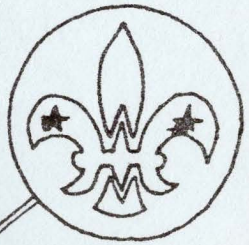


# VENTURE



# 44



NUMBER 65





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(Sir Thomas Rich's School) V.S.U.

NUMBER 65

SEPTEMBER 1990

## **NORWAY 90**

The expedition may be over, but I feel that it is important to share experiences and happy memories with others who were unfortunate not to have been part of, or fully aware of, what took place this summer

Here is the account based on what the members

MIKE CHESHIRE  
PANJI GRAINGER  
PAUL KINGSBURY  
BRAD SALTER  
MATT WILTON

recorded in the daily log. We portray this in our own words (well, almost) thus revealing precisely what happened!

Whilst I have the chance, I would like to thank our leaders - PHIL BROWN for his perpetual tolerance and patience with us and IAN FLETCHER for his good humoured spirit, and especially FRANK HENDERSON whose relentless effort, organisation and reorganisation made the visit so successful and enjoyable.

Paul Kingsbury

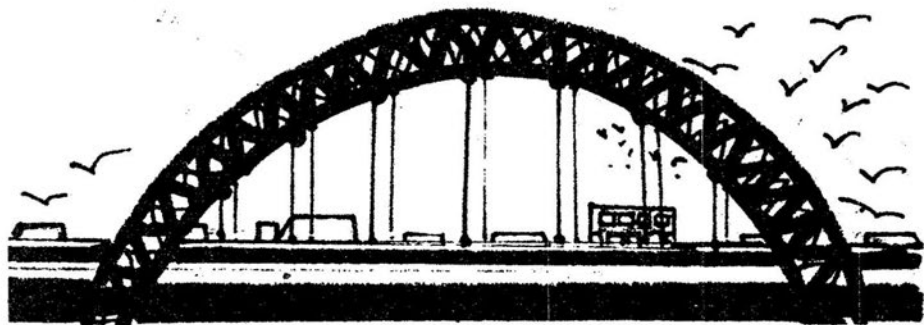
SATURDAY 21th JULY

Most of the party assembled at school at about 3.30p.m., and we set off to pick up Panji, who was playing basketball somewhere in Birmingham. We got to Perry Bar and spent a long time driving round before we located the sports hall. United with Panji we headed north to Leeds, and then headed for Harrogate, seeking a camp site. We found a very pleasant site at Scotton and set up our tents.

SUNDAY 22th JULY

We reached Newcastle about 11 a.m., admired the famous bridges and then took a walk around the Sunday market on the Quayside. It was just a short drive to the docks and then we were aboard the Tor Scandinavia in no time at all

The ferry, consisting of seemingly endless flights of stairs, rows of seats and blonde girls suited our needs very well indeed. Mike made a new friend, and Panji and Brad showed off their skill at disco dancing. After watching the "hat parade" in the Mermaid lounge, and listening to "good" music in the Compass Club we bedded down in our compact cabins for the ever rocking night.



MONDAY 23th JULY

We all rolled out of bed at different times and went up to breakfast. In the showers it was obvious that the germans had got there first... After breakfast we began the Norway 90 "pass the pigs" championship, which Paul won after an amazing comeback.

At dinner Paul had some disappearing lemonade, which shocked the whole population of the ferry. Eventually Denmark was sighted, and later the coast of Sweden came into view.

We drove off the ferry and then we were interrogated by a customs man, but we told him we were going to Norway - "actually". Rain began to fall from a dismal looking sky, so we covered the roof rack, and the sun came out!

We headed up the E6 about 120 miles to the Norwegian border and we found a campsite just in Norway at Hoisand. That evening we wandered along the seashore doing silly things like trying to run up near vertical rock faces, jumping off banks onto the beach, and annihilating mega-jelly fish, then back to camp where we talked long into the night before retiring.



