

# Interløpers Newsletter CLXXIX

## Editorial

by THE EDITOR

Welcome to the Spring Issue of the Interløpers Newsletter. There is a tradition of The eInterloper March issue being in March. That hasn't happened this year, what with the storms taking umbrage at getting silly names like ABigGale, Barney and Cloudier if they come from the west, they've started sneaking in from the east like a Russian spykiller instead.

Still, there's plenty more to witter about. A club tour to the Big Five-O in South Africa, NOTJOS training. Ex-dominie Inverarity contemplates a course he started in 1967. We qualified for CompassSport Trophy again (I missed it: camping in Death Valley, the driest place in North America. It chucked it down, thanks for asking). Then there were various mud-related heroics at the JK

(Thanks to Wendy Carlyle and Roger Thetford for the photos).

Plus all your favourite, and least favourite, regular features.

— Graeme



The back end of a bus and the editor.

## Chairman's Peace



Our club wavepower expert demonstrates his skills.

This issue, Chairman Max steps aside to let our Honorary president share a few words.

Carol McNeill has been honorary president of Interløpers for over 30 years. Carol won the British Champs (W21E) six times and World Veterans four times. In 1979, she astonished the international world finishing 7th at the World Champs in Finland. It was another 14 years before British athletes returned to the top 10.

Carol is also reknowned for her many books on Orienteering, often featuring various members of interlopers in action. If you're ever at a loss for a birthday gift, its a thing to consider.

The eInterloper obtained a rare interview with the legend herself.

## President's Piece

### Why did you join interlopers?

I was working at The Pleasance in Edinburgh (1969-72ish) when Interlopers was formed. I think we wanted to have a club which ex EUOC could join if they didn't want to join ESOC. The logo was 'pinched' from Australia and put back to front so it wasn't a true copy.

### How many copies of your book have you sold?

I have actually written around 13 books about orienteering, most of them coaching /teaching linked with Harvey's as publisher. However my favourite is the latest colour version (Crowood Press) - they stopped telling me how many they have sold, hopefully lots as I think it's the best on the market!!

### If orienteering hadn't existed, what would have filled the gap for you?

Interesting - I'm a mountaineer, I still go to the fells and hills when I have time off and I love wild camping. I also ride bikes, played hockey, sailed, kayaked, rock climbed. I just love being really fit. I'm no good at house cleaning or gardening. I started orienteering when I started teaching in 1965 - it just sounded fun and linked into taking kids to the hills.

### Tell us about your experiences at WOC.

I was in the GB team from 1969 to 1981 'they' thought I was a bit old but I kept beating the other girls so they had to keep me in. I enjoyed Scandinavian terrain and managed 12th in 1978, and then in 1979 I trained really hard and at 35 came 7th in Finland only 3 minutes off the podium. Of course once you have gained the top 10 you can't just aim for the top ten you have to believe you can win (to even get into the top ten); so when the WOC was in Switzerland in 1981 I had to train believing I could win which wasn't easy as I knew I wasn't fast enough. I came 18th which was OK but knew it was time to move on to the Vets. I had done my best at WOC.

### What are your priorities for your next term as Interlopers President?

This makes me feel a trite guilty - Maybe I should make more appearances and contribute more to discussions in the newsletter. Any other ideas?

You have a reputation for putting ducks out at control sites...

I like to make people smile and the two biggest ducks were asking to go out. I select a nice water feature and they go out at nearly all my events when I am the planner.



Carol McNeill

Former Interlopers Club Captain Anthony Squire gr(im)aces the cover of Carol's latest oeuvre





Day one of the Big five-O featured some tall, fast, gingery things.

## Big 5-O

by JANE ACKLAND

Just over 50 years ago, it seems that a number of Interlopers were twinkles in their parents' eyes, and around 25 years ago, a number of Interloper wives-to-be had twinkly ring fingers. This provided an excuse for them to head to the South African Big 5-O for Christmas 2017. The rest of us joined in without feeling the need for numerical coincidence. Months in advance, families Eades, Galloway, Carcas, Ackland and Ward set to work, competing to find different routechoices and checkpoints to Johannesburg, with Max's London-via-Amsterdam flight-plan providing the best source of entertainment.

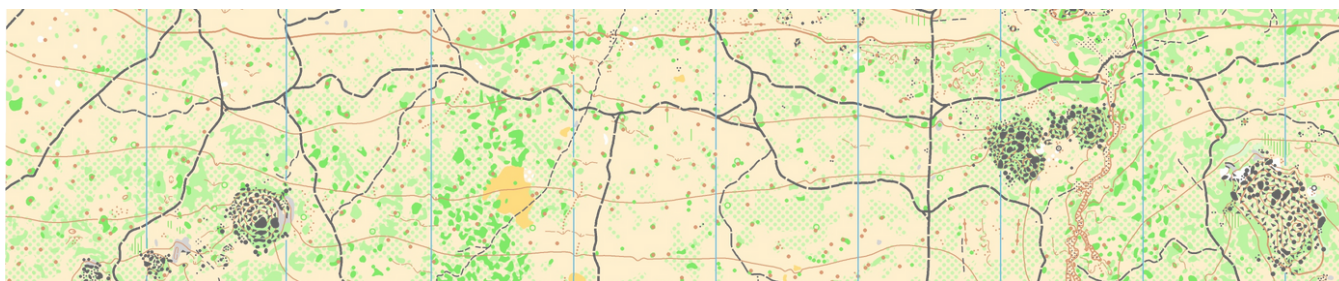
Once in South Africa, the spirit of competition continued, with Interlopers vying (not that they would admit it openly) for the best spot/ photograph/ drawing of the Big 5: lion, leopard, elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo and other quite possibly more exciting animals (crocodiles and hippos have to wait for the JK - ed.). There was also peer pressure to get up ridiculously early to optimise the chance of seeing more animals. Not that we Acklands succumbed to it: Kruger is fantastic enough by day.

