

Interlopers Newsletter CLXXXIV

Editorial

by THE EDITOR

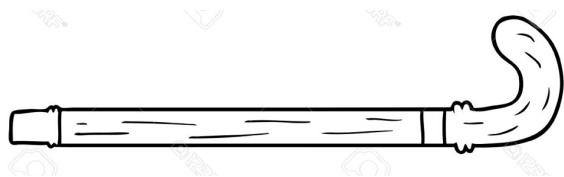
Welcome to the delayed Xmas/Hogmanay/Burns Night/Valentines newsletter. Alas, the electronic reindeer/first-footers/haggises/florists must have taken a wrong turn at the rooftop/snowman/groaning-trencher/petrol-station, because March is already haring towards us. Luckily we have the INTEResting weekly email to keep you up to date with fixtures, results and good cheer, leaving the Newsletter as a repository for the ramblings of old-men (of all ages and genders).

In this edition you can read about Interlopers' valiant but failed defence of the CompassSport trophy; Family Ackland's various sojourns; Jane Carcas' Good Samaritanism on Arthur's seat; Marmot Mountains at Midnight with McIntyres; a history of Edinburgh's greatest training session and Mr. Inverarity's trail of consciousness-O (as opposed to trail-O of consciousness) as he cracks the top-100 at the Festive Frolic.

Anyway, with just one Big Weekend and one SOL already behind us, the bulk of the season awaits, with a herd of Sprintelopes and a purring of CATI's (it being the nature of cats not to accumulate in a collective-nounable fashion). For further-flung fun, the British Champs are in the South Downs and the JK in the Northern Ups. Cap'n Rob Lee will arrange relay teams for these.

We also have a team going to Finland for Jukola, for anyone wanting to party through all night and fail; it being in Rovaniemi, home to Santa Claus and those aforementioned temporarily-delayed newsletter-delivery reindeer.

And finally, an old joke for the new year: What's Brown and Sticky?



... (the editor orienteering)

Highlights from the Committee

by GIRLY SWOTs

In early December, the committee held a "Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities, and Threats" analysis workshop. We identified some of these, mainly to do with ESOC. With a dearth of club trophies in 2019, we should try to win something this year. And to enable this to happen, we should do some more coaching. There was also some chat about using this new-fangled interweb thingy, and perhaps getting a popular beat combo to enliven our socials. Sadly, this was all beyond your editor who by this stage had found the biscuits.



The rewards of committee participation

We're also mapping Little France Park: Edinburgh's "Biggest new park in a generation." Extending beyond Craigmillar Castle out to the Wisp, it is the city's newest park *"reclaiming unmanaged grassland into a 45-hectare playground for the local community, a green corridor for wildlife, and connector for people biking from the city centre to Midlothian"*.

Sounds like a paradise for orienteering? Well, its certainly got a nice cyclepath, and a big fenced-off area might herald some new tree regeneration. We start nibbling around the edges at the CATI on March 7th and the Sprintelope on April 29th: so come and try it for yourself!



Whistling in the Wind

Editor's note: Jane Carcas was among the first responders to find a member of the public suffering a suspected stroke in a remote corner of Salisbury Crags. Had it not been for an orienteering event on a wet January morning, the outcome could have been even more severe. Here's the story, with some salient advice for the future.

Sunday at the EUOC Big Weekend brought a bit of added excitement for some of us and started with a whistle being blown repeatedly.

What did I find?

Some orienteers and a casualty who seemed to be drifting in and out of consciousness.

What did I learn?

Need someone at the scene to co-ordinate what is going on and clear communication.. quite a few people phoned the emergency services.

Two paediatric dentists are better than 1 (I was introducing a work colleague to orienteering when we heard the whistle). But doctors are even better - 2 doctors and a mountain rescue team member arrived - phew.

Mobile phones are really useful (glad I had a millennial newbie with me).

Trying to describe where you are is difficult especially when you are in the middle of a circular road - up from a pond by a bog. Hmm.

That the ambulance you can see may not be for your casualty and if it has a corpse in it the crew will not (can-not???) help you.

