

NORWAY

1980

VENTURE 44. A sort of magazine, by, for, and about the 44th Gloucester (Sir Thomas Rich's) Venture Scout Unit.

NUMBER 37 Norway 80 Special Issue

NOVEMBER 1980

Editor: Mark Simmons.

This issue is devoted to a series of articles covering the Unit's expedition to Norway this summer. In all we spent three weeks in the country, half the time being in the south east, where we worked for the Nansen International Children's Centre, and the rest spent in the mountain and fjord country in the west.

The following leaders and members were in the party;

Stuart Bishop	Pat Phillips
Nigel Brewster	Nick Poulton
Phil Brown	Mark Simmons
Phil Champion	Tim Smith
Chris Collins	Bill Spear
Frank Henderson	Russ Watson
Paul Jennings	Iain Weir
Nigel Holden	

We would like to express our thanks to the following local firms and organisations for giving financial support to the venture

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Our thanks also to the Mayor of Gloucester, Miss Freda Wilton for her interest and encouragement.

Whilst in Norway the success of the expedition was assured largely by the hospitality, help and kindness re-

ceived from our many friends, notably Ernest and Margaret Davies, Mary, Harry and all the other staff of various nationalities at Kr-attebøl, and Halfdan at Rosenborg.

Paul and Ellen Hofseth and Per Kristian Granseth in Oslo.

Bjarne Bjølverud of Lesjaskog

Our sincere thanks to all those and many other friendly Norwegians met on our travels.

1980 THE YEAR OF THE VIKING

The new decade kicked off with a true nordic flavour. The theme for 1980 was the Norseman, earliest explorer of the cruel northern sea and fearless warrior, whose antics along the coasts of Britain and Northern Europe in the 5th-9th centuries virtually ensured the catchphrase "rape and pillage" in todays phrase-books. Interest in these legendary seafaring people was first stirred by an impeccable BBC historical commentary, presented by Magnus Magnusson, himself a direct descendant of the viking sea-raiders. The British Museum followed this up with a superlative showcase exhibition entitled "The Vikings", delving deep into the life and times of these people originating from the islands along the western coastline of what we now call Norway.

Not to be outdone in all this nordic fervour, the 44th Glos. Venture Scout Unit prepared its own expedition to the land of the Norseman. Loaded down with enough provisions, kit and bodies to last for the whole three week stay and with our intrepid leader Frank 'Sven' Henderson at the helm of the good ship "Svensvan" (a Wagonette class Bedford, with single air-ventilator) set course for Norway and adventure.

We came to an abrupt halt at the edge of England due to the non-appearance of M.S. Jupiter, but that is a story for someone else to tell!

PHIL BROWN

THE JOURNEY OUT

....and then there was light, and we were off. What a sight at 7.30 a.m., ten Venture Scouts squashed into the van, and another four in Mr Tavener's car.

After Tav had successfully avoided another car turning out of the school gate, and a brief stop, we arrived on Harwich quayside at 12.30 p.m. We were welcomed by some chap from north of Hadrian's Wall who tried to insist that the prices on our tickets corresponded to the number of people or vice-versa. After several minutes anxious debating we were finally let in only to find that the "Jupiter" was $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours late. Not bad we thought, but soon it was announced to be two hours late, then four, a degree of despair set in. Eventually it arrived $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours after it was due to leave. During our long wait we amused ourselves discovering exciting things such as two new Escorts, the Orient F.C. coach, and also kept the cafe in business.

When we finally boarded we quickly claimed our sleep-erettes, and then set out about exploring the ship but most seemed to have difficulty in finding the exit from the bar and cabaret.

The next day was spent playing chess and cards but found certain members hooked on space invaders. Half way across the North Sea we were informed that the ship would not be going to Oslo, but would be terminating at Kristiansand to make up time. Despite this great inconvenience we were offered free cabins for the night, free breakfast, and petrol money for the two hundred and twenty mile drive to Oslo. It rained heavily as we drove up to the capital next morning, six in the van and the rest in a luxurious coach. A chaotic battle against an unbelievable one way traffic system saw us circling a number of times round the Vestbanstasjon before we eventually met up with the others and then were met by Ernest Davies, the Director of the N.I.C.C. at 1.30 p.m.

From there we split into two groups, one going by ferry to Rosenborg, and the other travelling 60 miles out-

side Oslo to Krattebøl. The rain seemed even heavier as we continued our journey, but our welcome at the N.I.C.C. made up for the dreadful weather.

NIGE BREWSTER

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KRATTEBØL ONE

In the pouring rain the party congregated at an Oslo railway station where we were split into two groups. One consisted of the V.S.L., Nige Brewster, Tim Smith, Mark Simmons, Nick Poulton, Russ Watson, Iain Weir and myself was to go to the Nansen International Children Centre at Krattebøl.

When we arrived in the early evening, we were shown where we had to sleep. We had a choice; a large dark tent full of holes and water, or a barn with three walls & rats. We chose the barn.