The orienteering was up in the Limpopo region, which is quite high. The first day at Turfloop provided the best contrast with Scotland, being a toasty hot safari experience. We were thrown into a fairly featureless flat area, aside from occasional helpful mounds of rocks. There were enough scattered bushes that you couldn't run on a bearing, even if you trusted your southern hemisphere

compass. In case these distractions weren't sufficient, there were giraffes and wildebeest patrolling the area. The next three days were high up on the Iron Crown mountain, where the weather was misty, cold and Scottish, and the forests weren't so unlike Scotland either, being brashed and steep. On New Year's Day, Polokwane Orienteering club put on a fundraising race. This was a great way of seeing a township up close, (as well as a chameleon and some weaver birds) and the prizes of homemade biscuits were extremely welcome. The final day's sprint at Polokwane University Campus was a satisfyingly complex course. Interlopers was by far the biggest visiting club, and there were podium positions for lots of us. We all had tall tail tales to tell. There were encounters with unending dirt roads, potholes, power failures, roads obstructed by trees, and with corrupt park 'police' and corrupt highway 'police'. We saw how apartheid is slowly unravelling in the right direction; I suppose it was never going to be a quick fix.

The final few days took Acklands, Eades and Carcases to the Drakensbergs, whilst Wards and Galloways headed even further afield. We were chuffed and puffed to bag our first Parkrun of the year, even if we were put in our place by local talent. The course-marker started a minute late, and came cruising through overtaking everyone but Fred and Alex to put the halfway cone out.

Much of the orienteering partying revolved around brais (BBQ's) and thus the chance to eat what you had just seen out in the Veldt. Though they could have been fobbing us off with nyala for impala for all we knew. For non-veggie orienteers, it's a trip to be recommended.

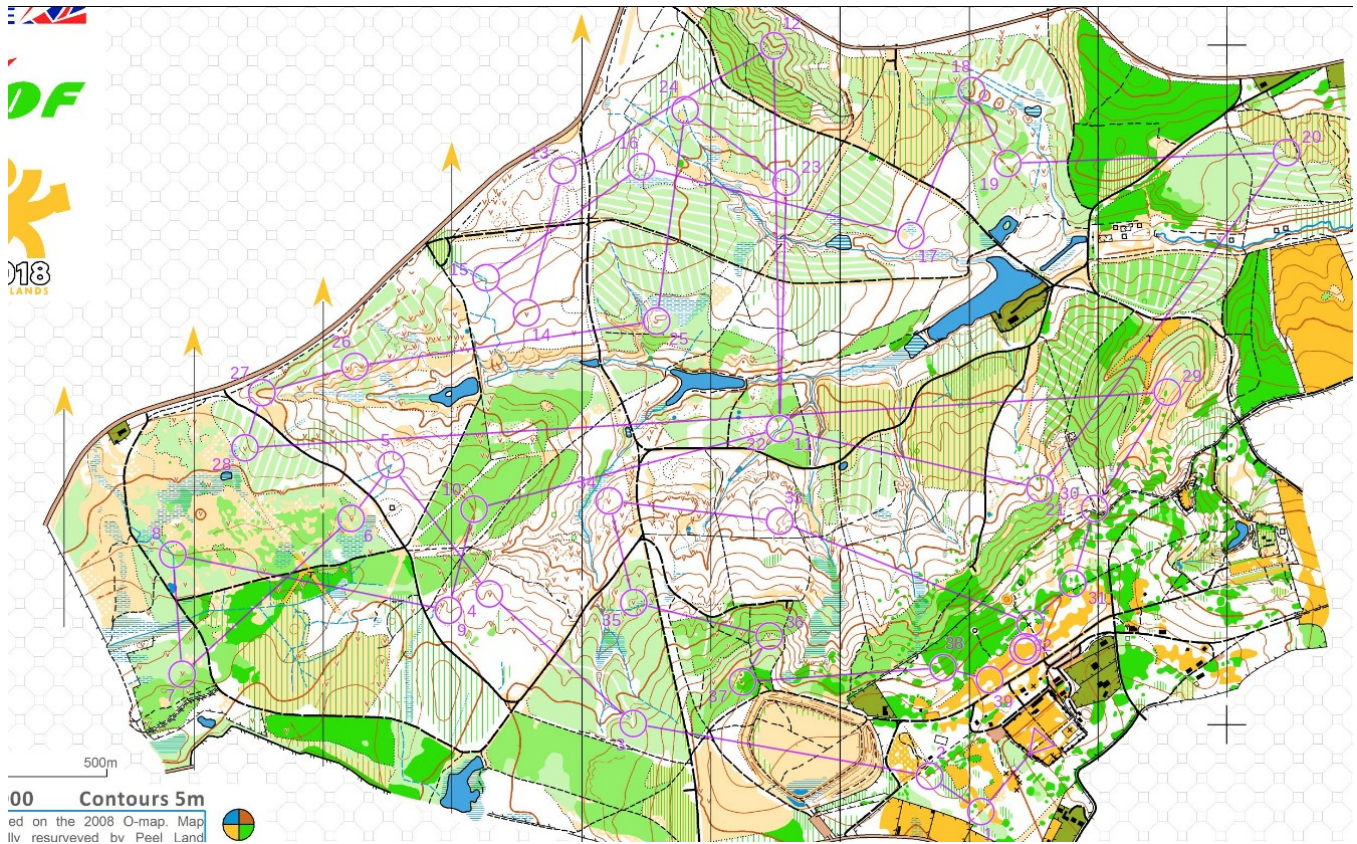


Even the maps were all yellow and brown



# Jan KjellSomme Trophy

by BEAU DESERT



The M21E course at Beaudesert had a dizzying theme to it.

This year's JK was held in the West Midlands. For those of you unfamiliar with your Orienteering Associations, the West Midlands OA are located north of the South Central OA, west of the East Midlands OA. The South Midlands OC a club, not a region, and it's in East Anglia OA. Obviously WMOA is adjacent to the South-West OA to its south, the North West OA to its north. WOA lies to the west, even though the "W" is for Welsh, not west *per se*. North West OC is nowhere near: it's part of NIOA in Northern Ireland. Anyway, we just drove down the M6 until we got there.