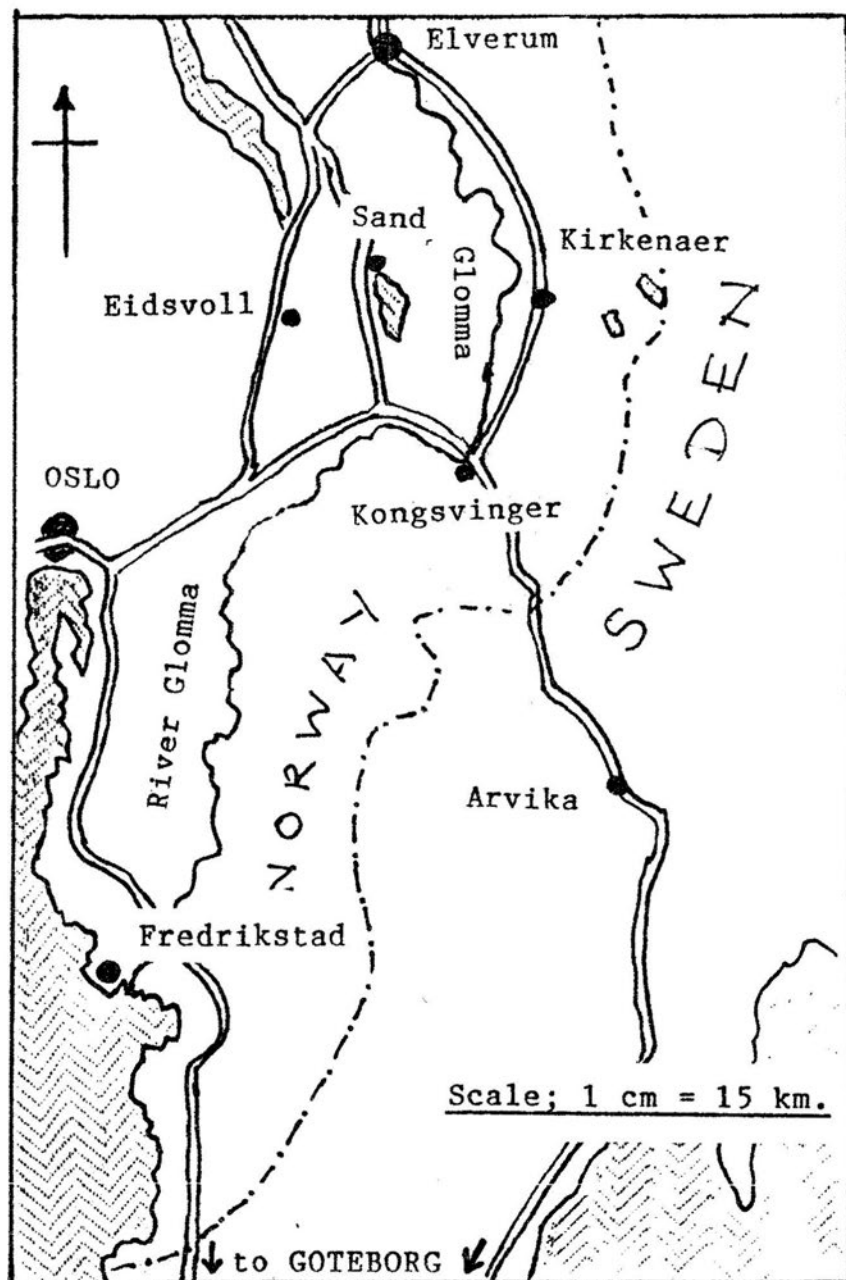
TUESDAY 24th JULY

We got up and didn't mess around. We headed for Sarpsborg on the River Glomma (Norway's longest) and got "benzine" Brad slept until we reached Oslo at 11.a.m. We parked in the suburbs outside the house of our man from the ministry, Dr Paul Hofseth, and caught a train into the centre of town - free of charge. (We would have paid, honest, but didn't know how to! Apologies to the Oslo city transport system.)