Then came the evening meal. This was served in the main building, so we ate with all the helpers and a party of children from Glasgow's slums. They were very friendly, although one later attacked Iain with a ski stick. It was after the meal that we discovered that we had to sing a song. A silence followed until the V.S.L. saved us with a fine rendition of "Waltzing Matilda" in duet with one of the helpers, who happened to be Australian. They didn't try to get us to sing again!

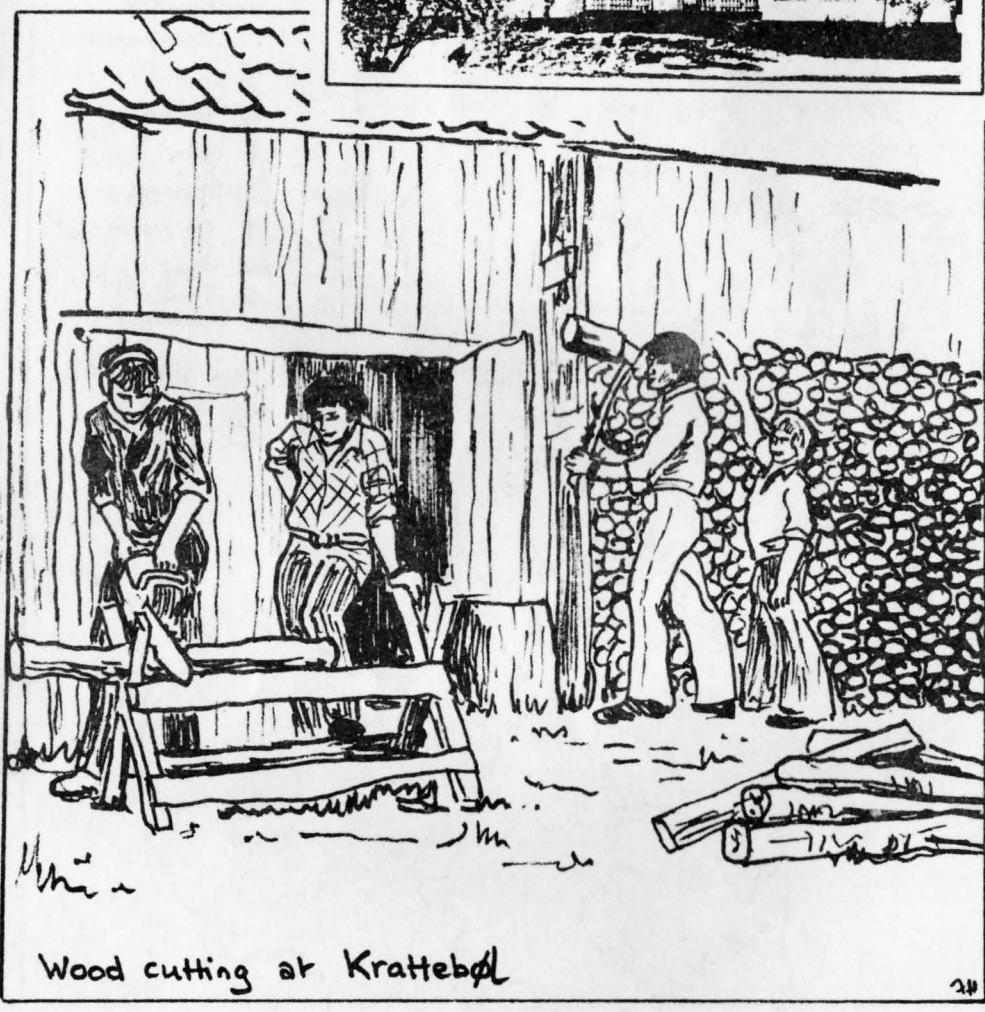
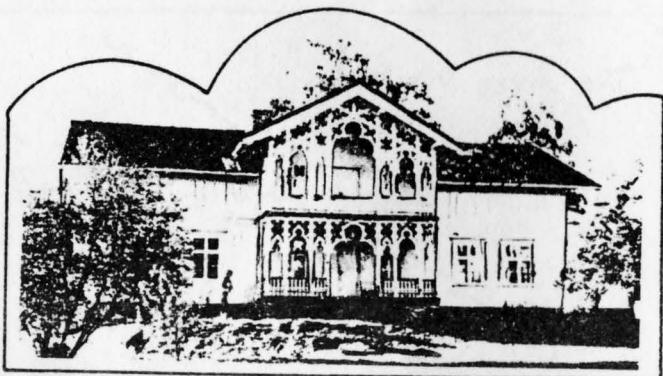
We were there for three working days, which we spent either moving wood, cutting down wood, or cutting up wood. There were only a few minor hitches, e.g. when we couldn't find some wood in a forest (due to bad directions like "look for the red mark on the tree!"). It was whilst working in the forest that we spotted two interesting birds - a Black Woodpecker and a Capercaillie. We saw other types of birds at Sand post office.

