

Well, here goes with another load of cobblers from the Interlopers scribbler. This is being produced by a new process, which is much easier for me to do, and which I hope is legible.

Until the day of the deadline for this issue, not a single contribution had been received. Can I IMPLORÉ everyone, PLEASE write SOMETHING, even if only remotely connected with orienteering! Editor's address: 127 Spottiswoode Gardens, Mid Calder, West Lothian EH53 0JY (phone MidCalder 881241). Since then, fortunately, I have been overwhelmed with at least several articles, of enormous length if minuscule merit, and these are proffered for your delectation. BUT FIRST.....

SLAPPED-WRIST DEPARTMENT

After finishing the last newsletter, I realised that I'd forgotten several things.....

T-SHIRTS: Scott Balfour is now taking orders for t-shirts printed with the club badge. PLEASE LET SCOTT KNOW IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ORDERING ONE, AND IF YOU THINK THE OLD DESIGN IS OK. If you haven't seen the old design, Scott or John Mitchell (or quite a few others) can show you one. Scott is also ordering O-suits (mainly just breeches) in Club colours, and iron-on transfer badges are being investigated, so please get in touch if you are interested in any of these.

C-CHAMPS: Ann Heyworth was responsible for planning the club-championships-in-the-rain last June at Beecraigs, and out controls etc with the assistance of Scott, Ben Hall (what's why he won) and some other drowned-looking people whom I can't remember now. Anyway, thanks all round to all those, and apologies for forgetting last time.

\*\*\*\*\*

RECENT GOINGS-ON and MISCELLANEOUS ANCIENT GOSSIP

Lots of people seem to be going in for fell-races these days - Andy Spenceley is claiming a number of good places in such mind-bending events as the Lomond Hills Race, the North Berwick Law Race, not to mention Largo Law and other points east. Andy also reports that Carol McNeill has been winning or near-winning similar events, e.g the Criffell hill race and the Capricorn event, and that Carol, Hilary Smith and their crew were about 9th in the Three peaks Yacht Race, but were disqualified for using the boat's engine to escape from a lee shore off North Wales. No further details are at present available.

As the last newsletter went to press the Interlopers army recruiting team (consisting mainly of committee members, plus Robert Paterson) made a reconnaissance trip to Catterick Camp in Yorkshire, and discovered the Harvester Trophy 7-man night relay in full swing. There, despite an abysmal performance by the Editor, we pulled up to 8th place in the 'B' class race thanks to the efforts of Scott, John Mitchell, Ken-0, Packet Hyman and Andy Spenceley.

This event lived up to its high reputation for atmosphere and excitement, and I repeat my strong recommendation for everyone to go if you get the chance. Interlopers has sent a team most years so far, but next year it's to be in SE England, so it will be a long trip. How about a campaign to get the event brought to Scotland once in a while?

Not many O-events, but quite a few social events have been happening lately - mainly Barbecues it seems. Not only did Andy S organise Interlopers' barbecue at Yellowcraig, but also ESOC held one at Almondell (near Livingaton), where Interlopers staged an overwhelming take-over of the singing lessons. This putsch was ably led by Ian (Gumbie) Miller, whose tanned features and tremulous tenor voice can be perceived in all parts of Edinburgh at present. He is attempting to get fit (he says) by being thoroughly lazy during a period between excessively overpaid jobs in a multitude of disreputable foreign parts. He's off to Nova Scotia soon, and it's rumoured that the native meteorologists are putting up barrage balloons on all fronts to repel the threat. So, for those who don't know him - you'd better hurry to catch him before he goes; for those with long memories - don't bother, he hasn't changed! He featured prominently in the recent AROS (Auld Reekie Society of Elite, Hairy Old Layabouts and Eccentrics) social weekend at Glencoe, of which a report appears in this issue.

Another sub-committee, consisting of Ken, Andy, John and part of Ian Lamont (never mind which part), went on an Interlopers mini-tour of the French 3-day and Danish 3-day

events in July. John promised to precis the tour log for me, but this has not forthcome. The travellers returned looking very bronzed and exhilarated, so it is to be understood that they had a good time.