We visited the Radhus (town hall) and had lunch on the quay, followed by a cherry stone spitting contest. Then we caught a boat across the bay to Bygdoy, where we visited the polar ship "Fram" - the vessel built for Fridjof Nansen. We got the boat back and split up to doOslo. Matt got ripped off buying Solo, and Panji bought a hat. Then back on the train - paying this time - to Vestgrensa.

We cooked a meal in Paul's kitchen, and then went down the road to visit the local scout H.Q., just a tad better than ours (i.e. Ace), where they were preparing for summer camp. They were trying to find poles for their tents when we left them and got in the van to go up into the woods above Sognvann (a local lake).

Frank left us and we set up camp then went swimming in the little lake which was not very deep, only half way up the ducks. we dined on tinned soup and peanuts. Nearby ant-hills had been disturbed, perhaps by brown bears. We broke the law ('cos we're hard!) by lighting a fire. As darkness fell we talked of trolls, and big bad leather clad bears on mean Harleys...then we went to bed.



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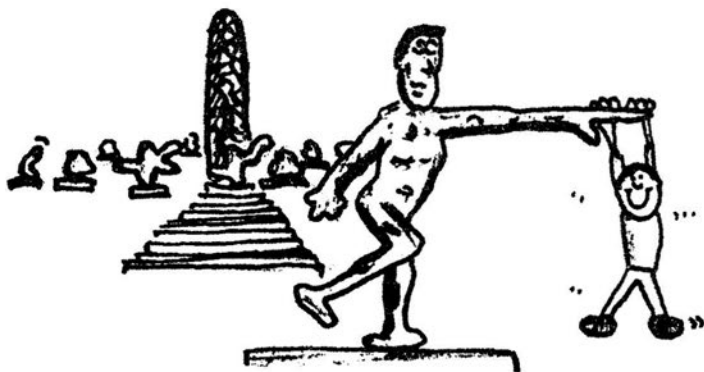
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We would like to thank Royal Insurance, John Mellon, Middleton and Pearce Builders, and Mountain Gear for supporting our expedition by taking out advertising space in this issue of Venture 44.





WEDNESDAY 25th JULY

In the morning Frank appeared as we were taking the tents down, and we returned through the woods to the car park and breakfasted by the van

The forest area, which stretches for miles to the north of the city is called Nordmarka, and building development is strictly forbidden. this means that the worthy burgers of Oslo are only minutes away from a recreational area for hiking, cycling, orienteering, swimming and in the winter ski-ing and skating.

We returned to the city and went to Frogner Park where many a photo was taken of the steamy sculptures. We indulged in ice cream and solo, trying out our norwegian and bought the odd post card of nude people (bronze or granite, of course!).

From Oslo we headed north to Eidsvoll where we bought our delicious lunch which we took with us to our final destination, Krattebol near SandHere we were greeted by Margaret Davies, and we unloaded and assembled our mountain bikes and put up tents. we then set off on our bikes to the big lake, Storsjoen, and had a swim. Phil came after on foot and arrived as we finished and we all did a bit of sunbathing.

Back at Krattebol Margaret let us use the kitchen, and an apparent P.K. bodge turned out to be quite tasty. After washing up we went for a 10 mile bike ride, with Brad cycling on the left hand side of the road. When we got back we were about to retire when our host, Ernest and his son Ben arrived. They had left England on the previous day and driven up to Krattebol. We stayed up till about midnight looking at and listening to "ghosts" in the woods which turned out to be a large elk with two calves which eventually crossed the field behind our tents.



An elk and....  
 ...another elk..  
 (or the same elk  
 from the other side)



#### THURSDAY 26th JULY

Having dreamt about elk we woke at a sleep in time of about 8.30 (a.m. of course). Sleeping near Ernest's house paid dividends as we could refresh ourselves properly. After a "hearty" breakfast we toured the "estate". This consisted of a workshop, which was well furnished and would be a pleasant place to work in. Here we could construct the boxes (tool and bird - not all of them due to the fact that 5400 bird boxes is rather a large number.).