That ambulance crews use Sat nav! (well at least that is the only reason I can think of for them driving out and round the park to get from one side to the other rather than simply driving around the barrier and following the internal road)

A basic first aid kit isn't very reassuring.

It can take a very long time to get help and standing still makes you cold.

What next?

- Consider taking a mobile phone and why not have an app on your phone that gives your precise location eg the "what 3 words" app which gives you 3 unique words to describe a 3 × 3m location anywhere on the planet and avoids confusion with transcribing number such as a grid reference.
- Take a whistle and remember - 6 blasts and then rest for a minute and repeat (otherwise I may think you are a child messing about) - and why not keep a plastic whistle attached to all your bottoms and wash them with it in situ then you will never forget it. (Top tip from Max!). You probably won't need to use it to save yourself but you may need it to save someone else.
- Take the new Interlopers emergency rucksack to the casualty. This includes an emergency shelter, a warm jacket and lots of useful kit as recommended by mountain rescue.

Crossword

by MAN-MADE FEATURES O AND X

Draw your own 3x3 grid...

Across

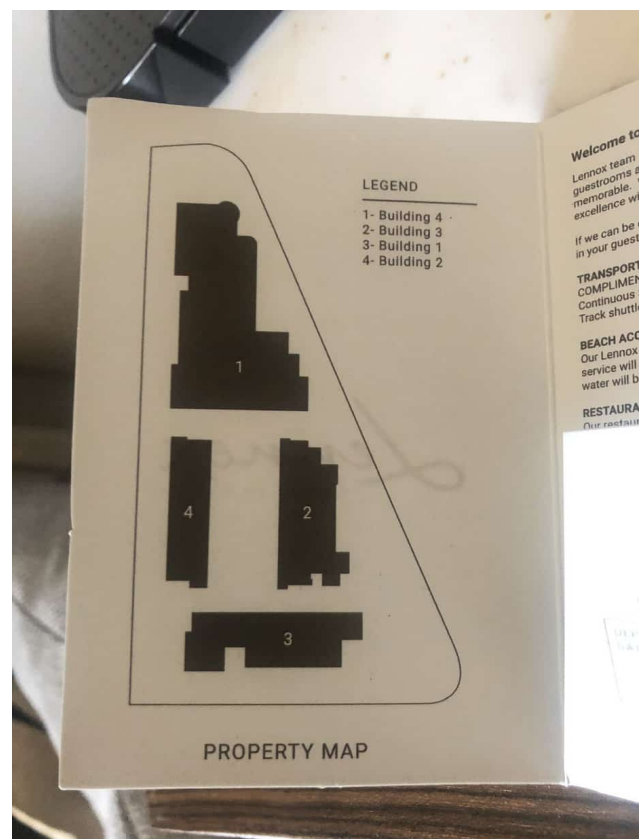
1. Orienteering club
2. Beer container
3. Japanese telecom company

Down

1. UK news broadcaster
2. Louse
3. Explosive



Great ESOC areas of our time #1



Fantasy terrain and a legendary legend



Graeme does something wrong

by JANE

Picture this: a beautiful clear sunny day in late December. The latitude is 38.4 N, but it's not warm up in the hills, and we are down to our last bits of clean O kit (Interlopers summer tops, little perforations). It is the final day of the Alicante O meet, so the hire car is packed for the return trip to the airport. We've had a great time at this cosy-sized event. It is only in its second year of existence, and seemingly hasn't yet been discovered by UK orienteers, but looks like becoming a fantastic addition to the post-Christmas calendar.

Parking is in an exposed car park on one side of a road at the top of a pass and the small assembly is opposite, at a tourist viewpoint. There isn't really any obvious space to set up camp. So we get ready to run, tidy everything into the car and debate what to do with the car key. Graeme volunteers his zippable trouser pocket, and we head off into lovely terrain. Lots of rock and small negotiable (on your backside) cliffs, scrubby bushes reducing the runability and visibility just enough to make things fun.