The Caper Ceilidh was the only 'real' O-event recently - I didn't go to this, but reports filtering back suggest that the terrain and courses were tough. Someone won, but I can't remember who. The Interlopers men's team were 3rd in the Relay event.

Oh yes, and Fiona McKean and Ian Hendrie finally got married, and they have taken out a mortgage on a Family Membership of Interlopers.

\*\*\*\*\*

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

Ken Ovens

There has been a lot of fuss lately about the abolition of Associate grade of membership of BOF.

Up to now there have been three levels of membership available, namely:- Club only, Associate, and Full. From the beginning of next year there will only be two levels:- Club only, and Full, and the BOF magazine 'CompassSport/the Orienteer' will become optional.

Associate membership entitled you to compete in any Scottish event (not including the JK or British Champs even if these were held in Scotland) and to receive the club newsletter and the SOA magazine 'Score'.

The nearest new equivalent to Associate membership is Full membership without the Magazine Option. This will entitle you to compete in any event in the UK and you will receive copies of the club newsletter and SOA magazine 'Score'.

In 1982 the fees for Associate members were:-  
Junior 2-05 Senior 6-35 Family 9-00

In 1983 the fees for full membership without magazine will be:-  
Junior 2-85 Senior 7-70 Family 11-55

Once inflation is allowed for, the difference is not very drastic. Those Full Members who wish to receive the BOF magazine will be entitled to a discount of 1-20 on the standard annual subscription cost.

I cannot help feeling that all the fuss is just groundless fear of change.

\*\*\*\*\*

COMMITTEE

Chairman:	Scott Balfour	Secretary:	Ken Ovens
Treasurer:	Ian Lamont	Social Sec.:	Andy Spenceley
Newsletter Ed:	Steve Terry	Junior Rep:	Packet Hyman
S.E.Area Rep:	Gordon Shiach	Other Members:	John Mitchell Peter Woolverton

\*\*\*\*\*

ADDRESS LIST CHANGES

I'm not doing a new address list this time, as there are very few changes, listed below. If you want an address list, Ken Ovens or Steve Terry (address on front page) can supply you with one.

Isobel Allan is now at 22 Bellfield St. Edinburgh EH15 2BP  
David Copland's correct phone no. is 031-556-7720  
Murray Drummond has a postcode: EH12 8RE  
Ronnie Sinclair has a postcode: EH4 6AF  
Catherine McDougall's correct address is  
96 Mayfield Road, Edinburgh EH9 3AF

\*\*\*\*\*

AN ATTEMPT AT A CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

The fixtures situation seems to be in a state of some confusion (or perhaps it's just my perception of it, based on incomprehensible discussion at the last committee meeting). The following is the closest approximation I can make at present; Ken Owens can always clarify any details you're interested in. Ken would also like to know if you are going to any event and need or can offer a lift - he will put you in touch. 031-334-4162

AUGUST

Tue 24th 7.45 pm Intervals/Training Meadows  
8.30 pm Pub night Southsider,  
W. Richmond St.  
(Look out for Jean with the long blonde hair!)

Wed 25th 5.30-7.00 pm Training/Come-and-try-it  
(ESOC) Corstorphine Woods (Cairnmuir Rd)

Sat 28th/Sun 29th White Rose weekend N. Yorkshire  
Tue 31st eve. Training/Pub night as Aug 24th.

SEPTEMBER

Wed 1st 5.30-7 Training/CATI Dunf. Coll. of P.E.  
(INT) -- OFFERS OF HELP TO PAT SQUIRE\*\*\*\*\*

Sun 5th Galloway Galoppen 1; Clydeside Mini event;  
EDINBURGH MARATHON.

Tue 7th eve. Training/Pub night

Wed 8th 5.30-7 Training/CATI Lowport Primary Sch.  
(LINOC) Linlithgow

Sat 11th/Sun 12th Lothian Mountain Challenge.  
B.O.F Mapping Conference, Doune.

Sun 12th Glasgow Galoppen; Moravian Club event;  
Tyne Badge event.

Tue 14th eve. Training/Pub night

Wed 15th 5.30-7 Training/CATI Holyrood Park  
(INT) -- OFFERS OF HELP TO RONNIE SINCLAIR

Sat 18th FVO event, Callendar Park, Falkirk.