The sprints were held at MOD Stafford a fast, simple grassy area around Army Barracks. Day 2, the middle distance, was on Brereton Spurs: a tiny area of steep spurs and valleys used for the British Middles in 2014, but much nicer in bracken-free spring. The Long race moved to Beaudesert, with dizzying elite courses squeezed onto an A5 map. Relays were on the same area as Long. The combination of the constrained area and poor weather meant that by the end the weekend the woods had a rather muddy theme to them.

So, dibbers and compasses to the ready. And of course, it being the West Midlands, *anti-crocodile whistles*. Readers of nojesport will be aware of the extreme effective-

ness of whistles in deterring crocodile attacks. A survey of recent West Midland events reveals an 83% reduction in crocodile-related injuries since the no-whistle no-go rule was introduced. Meanwhile, in Scotland and other non-whistle carrying regions the rate of avoidable crocodile incidents remains a startling 273% higher. Of course, this may be due to the rising number of crocks in INT these days.



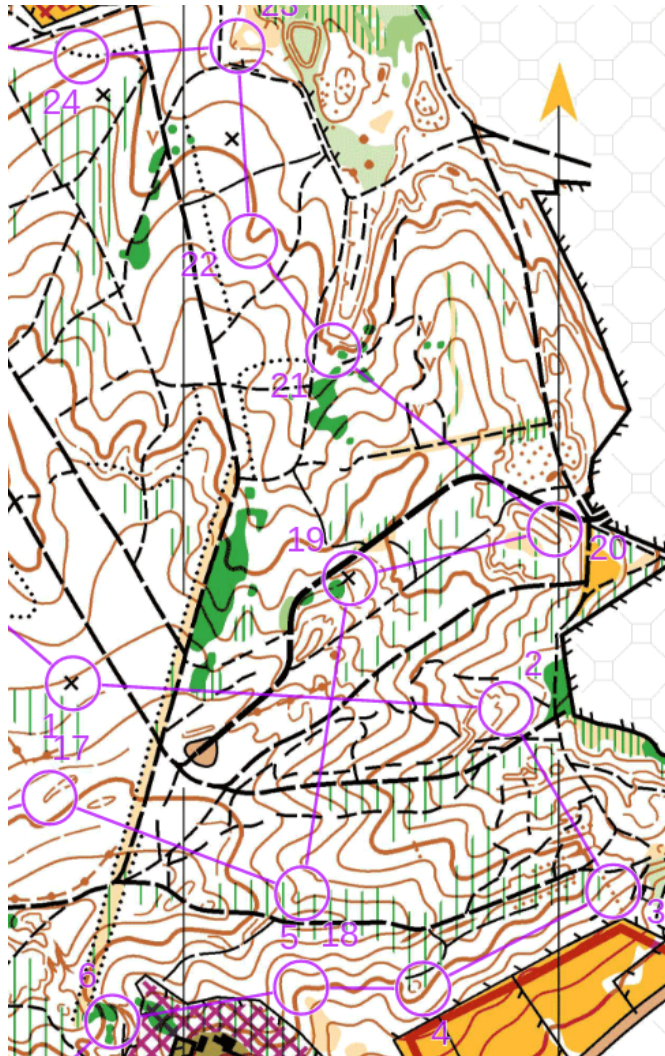
Evidence suggests that some crocodilians have evolved immunity to whistles. Beware.



The sprints provided good entertainment and INT success: Claire and Ray Ward did the family double with wins in M/W40. Alex Carcas took silver on M20, just six seconds down, as did Mary Ross on W45, seven seconds adrift, with Pippa Carcas also medalling (bronze, W16). The very high speeds requires led to some oxygen-deficiency-induced oopsies in Family Ackland. Graeme managed to nail the route on the long leg from 10-12 while James was the fastest on the run-in (in the wrong direction after a SIAC malfunction).



Only one person was able get anywhere close to Ray and Claire in the 40s sprint



Middle Distance: lots of controls and contours

The middle distance race on Brereton Spurs near Rugeley involved a lot of hills and control-picking. The technical challenge at these big events is a bit reduced by the controls all being located on that well-known feature "big pile of people, middle". But it's made trickier by the large number of flags in the forest - getting distracted to look at a control number "just in case" can quickly knock you offline or induce a mispunch.

The weather just about held for the long distance, across the road from Brereton with courses up to 18km on offer for those wanting value for money and controls to find. When the JK was held here in 1981, the map covered both areas, and a similar-sized additional section further west. These days a postcard sized map suffices. Some mild controversy about the long leg 28-29 on the M21E course: can you find the fastest route on the map above?

But wait, tucked away on page 19 of the programme it said "Running along public roads is PROHIBITED and will cause disqualification". Some took the path lying beside the road. Others assumed the programme was lying about the road.



A short stumpy thing and the Editor's wife on the individual day run-in.

The individual is scored on total time over the two forest days. Claire was at it again, winning both days by huge margins to beat the old ladies and the "Elite-dodger of the Week" award (aka Best Female Performance at the JK). Graeme Ross was our other winner, his first JK triumph on M45S.



On to the relays, snow, rain and a mudfest of epic proportions. We got close to the podium with 4th spots on the JK trophy (Freddie,James,Murray) and senior women (Lorna,Mary,Claire), but the stars of the show were the W48- team, slightly implausibly referred to in BOFspeak as "Intermediate Women".

After a little wobble at the first control, Pippa stormed through the pack to come back in second spot. Fiona also lost time at number 1, but then recovered to run with LOC for much of the course, getting clear near the end, only to be hauled in on the run in. Mairi set off in joint second place, over six minutes down on WCOC, the leaders, and an unsteady start saw her in third with the gap stretched out ahead. But Mairi has advanced skills in elbowing her way in front of people (see photo) the intermediate section proved decisive: Mairi nailed a series of tricky controls as first LOC, then WCOC faltered. With only four controls to go, the girls hit the front for the first time, and Mairi made no mistake bring home the victory in front of her adoring, if somewhat moist, fans. It was Interlopers first ever junior girls victory.