In the evenings several interesting activities occurred, like trying to light the paraffin lamp, and playing cards. Mark and Tim went fishing, and saw an elk. Most of us went canoeing, and the V.S.L. paddled off into the

The Area visited



N.I.C.C.
KrattebøL



Wood cutting at KrattebøL

sunset with Mary to tell her all about venture scouting, at least that's what he says. It was whilst negotiating some rapids that we saw someone demonstrating how to fall out of a canoe after a rather classy turn went wrong. Inspection of the debris revealed Russ in the icy water.

On the last afternoon we all went fishing on a nearby lake, and got buzzed by mad Norwegians in a motorboat. The V.S.L. and Nige B. in a tin canoe claimed an island for Britain in the tradition of Sven Henderson the great explorer and pianist. Will the spirit of adventure ever die?

On the Sunday we packed and set off to the big city - we were going to spend a day in Oslo before going on to work at Rosenborg.

NIGE HOLDEN

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ROSENborg ONE

Having travelled by ferry and bus from Oslo, we arrived at Rosenborg on wednesday afternoon. The group comprised Phil Brown, Phil Champion, Chris Collins, Paul Jennings, Stu Bishop, Halfdan our English speaking leader who had been appointed to take charge of us, and myself. After unloading kit, Halfdan showed us what was to be done. There was a swimming pool to be dug out, the top soil from this used to make a flat patio, the borders to be weeded and dug, the gutters to be cleaned out the flagpole painted, and a path down from the house to the local fjord to be cleared. He quite seriously suggested that these jobs wouldn't take much more than a day to complete - what a joker! Wally, who over the next fortnight was to show what an expert chef he is then set about preparing the evening meal.

Thursday saw the start of the work. the five others started digging out the pool, while Stuart and myself transported the top-soil to the back of the house, and with the use of nearby rocks, gradually created a patio. That evening Halfdan took us down to the fjord and show-

ed us a local cave. Chris and Paul amazed him by demonstrating the old English tradition of knotted handkerchiefs over the head and trousers rolled up above the knees, and then proceeded to paddle in the fjord.

We continued with various jobs on the Friday. The patio was finished, Stuart and Paul cleaned all the gutters, the borders were dug by Chris. Phil, Wally and myself went and cleared trees and brambles from the path, and the pool became progressively deeper. The flagpole also received its first coat of paint.

On Saturday, having given the flagpole a second coat of paint, we set off for a visit to Oslo. Before leaving we said our farewells to Halfdan who was off to visit his girlfriend for the weekend. Once in Oslo, we split up to explore the centre of the city. Paul, Stu and myself arrived back at about 6 p.m., but the others did not reappear until nearly midnight. Did they really miss their bus, or did three blonde Norwegians have something to do with it.

We packed early Sunday morning, and set off to meet the others at Oslo where we exchanged news, and eventually jobs.

PAT PHILLIPS

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OSLO

The party had ample opportunity to see the capital on the expedition.

The whole party went on a sight seeing tour one hot Sunday afternoon. We visited the maritime museums on the Bygdøy peninsula, which juts out into Oslofjord just to the west of the city. Housed in a large barn like construction was Fram. This famous ship was designed for the great Norwegian explorer and statesman, Fridtjof Nansen. Nansen captained the ship in an unsuccessful attempt to cross the North Pole - by drifting in the pack ice. Across the road was the museum containing reconstructions of Kon-Tiki and Ra II. Heyerdahl built these craft in order to show possible links between ancient cultures in diff-

erent parts of the globe.

A visit was made to the famous Frogner Park where we walked amongst the great number of statues and other items, the work of Norway's most famed sculptor, Gustav Vigeland. The party also visited the impressive Holmenkollen ski-jump, perched above the city and fjord. It was possible to stand at the top of the ramp, and it gave us an awe inspiring view of the jump that olympic competitors face in this fascinating sport.

Whilst in Oslo a few members (N.B. and me) were given an opportunity to see a different aspect of the city. Starting from a suburban house we were led, on a variety of bicycles, to some of the sights easily accessible from our "guide's" house. These included the local waterfall, an old farm in the middle of the city, and a look at the Geology Department of Oslo University. The route took us along footpaths, one way streets, grass verges, peoples back gardens, tram lines, and across a playing field. Lights and brakes were optional extras, and we deduced that some inhabitants of the city have a curious disregard for the rules of the road!

IAIN WEIR

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KRATTEBØL TWO

In the dusk of Sunday evening we were unloading the van and installing ourselves in the barn at Krattebøl. Whilst there we continued the work started by the first group. I quite enjoyed using a chainsaw for the first time, but was less keen when I heard what could happen if the chain was too loose! On Monday we set off for the forest to try to find the missing wood. We found enough of it to load the lorry, which then sank into the mud when we got back to the Centre. Even with willing pushers and the Bedford pulling, we didn't have enough power to get it out, so in due course a tractor was summoned and it was removed from in front of the barn. In the evening

we went canoeing along a very long cold lake. As I step into a canoe only very infrequently I was very tired by the time we returned, and getting stuck in the rapids on the way back didn't help.