The tour also brought us to the huge barn consisting of many sections connected by rickety ladders with old cars, farm machinery, infected timber, and hay. Talk of building it into a horror barn with a "Death pit" was rejected at the board meeting. We then filled water bottles with liquid refreshment for the forthcoming cycle ride. This was to involve cycling for four days through the Norwegian countryside - mainly vast pine forests and lakes. Today our aim was to reach Kirkenær, a distance of about 40 miles.

The journey took us through pleasant though sometimes monotonous forest dirt roads. It was interesting to compare the scenery with England. Both areas tranquil, but Norway's perhaps more easily "come-acrossable". The final stretch of the journey took us over the River Glomma into Kirkenær where we were to meet Phil and the van. This we eventually did and rested our fatigued limbs in a railway cutting - well, not quite!



FRIDAY 27th JULY

Several trains passed in the night, and Mike and Brad stretched their "sleep-in" allowance to its

furthest. Washing facilities looked tempting and several paid the 5Kr for a shower. This was an adventure as the temperature varied so that you washed in hot, rinsed in tepid, and stepped out of a near freezing jet. 3½ minutes was the hot water limit, and most managed to get the right temperature after 3¼ min!

A water bottle fill was made before a trip to town for maps and supplies. The cycling was on "boom" roads like the previous day before a speedy rocky descent past a lake into Svullrya, a two horse, one garage, one shop town. A hearty lumpar dinner was eaten on a stretch of grass by the shop.

The next 10 miles to Lauvhaugen seemed a simple enough concept, but finding the N.I.C.C. (where the Unit worked in 1986) proved a shade more difficult than expected. When we arrived Frank and Phil found an inexperienced youth holding the fort, and were talked numb by an ancient local with a D.I.Y. zimmer. We decided to head for the lake Rotbergsjoen and find somewhere to camp. A suitable spot was found but it was already the site of an accident involving a Volvo and a large bike. No damage, but the woman driver seemed distraught.

Eventually Phil in the van found a nice spot by the lake with private beach and we set up camp. A family arrived nearby and set off by canoe to a small island. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the art of mushroom-cap tossing over the Bedford was being perfected. As beddy-byes drew near a quick dip in the lake was executed, and the water was as cold as ever. The usual process of getting out, involving stumbling over loose sharp rocks, was performed, and we dried off before the mossies forced us into our tents.

SATURDAY 28th JULY

Frank and Phil were up at 7.30, and the rest by 8.30., except for Brad. the tents were packed and Panji revealed his little friend - a very small lizard. Before we set off Panji also decided to ride down a vertical slope. Most of the wounds were superficial, as was the damage to the bike..

The six man cycle team headed towards the Norway/Sweden border. We reached a cairn in the middle of nowhere and briefly visited Sweden. Then we headed back to Svullrya where we met Phil doing the shopping. It was very hot again so ices were eaten before we proceeded down the road to Finntunet where we saw the traditional buildings of the area which was settled by Finns in the 17th century. We found a lady cooking waffles, and we decide to sample them, with jam and cream.