Colin forgot to take his O-top off the coathanger.



W48- winners: Happy bunnies at Easter.



# Glorious

by NICEWEATHER FORDUCKS

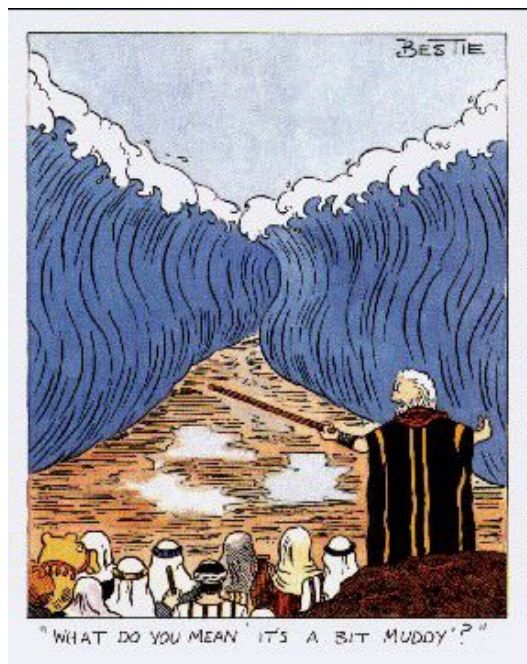
*A bold interloperman went to the JK  
On the hills where the features are sparse  
He fell on his bottom and there peacefully lay  
In the mud where there should have been grass  
Away on a hilltop he quickly espied  
A fair interloperette maid  
The interlop-amus was no ignoramus  
And sang her this sweet serenade  
Six, six, where's number six  
Nothing quite like it up there in those sticks  
So follow me, follow; down to the hollow  
And there let us wallow in our, number six  
The fair interloperette he aimed to entice  
From her search on the hilltop above  
As she hadn't found it yet, she took his advice  
Came tip-toeing down to her love  
All through the forest re-echoed the sound  
Of the squelch that they made as they met  
en route to number nine, by paths elephantine  
They lifted their voice in duet  
Nine, nine, where's number nine  
Nothing quite like it is here at this time  
So follow me, follow; down to the hollow  
And there let us wallow for our, number nine  
Now more interlo-pi-ni began to convene  
At the edge of that bell-pit so wide  
Though they'd hunted sloppily, at last they had seen  
That red and white flag at its side.  
They punched all at once with an ear-splitting beep  
Then rose to the surface again  
A green and white army of interlopani  
All singing this haunting refrain  
Mud, mud, glorious mud  
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood  
So follow me, follow; down to the hollow  
And there let us wallow in glorious mud*



At the end of the relay day



To avoid anyone tagging along with you, don't forget your anti-crocodile whistle



ISSOM rule 304.1: It is forbidden to cross an impassible body of water

# CompassSport Trophy Qualifier

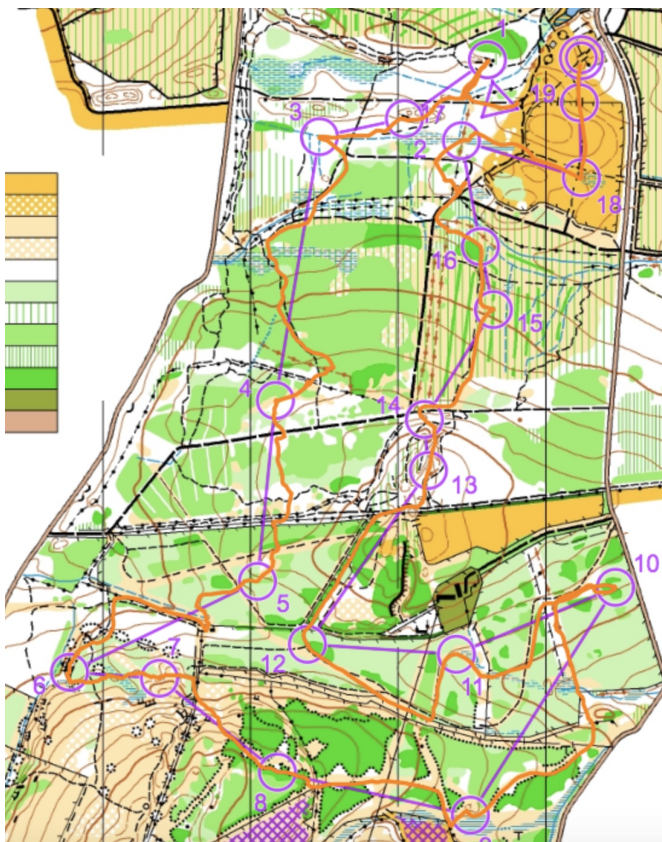
by CLYDE MISPUNCH

Hurrah for INT: the best little O-club in Scotland.

Our defence of the CompassSport Trophy began with a surprisingly comfortable win in the qualifying race at Beecraigs. Time and permissions have not been kind to this area, the largest forest in the Lothians, and the event was restricted to western part of the forest.

Course victories from Angus and David Ivory, Ray Ward and Oleg Chepelin set us up for a trip to the final on October 21st on (the nicer bit of) Cannock Chase.

We'll be accompanied by CLYDE and BorderLiners, with FVO and ESOC taking the Scottish slots on the big clubs' Cup competition.



Angus Ivory's winning route from Beecraigs

# Tortoise Jokes challenge



Best foot forward



What do you know about Testudinidae?

*Everything they taught us*

What do you call a tortoise with a replacement shell?

*Shelby*

What do you call a tortoise with a third shell?

*SeaShell*

What did the tortoise call the girl on his back?

*Michelle*

What's the difference between a tortoise and a terrapin?

*Everything: they're turtley different animals.*

What was the tortoise doing on the road?

*About 100 hours per mile*

How do you praise the Lord slowly in Kansas?