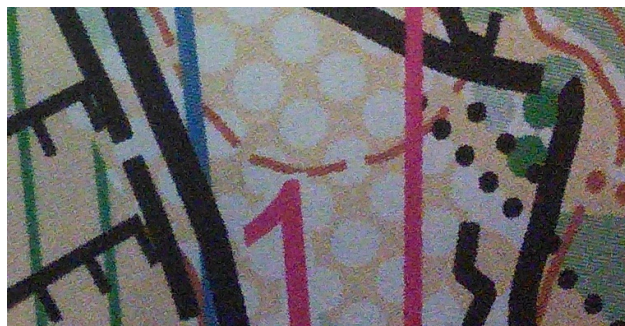
We have different courses, but end up racing each other to the finish, and then head back to warm clothes and snacks in the car. Graeme reaches round to his back pocket and lets out a teensie weensie expletive or two. We are car-key-less. There is no spare. We wander despondently around Graeme's course, knowing full well that we won't find a key in that sort of terrain.

Passports and mobile phones are locked in the car, and there is no-one, absolutely no-one still left at the event who we know or who might speak English, and my Spanish is way too sketchy for this kind of situation. We head off to approach wonderful but complete strangers. Some kindly Spaniards start negotiations with the car hire company, and a lovely Swiss couple offer us some layers of clothing. A tow truck arrives to prise open the car and release our belongings, and a taxi arrives to whisk us to the airport, for rather too many hours of airport food and self-examination. The rental bill (for new electronic car key, loss of car availability, refuelling, tow truck and taxi) will no doubt outstrip the cost of the holiday, but hey ho, we didn't miss any holiday, we didn't miss our flight, we didn't get injured, and most importantly, I wasnae the one in charge of the key!

Path or Crag Challenge

by ALI. KANTE

From the Alicante O-meeting day 1. Starting the left - those five black lines: are they Path or Crag? (solution below)



Stairway to heaven terrain from Alicante.



... (Path or crag solution: Crag, path, crag, crag, path)



A Christmas Carol

by JAMES ACKLAND

The Newsletter Editor's Ghost

The Newsletter Editor was injured: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his injuries was signed by the doctor, the physio, the family. The Editor was as injured as an M16 discovering the merits of biweekly intervals sessions.

James was home from an orienteering tour in Wales and a long term of mediocre training. Fatigued, slow, and most of all, cold, there was little enthusiasm to run 'those big winter miles' everyone talks about. "Bah, Humbug" - leave the mile-running to others. But one dark and misty night, he was visited by a ghostly figure.

"You are injured", said James, trembling.

"I wear the chain I forged by not running good quality Christmas races" said the Editor's ghost

James trembled more and more "You will be haunted" cried the ghost, "by Three Marshals"

The First of the Three Marshals

When James awoke, it was so dark he could scarcely distinguish the Silverknowes promenade from the Forth. A foreboding presence washed over the cold beachside, as a Parkrun marshal's voice permeated through the crisp air.

"I am the marshal of Races Past."

"Good Heavens!" said James, "I ran my first Parkrun in this place"

"This course is but a shadow of the thing it has been", declared the marshal, "It is covered in black ice, and you will have to run it at your own risk. There will be no official timing."

"But I have forgotten my Garmin, I won't get a time" cried James, "Leave me, Parkrun Marshal, haunt me no longer!"

The Second of the Three Marshals

Some time passed, and no races presented themselves. James prepared to return back to his trainingless slumber, and wait for the university term to bring a structured schedule. Yet just as the holidays were fading away, a Lothian Running Club marshal's voice could be heard through the Beecraigs trees. "I am the marshal of Races Present. You have never run a 10k before!" exclaimed the Marshal.

"Never", James answered.

"Have never run a 5k?"

"Yes, in around 17 minutes".

"Then you shall be top seeded, and your handicap shall be fearsomely large"

James trembled, and went to warm up. Upon reaching the loch, James was unsettled once more.

"Marshal," said James, "tell me there is race signage to show the route"

"I see an unmarked path junction" replied the Marshal.

"No, no" said James, "Oh no, kind Marshal! Say there is signage!"

But signage was there none, and James took a wrong turn, forcing him to run the rest of the race with a further 5 minute time loss, unable to rejoin the pack.