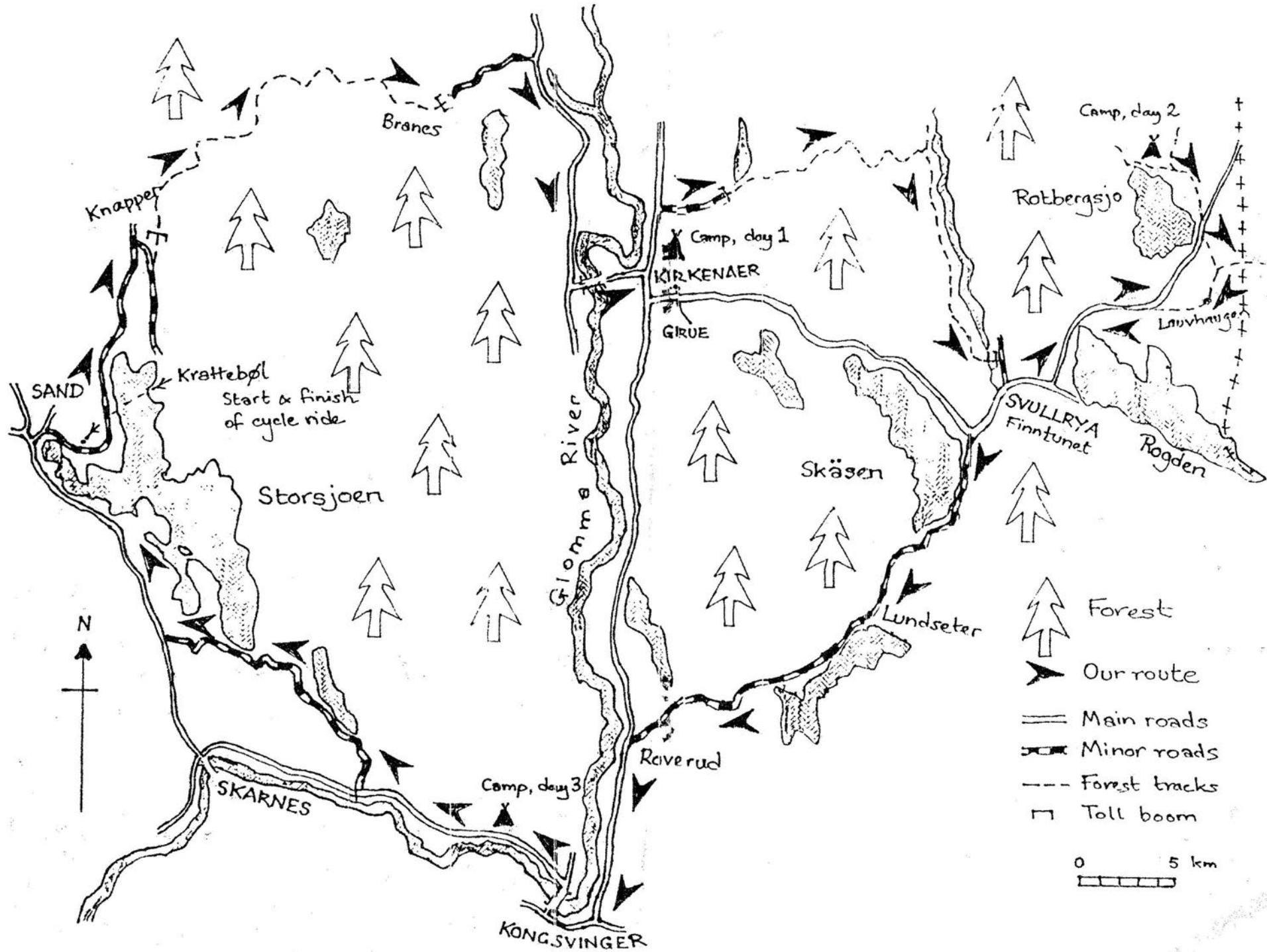
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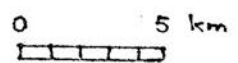
Congratulate the 44th  
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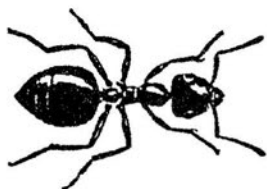


-  Forest
-  Our route
-  Main roads
-  Minor roads
-  Forest tracks
-  Toll boom



After our indulgence we set off at a fast pace for our meeting place at Lundersaeter where everybody enjoyed a leisurely lunch before we set out for the final leg of the journey to the town of Kongsvinger. Here we indulged in more ices as we sat at the hub of the teeming metropolis, outside the kiosk by the railway station. We then headed out of town past the football stadium to the campsite.

