 031-441-2335 for further details.
- Who ordered an O-suit ? Honestly, now ! The order has been made so the suits should be arriving soon. The only problem is we've lost the list of those who wanted them. Get in touch with Eva or Rudolf now (445-4419). It would also help club finances if you dispatch £25 (for starters) to Ian McIntyre. Doing so will no doubt give you pole position for getting your hands on one. The final cost is not known as yet thanks to the actions of Mr. Lamont but don't worry - we'll let you know. Look out for a wheelbarrow to carry your pound notes in.
- Did you pay for your run at the 14-Person Relay and/or the Harvester ? £4 for seniors, £2 for juniors. Money to anyone on the Committee you see or can trust.
- Don't forget the Mince Pie and Mulled Wine Party. Phone Eva if you want more details. Information on the Historienteering from Andrew on 556-5141
- The Six Days on Royal Deeside runs from Sunday 1st August to Saturday 7th August. The event centre is at Aboyne. The important day for Interlopers is Day 4 (Thursday 5th) when we will be helping to organise the proceedings. What with Windsor Castle burning down, your chances of seeing assorted Royals is probably much greater now.
- Is your name on the list for the Sports Medicine Clinic at Moray House ? If it is, have you paid Pat Squire the £10 fee. Do it now !
- Like all responsible organisations (?????) we've decided to hold an audit. Accordingly, the Club Equipment Officer, (Pat 445-4830), would like to hear from anyone who has got any piece of hardware belonging to the club so that he can complete the massive task of cataloguing and inventorising it all.
- Also ongoing is the consolidation of the Club Library. Do you have any books or manuals belonging to the club ? Do you have anything you would consider loaning or making available on approval to club members. Steve Ambler has volunteered to catalogue the permanent collection (and temporary loans) and make their availability more widely publicised. Get in touch with Steve on 447-2634.
- For night-o fanatics, ELO are likely to be holding the LBOA Night Champs this year. (ESOC getting a bit fed up doing it every year). Likely venues - Barns Ness or Yellowcraigs.
- The first deadline for entering the Six Days is approaching (31st January). Send off now and save some money before the fees go up. PO Box 93, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, AB34 5EJ
- Has anyone out there lost a pair of grey tracksuit bottoms ? Eva's got them if they're yours.

Junior Page

Hi again! I hope that you tried the wordsearch in the last issue. This month's fiendish competition has been devised by Anthony Squire. Look out for more in future newsletters.

Gail Balpour

Out On The Course

At a recent event, five orienteers are competing on M11A. It is now 12.20 p.m. and one runner is finished and the others are all at different controls. They all run for different clubs.

Using the clues below, can you work out when each person started, for what club each runs and what control he is at?

11.53 11.57 12.04 12.10 12.12 INT ESOC INVOC CLYDE RR 2 4 7 11 Finish

Alan Punch																	
Bill Kite																	
Colin Control																	
David Tent																	
Edward Tape																	
Control 2																	
Control 4																	
Control 7																	
Control 14																	
Finish																	
INT																	
ESOC																	
INVOC																	
CLYDE																	
RR																	

Name	Start	Club	Control
Alan Punch			
Bill Kite			
Colin Control			
David Tent			
Edward Tape			

Clues

- David Tent started at 11.57.
- Edward Tape is at Control 4 but wasn't the first starter.
- Colin Control runs for INT and is not at Control 2.
- The orienteer who is at Control 2 started before 12.00.
- Bill Kite doesn't run for INVOC.
- Neither is he the Clyde runner who started at 12.10.
- The RR runner has finished and he started within 5 minutes either side of 12.00.
- Alan Punch doesn't run for INVOC.
- The orienteer who started at 12.04 is now at Control 7.

Answers in the next issue.

Harvester

But what do I take with me? I mean, I've done the odd night event before but not at 2 o'clock in the morning and miles away from home. After amassing enough equipment (warmwear, wetwear, emergency rations, orienteering paraphernalia) to furnish an expeditionary force to the Falklands I felt I was ready for Devilla and the Harvester.