*Recite the prairie tortoise*

Why did the tortoise cross the road?

*To get to the Shell garage*



Next issue: send in your favourite ferret, weasel and stoat jokes





# Msixtysomething

by COLIN INVERARITY

What do you think about when you're orienteering? I suppose if you're at the other end of the participating and competitive spectrum from me you don't have time for such nonsense because you're so focused on the next step or way-point on route. Us older orienteers going at a more leisurely pace tend to have more time for reflection and ruminating. I had the opportunity to do so not long ago when I had the experience of orienteering in my home town. Did I think that 46 years after leaving the place for university that I would be running around the small market town of Biggar? Probably not! Some of my favourite pieces of prose/drama, perhaps as a result of my Welsh heritage, are *A Child's Christmas In Wales* and *Under Milk Wood* by Dylan Thomas. The latter concerns the fictional small Welsh fishing village of Llareggub. (For those of you not in the know, read it backwards). While not aspiring to the excellence of Thomas's writing what follows are the thoughts of an elderly, slightly overweight, trying to get back to some semblance of fitness, orienteer trundling around his home town.

First things thirst. It was Remembrance Sunday. People were arriving for the parade down the High Street as I parked the car. The town was going to be busy. Going through the Post Office close I emerge into a group of cyclists parking their bikes before they went for their refuelling stop in Cafe Aroma. I go down to the bottom of the High Street where the War Memorial is and find more people there than attended in the latter years of my childhood. Remembrance seems to have experienced an upturn with the many centenaries associated with the First World War. Soon the pipe band can be heard and the procession winds its way down towards us with local dignitaries, veterans of various conflicts, and groups of Scouts, Guides, Brownies, etc at the tail end. In my day I would be standing there in my Boys' Brigade uniform while the Last Post would be sounded out. Observing and contemplating the ceremony and the two-minute silence seems to have more of an emotional effect on the adult version of me. Is remembering the default position of elderly people?

It's a wee bit chilly by the end of the commemoration and although well wrapped up, a coffee in Cafe Aroma seemed a welcoming prospect. The place is absolutely stowed out as 2 groups of cyclists have descended on Biggar today, both from Livingston it transpires. What with the orienteers afterwards, takings in the cafes in the town will be good today. Refreshed, back to the car and preparations made before heading off to the start which is by a building which wasnet there when I was young. This was where the auction market fields were and the scene of what a comic writer might have labelled as the Great Donkey Fiasco. One of my classmates at Biggar High was Jimmy Minto and his dad managed the auction market.

One year, possibly in an attempt at diversification from the weekly cattle and sheep sales and the regular furniture sales there was a donkey sale. Put thirty or so donkeys in a field next to 400 adolescents and you're probably asking for trouble. Come dinnertime and we all piled in the field and attempted to catch and ride some of the poor beasts. Few of us had any success but it was fun and Jim had told us his dad said it was alright for us to do so. Not what our dominies seemed to think though. As the bell rang and we trooped back to school, there were Big Dave and Wee Boydie waiting for us. We didn't have much imagination for teachers' nicknames in those days. Those of us apprehended were marched along to the P.E. Department and despite our protestations each given a couple of the tawse.

Meanwhile, back in 2017, Graham McIntyre is heading back towards those of us waiting to set off having forgotten to punch the start unit. And then I'm off, heading towards the burn, occupying the famed Biggar Gap, a glacial breach between the Clyde and Tweed Valleys. I cross Station Road and then I have to wait for the traffic to go past before I can cross the High Street. There's a Chinese restaurant which wasn't there in my day and Fishy Walker's is now a security installation shop. Past the War Memorial where I had stood earlier and the Cadger's Brig and I'm puffing up The Wynd towards Knocklea (the Craigmillar of Biggar) where I lived until I was 9 years old. The first control is just over from the Waste Ground, a sloping piece of grass between the rows of council houses that made Easter Road look like a polder in comparison. Here we would play football endlessly after school by the light of one solitary dim street lamp until a door would open, a figure appeared backlit in the hallway and someone would be shouted in. Off to control 2 past the prefabs in Westercrofts Gardens and onto Rowhead Terrace and the house of "The boy who doesn't speak to us" An epithet given by me and Robert Smellie to someone we had been friends with all through secondary but who seemed to gain airs and graces after we went off to university and college and wouldn't engage with us when we were back in Biggar. I quite enjoyed cross-country running at school haring round the golf course and the park but I always came second. No prizes for guessing who always beat me. I don't think I ever came within 50 yards of him. Perhaps that's why I chose football in my youth rather than running. I met him years later playing against him in a staff football match where he seemed not to recognise me. Vitriolic denigration and character assassination over with I'm heading down into the Burn Braes by the paddling pool, a radical innovation of the 1960's.

Climbing slowly up the opposite bank I'm overtaken by a young Paul Caban and then we're at the corner of the field that was the home ground of the legendary Northcrofts United. It wasn't even half the size of a normal pitch and the goals were roughshod affairs knocked up by our captain's father, Mr Jackson, a local fencer but it was where a large part of my teenage years were spent.

We were cool. We wore A.C. Milan strips in the late 1960's and took great delight in hammering local village teams who struggled to find enough people under 17, with two legs and any idea of how to kick a ball. Heading to the next control, which is at the bottom of Northcrofts, I bump into Paul again coming out of the graveyard after realising there's no sensible through route for him there. Then it's down one of the closes which give Biggar and other Scottish burghs their character. Back on the High Street again by Gladstone & Core, Drapers (the family of the renowned Victorian prime minister farmed just outside Biggar).