The Third of the Three Marshals

The third race marshal slowly, gravely, silently approached from behind the Greenmantle Brewery. "I am the marshal of races yet to come", said the marshal. "Where is your FRA-approved full body cover"

"Ghost of races yet to come", said James. "I fear you more than any marshal I have seen. Alas, I have no full-length running trousers, for they are locked in the car",

The marshal said nothing.

"Lead on!" said James "Or I will run without FRA-approved full body cover!"

The marshal said nothing.

James went out fast, too fast, and reached the hill already tired, with Sasha miles ahead and the rest of the EUOC boys running strong and not far behind. "Marshal!" James said, "this is a fearful place".

Still the marshal was silent.

Eventually, James turned to run back down the hill, and reached the end of the road without losing too much ground. But the marshal was there, and pointed along the road. James crept towards the finish, but it was far away. Legs trembling as he went, he realised his fate.

"I have gone out too fast and bonked, and now I will lose many places on the sprint finish!" gasped James.

The marshal nodded, and was gone.

The End of It.

James awoke the morning after the Greenmantle Dash, and there was beer. Three fine Broughton ales, a 2nd placed U20 prize no less. He was overcome with joy and relief.

"I will run races past, present, and yet to come!" James cried. And he did. "Oh glorious, glorious" he proclaimed. "I love winter miles!"



James partaking in the Greenmantle Cani-cross, and the ghost of INTs past and of INTs yet to come?

In the Dark Mountains

by GRAHAM MCINTYRE

Many thanks to the team at Ourea Events for the Marmot Dark Mountains in the Welsh Arenigs.

I entered the event with Logan because we hadn't done anything like it before and the idea inspired us. His first mountain marathon so we entered the C course.

We set off up the hill at 10pm, finding ourselves in bog virtually from the start. Once among the hills we found there were many patches of high heather and a lot more bog, the terrain was tough throughout making progress slow and hard. During the evening there were a couple of showers when the wind blew up and it was briefly very cold and the first two hills we traversed were in mist. Later there were spells where the clouds disappeared and wind dropped, the night was clear and there was no moon, stars filled the sky from one side to the other.

We were slow up the first climb, but made good progress over the first few controls. A slip around control 5 left me with some damage to a muscle and a bit sore. Luckily we were able to keep steady progress, although by the end it was pretty much a hobble. We enjoyed the navigation, which required much persistence with following compass bearings, often seeming to have to go a long way to cover the ground as the going was so slow.

After 8 hours 20 minutes of running (walking) we finished, having run 20 miles and climbed 4500 feet. The results suggest we had a clear lead on the course around control 6, but by the end we were nearly caught, finishing in front by less than two minutes.

The map and courses were very good, rewarding accurate navigation. The organisation was friendly and proficient, with a great spirit of being in it together with other competitors. The location was amazing and the night spectacular. You don't experience these things without accepting some challenges. My physio says the leg should recover in a few weeks.



Our Marmotmeisters Logan (now TVOC) and Graham (INT)

Great ESOC Controls of our time



Passageway end, deepest darkest part.



The three wise controllers

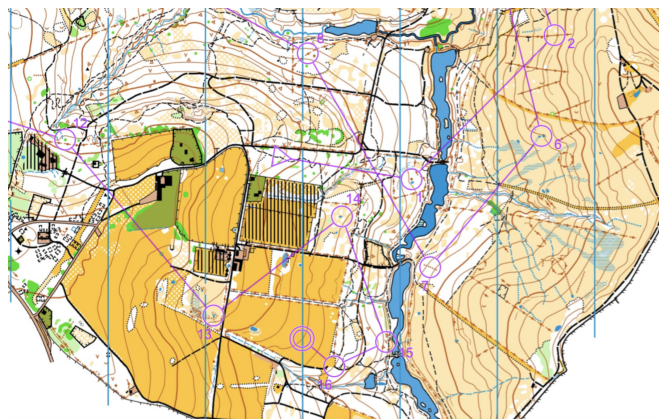
Unlucky thirteen

by TRISTRAN DECKER-FOBEER

Name	Class	Score
Mairi Eades	8B	100
James Ackland	2	100
Robert Lee	2	99
Jane Ackland	5	99
Ben Hartman	4	98
Lorna Eades	5	98
David Eades	4	97
Murray Strain	1	97
Graham McIntyre	6	96
Fiona Eades	8B	92
Morag McIntyre	7	90
James Hartman	9A	88
Paul Caban	1	86

It was always going to be a stretch to defend the CompassSport trophy this year, the final being in the Deep South of England at the nemesis area where our streak of JK trophy victories came to an end.