Off up to Summerhall Square and the assembling teams and I think I've made a quantum leap through a time tunnel into this flat. It's full of youngish chaps milling about. A devil may care atmosphere pervades. Sounds blast out from a hi-fi system that I recall from teacher training days. (Is this stuff making a comeback?) Several of the assembled crowd are partaking of strong beverages. Others are earnestly debating the key questions of our time (What club should I choose for my approach shot on Hole 6 of the PGA Golf game on the PC?) What is a responsible family man like myself, at least 10 years older than any of these ne'er-do-wells doing here? Where is the zen-like concentration on the perfect performance ahead I have always assumed to be the customary mental preparation of such elite athletes? Was I like this once?

Anyway, some time later someone latches on to the idea that perhaps we should start making a move to the west. People are allocated to cars with the careful thought and precision that characterised the raid on Arnhem. Somehow every one seems to find themselves in one form of transport or another apart from me and Pakit who stand outside the Dick Vet for what seems like an eternity with all our gear awaiting the arrival of Andy Kitchin and his chariot of fire. After about 20 minutes Pakit is ready to put Plan 1b into operation which if I recall correctly went along the lines of get a bus down to Waverley, train to Livingston, wait for his Dad who is coming up from Lancaster and get a lift with him. Andy eventually arrived and we cruised off with an entertaining comedy programme on the radio keeping us amused for most of the way there.

Arriving at the Scottish Police College at Tulliallan, the car park is already quite full. Other intrepid souls are organising their caravanserai for the journey to the assembly field. Whether their wheeled luggage carri-

ers will negotiate the locked gates and narrow, muddy tracks en route remains to be seen. We head off relying on other folks headlamps. (The sign of true professionals - conserving their batteries and acclimatising their night vision). Whatever Andy had for his tea was full of live culture. On our way through the forest the ozone layer is in severe danger. What is the secret of his diet that makes him run so fast?

A twenty minute hike and we're just getting on to the map. Much more of this and I'm back off home. The trek gives me plenty of time for thought, like - "What am I doing here?" Next thing I'm clambering over a wall and we've arrived at Base Camp. The Club Tent is up looking like a whale amongst a school of dolphins surrounding it. I had thought of bringing my tent but the weight and bulk of an old Vango seems a bit outmoded compared with today's lightweight efforts. Rudolph and Eva are eagerly ticking off each arrival, imparting concern, offering advice and I think showing a little sign of trepidation at the organising task they've let themselves in for.

So what do I do now? Do I stand around looking cool and giving off the air of someone who knows what one does at these sort of things or do I crawl into a corner of the tent and hide. You've guessed right! Unfortunately I don't realise that Gordon is actually sleeping there and trample on him as I try to find the optimum position for me and my impedimenta. After much burrowing in my rucksack and working out where everything was so that it would be ready at hand and searching for a comfy pitch I lay down and tried to get some shut-eye. An impossible task I knew because I never sleep well in a strange place and it was nowhere near my bedtime yet either. I just lay there and tried to get as much rest as I could. Outside there was much to-ing and fro-ing and earnest discussion about battery life. I began to wish I'd brought my own tent. Then Gordon decided to wake up and warm up. Panic stations were beginning to sound with the non-arrival of Ian McIntyre. When the poor lad appeared it was with a monumental nose-bleed which had started on the way from the car park. Expert medical advice from Tim was that he should lie

down and rest and forgo his starting run. It wasn't very long before wild whoops signified the start of the 'A' race. I couldn't tear myself out of my sleeping bag to go and watch it. I did see him coming back though. It was quite exciting with two runners belting in towards the finish. We were in 2nd place and only 2 seconds behind. The problem with these events is you want as much rest as possible and you would prefer to be tucked in nice and warm but you can never really predict when your team mate is going to come in and hand over to you. Once up I just milled around aimlessly. There was a scare after Pat arrived back in when an ominous red circle appeared beside his name on the results board. Disqualified! Was it going to be a waste of time now? Fortunately it proved to be the work of some jester. Tim was back and already back in his tent for the rest of the night and I hadn't even started.

Charlie, despite his avowed dislike of night events, fairly whizzed round his course and actually seemed to enjoy it. Major discussions were taking place about the allocation of headlamps. Dilemma - Go for the more powerful one with uncertain battery life and hump around a spare or grope around in the dark with my own Petzl. No contest. Stick with my own. Then over the PA system I hear that Ynske's coming in. Team Manager Eva helps me out of my warm weather gear and I struggle to get myself together as her daughter comes bounding in. Well this it. I can't avoid it now.