Sun 19th INVOC Badge event, Ardersier.  
RR Club event, Lanton Moor, Jedburgh --  
PROBABLE VENUE FOR 1ST ROUND OF COMPASS-SPORT CUP  
See Andy Spenceley for details.

Mon 20th 7.30 pm INT skittles night, Sheep's Heid Inn  
Duddingston.

Tue 21st eve. Training/Pub night

Wed 22nd 5.30-7 Training/CATI Ferny Ness,  
(LSOA) Longniddrie.

Sat 25th FVO event, Hermitage Woods, Stirling.

Sun 26th INT South-East Area Champs !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
DEFINITELY AT GLENNARN & BERRYKNOWE !!!!!!!  
Ken has had no offers to organise this, so he  
is doing it, with Scott planning. All members  
of Interlopers required to help !!!!!

Tue 28th eve. Training/Pub night

Wed 29th 5.30-7 Training/CATI Blackford Hill  
(INT) -- OFFERS OF HELP TO ROGER VANDERSTEEN

OCTOBER

Sat 2nd FVO event, Bar Hill, Kilsyth.

Sun 3rd West Area Champs. Dalry Moor.

Tue 5th eve. Training/Pub night

Wed 6th 5.30-7 Training/CATI Beecraigs  
(LINOC) nr. Linlithgow.

Sat 9th/Sun 10th October Odyssey w/e, Cleveland.

Sat 9th FVO event, Touchmollar, Cambusbarron.

Sun 10th GRAMP event, Catches Castle, Banchory.

Mon 11th Interlopers Committee Meeting, and --  
\*\*\*\*\* DEADLINE FOR NEXT NEWSLETTER \*\*\*\*\*

Tue 12th eve. Training/Pub night

Wed 13th 5.30-7 Training/CATI Pentlands East  
(ESOC) (Hillend Ski Park).

Sun 17th Scottish Score Championships (WFO).

Tue 19th eve. Training/Pub night

Wed 20th 5.30-7 Training/CATI Corstorphine Hill  
(EUOC) (Quarry, N. end).

Sat 23rd/Sun 24th Karrimor International Mountain Marathon  
Dartmoor.

Sun 24th Galloway Galoppen 2; Glasgow Galoppen;  
Borders Score event.

Tue 26th eve. Training/Pub night

Sat 30th Northern Night Champs, Penrith.  
Benarty Burn-up EUOC.

Sun 31st MAROC Badge event, Glen Tanar, Aboyne.  
WCOG Badge event, Drigg Dunes.

NOVEMBER

Tue 2nd eve. Training/Pub night

Fri 5th eve. Guy Fawkes night social  
-- contact Andy Spenceley.

Sun 7th Scottish Junior Champs & Senior club (?) event  
(ESOC) Blair Atholl.

\*\*\*\*\*

NORWAY - OR BUST (Freudian slip - derived from 2 weeks  
topless bathing in Kvitavattn) by Dermot Ruddock

Despite rail strikes, difficulty of hitching lifts (do many people realise how bumpy a ride a juggernaut cab gives?) etc etc, I managed to leave Newcastle (for Oslo) on time. The boat trip was uneventful, and the weather for my first couple of nights near Oslo was mediocre, but that didn't stop me appreciating how different Norway is from Britain. I suppose the things that struck me first were the cleanliness of Oslo, ease of getting out into the countryside and forests, efficiency of the whole place, expense of living (usually 2.5 to 3 times British prices), and the endless very healthy people (and pretty girls....).

Next stop was Arendal, in the south. I hitched down, and couldn't get over the way the Norwegians put their roads over and through many things we would go round - I reckon it'd be quite an engineering feat to build a sheeptrack over there! Near Arendal was the Sorlandsgaloppen Event Centre and Campsite. We were put at one end in the woods with the other odds and sods (USA, Germany, France, Switzerland etc). Nice site though, with sand beaches only 10 minutes away.