Added to that, the allegedly "small" clubs HOC and WAOC were boasting the largest teams in the history of the competition, with over 50 runners each. We were only able to field the minimum possible team, with only 13 counting and no scope for backup scores. There were some terrific efforts across the team, from class winners Mairi and James, through to James Hartman on his second ever orange course and Paul "M21" Caban making up the team. Our score of 1240 points would have been enough to win last year, and one more class victory would have made the difference, but in the end the overwhelming numbers of the English hordes told, and we wound up third.



TROPHY

Pos.	Club	Score
1st	HOC	1251
2nd	WAOC	1247
3rd	INT	1240
4th	SARUM	1225
5th	GO	1199
6th	SAX	1195
7th	SWOC	1174
8th	CLARO	1087
9th	TAY	1046
10th	MV	1004
11th	SROC	809
12th	BL	129



The courses were relatively straightforward, with a spectator control having a bit of "Grand Old Duke of York" theme to it. Especially for your editor who forgot to punch on his first visit, only realising as the lakes moved into view. Luckily, there was no prospect of him counting for the team on his return to orienteering.

Next year could be even tougher, with HOC on home territory in the English midlands (Sutton Park, near Birmingham).

But first we need to negotiate the Scottish Qualifier at Errochty on the Ides of March (that would be the 15th for the great unwashed among you). A proper tough, brutal area: what could possibly go wrong?



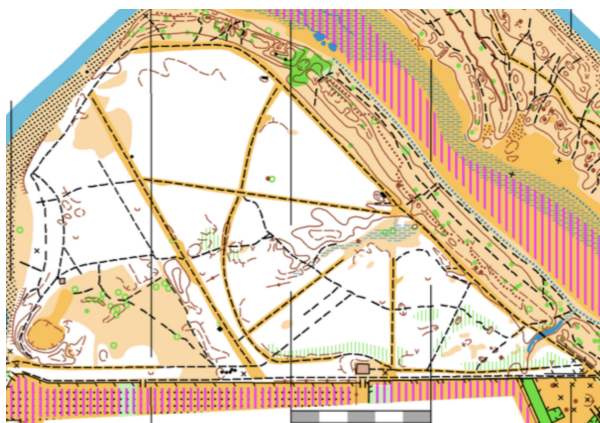
"#EtTu, Brute?"

M60something

by COLIN INVERARITY

A new year, a new decade and what does it hold? For some of you it might be an important year because you've moved up and are now in the optimum year to thrash your fellow competitors in your new age group. Me. I'm still M60 something, but I'm feeling positive because I haven't been to "my" physiotherapist since September. After years of getting up to about 10 miles a week and then perpetually succumbing to lower back pain when I attempted to increase my total mileage I have finally broken through that barrier. The underlying cause appeared to have been an imbalance in the relative strength of my legs which targeted exercises seem to have helped.

My first orienteering outing in many a month was that old end of year staple, ELO's Festive Frolic. The ideal opportunity to blow the Christmas cobwebs away, unless it's chucking it down of course when you stay at home and tuck into some more mince pies. Anyhow, this year the weather forecast seemed fair, so I set off for John Muir Country Park or as I know it, Hedderwick Hill, one of my favourite places to run.



Hedderwick "Hill" and part of Spike Island in North East

The format varies from year to year and usually involves some extra puzzles to contend with, sometimes it's a score, sometimes it's timed, there's usually a mass-start, and some years it's fiendishly difficult for an orienteer of very little brain to cope with. This year we have 16 controls each worth 10 points and at each control, a map with three other "bonus" controls (only one of which actually has a kite that is worth 20 points). To identify the correct bonus control, you have to solve a puzzle or run around daft to all 3 sites in the hope of finding the right one. And you have 60 minutes and a penalty of -1 point for every 6 seconds you are late.