Stay calm. Whatever you do don't panic. Make for the track. Nice and easy. Don't take any stupid risks and you'll be OK. Head for the crossroads, turn right, wait for the bend in the road and look for the gap in the trees. Got it! Find the large ditch and the dry ditch is just above it. A little search and Control 1 is under my belt. Only eight left. Decision time. The route to 2 looks a bit ominous. No obvious handrails. There's a clear route in by the roads and a wide ride but it's long and roundabout. Caution rather than valour. In retrospect I should have risked following the ditches skirting round the hillside. I think I know where I am. Have I gone far enough along the ride for this shallow re-entrant. About here seems

right. Inspired timing. There's the control. Some sixth sense is helping me. Back to the road. Find the dip and head off. There should be marsh underfoot. Here's the single knoll. There's a marker but it's not mine. I'm not too far away from it but I lose time here because of underestimating my pacing. Back on to the road. I'm still reluctant to use the ditches preferring to get closer on the roads for an attack point. I just don't want to screw up and let the team down. The doubts begin surfacing. What if I take hours? I've got to finish. I eventually find the ditch junction and a young lady helps me to the clearing and the control. This part of the forest seems to be quite busy all of a sudden. I go wild here and just blast off through the forest on the compass checking off the ditches and the rides. It seems a long leg but my course is fairly true and I end up coming out where I want to be. Off to six. I get dragged off the straight line here but I know where I am. Spot the gully, over the knoll and there's the re-entrant. I feel as if I'm going quite smoothly now. Around by the rides and a short climb to the knoll. A group of us are keeping pace with one another and we seem to be travelling quite swiftly. I'm sure they've overshoot number 8. I check and head back off the footpath to the right and find it. One control left. Across the cleared

area, aiming for the fence corner, run along the fence and there's the spur. On the run in I'm so anxious I trip over as I follow the tapes. Pick myself up and bawl out 60/3 to the check point. I'm running in to the finish to hand over to Simon. Have I kept him waiting for ages? I've not looked at my watch, I've been concentrating so much on my run. A feeling of disappointment creeps over me when I realise it's taken me 74 minutes for 3.7kms. That's 20 minute/kms. I knew I'd lost some time but I thought that I had been running fairly steadily. I'm disappointed with my performance. Fay has had a very good run for the other team and is only three and a half minutes slower than me. Graham has also done well and Interlopers are picking up places. Now though, the comfort of my sleeping bag holds more attraction for me than keeping team morale up. I don't care. I just want some sleep. We're really into the wee small hours now as the unsung heroes do the longer legs in the depths of night. While I doze away, Simon, Pete, Dag and a sorry-looking Ian perform heroics on the night shift. The 'A' Team are finding it tough going and are losing ground. The 'B' Teams continue rising up through the rankings. I surface around daylight. Ian's gone off to his work already! All is gloom and despon-

dency with the elite runners. They sense their chance of winning has slipped away. Steve runs like a man possessed to try and make up the leeway. He's absolutely knackered when he comes in. He's tried his best and he hardly has the energy to voice his disappointment. The younger runners are doing their bit now. Anthony and Gail run well and hand over to our final runners in good positions. Things become a bit uncertain when all the last leg runners have been set off and it will take a while to work out the actual placings. A large band of club members stand by the track where the runners do a loop. Andy is coasting knowing we can't win. Graeme brings us home in 4th place. Poor Ben goes over his ankle early on and loses a few places. We seem to be in 20th but in the results are credited with 12th. So we end up doing very well. Our decision to go for mixed teams of youth and experience doesn't seem to have harmed us. A more stronger 'B' Team may have been in with a shout of winning but we all enjoyed ourselves anyway, I think. Many thanks must go to the hard-working and sleepless managers - Eva, Rudolf and Martin. You were great. And a big thanks to ESOC for managing everything about the event so efficiently. So where's it being held next year?