We got into a rhythm each race day, of hitching to the events (up to 50 miles away), running in the sweltering sun, stopping for a swim on the way back. There were two distinct types of forest; the inland ones which lacked line features almost completely but were quite fast; and the coastal ones, lots of paths etc and very scrubby forest - heaps of undergrowth etc. The Nogs seemed to reckon the coastal ones were awful - I don't think they were keen on the paths, and found the forests too thick. Consequently these were the days we tended to do better on (at least terms of placing). I found that once you got over the initial hurdle of being perpetually worried about getting lost, things weren't too bad. We seemed to be losing a lot of time simply because of being unable to run fast enough over the terrain. This was partly caused by breaking (or nearly breaking) ankles etc, but also 'cos the Nogs have been running on this terrain since birth.

The week was a bit short of social events (except for an impromptu booze-up on the beach, the night before the day off), but was amply supplanted by the many 'fests' (parties) held at Kvitavattn Fjellstoge later on. This place has had a fair bit of publicity in the orienteering press lately, but for those who don't know, it's a sort of hotel intended to cater for largish sport groups, and is run on a very informal basis. As part of the large summer 'staff' (of predominantly British male orienteers, and 17/18 year old Danish schoolgirls), I felt the atmosphere was very... very informal. The overwhelming feeling was that the place was overflowing with friendliness. I knew a few of the folk there (Interlopers Ben Hall and Douglas and Graeme Guy), but felt part of the 'team' very quickly. We trained in the forests and (especially) on the hills every day, and though the weather was hot it was a joy to get out into the air - the views from the hilltops were astonishing - 60/70 miles at times. It's a great way to get a lot of 'strength' fitness - and even better when you think of the lake sauna waiting for you at the end. Orienteering-wise, the terrain was very rough, but excellent quality - it really tested your ability to navigate.

Then there were the parties, the music, the wine, the sun, the canoes, the cream fights, the endless food, the big logs to carry, the company, the (exceptionally) good-looking girls, etc etc.

All that remains to be said is that I was very sad to leave, but that there's always next year, and I could visit Denmark in between times....

\*\*\*\*\*

BOB GRAHAM ROUND

Andrew Spenceley

Skiddaw is not one of Britain's most exciting peaks, nor the highest, but standing on the summit at 7.10 am on a beautiful morning at the end of May it felt like the top of Everest - my legs couldn't have been more tired if it had been.

Of course, I blame it all on drink. There I was quietly getting drunk when the discussion turned to Bob Graham's round. "A pint of bitter please" I shouted ('bitter': a word that when used in English pubs magically produces a pint of heavy). "No, you idiot, it's a run". "Oh great, put my name down, I need some more training for the Tuesday night interval session."

The end result of a drunken evening saw me standing in the centre of Keswick with two other idiots nervously waiting for 9 o'clock to strike. Surely being thrown in the

lions is preferable to the long drawn out agony we were about to suffer. Then we were off, jogging down the road to Robinson the first of the 42 peaks. It was a beautiful summer's day as we ran over the fells, stopping every 2 hours to eat and drink. The views were tremendous, but it was a shock to realise that the mountains you could see in the distance had to be climbed later in the day.

By 3.00 pm we were running down the scree slope from Yewbarrow into Wasdale, eager to get at the food. Then followed a 3000ft climb to the top of Scafell - not very pleasant in the heatwave. We descended Broadstand on a rope (a terrifying experience when you are not tied to the rope, are tired, and there is a steep drop behind you). Throughout the afternoon and evening we plodded on over Scafell Pike, Bowfell, the Langdale Pikes and many other peaks before descending to Dunmail to be fed, watered and encouraged. Here we met Fred Rogerson, the organiser of the Bob Graham Club. How could I fail after he had shaken hands with me?

By now it was dark and, having been out 12 hrs, I would have been quite happy going to the pub. But the support team kicked me away so I had no choice but to continue. Soon we were on the Helvellyn ridge travelling fast in the clear, cold night (torches were hardly necessary). The lights of Keswick were visible in the distance. Feeling tired, we slipped down the grassy, dew-covered slopes of Clough Head and reached Threlkeld. After breakfast and with dawn breaking we climbed up the magnificent Hallsfell ridge to the top of Blencathra to see an incredible sunrise. With the bit firmly between our teeth we struggled on over marsh and thick heather to Great Calva and then after 27000 feet the summit of Skiddaw.