I've been hitting the controls well so far as I make my way towards Viewpark Road. Six controls down and past the Cadger's Brig. William Wallace reputedly dressed as a cadger or tinker to spy out the strength of the English army before the Battle of Biggar. While we have a Bizzy-berry Hill and a Red Syke Burn (so called because it ran red with the blood of slain English soldiers) near the reputed location the only account of the battle comes from the lesser-known Scots poet, Blind Harry. Maybe not the most reliable chronicler being born some 135 years after Wallace was hung, drawn and quartered. Check Harry out on Wikipedia. Just by the bridge Wallace hid under is the Cross Keys where my dad would have a drink when he was back from sea. Then I'm running past the last surviving town gasworks in Scotland, now an outpost of the National Museums of Scotland and I'm back at the Burn Braes by the swing park going over the bridge remembering the times I would go home and get a telling off for coming back soaked after having been a bit too ambitious jumping the burn with my pals. And it's across to the other side again past the spot where I stood one Sunday morning with a bulging paper bag at my feet fending off the attentions of an aggressive dog which had run across from the other side of the burn to try and bite a chunk out of me.

They're just coming out of St. Marys, where my mum and dad were married and I was baptised, after the Remembrance Day service and I'm wondering what they're thinking as I pass by, a vision clad in green and yellow nylon. Along the North Back Road and here I come a cropper. I convince myself I should be going down the close at the back of the Elphinstone, scene of many an underage drinking night. Finding no control there I head down Bryden's Close but I can't convince myself I'm in the correct spot and I dither around for a while and go back and forth until I find it was around the other side of the bush I had been standing beside where I had been trying to make my mind up. So much for the benefit of local knowledge. Up the High Street past the Townhead Cafe where my mum would meet her friends on a Saturday afternoon and you got Ricci's award-winning ice cream in metal dishes. Running past Ross Square where my parents first lived after their wartime marriage and onto Mid Road, anachronistically untarred even in my youth because it was considered a private road. There's still no

tar but there are more potholes and they're deeper. I'm running past Jimmy Minto's house and that of my old geography teacher. Wee Jeanie would be turning in her grave if she knew what I had become.

Control 9 is by the side of the Bowling Green where my mother spent many an afternoon in her widowhood. The last house she lived in looked over the bowling green, but it was never really a home to me because I lived in Edinburgh when my mother moved there. Heading next into the 'new houses', a typical 1980's Brookside type development. Finding the control easily I come out past Brian Lambie's house at the top of the road I used to live in. He was the local ironmonger and one of the last provosts of Biggar and the man singlehandedly responsible for the town having more museums per head of population than anywhere else in Scotland starting with Gladstone Court Museum in 1964. My mind must have been wandering then and without thought I was heading down Leafield Road towards the bungalow my parents had built in 1962 instead of going back down Mid Road. Time lost here unnecessarily.

The next control is in the forecourt of what used to be the Mobil station. There used to be 4 petrol stations in Biggar, now there is only one. Down Lawson's Close and into the Bield sheltered housing for the next control. Then I'm running down the lane towards South Croft Road past where some of the many tomato houses Biggar had used to be. Who remembers Clyde Valley tomatoes these days? Then it's past the new medical centre next door to the Kello Hospital where my mum worked as a nurse. I ended up there on a couple of occasions. Once after coming off my bike returning from a few beers up Northcrofts at Tom Jackson's and going over the handlebars when I got too close to a parked car. The other time when my pal Robert got fed up with me thrashing him at table tennis and chased me around the stage in the Assembly Hall and whacked me with his bat cutting me above the eye. Fortunately, I went into hospital during the day and so missed my mum who worked night shifts.

We're into the finishing section and it's around the school for the last 3 controls but the school is now on the playing fields and there's astroturf where the school used to be. The old primary school which became an annexe of the new high school is still there but enlarged now as the new primary school and the old high school which became the primary school isn't there at all, the fine building having made way for a staff car park. Confusing isn't it? I had a fine time talking to Blair Young, the current head of P.E. at Biggar High and the man who filled Wee Boydie's shoes, about it all at download.

So apart from one bad mistake and a little lapse of concentration towards the end it was a fairly enjoyable trip down memory lane. Maybe, sometime, you will get an opportunity to run around your childhood haunts. Perhaps you already have done or even do so regularly. Whatever the case, I hope you appreciate it.



## Sprintelope

by [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/SPRINTELOPE/](https://www.facebook.com/sprintelope/)

Wednesday evening sprint/urban races, back for 2018, with some new venues and some old favourites. Check the ESOC and ELO websites for updated information.



April 18th ELO Longniddrie NEW VENUE  
April 25th INT South Edinburgh (Graeme)  
May 2nd ELO Haddington  
May 9th ESOC Bush Estate  
May 16th ELO North Berwick  
May 23rd Sprintelope MAZE on the MEADOWS  
May 30th ELO Musselburgh  
June 6th INT tba  
June 13th ELO Ormiston NEW VENUE  
June 20th INT Hunters Tryst (Paul)  
June 27th INT tba  
July 4th. ESOC South Queensferry

Further events covering other Wednesday Nights into August to follow. Maps and guidance are provided by the coordinator, you just need to find a venue. Your house may be good. If you fancy staging one, just let Graeme know, in reasonable time if you want some mapping done.



## ISSOM2017

by IOF MAP COMMISSION

ISSOM stands for International Specification for Sprint Orienteering Maps. Hot on the heels of the updates to normal (ISOM) standards the IOF is proposing to change the Sprint / Urban standards. Most notably, the recommended scale is changing from 1:5000 to 1:4000, with 1:3000 allowed as an enlargement. It's not clear what will happen with Urban maps.



## Naughty Numbers

by PAT SQUIRE

This is a simple activity that I used to teach to students as a very easy way of getting kids active. It works with people of all ages and abilities and can be developed in many ways depending upon circumstances and goals. I'm thinking of incorporating it into the activities on offer at the World Orienteering Day event (see separate article) and it could easily be used as an adjunct to the Saturday series events. Some of you may want to use it in your own teaching / coaching sessions if appropriate. Essentially you need a series of numbered markers, probably at least 5 / 6 and no more than 15 / 20. I often used cones. These markers can be laid out in any shape and over a suitable area. Thus it could be undertaken in a sports hall, football pitch, park etc wherever. Each marker needs 2 numbers. One number is visible to all from the centre of the arena, the other is only seen when you get to the marker i.e. at the rear. Participants go to a designated number and then find the next number in the sequence. They progress to that numbered marker, find the 3rd number and so continue around the markers until they have visited them and thus have completed the sequence. As an example suppose we have 10 markers laid out in a circle and numbered in clockwise sequence.