With the arrival of the group from Oslo next day there was no more strenuous activity in the evening than yatzy, although the VSL gave us a demonstration of the art of fire eating.

During Wednesday some of us moved the canoes down to the supposedly warmer lake (Storsjoen) near the Centre, and whilst everyone else went canoeing that evening I stayed in and tried some cakes cooked by the Dutch girl helpers. That evening Mary persuaded the VSL to let three of us stay on for a few days - a proposal that we gladly accepted!

After the others left next day we did various jobs, I did very little at all - like being at University really! At night we joined the kids in a game; each of us had to hide in the woods making animal noises whilst the children had to identify the noise and find us. It soon palled for the animals - you get fed up sitting on a rock being an elk after a while!

Friday was spent preparing for the big event, the party! Costumes were made, logs were moved. Wally drove the Centre's Volkswagon bus to collect some tents. Canoe-ing on the lake, Wally enthralled the children with his eskimo rolling, and even when he got stuck halfway through a roll and had to get out of the canoe they all thought it was part of the act, so his reputation was untarnished!

That evening the troll party occurred. The three of us and the local schoolmaster got into our troll costumes which consisted of large noses, long tweedy jackets, fake beards (for the others!), tails and bobble hats with twigs stuck to them. At the signal we leapt out followed by the schoolmaster with his accordian. Throughout this a tape cassette which the VSL had recorded earlier that week was played, recounting events that had occurred be-

(continued on page 10)



Black Woodpecker

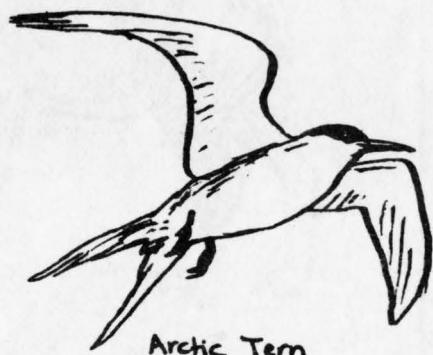
Rough Legged
Buzzard



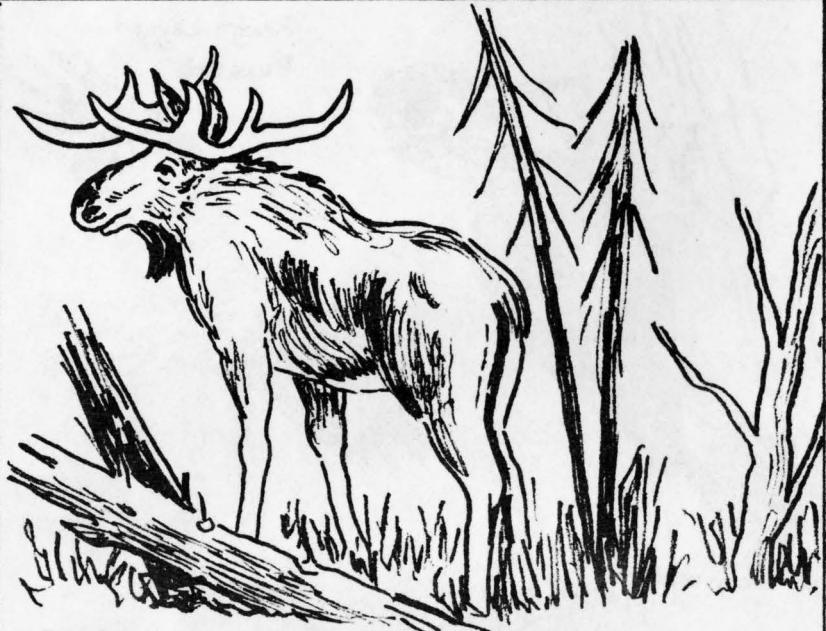
Capercaillie



Ptarmigan



Arctic Tern



Elk Kratteböl



Reindeer

Lesjaskog

7H

ROSENborg TWO

The second group to stay at Rosenborg arrived there at about six o'clock on the sunny afternoon of the 26th of August, the group having just completed a 100 km journey southward by minibus, ferry and coach. We were impressed with our first sight of our new home for the next five days. It was a large sprawling bungalow with an excellent view of the Oslofjord. Inside all the rooms were spacious, including two living rooms, a bathroom for each of the two bedrooms, and in the cellar a washing machine and tumble drier. It was absolute luxury when compared with the rather spartan accommodation we had enjoyed at Krattebøl.

After settling into our rooms we prepared the first of what was to be many a delicious meal. In the evening we were joined by Halfdan, who, we discovered spoke perfect English and who, as we discovered later, cooked at the same level.