Eventually 23hrs 23min and 72 miles after setting out, we arrived back at the Moot Hall in the centre of Keswick to a large cheering crowd of two locals, a suspicious policeman and a dog. It is certainly one helluaway to get a sun tan.

[Andy says he is willing to talk about his schedule etc to anyone else interested in trying the Bob Graham Round.]

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ACTIVITIES OF A LAPSED ORIENTEER

Roger VanderSteen

I am still awaiting the day when my ankle is strong enough to resume orienteering. In the meantime I am keeping up training so that Scott Balfour will not have it all his own way in M35.

To provide an incentive to train I have entered the Edinburgh Marathon on September 5th. I hope to run 100km in the last week of August and I have set myself gradually increasing weekly targets. During the first week of August I ran 60 km and in the preceding week 55km. The longest run so far is 18km and I generally run at a steady 5min/km.

I have just spent a weekend in Torridon, on Beinn Higin and Liathach, and have returned totally exhausted. This week's target of 80km does not now appear very realistic.

In July I spent 14 days walking between mountain huts in Southern Norway: in Rogaland and Hardangervidda. From start to finish I crossed only one public road. The terrain was a series of plateaux, 1000 - 1400 metres above sea level, with numerous lakes and irregular rock features, snow fields to cross and icy rivers to wade.

The huts are all of a good standard with bunk beds and quilts provided. Some provide meals but most are unstaffed and left open. In the latter, tinned food is usually available and the visitor is trusted to leave the correct money.

An excellent book 'Mountain Touring in Norway' is sold by Graham Tiso. I met no Norwegian orienteers, but one Danish family who had been to Sorlandsgaloppen and who hope to come to the Scottish 6-days in 1983.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### MARATHON TRAINING

Gordon Shiach

"Now look here, young man" said the Newsletter Editor. "If you expect Interlopers to agree to you running in the Edinburgh Marathon, you must do the decent thing: write an article for the newsletter about your training schedule." The trouble is that, having no schedule, my training is as haphazard as this article promises to be. Whether I do any running at all depends largely on what orienteering event I've just been to. For example, after the Northern Lights Badge Event there were those mysterious insect bites -

"Well, old boy" said the doctor (less gallantly than the Newsletter Editor) "if these don't do the trick we'll have to call in a specialist." "These" were beautiful scarlet antibiotic tablets. They certainly worked, and so they should. Afterwards, in a book about Legionnaires Disease, I read that the same antibiotic had some success in curing even that lethal malady. Anyway I thought it best to give training (and the Seven Hills race) a miss for a while.

Then after Caper Ceilidh there was the tick. O.K. Mr Chairman, you douse them with TCP and they fall off. But what happens if a tick thrives on TCP? This one certainly did. Actually Dettol does the trick, and I didn't need medical attention this time.

Talking about the Caper Ceilidh, perhaps I can revert to some lavatory humour. On Day 1, these little blue tents with the noisy zips were quite close to the road. Emerging on to the roadway, I was accosted by an Irishman who said: "Did you hear a scream?" Having assured him (not too satisfactorily) that I had heard nothing, someone unzipped one of the tents. "Oh my God, that's what it was", he said rather sheepishly. On the following day I was accosted by a different Irishman, who had spent a long time, up hill and down dale, looking for the "Gents". He was happier, if not entirely convinced, when I told him that there was no differentiation in the little blue tents. Pausing for a while, I heard no screams! At least he hadn't unzipped an occupied one.

But this has little to do with training schedules. Actually I've deserted my usual running venue of Corstorphine Hill for rather longer and (generally) flatter road running. I could give some fascinating accounts of routes, and all sorts of interesting statistics. Alas I've run out of space.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### OUR WEE COTTAGE I'THE GLEN

by The Camel Trainer

[or: The Cod-liver Oil and the Orange Juice]

With a thunder of hooves a herd of highland cattle could be seen disappearing north as the 'foriegn livestock' for the 3rd AROS social weekend drove down Glencoe in typical West Coast weather. A combination of Interlopers, ESOC, and one or two AROS ventured to the bunkhouse door from all directions - well mainly Edinburgh anyway. It soon became apparent to late arrivals that the riddle of the locked door could only be solved by finding the Mad Doctor in his aptly-named cave the 'Clacaigh Inn'. Over several orange juices plans were made to massacre the hills next day, and all sounded well. Unfortunately in a desperate late-night effort to rid the glen of all its amber lemonade, the plans were soon in tatters.