Leg 1	Leg 2	Leg 3	Leg 4	Leg 5	Leg 6	Leg 7	Runner
Gordon R	Colin E	Graham McI	Rob L	Pakit H	Steve C	Andy K	
64.08	157.46	217.44	326.00	439.39	512.16	609.44	Race Time
64.08	94.11	59.30	108.16	113.39	72.37	97.28	Leg Time
7.0	7.0	4.8	9.9	9.9	10.5	12.4	Distance
2	4	2	3	4	1	4	Leg
2	2	2	2	3	2	2	Position

Leg 1	Leg 2	Leg 3	Leg 4	Leg 5	Leg 6	Leg 7	Runner
Tim J	Charlie W	Fay B	Ian McI	Pete K	Anthony S	Graeme A	
86.25	148.20	226.43	342.24	423.22	487.50	574.29	
86.25	61.55	78.23	115.41	80.58	64.28	86.39	
5.0	5.0	3.7	8.3	8.3	6.3	9.9	
23	1	16	22	11	16	17	
23	7	6	4	4	5	4	

Leg 1	Leg 2	Leg 3	Leg 4	Leg 5	Leg 6	Leg 7	Runner
Pat S	Ynske R	Colin I	Simon T	Dag A	Gail B	Ben H	
95.26	177.26	252.19	360.48	439.11	516.44	611.46	
95.26	82.00	74.53	108.29	78.23	77.33	95.02	
5.0	5.0	3.7	8.3	8.3	6.3	9.9	
27	13	8	13	9	25	25	
27	18	11	10	6	8	12	

Sur Le Continent Avec Andrew



During the summer I visited France to take part in a three day competition and the French Championships. This year these were held in the region called Les Landes (The Moors) to the south of Bordeaux. This region was formerly a humid moorland area where farmers kept sheep. A symbol of the region is the long stilts that people used to keep their feet above the humid sand. Last century, Napoleon III planted the region with pines. The trees absorbed much of the water and the region became more fertile. A new industry of tapping the trees for resin grew up.

The orienteering was held next to the coast near the little town of Lit-et-Mixe. The maps overlapped each other slightly as they charted the former sand dunes for many miles. The trees were a reasonable distance apart and the areas were very runnable with plenty of contour information. Each event was only a short journey from the town.

During most of the week, the weather was hot and sunny. I was staying at a four-star camp site which had a heated outdoor swimming pool, a cafe and bar, and a shop. The pool proved to be very refreshing in the afternoons. The week was meant to be a total immersion into French culture but I only managed a total immersion in water. The first day saw me making a 180 degree error from the start - I could not believe that I should turn sharply back on myself. This gave me a bad result and I had to make up for it slowly over the three days.

Each day a sheet of news appeared called the Course d'Orientation Gazette. The first issue commented on the good results of the 'Anglo-Saxon' competitors which seemed to bracket together everyone from the Commonwealth. A British woman (Jenny James) finished in front of a Canadian in D21E, two New Zealanders in front of a Briton (Mark Chapman) in H21E and a British woman (Clare Barnes) and an Australian man lead the 20E classes. There were around 200 British competitors compared with about 400 French. Another article commented on the results of the shortest course. Half the competitors had punched wrongly at a knoll on the left of the path instead of a depression on the right. Perhaps they were holding their maps up-

side down !

The second issue contained a list of the people who had done the double by winning the first two days including Ian Rochford (H35A) and John Rix (H40) for Great Britain. Alas two retired 'resiniers' (I don't know the English word for people who tap resin) who know the forest well were surprised at the navigational ability of the runners.

"They see a tree, they run towards it . . . and yet the pines are not numbered !".

In the third issue, after the regional newspaper 'Sud-Ouest' had published the list of winners, the C d'O Gazette published an exclusive - a list of the last runners in each class. I knew there was some way that I could become famous. Also there was a little story about a five year old French boy speaking to a little Czech of a similar age.

"You want some sand ? . . ."

"???"

"Say, you want some sand ?"

"!!!!"

A French adult arrives.

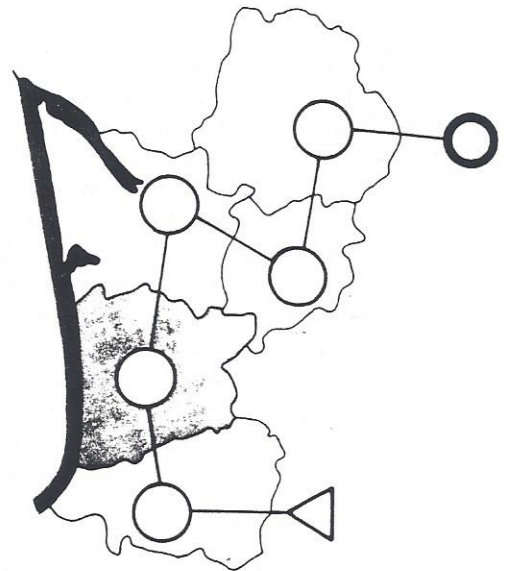
"He does not understand French. He cannot reply !"