Then a course might be something like: 1-5-8-3-9-2-6-4-10-7-1 This is only an example. By my reckoning there are over 3 million different sequences so plenty to keep you going! Participants can start one at a time with different starting numbers or they can go head to head, each person starting with a different number. **(Caution here as too many people rushing across a small space would constitute a safety risk.)**

Variations include:

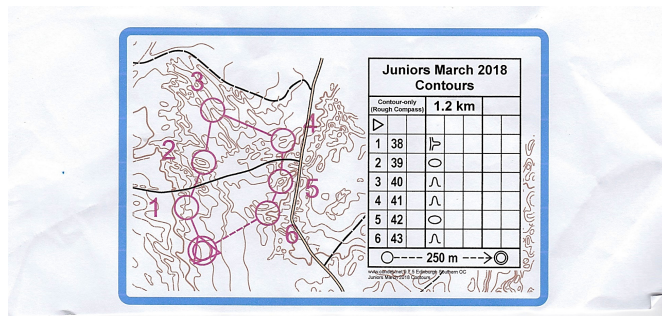
- Increasing / decreasing the number of markers
- Changing the order of the markers so they do not follow a regular sequence
- Increasing the area of activity, perhaps progressing to a simple orienteering map with point features as 'markers'
- Place SI units at the 'markers' so dibbing becomes part of the activity and accurate times can be obtained.
- Working in pairs whereby one partner goes to the first marker, identifies the number for the 2nd, comes back, tells the other partner who goes to number 2, identifies which is the 3rd marker and so on.
- All in all a simple activity with little in the way of equipment or set up complexity that can be undertaken indoors or out.

# Junior News: NOTJOS report

by ANGUS IVORY

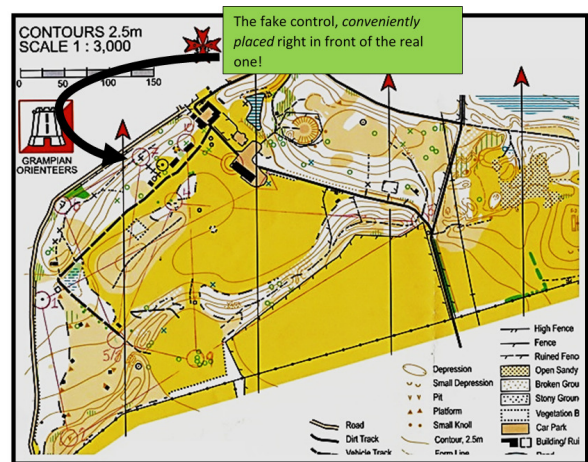
In March the SOA organised a NOTJOS (not in SCOTJOS) training camp for keen junior orienteers. It meant missing the last 2 periods of school on Friday, came with free biscuits in our first-class compartment on the train up (cheaper than standard, surprisingly), and of course got us a weekend of quality coaching in some lovely highland forests! We stayed in the Scout Hut at PK Templars Park campsite, the girls and coaches in dorms and all the 15 or so boys in a large room with a load of mattresses piled in the corner for us to get out.

Saturday morning took us to a part of Glen Dye for our relocation practice and compass work. The idea was that if we knew how to relocate before we did anything else, then hopefully we would know what to do if we got lost on the other exercises! Our course proved interesting, as we were paired up with someone with a different map: we would go, not looking at our map, to their first control, then work out where we were and take them to our first control, and so on. Slightly confusing, maybe? This was taken by Suzanne, the camp's organiser. The afternoon consisted of two exercises on compass work, rough and fine. For the first one we worked around two different loops using bearings. Somehow, going around two different ways, we all agreed one control seemed in the wrong place... (not suggesting it was mapped wrongly)! Roger then took us for an exercise on bearings and attack points afterwards, which was very enjoyable. Alistair and I even got to try the contours only map around the woods (shown below).



Obviously, these endeavours were the intervals between the regular cake eating sessions, from the home baking that all the orienteers brought along with them. That was a vital part of the weekend! Saturday evening: Night-O time! On Friday evening we had set about planning our courses for the Night-O around the campsite, and that afternoon people had been frantically putting controls about the place. It was a chance to plan fiendish courses for the other team's members to try out in the dark! The other team certainly used their area and controls as much as they could, cunningly placing a control with a very similar number right practically right in front

of the correct one (Obviously planned by an ESOC member). This led to the majority of our team mispunching...



On Sunday we woke up to a thin dusting of snow around the campsite and the rest of the Aberdonian landscape. Janne (AUOC, mentioned in March Score) was one of our coaches for the weekend and he had planned a team score event for us to do around the forest. It was great fun, with some people trekking up the steep south side of the map and others choosing to go North and battle the numerous marshes. My team was third in the end. The training weekend was really enjoyable. It was a chance to meet new people and see friends from other areas, and a great way to improve orienteering skills with the coaches' many useful tips and training exercises.

## Nippy Nippers



INT Juniors Sam and Thomas sprinting to the finish at the JK.



## Great ESOC Controls of our time

by LJUBLJANA

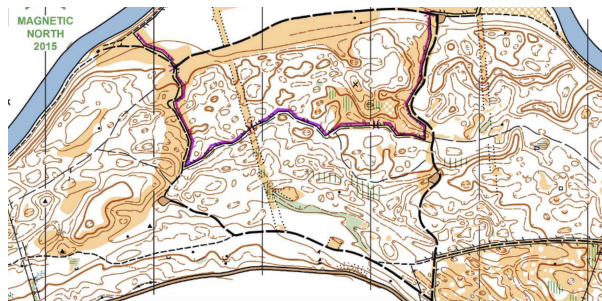


## Next major events: British and Scottish Champs

by JON MUSGRAVE ET AL

The British Orienteering Championships 2018 come to Scotland; 19th & 20th May in Royal Deeside. The Individual Championships will be held on Balmoral Estate with the Relays at nearby Torphantrick. Balmoral will be familiar from Race the Castles and the Scottish Champs, Torphantrick is a wee gem used as selection for the GB WOC team in 2015.