On Monday morning, in the true 44th style, we started work immediately after our breakfast - some of us dug a trench,....no, several trenches; each previous one being declared in the wrong position just as it was nearly completed; some of us were widening and deepening the pool out of solid rock, whilst Mark was simultaneously giving the flagpole its nth coat of paint and sunbathing.

That afternoon in order that we didn't get the wrong impression of Norwegian weather, the rain came. A few of us donned waterproofs and joined the machinelike Halfdan in shifting rubble.

In the evening, three of the group went fishing in a boat with Halfdan on the Oslofjord whilst the rest explored the surrounding areas, practising their English on the natives.

Tuesday was in much the same vein as the previous day with the work concentrating on shifting rubble to widen the drive and the erection of the heavily painted flagpole. In the afternoon we were visited by the V.S.L. who informed us that his master transport plan required the

immediate removal of Nige B and Iain to Oslo. They were I think, quite disappointed to leave such a pleasant place so soon. However, the hard work continued for those who remained until Thursday when we rose early and made our way to the Ostbanstasjon in Oslo and caught the Andalsnes train - destination Lesjaverk.

RUSS WATSON

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Continued from page 8.

fore we had arrived. The children were totally mystified. We finished off with a troll dance - a most peculiar sight, and the evening ended for the kids with hot chocolate and twists around the smouldering camp fire.

When the children had settled we had a second party in Mary's house, as it was her birthday. We ate our way through a variety of birthday cakes, Argentinian, British, Norwegian, and drank an equally international range of beverages. Songs were sung in many languages and it was very late before we eventually got to bed! Next day we said farewell to the children who were flying back to Glasgow, and were taken to Eidsvoll where we caught the train to Lesjaverk.

PAUL JENNINGS

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LESJASKOG

We arrived at Lesjaverk railway station and after time to visit the local shop to sample the delights of "Salt og pepper crisps" were joined by the VSL and party who had travelled the 240 miles by road. We expected that the party would be together for the first time, but it was not to be as Chris, Paul and Wally were still in the south being trolls.

We drove the short distance to Lesjaskog where we were hoping to find some evidence of the Gloster Gladiator of 263 Sqn. which had sunk in the lake in 1940 following an enemy bombing raid. The Mayor of Gloucester had kindly presented us with a city tankard to take to Lesja

skog as a momento of the links with Gloucester.

We were, however unlucky in that "some Englishmen" had carted off all the remains, but we did meet a farmer who could remember the incident and had a large number of newspaper cuttings and other mementos of the event. We presented the tankard to his daughter who spoke a little english and acted as interpreter for us.

Lesjaskog was to be the start of our hike and so the day we spent there we divided into two parties. One went to visit the church at Lesja some miles down Gudbrandsdal. The church is a very good example of rural architecture with some particularly colourful painting and carving within, the work of local craftsmen in the mid 18th century. The other group walked up to the edge of Digervarden, the high desolate plateau that had to be crossed on the planned hike. The problem here was that this was classic reindeer country, and hunting had just started. The party saw a herd of fine large beasts across Grondalen as they returned to the camp site. Although there were plenty of hunters in evidence the locals we consulted all thought that if we wore bright clothing on route no one would shoot us. Our leaders held a great council that night, seated on stones around the gas lantern, and the VSL, in true style, decided that we should go ahead with the expedition and that he wouldn't!

The evening before we went we all piled into the van with cameras and set off on a grand photographic session -at least half of it being in the dark - bad planning there. From the broad valley of Lesjaskog we crossed over the watershed and went down the spectacular valley of the Rauma river, Romsdal. We nearly saw the highest cliff in Europe, and stopped at a ferocious waterfall that someone had tried to canoe over and had not survived. Eventually we returned to our tents, and as the temperature dropped below zero we fell asleep trying not to let the thought of being shot next day worry us.

MARK SIMMONS

N.B. We have since learned that the Gladiator remains are in an Airforce museum in the Oslo area.

THE WALK TO NYSETER

Having partaken of a good breakfast, the party journeyed from the camp site to Lesjaskog station, our start -ing point. Here we bade farewell to the VSL and started to walk through a wooded area in bright sunshine. Steady progress was made over the next $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours before we halted to allow Tim to catch up, and for ourselves to remove coats and jumpers. With Tim now setting the pace the par -ty trudged on along the indistinct path through more of the scrubby woodland until we rose above the treeline to have our lunch on the open ground. We were now in reindeer country, the first weekend of the hunting season! We had been advised to wear bright clothing on this trip so that we would not be mistaken for deer, but luckily no problems of this nature occurred!