Hanging about at the start waiting for the off along with me are Mr and Mrs Eades sans enfants. They've already done Parkrun at Dunbar earlier in the morning.

It isn't long before Mrs Strain gives us our instructions and sets us off. Some people manage to devise clear strategies very quickly in such a situation but not me. I

tend to put my head down and run in the direction I'm pointing in when we're set off. I find myself following a group along a ride down towards the sea. Young Hartman zips by me effortlessly as I plod along. At the first control, the problem is there are about 10 people queuing to look at the map and the clue sheet. The clues seemed to be various alphabets, maritime signal flags, etc from which you had to work out the correct code. I couldn't be bothered waiting so decided to head off to a less busy control and have a bit more time and space to work things out. So, I find myself on the northeast side of the big thicket on the edge of the saltmarsh wondering when I've worked out what the 2-letter code is why it doesn't match any of the three supplied on the map. Perhaps there was another twist and you had to choose the nearest 2nd letter to the code which the organising Strains could confirm or maybe I'm just too intellectually challenged. My chosen course of action then becomes "get around as many controls as I can and don't bother with the bonus controls unless I fall over one". With this plan in mind I head off towards Spike Island and find my next control fairly easily in the dunes. I take another shot at identifying the likely bonus control, but my answer doesn't match any of the printed suggestions again. My next control is away along the dunes and en route to it I spy one of the bonus controls so bag it. Running along the dunes I have time to wonder how long they will be here with climate change and rising sea levels. There are a lot of people coming in the opposite direction now. Is this telling me something about my route choice? Back on "dry land" Graham Mac passes by as I'm heading along to the Family Park.

Trina Rogerson is "supervising" as I run back through the start. I ask her "Why is no one following me?" Then it's time to collect some controls in the conifer plantation. Next, it's a long slog over the Hedderwick Burn towards Foxlake to pick up as many controls as I can. Looking at my watch I'm not going to get them all so will have to decide when I turn back. There are a few Interlopers already heading homewards. Mrs Hartman and son, Logan, and Ann all pass by me in a short space of time. It's now a case of can I get back to the finish before the 60 minutes runs out. I'm at the farthest point away and I have ten minutes to do it in. Fortunately, back into the plantation, I spot Lorna ahead of me and hang on to her coat tails and cross the finish line with 9 seconds to spare.

An unimpressive 210 points collected out of a possible 480. At least 14 M/W10-12's scored more than me, perhaps with the assistance of their parents in some cases. The results show I was an undistinguished 99th out of 128 but I did manage one of my longest runs of the year and came away without any injuries and did enjoy myself also. Well done to all my fellow Interlopers who all managed unsurprisingly to finish above me.

Once again, I perform the valuable club service of ensuring that no matter how bad your run was there will always be someone worse than you (and yes, it usually is me). I can't wait for Festive Frolic 2020.

The Meadows Sessions at 40

by MARTIN HYMAN



I was humbled and delighted when Sheila Strain (ELO) presented her beautifully produced "Celebration of 40 Years" of the session. My grateful thanks to Sheila and to all who contributed.

In the early nineteen-sixties John Disley, a former Olympian and British steeplechase record holder, was appointed Director of Outdoor Education for Surrey County Council. John had been introduced to orienteering in Sweden and was "hooked". So he started organising a series of Sunday morning open events, at about monthly intervals. He used black and white photocopies of OS maps, with some crude alterations in ink. The events were popular. Thus he introduced orienteering to the south of England.

At that time steady running was the normal form of training, but my provincial athletic club was making extensive use of interval training. Hence we became the dominant cross-country club in Europe and just over half our distance runners won selection for England or Great Britain over track, road, or cross-country. I was a biology teacher, but I spent a lot of my spare time organising outdoor activities including navigation exercises on terrain. So I competed in John Disley's events, along with some of our club-mates. We would run the course as prescribed, often making horrendous mistakes on the way, then run it faster in reverse, so as to get our money's worth. Since we raced nearly every Saturday John Disley's events were a

welcome relief from our normal routine. So we invented an informal club - "the Occasional Orienteers" to put on events to alternate with John's.