We waited for Phil -for a long time - quite unnecessarily as he was there all the time, but it's a long story. After the meal some showered and some swam in the famous River Glomma that we were camped beside. Later a shopping party went to the local garage and came back laden with pop corn.



A is for ANT. Our constant neighbour in the forest but despite their size they caused no problems.

### SUNDAY 29th JULY

Waking up under the orange glow of the Vango we heard the depressing pitter patter of rain on the fly sheet. We had had nothing but sunshine up until this point, so I thought this would put a stop to Phil showing his legs. It didn't.

We packed up wet tents and bundled them with other wet kit into the van. Clad in water proofs we set off on the last leg of the trip in the rain. We were going directly to Krattebol via Slastad and the 27 mile journey ws completed in two hours. We took off our very muddy kit and had lunch.

That afternoon we set off for the huts beyond Bruvoll, which were to be our home for the next week or so. We opened up the huts and cleaned them out. The lower one, occupied by Frank and Phil turned out to have a resident wood ant colony! Ernest showed us a novel way of cleaning floors, and we disturbed a resident lizard. a wood store was constructed and steps to the huts were repaired. We had burgers for dinner and took an early night (well actually the boys in the upper hut played cards until 12.45!). That night we were disturbed by our nearest neighbours, three wandering sheep complete with bells who decided to break into the kitchen. They were driven off but became frequent visitors over the next week.

### MONDAY 30th JULY

We woke up surrounded by wooden walls and went to the lower hut for a late breakfast. Later in the morning we drove down to Krattebol where we did a few jobs including making a new door for one of the forest huts. Ernest retired from this after hitting his thumb with a hammer. Later on we were introduced to Alf Johan Holt for whom we

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were due to do some forestry work. We drove up to a stretch of overgrown woodland about half a mile from the farm where we were shown the work that was needed to be done. This involved thinning out a mixture of birch, pine, spruce and rowan. Some of the trees were marked, but it seemed a bit hap-hazard.

In the afternoon we cleaned and adjusted our bikes and went swimming before returning to the huts. Frank stayed behind as he was going to Oslo with Ernest to pick up the final member of our party, Ian who was due in on the 10 p.m. train from Goteburg.

#### TUESDAY 31st JULY

We woke late and after our excellent Norwegian porridge we headed for Krattebol. As we started off we met Frank and Ian coming up the track by Volkswagon. Down at the farm we decided to make a start in the forest and set off to open a track down the hillside. We were joined by Sil, a Norwegian forestry student from Lundersaeter. She was supposed to show us what to do and she marked up a few more trees to be saved. There were now ominous rumblings of thunder in the air and eventually rain started and we retreated.

We unloaded the logs that we had extracted from the woods and some of us decided to go down to the local shopping centre at Sand. It was raining so heavily that we drove straight past the shop we were heading for without seeing it. When we got there, the car park had become a lake, but luckily it stopped raining as quickly as it started.

That evening we went out to pick wild raspberries and strawberries, invented a wide game and had some guitar tuition from Ian.

WEDNESDAY 1st AUGUST

We split into different working parties when we got to Krattebol. Phil and Ian headed to town for shopping and the bank. Panji and Mike went to the workshop with Ernest to paint doors and make boxes, whilst Frank, Matt, Brad and Paul returned to the woods. Some pretty big trees had to be brought down and several had to be felled and dropped across the road, which of course was not very busy. the work was hard but we could see that we were making real progress.

After lunch we loaded canoes and set off in the Volkswagon which promptly ran out of fuel! Eventually we got to the beach and four kayaks and a canadian set off onto the lake. We decided to circumnavigate the nearby island but as we paddled round we spotted a sea gull standing on a rock way out in the lake. we headed for this and an impromptu swimming session began during which Panji opened up a cut on his leg, Matt cut his foot and Brad lost Matt's goggles. As we set off to complete our journey Frank spotted an osprey diving for fish whilst the rest spotted some other birds in their natural state sunbathing on the island.