By morning it was hardly action stations but gradually the troops started to filter off to their strenuous activities. John MacDonald took a car-load to Port Appin for a sleep in the car-park - so successful was this that on Sunday this group returned for more of the same. The Hell's Angel and Angela also set off for Port Appin only to discover that all the horses had left for the beer tent at Fort William Gathering so they decided to follow suit and were able to join up with the now mentally demented Doctor (acting like a haggis with a sore head) and the Hard Men from the South who must remain anonymous as they were earning their orange juice money in professional egg-and-spoon races. Of the remaining groups one outsize group including Interlopers (North) Expro Ltd headed for the Mamores where Bill Gauld managed to climb from within his 6 anoraks to find a trendy little radio with headphones. Just the thing to blot out a noisy class. Unfortunately could only pick up static - nothing unusual in that.

A smaller group headed by ESOC's Chief Gardener and including another from Robin Hood country (a recent Interloper you could say) not to mention Interlopers' Travelling Camel Trainer went in search of Orange Peel on the North Glencoe Ridge. Success went to their heads though as in attempts to avoid the dreaded pipes they repeatedly found the same piece of peel but refused to accept comments that it was a plant.

Meanwhile back at the bunkhouse the Greater Bare-topped Red-haired Keeper of the Key couldn't find the key so had to be walked to Glencoe Village to exercise his lame after flank.

By early evening there began a repeat performance of the previous night as the hordes drifted back towards the orange juice springs at the Doctor's cave and the activities associated with such gatherings got under way. Star turns of the night must have been the polka on table top by the Keeper of the Keys, toss the coin in the Gardener's juice,

and toss everything in Selwyn's expensive shoes.

Not to be outdone by the previous evening's donation by the Emir of Bahrain our beloved Editor donated a bottle of amber lemonade from Islay which was reputed to have a greater mental age than Andy "I like sleeping on benches" Spenceley. And so off to bed - for those lucky enough not to be evicted by the Editor.

Sunday dawned (too early for many!) not only with rising damp but also with the falling variety, so high-level plans were shelved (the top one of course). The main party then headed for the highly-recommended car-park in Port Appin where over a cup of tea it was decided to allow the Gardener to take us all on a Natural Ramble so everyone followed him and his red disco shoes. Unfortunately after we had all found a lunchtime orange juice shop the Gardener and the Hell's Angel had seemed to have got lost, only to return rather wet to the same shop and hijack Andy Spenceley's and Angela's lunches and devastate the already confused serving-wenches by covering them with moss.

The Mad Doctor having read some physiology magazines (I can't remember the names) decided it was time for us all to partake of some water sports. This was not to everyone's taste so the Editor and Geoff the Knife set off for Connel, soon followed by Bill Gauld listening to Adam Ant on his radio.

After a brief negotiation we were soon all waterborne in 3 high-powered (5hp) motor boats with a couple of fishing lines. The fishing was excellent but all were thrown back (honest). The Gardener, much to the Doctor's disgust, persisted in catching jellyfish with his bare green fingers, while a combination of the Doctor and Camel Trainer managed to make the best catch of the day - a 2lb propellor. Unfortunately as it was attached to their vessel it got away.

Meanwhile the Hell's Angel was trying to dry his outsize handkerchief on a pole attached to a surfboard. This proved somewhat unsatisfactory as all he managed to do was sail back and forth across the bay, but he must have been enjoying himself by the number of times he went in for a swim.

All that was left now was to attend the closing ceremony held in an orange juice shop at Bridge of Orchy. There in a final flourish of combat the Camel Trainer pipped Andy Spenceley to the remainder of Angela's pizza - better luck next time Andy. With that everyone headed for home in the wake of the Red-haired Keeper of Keys whose high-speed cry of "Come on oot the way, Jimmy" rang through all the glens on the way back to Edinburgh.

\*\*\*\*\*