Immediate reply of the little one in a somewhat mocking tone to someone older who hasn't understood anything.

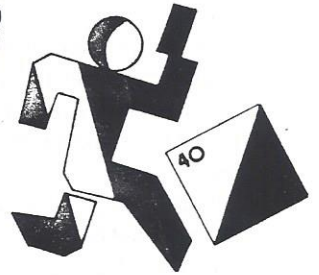
"We're not playing in French, we're playing in sand !!!"

There was, alas, not much of a social focus during the week except for prize-givings as the orienteers were spread over a number of camp sites. Fortunately for me, I had a friendly family from Cherbourg camping next to me. I made a couple of trips to restaurants where the food was excellent and quite cheap. I also visited an old house and an old farming village during the week.

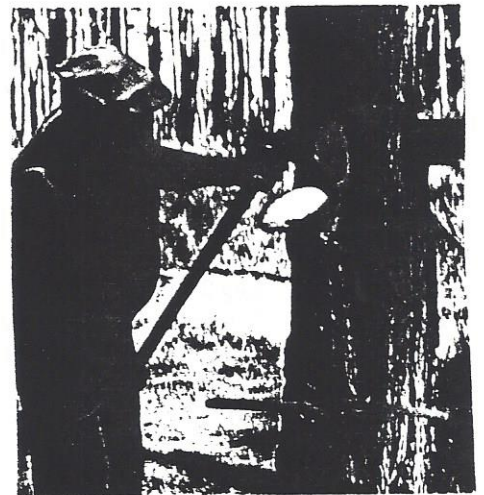
At the end of the orienteering I was 17th out of 43 in H21B and the three day competition and was 14th out of 52 in the French Championships. Cathy Tilbrook and Neil Melville were there running for Edinburgh University. Cathy was 6th in the 3 Days and 12th in the Championship in D21A, while Neil finished 10th in the Championships in H21B. British competitors ended up winning many classes in the 3 Days and Kirsty Bryan-Jones took third place in D21E in the Championships.



4 JOURS EN PAYS LANDAIS



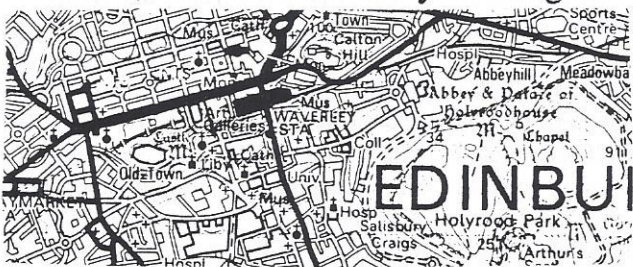
Office National des Forêts





Historienteering

Dust off your contour-only map of the city centre, grab a pen, some beer money, check the batteries in your headlamp or torch, wrap up well and head on down to the RSA, the Social Secretary is at it again.

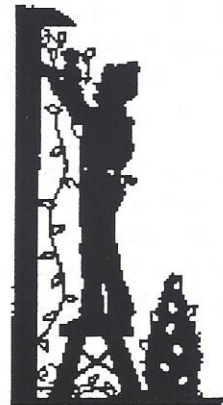


When: Wednesday December 2nd
Where: In front of the Royal Scottish Academy, Princes Street
Time: 7.30 p.m.

Remember your pen and torch!