John Disley, along with his close friend Chris Brasher, had been instrumental in the formation of the British Orienteering Federation. Later they went on to set up the London marathon. Anyway BOF came into being when many enthusiastic groups had been performing independently in various parts of Britain, but the general standard was pathetic in relation to the established orienteering nations. So Chris Brasher had the idea of creating a "British Orienteering Squad" tasked with selecting our best orienteers and helping them to raise their standard. Chris persuaded me to become the "Nominal Figurehead" Chairman of the Squad. Not till I tried to get my role defined did I discover that we had no secretary, treasurer, programme planner, or Coaching Coordinator. So I became all of these.

It was soon apparent to me that inability to run fast was a very major problem for most aspirants. There was a widely held view that ability to run fast in the open had no relevance to running speed in forest terrain. However the truth is that, whilst a fast runner may be unable to compete in rough terrain, a slow runner will have no chance against a fast runner who is also good on terrain. Carol McNeill is an exception who proves this rule. When Carol won a bronze medal at WOC I asked her how much time she had lost to mistakes. She replied, without a hint of vanity: "None at all". I once passed Carol four or five times, at high speed, in the course of an orienteering competition in Wiltshire. When I got to the finish Carol was standing nearby looking cool and chatting to friends. However the running speed of the world's top orienteers has improved vastly since Carol's day.

Our Squad developed a self-help system of local training get-togethers at week-ends and over longer periods and an annual week-end get together for the whole Squad, in late Autumn, to plan for the coming season: training camps in Britain and abroad; competition programme, fund raising and personal contributions.

In 1979 the Squad annual planning gathering was in the Lillishall National Outdoor Center in Shropshire. I invited three world-class endurance coaches to lecture. I gave them a free hand to choose their subject, but I was delighted when all advocated the vital importance of regular long rep endurance interval training, because I had been saying so for a long time, but no-one took much notice. At that time three members of our Squad: Carol McNeill, Graham McIntyre and Andy Curtis, lived in Edinburgh so I gave them a lift to Lillishall. Coming home through the dark evening I was having to concentrate on driving and paid no attention to mutterings in the back, till eventually a loud voice said "OK we give in." "What do you mean?" "We'll do interval training, but you will have to tell us what to do." "You say where and when and I'll be there." More mutterings and finally: "The Meadows at 7.55 on a Tuesday."

Editor and the Meadows Session

by GRAEME ACKLAND

"If you practise running at slower than race pace you will become very good at running slower than race pace."

"I will consider doing LSD (Long Slow Distance) when they have races to see who can run the furthest slowest."

-Two Quotes from Martin Hyman



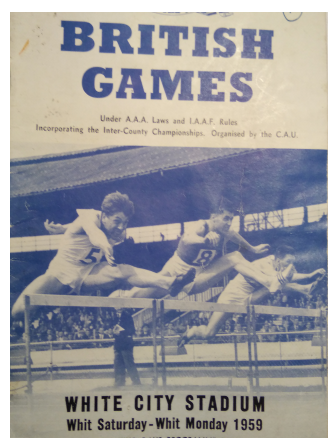
It's Tuesday, it's five to eight and it's MEADOWS-REPS!

As you have just read, long before Crackerjack was jacked in, Martin Hyman started his cracking Meadows Intervals Session. Still the most effective (legal) means of training known to mankind, the session of five reps, starting every six minutes, has been going for 40 years with Martin's memorable catchphases like three-two-one-GO...three four FIVE! setting up the five second waves.

To Oxford, in 1985, came a rumour of this unreasonably effective training going on in Edinburgh. Intervals starting every 6 minutes. Like all good students, the Training Officers (Dave McIntyre¹ and myself²) knew how to copy a good thing when we saw one, so we did. In three years, OUOC went from 0-20 elite runners.

So I've been running "the meadows session" for 35 years, and the actual meadows supervised by Martin since 1990. On sunny summer evenings and icy Christmas snow. Back in the day, I crept under 3:40 for the 1250s a few times. To put all that in context, I've covered the distance from here to Timbuktu running Meadows reps.

Then, rootling around in my parents loft, I came across an old programme. That's Martin number 13...