That evening the highlight of the meal was the skjokoladepudding, after which four people set off to accept the V.S.L.s challenge to find the top of the nearby hill and discover the mark he had left there the previous evening. Panji in the meanwhile set off on a training run down to the quarry and back. The summit party returned in due course having used their compasses to successfully reach their objective, and an elk hunt was initiated, but it was unsuccessful.

THURSDAY 2nd AUGUST

Ian was going to Oslo, so Phil left early with him to go to Eidsvoll. When he returned the rest of us set off to visit the National "Skogmuseum" at Elverum. Everybody felt ill in the van for some reason. At the museum we hit the souvenir shop and bought postcards. The museum had some good displays, and Brad particularly enjoyed the great collection of knives. There was also an aquarium downstairs. We had lunch outside on the lawns outside. We looked at the outdoor displays and made good use of the children's playground. We crossed the river and found a hut selling waffles, and then found a suspension bridge over the rapids and tested its lateral movement.

We went into Elverum and looked round Sport and big knife shops. Brad almost bought a biggie. On the way back we were dropped off on the main road whilst Frank headed for Eidsvoll. Some of us walked up along the river, stone hopping.

That evening we had fish-balls.

Later we went down to the river to swim and made a detour to do some elk spotting. We were rewarded by seeing a large one on the old quarry corner at about 10 o'clock.



You have seen some elk, so how about meeting our own resident reptile?

FRIDAY 3rd AUGUST

Just a normal working day. back to Krattebol and divided up into the usual groups. Progress was made on all fronts, and after lunch we set off back to our swimming place on the lake. It was very choppy but Ian went canoeing whilst the rest swam. Paul built a "hide" on the beach to view the local bird life.

After the meal we were all still hungry, so a trip to the "chippie" was suggested to every ones surprise. In fact there was an eating house in the wilderness on route 24 about 10 miles up the road. a lot of money was spent on "French fries". An elk stop on the way back proved to be unsuccessful.

SATURDAY 4th AUGUST

We were going to spend our day off at "Gruedag" a sort of fete/folk festival at Kirkenær. Our first stop was at Kongsvinger where we managed to get involved in a junior anti-drink demonstration. We then had lunch by the Glomma. It started with a recitation and some music by local children. there were displays of old style Norwegian cooking - pancakes, goat cheese, waffles. There was also folk dancing, stilt walking and a strange log throwing game - there were several matches including one between Frank and Ernest - the latter being victorious. On the way back Phil told us that it had been much better in 1986.

On the way back we saw an elk with calves in a far off field. Most of the party cycled back to the hut and that night we rode down to the river for a swim.

SUNDAY 5th AUGUST

We had a lazy morning after a late breakfast. Ian, Matt and Panji went down to Krattebol to fill up with water and returned with Ben and his bike. At lunch we tried to be polite in front of a guest. In the afternoon we set off through the woods to Setersjoen where we met Phil and Ian who had driven round. We commandeered a raft and played around whilst Ian canoed. We bought some strawberries from a travelling salesman, and then set off back through the woods. everybody fell off at least once.

We had a Yatzee tournament, and Ben stayed for dinner, then Frank drove him home. A group of us went for a ride, and Matt disappeared into the undergrowth at Devils elbow. Brad had a guitar lesson, and eventually Frank appeared with some food - supplies were running low and Panji said he could eat a horse. (Bearing in mind some of the salami we had for lunch, he probably had!)

MONDAY 6th AUGUST

Back to work again, in the usual groups. Our final session in the woods proved to be yet another successful though energy sapping job. In the workshop one tool box was almost completed.

After lunch we set off with Ernest, Ben and Maragaret to visit a gold mine at Gulverket near Eidsvoll. the only gold we saw was in a pan, not a chip pan but an authentic gold pan. Our guide, Herr Millidahl, was the only stained glass window artist in Norway. the visit was quite interesting, but not what we had expected. Still we did see some gold.