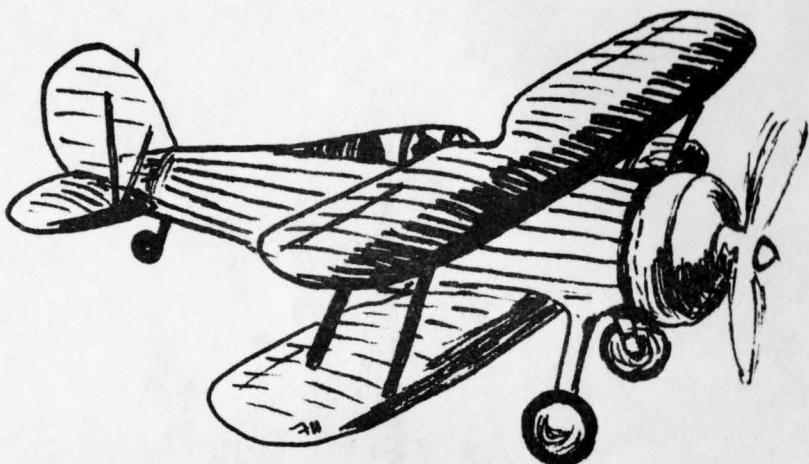
By now we had covered about seven miles of our days walk although the hardest part (for me at least) was yet to come, this situation not being helped by the two tents on my back already creating some discomfort. Any-way, having rested for longer than was good for us, according to the AVSL, the party moved off still climbing. Now the two tents were taking their toll and the gap developing between me and the rest of the party was gradually inoreasing. However, the kind souls in the main par -ty stopped frequently to allow me to catch up before st -arting again. Progress was slow and tiresome over diff-icult terrain with steep slopes interspersed with steady climbs, with reindeer moss and snow underfoot.

However, after another $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of hiking the high-est point on the first day was reached at 1664m and Phil Brown took photos to commemorate the occasion. Overcast weather had now brought out the jumpers and anoraks pack -ed away in the earlier brilliant sunshine. So the des-ent began to the valley of Loradal where we intended to camp at Nyseter. This last downhill trudge was no less difficult than the uphill, as the way was strewn with br oken boulders (not all steady). Further stops were deem-ed necessary to allow me to catch up.



The wooden Stav church at Lærdal, Gudbrandsdalen. Built in 1748. To the left in the background, the mountains of Kjølen. - traversed on the second date of the hike

311



A Gloster Gladiator

The one that got away?

LORDALSVEGEN - 6343 LORA

Billett № 1675

Navn F HENDERSON

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We returned to a recognisable path above the camp site. Here I rested and admired a great view down the valley whilst the others descended to the van seen parked below us beside the track. Having covered some $12\frac{1}{2}$ m. with a climb of about 3000ft we set up camp on a mound by the river. The meal that night was one of the best, excellent cooking by Tim and the AVSL giving rise to many compliments. As the evening drew on, the wind turned from fresh to strong, so all retired to their respective tents for a much needed rest.

NICK POULTON

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Whilst the bulk of the party was crossing the high plateau trying not to look like reindeer and dodging high velocity bullets, the trolls from Krattebøl were heading north. Paul, Chris and Wally arrived by train from Eidsvoll the day the hike started, and we set off along the toll road along Loradal. Like many of the minor mountain roads it is open only during the summer, and motorists wishing to risk their suspension are trusted to leave an envelope containing the toll - usually about 20kr (£2) in a box on the roadside.

We travelled along the valley, a little concerned by the number of cars on the roadside obviously belonging to hunters and parked at Nyseter. In the evening we were relieved to eventually see the walkers appear on the mountainside. Contact established, we retreated a few miles down the valley and established camp and exchanged news of the past few days.

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THE ROAD TO SJAAK

After exchanging a dying, but happy Nick for a Wally Champion, we set off up into the mountains. After the first initial uphill stretch we were walking along a relatively barren plain with many rocks and the occasional stretch of water to cross or to avoid. At the second

stop Russ almost killed Iain by pushing over a cairn.

After about six miles of walking figures which looked like hunters loomed into view. After stopping to drink at a river we climbed the rise behind the hunters and set off following cairns along another falt bit. We did not stop again until we reached a ridge where we had lunch, during which the cheese slicer miscounted. After having crossed a river our expedition leader decided that we should make a new path through Blueberries.

By the time we had reached the path again we had descended a good way down the slope. We entered the tree line for the final steep drop into the valley at Sjaak.

When we reached the road we set off left towards Sjaak. We crossed the bridge into the village. There we decided we were not going any further and so we waited for the VSL and were entertained by the local daredevil team outside the local shop. Our leader decided to question the natives as to the whereabouts of the nearest campsite. He managed to find that there was one 5km along the road. Iain said the VSL would meet us at the church, so we tightened our belts reluctantly and left the local lads, hitched up our rucksacks and reached the church where we found no-one, but we were now 6km from the campsite! Finally we arrived to discover the rest of the group with their tents pitched, drinking coffee, and Nick still alive.

After eating an excellent cooked meal, the group split into two, one in the van playing yatzy, with the other outside in the gloom sitting around a primus singing old scout songs, and exchanging old favorites like Mr & Mrs Bolicsteroids and their daughter Anna. After coffee and a few more songs we retired after a long and eventful day.