CHRISTMAS

Mulled Wine and Mince Pie Party



At the Riemersmas
 36 Buckstone Loan
 On Friday 18th December
 From 8.00 p.m

Bring your own mince pies and wine

M thirtysomething



86

This is it! The moment you've been waiting for - the last Mthirtysomething. You believe your whispered prayers have finally been answered only for your dearest hopes and wishes to be cruelly dashed when your deranged editor confesses that he is not relinquishing his post but merely reaching the orienteer's menopause. Yes from next issue you'll have to put up with Mfortysomething. Whether passing this control site in the brief history of time unhinges him anymore remains to be seen. Of course there are those that would argue that there's no turning back once you reach M/W35 but in my case I didn't really start the sport seriously until then. I can remember some of my then volleyballing colleagues warning me of being on the steady downhill slope when I reached 30. I can't say I really noticed any difference, but 3 years and two children later I think maybe I began too. I also remember laughing at a fellow member of staff in my marathon days when he retorted "Let's see if you're still running when you're my age!" He had just turned 40. At the time I thought there was no danger that I wouldn't be running but the

way things are going he might be proved right. That's probably a bit melodramatic. You can probably tell by now that I'm suffering the angst of not being able to go out for a run due to injury yet again. The old record has been brought out for another spin. Not another boring doom and gloom injury story! I'll keep it brief this time. Squash or indoor football - turning too quickly - niggling pain in right knee - not doing much running - go out - come back - in agony. Fuss and fret - will it go away? - do I see the doctor? - when will I get an appointment? - he'll just say rest - eventually go - probably medial ligament strain - rest! My doctor was actually quite informative and sympathetic about it. I then thought, should I consult the sports injury clinic? After much swithering over whether I should take time off school to consult them I did. I was given a very rigorous examination and the doctor seemed to agree with the diagnosis I had been given but thought perhaps there may be some rubbish floating around from a previous injury in there and suggested a possible arthroscopy (?) to find out if there was no improvement after the exer-

cise programme. Wait a minute says I! I'm not that desperate that I want my knee cut open. I'll suffer, I'll suffer - OK! Through to the physiotherapist and my first ever experience of ultrasound and a sheet of straight leg exercises. The usual advice, 10 sets of 10 exercises, three times a day. You'll be able to fit them in no bother at all into your daily routine. Oh yeah! Anyway, I've tried my best and the healing process is beginning to take effect. I went out for my first run in a month on Saturday. The knee was a bit tender and needless to say I was a bit out of breath, but I survived. The visit to Moray House was worth it for allaying my fears and giving me a positive programme of rehabilitation. The staff were very helpful and I actually got to play with a wee model of a knee instead of having to try and understand from the wild motions my doctors make with their pens in the air as they try to describe where my cruciates are and how the knee bone is connected to the thigh bone, etc. Now all I need to know is whether they've got a programme for taking ten years off my life before the next issue!

Hilary Smith

A lot of what I've been saying in this issue just turns into insignificance now. John has just phoned me up and given me some very sad news. He just mentioned Hilary's name and a sickening feeling crept over me as I think I realised what he was going to say next. It's a strange thing. I didn't know Hilary all that well but a sense of loss gripped me. Perhaps that's because of the person she was and the effect she had on people.

The details are very sketchy as I write. I've just phoned up one of my colleagues from school who was canoeing at Benmore this weekend and he couldn't add to what John was told. As far as we know Hilary's car skidded on some black ice and went off the road near Ardentenny and it wasn't found till the next morning.

Hilary was one of the earliest Interløpers and along with Carol McNeill and Bob Peck, one of the most successful. She was

still competing today with the same enthusiasm and determination as she had when she started.

I first met Hilary before she became an Interløper. We both did Geography together at the same time at university. Some of us used to pop over to the Sports Centre for lunch because it was quieter and you were served quicker there and Hilary would inevitably be there. It didn't really come as much of a surprise in later years when she became President of the Sports Union. Being a really serious student I wondered how she could get through her courses successfully considering the amount of time she spent on all the activities she enjoyed but that seemed to be the way she lived life. Inevitably though, she did, and after graduation you knew it wouldn't be a 9 to 5 office job for her.

I found out a few years later taking some kids to Benmore. I hadn't been for a while

and one of the instructors asked me if I did any sports in particular. I had just taken up orienteering and he told me that his girl friend who worked at Strathclyde's outdoor centre over the hill at Ardentenny was an orienteer too. Making polite conversation I asked how good she was or something like that and received the reply, "She's British Champion." My ignorance was further enlightened a few seconds later when he told me the girl in question was Hilary. I saw her on and off at a few events after that, always laughing, always smiling.

There was a long period in between those times when I gather that Hilary achieved a great deal in orienteering. I'll leave it to some other club member who knew her in those times to pay respect to her more adequately in the next issue. Suffice to say that we as a club and Scottish orienteering in general will miss her and the joy she brought a lot.