Back at the hut it was due to be our last evening meal. We had Labscous and Maitre Philippe produced a fully decorated chocolate pudding. Laws concerning under-age alcohol consumption were ignored although M.W. stated that parental consent forms for such had been handed in - but had been mysteriously mislaid. It degenerated in to a sing-a-long-a-Ian with Brad giving a spirited rendition of "Mull of Kintyre" which probably scared off all the elk for miles around More culinary treats as F.H. and Panji cooked waffles which were avidly consumed by the customers.

#### TUESDAY 7th AUGUST

We all stayed in the workshop and tried to get a production line going for bird box manufacture. With some inside and some outside things got a bit chaotic, but gradually the components were piled up. Demarcation disputes and industrial relations problems eventually led to the downing of tools

The afternoon was spent at the lake before we went back to the forest and changed for dinner. We set off back to Krattebol where we were entertained by Margaret and Ernest with a meal of Pizza and salad followed by blueberry tart and cream. The old folk drank wine after drawing straws for who had to drive back. Ian drew the short straw...Back at the ranch we had a last look for elk before we hit the hay.

#### VENTURE 44 NUMBER 66.

The next issue is due out in November. We would be glad, as usual, to receive any articles and news from ex members



W is for WASP. Our constant companions at al fresco meals. Brad doesn't like them.....

### WEDNESDAY 8th AUGUST

Up early to pack up our gear and tidy up huts. Ernest arrived with Ben and we were soon on our way to Krattebol, where we were presented with Fram Fellowship badges and certificates. After saying our farewells we were on the road to Sweden at 11.30.a.m. At the border we were held up by two policewomen who decided to look at all our passports, actually.. We paused for lunch near Arvika and then carried on to Lilleby, a few miles from Goteberg where we camped.

### THURSDAY 9th AUGUST

We were up at 7.00 and left the site a 7.50. At the dock by 8.15, and shock horror, the van was measured and found to be too high. Not only did we have to pay another 200kr, but we were put on the side and left until all the other vehicles were loaded, but, we made it!

The journey was spent eating, lounging, more eating, swimming and cinema for some, sampling the entertainments in the Compass bar and Casino, eating, and sleeping.

### FRIDAY 10th AUGUST

England was in view as we got up for breakfast. At 8.30 the ferry docked and by 8.37 we were on the road home. it was an uneventful journey and after 4½ hours precisely we were back at school.

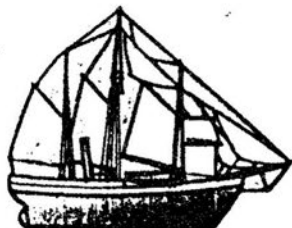


### THE FRAM FELLOWSHIP

The association was formed a few years ago as an offshoot of the Nansen International Centre, the brain child of Ernest Davies. Founder members include Sir Vivian Fuchs, Thor Heyerdal and Egil Nansen, grandson of the great norwegian explorer and humanitarian, Fridtjof Nansen.

Taking it's name from the polar ship that was used by Nansen and later Amundsen, the aim of the association is to encourage and sponsor international projects in which young people work to help the underprivileged of the world.

On our visit to Norway the work we did in the barn at Krattebol was but a small part of a large ongoing project, and the Unit was therefore proud to be admitted to associate membership of the Fram Fellowship. It was a fine conclusion to our happy stay at Krattebol.





POST SCRIPT

Well, it's all over now, and you have read the account. What did you think about it? I hope that you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed the trip.

I am sure that I speak for myself and all the lads in saying we had a really great time which we wouldn't have had without the organisation and support of Frank and Phil. I would also like to pay tribute to our friends in Norway, Paul Hofseth in Oslo, and of course Ernest, Margaret and Ben at Krattebol for putting up with us. There are not many people who would be happy to welcome five spotty teenagers that they have never met before into their home.

The trip was obviously successful as what we set out to do was achieved, and a lot of fun was had in the process. Now I look forward eagerly to next year.

MATT WILTON