TIM SMITH

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N.B. Pronunciation; Sjaak = Shock. Nyseter = knee-say-ter. Loradal = Loo-raw-daal.

TO THE HIGH MOUNTAINS

Monday September 1st.

After the strenuous effort of the hike the journey to the high mountains of Jotenheim was made at a leisurely pace. We stopped off at Lom where visits were paid to the geological exhibition and the Stav Church, and we sampled the delights of Gamleost (old cheese). This delicacy was not generally popular with the party. Another group of Venture Scouts from South London was encountered before the party split up to travel into the "Home of the Giants". As we climbed the steep road we were treated to glimpses of the highest mountains in Northern Europe and when the party eventually reassembled near Sogne-fjellhytta we were at a height of 4600ft. We set up camp at a spot that some of us had used six years ago and admired the great vista of precipitous peaks and mighty glaciers. The view was dominated to the east by Smørstabbtindan (7221ft) and to the south by Fannaroki (6721ft). Alas, this was to be our only chance to admire the scenery as ominous clouds were billowing up in the west, and soon the mountains disappeared as the rain started. That night 15 crammed into the van for the evening meal, which was topped off by a chocolate pudding that never set! Despite being in a wild and desolate spot we had a visitor in the evening enquiring as to whether we were the geological survey!

Tuesday September 2nd.

We woke after a night of rain and wind to see heavy grey clouds scudding across the sky. We had planned an attack on Fannaroki, but we delayed any decision on what to do until nearly eleven in the morning. It was then decided that a small group - (F.H., W.S., C.C., P.J., I.W.) should challenge the mountain, two should remain at the van (N.B., P.B.) whilst the rest should wait for the daily bus, and head for the fjord country.

The walk started in the rain, and we trudged round the lakes towards the foot of the glacier we had to cr-

oss. A solitary eagle added interest to the journey in the early stages. Arriving at the ice it became obvious that getting over this obstacle would be more difficult than it had been six years ago when recent snow made the going fairly easy. This time the surface was ice - sometimes rutted, and in places cleft by deep stream courses. Roped together and clasping ice axes, we set off, but it was very slow going. The rain persisted and we were unable to find a good route. Deep crevasses were cautiously crossed, and eventually after several hours on the ice we reached the rocky wall of the summit mass. We stopped for a quick and miserable lunch and knew that although we had done the worst part of the journey, we would nevertheless have to retreat, as time would not allow us to complete the ascent. We had started too late, and travelled too slowly. Reluctantly we stepped back on to the ice, and found the journey back equally as demanding as the ascent. On the final stretch we found ourselves several times forced to step fearfully over the ominous water courses which got deeper as we progressed downward. It was with a great sigh of relief that eventually we slid in an undignified manner onto the rock at the end of the icefield.

We tramped back to the campsite - tired and wet - eagerly looking forward to changing into dry clothes. I shall not dwell on what we found. Suffice to say that the wind was very strong and there had been problems with our tents.. I squeezed several gallons of water out of my sleeping bag. I recall that Iain didn't seem very happy... nobody said much as we piled wet and muddy kit into the wet and muddy van, and I suspect none of the group seemed too displeased about leaving the mountains. From 5000 ft we descended in less than an hour to sea level at Skjolden. The weather spoiled the tremendous view, and it was still raining when we arrived at Gaupne to meet the others and set up camp. That night some of us enjoyed a novelty in the use of a camping 'hytt' - a little expensive, but rather nice - and very dry!

Lying in the dry hut - albeit in a wet sleeping bag, I



Setting up camp in the mountains. In the back
ground the ice field on summit of Fannaroki
6721 ft.

TH

	NP	NH	TS	RW	MS	NB	IW	SB	PP	PJ	CC	PC	PB	WS	FH	
18																
19																
20																Krattebøl
21																
22			Krattebøl								Rosenborg					Krattebøl
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25			Rosenborg								Krattebøl			J		
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6											M.S. Venus - at sea					
7																

Breakdown of who spent what night where during
the expedition.

reflected on the trip so far, and what was to come. The plan was to drive up Jostedal next day to inspect the glacier, and spend another night at Gaupne before heading west along the fjord, the over the mountains to Bergen.

F.H.

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ICE ON THE ROCKS

It all depends on what you mean by ice. Reviewing the ice landscapes I have known and loved, I am struck by the great variety displayed. On the previous visit to Norway by the Unit the Austerdalsbreen had a mixture of dirt covered snout and a clean, if gritty centre surface; the Fannaroki ice was hidden by deep, firm snow. Torfajokull in Iceland smelt as if we had all stepped in something nasty. This year the Nigarsbreen came up to all the expectations of the Fox's adverts.