Should be a cracker, the biggest and best event of the year in Scotland; don't miss it. And while you're at it - why not stay up north for the Scottish Championship the following week



*Torphan-tricky*



## Events News

by PAT SQUIRE, EVENTS COORDINATOR

Saturday series events are pencilled in for the first Saturday of the month from March until October, alternating between Edinburgh and West Lothian, and Wednesday evenings in the Summer should see SprINTelope events being provided.

If anyone wishes to offer their services either in principle or for a specific date / venue please do get in touch with me. There is always a period of anxiety until names are filled in for the various roles that need to be undertaken, so any offers made before I have to go chasing are always very much appreciated.

Events also need to be publicised, especially the Saturday series ones which, being aimed particularly at newcomers to orienteering cannot just utilise the usual channels of communication within the sport.

If you have any ideas and suggestions as to ways and means of "spreading the word" to individuals, families and groups of all ages who might be interested in "Coming And Trying It", please do get in touch.

Similarly if you could help with design or distribution of materials I would be very pleased to hear from you.

This latest report features only one event as our planned March CATI at Craigmillar Castle park fell victim to the "Beast from the East" snows and had to be cancelled. The April event went ahead as scheduled at Almond Park on 7th April. Masterminded by Ken, his offering of yellow, orange and green courses (in the form of a Hageby style relay) attracted 51 participants, mostly regulars but with a good smattering of newcomers who will hopefully want to participate in future events. There was a good turnout of Club members to help and run so everything went smoothly on the day. Our next Saturday event will be on 5th May in Colinton Dell and thereafter we are planning to hold events at Polkemmet (June), Kings Buildings (July), Almondell (August), Braidburn Valley Park (September) and Mortonhall (October). The Wednesday evening SprINTelope series of low-key urban events starts towards the end of April with events being hosted by ourselves, ESOC and ELO. See separate article for details. In November we will be holding our INTrepid weekend with a SOUL in Livingston on Saturday 3rd and a SOSOL at Dechmont Law the following day.

As ever you can assist by:

- Offering to plan or organise an event
- Helping on the day
- Suggesting ways and means by which the events can be publicised, particularly to non-orienteers.



## World Orienteering Day

by PAT SQUIRE

Wednesday 23rd May has been designated as "World Orienteering Day" by the IOF with the aims of:

- Increasing the visibility and accessibility of orienteering to young people
- Increasing the number of participants both in the schools' activities, as well and in the clubs' activities in all countries of National Federations
- To get more new countries to take part in orienteering
- Helping teachers to implement orienteering in a fun and educational way

In 2017 there were 2265 events in 79 countries attracting 288007 participants (according to the WOD website). It is hoped that 2018 will see increases in all these numbers.

As a Club we are joining forces with ESOC to organise a series of activities in the Meadows from 11am until 3pm. In the evening there will be a SprINTelope event using the George Square and Meadows map. The day events, which should be free will be open to anyone but in particular we will be targeting local primary schools in the hope that teachers will be able to bring classes along to try out the various activities that we have on offer. Can you:

- Come along to help on the day albeit for a short while?
- Bring a group (children or adults) along on the day?
- Suggest activities that might be included on the day?
- Help promote the day by putting up a poster or handing out fliers?

If so please get in touch ([patsquire@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:patsquire@yahoo.co.uk)). Your contribution will be greatly appreciated.



## Access to Edinburgh O maps

by INTOMAPS@GMAIL.COM

Intomaps is a shared google drive account where you can find a selection of maps, some cunningly concealed behind a "shared with me" tab. You'll need the interlopers password to log in, and if you can't work it out from that, just ask the editor or one of the helpful staff at [@ackLandSurveys](mailto:@ackLandSurveys). You can open the maps in OCAD, OMapper or CONDES. Use the maps for training, events or whatever, all I ask is that if you find any errors you report them back so I can keep the maps up to date. Better still, update the maps yourself and put the new version onsite - but please use the existing symbols set and don't import dozens of new symbols.

Some of the files cover large areas (Edinburgh, Livingston). For events there, cut out the section you want and make your own borders, titles and legends. Remember to feed back changes to the master version.



## eMail List

by PAUL CABAN

The Club email list is the main mechanism for distributing announcements, including the Club Newsletter. It's restricted so that only members of the list can post to it - i.e. no external spam - and looked after by Paul, with help from Rob and Ann. If you're not on it with the right address, please contact me at [Paul.Caban@ed.ac.uk](mailto:Paul.Caban@ed.ac.uk); similarly if you \*really\* want to come off the list, I'll do that too (but please remember that it means that you won't then get the Club Newsletter).

Finally, one request to all list members: please don't use the list to have one-to-one conversations; i.e. please only 'reply-to-all' if you think that the whole list does need to know. Thanks. [Paul.Caban@ed.ac.uk](mailto:Paul.Caban@ed.ac.uk)



## Training Runs

by KEN DALY

Club Terrain Training occurs every Thursday, summer or winter, rain or shine. The programme is on the Club website. We typically run for around an hour in various



locations, mostly around the southern edge of the city. It's all very sociable: if we have enough people, we'll split into faster and slower groups, otherwise, we 'regroup' every so often. And once a month we aim to head off for a pub meal afterwards. If you want more information, have a chat with one of the 'regulars': Ann, Graham, Ken or Paul.

Dates and places continually updated on the club website.

## Fixtures

by SHIRLEY KNOTT

Nobody complained about the lack of fixtures yet, so here they aren't again.

Check out the club website at

<http://www.interlopers.org.uk/>

Or the searchable BritishOrienteering site at

<https://www.britishorienteering.org.uk/page/event>