E. Tomlinson Memorial Trophy	
Amateur Records: World's Record: 27 min. 43.0 sec. - S. Bacon (Hampshire) at Bathurst, 15th July 1956. British Area Record: 27 min. 43.0 sec. - S. Bacon (Hampshire) at Bathurst, 15th July 1956. Best Championship Performance: F. D. Santos (Kent), 28 min. 34.3 sec., 1959.	
Last Four Results: 1958 - Santos (Kent), 28 min. 34.3 sec. 1959 - Santos (Kent), 28 min. 34.3 sec. 1960 - Santos (Kent), 28 min. 34.3 sec. 1961 - Santos (Kent), 28 min. 34.3 sec.	
1. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.	19. CLARKE, N. (Lancashire) 28 min. 34.3 sec.
2. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.	20. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.
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13. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.	31. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.
14. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.	32. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.
15. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.	33. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.
16. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.	34. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.
17. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.	35. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.
18. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.	36. BACON, S. (Hampshire) 27 min. 43.0 sec.

Junior development News

Coaching session for juniors are put on regularly through the year. Juniors from 6 years are welcome if accompanied by a parent. More confident juniors can leave their parents behind!

Coaching is available at all our CATIs, and at specific training days: details of those are not published on the internet and anyone interested should contact Katherine Ivory. But here are some photos anyway.



Pinpoint Navigation from young Mr. Dalglish. Sorry, ESOE have already mapped that island.



"That doesn't look like a white course"
Thanks for that one go to Greg Balter, my former DVOA teammate and co-champion of half the planet (well Asia-Pacific relays, anyway)

¹Brother of Graham

²Father of James

Events : NVUJ

by BEA TALL



The New Decade has begun, at least for our less pedantic members (do we have any of them? Ed.). As ever, there are still plenty of opportunities to volunteer to help with our local events. Check the website of ask the committee for the latest opportunity.

But if you were hoping to organise a sprintelope - you'll have to wait for 2021. The 2020 schedule for Lothian's finest Wednesday evening sprint race entertainment is full. Details of exact location will be available on club websites and the Sprintelope facebook page:

Plus ca change

by CAROL MCNEILL

Some quotes from the very first Interlopers Newsletter, digitally remastered from 1972 by John Barrow.

- All contributions (to the Newsletter) welcome
- We must plan the next event a bit earlier...maybe now... Any ideas?
- We need more members, particularly to make up our ladies team. What can we do?
- Any volunteers for Newsletter Editor?
- We all seem to be involved in organising, planning or controlling something - enough said.

A Purring of Saturday CATI's

CATIs are forest-based events aimed at beginners and improvers, with a Green course to keep the more experienced entertained. Instruction and coaching is available for newcomers. Interval starts typically from 1:30 to 2:30 on Saturday Afternoon.

Saturday 7th March. Craigmillar Castle

Saturday 4th April. Polkemmet Whitburn

Saturday 2nd May. Colinton Dell, Edinburgh

Saturday 6th June Dechmont Law, Livingston

Check out full details at www.interlopers.org.



A Herd of Wednesday Sprintelopes

Sprintelopes are low-key Urban events on Wednesday evenings (typically 6:30-7:00 starts) in the summer. They are aimed at providing challenging sprint/urban courses, but since sprint/urban orienteering isn't very challenging, they're suitable for anyone. Courses cross roads, so in many cases are unsuitable for unaccompanied juniors. Check out full details on facebook or the appropriate club websites.

April 22. Oxbgangs Ewart Scott

April 29. INT, Jack Kane Centre (Graeme Ackland)

May 6. Prestonpans, ELO

May 13. Linlithgow, FVO

May 20 North Berwick ELO

May 27 ESOC

June 3 Longniddrie ELO

June 10 ESOC

June 17 Haddington ELO

June 24 Little France INT (Graham McIntyre)

July 1st. Prestonfield INT (Colin Inverarity)

July 8th ESOC

July 15th Astley Ainslie (Rob Hickling)

July 22nd ESOC

July 29th Morningside INT (Mike Stewart)

Aug 5th ESOC

Aug 12th Buckstone, INT (Paul Caban)

Aug 19th ESOC