After a day of rain, sleet, flooded tents and discomfort the trip up Jostedal to the Nigarsbreen was a cheerful stroll in sunshine. The path was marked by T's painted on the ice smoothed rocks and the distant glacier gleaming blue and white seemed to remain the same until the final hundred yards or so. On arrival I found the sheer brilliance of the colours irresistible and took several photos. In the course of scrambling around after different angles I came across several painted signs on the rocks. "STOP 8/80!" Was this a bizarre open air art show or a ploy by local guides to obtain custom

Enjoying our by now usual "Cold Table" lunch we were able to look back at the glacier across its meltwater lake, and as the sky clouded over indicating more rain, we could silently ponder the unspoken (fortunately) thought that that was what a glacier's mint to be...

W.R.S.

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From Gaupne we travelled by minibus, coach, ferry, train and foot to the outskirts of Bergen. We found a camp

site at the village of Løne from which we were able to reach Bergen by taking a train literally through the mountain Ulriken. We shared the site with quite a number of other English who were going home on the same boat as us, and spent the final day and a half of our trip in leisurely sight-seeing in the busy city.

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BERGEN

Bergen was our last stop before returning to boring old England. Driving through the hectic streets of Bergen we noticed the VSL's 'Mary from the dairy'. Frank, excited at the prospect of meeting this lady again just swerved clear of the crowded pavement in time.

Despite this sighting of a very endangered species we still paid a visit to the Marine Aquarium, quite an interesting place too. Then we split up and investigated the town with its modern style buildings in the centre contrasting with the old wooden shops and warehouses down by the quayside where the open air fish market was doing a roaring trade. That evening I found my cassette recorder playing strange norwegian fiddle music, and to celebrate our last night in Norway, it poured down with rain again.

Next day we packed for the last time and headed back to town. We still had a few hours left before the ship left and consequently split up again to acquire a few presents which we had been threatening to buy for days. After a mad rush everyone managed to come away with something, usually a cheese slice or a calender.

The voyage back was noticeably rougher than the outward one with rumours of bad weather and an unscheduled stop overnight at Stavanger a possibility.

Our leaders decided to partake of a 50Kr a head evening meal in the Dining room whilst we used the cafeteria and Pat, Nick, Iain and I decided to join them for a breakfast with "cold table" - very nice and good value.

Time went quickly with cards, chess and space invaders, docking, and an uneventful drive home.

STU BISHOP.

SUMMARY OF INCOME AND EXPENDITUREINCOME

Payments from members of expedition (15 @ £125)	1875.00
Grant from Jubilee Trust Fund	375.00
Donations from local firms	70.00
From Unit Reserve Fund (proceeds from Barn Dance, 1979, Tree felling, etc)	172.00
Total Income	<u>2492.00</u>

EXPENDITURE

To Thos Ceok, Sea passages	- 1254.00
Fares in Norway (Bus, coach, train, tram ferries, tolls)	* 322.00
Petrol for minibus	* 160.00
Rail travel in England	85.00
Camp sites and accomodation	* 43.00
Food	* 320.00
Insurance	114.50
Equipment purchased in England	162.40
Other items - Norway	∅ 35.10
Total expenditure	<u>2492.00</u>

*Items rounded up to convenient whole number. Reconciliation in item marked ∅. This was done to avoid unnecessary complication in figures due to the fact that the money in these items was in fact in Kroner.

Account rendered to Unit Executive Committee, 8 Oct 80.
by Iain D. Weir (Treasurer) and F. Henderson (V.S.L.)
Accepted and endorsed on behalf of Unit Executive by
Nigel D. Brewster (Secretary) and Patrick J. Phillips,
(Chairman).

EPILOGUE

This has probably seemed to the reader not involved in the expedition to be a rather episodic and incomplete account, but it is difficult to correlate the impressions and memories of 15 different people, and I sympathise with the Editor in the daunting task that he has had in compiling this magazine. I hope, however, that most readers have gained some insight into what we were up to during those three hectic summer weeks. They really were hectic too, as from our arrival at Harwich unexpected things started to happen which set a pattern for the rest of the trip, "The Jupiter suffering from engine failure whilst battling through the worst force 2 breeze of the summer on the North Sea" to quote Phil Brown!

It is impossible to sum up what has gone before in an adequate manner, but I feel that I must make a few observations about the venture. Firstly I must say how my faith in the underlying ideals of Venture Scouting in general, and the attitudes and efforts of this Unit in particular gets a tremendous boost from experiences of this type. A group of young people, most of whom had never been abroad before, put up with dreadful weather, heavy physical work, faced hardship and danger with such a spirit that I felt really proud to be associated with them.

Secondly, there was the spirit of N.I.C.C., particularly at Krattebøl, where we were part of something that I thought was really worthwhile; a group of young (and not so young) people from many nations living and working together in fellowship and mutual understanding which surely sets an example that we should all learn from. We all sincerely hope that the bonds formed in 1980 can be strengthened in the years to come.

Finally a quote from a letter received from a dairy somewhere in Norway.. "Each time we collect a log we think of you all - and then, of course, the conversation turns to Trolls..."

FRANK HENDERSON. V.S.L.

