

The Bamberos van – a modern classic

Of all the beauty spots of southern Scotland, Fife is perhaps the best geared up for the modern caravanner. There are plenty of farmers who will let you park your ‘van up for the night in a field and many of the modern campsites now have ‘portaloo’ toilets and a water supply within easy walking distance. The Elddis Pamperos is a really good example of modern, stylish caravan design. The spacious interior is well equipped for the holidaymaker looking for that little extra in comfort. We asked Will Horsley, a devotee of the funky twin berther to talk us through some of it’s features. He was staying in a field near the Maspie Burn to the West of Falkland; within sight of the twin peaks of East and West Lomond.



Stephanie, waiting for the other ladies to change.

“Well I always find I have plenty of visitors” he told us, “We always have the kettle on the go and one of my boys, Scott or Aengus will make the tea and we’ll share a biscuit or two”

When we caught up with Will, there was plenty of activity in his camping field as there seemed to be some sort of ‘hare and hounds’ or cross country run taking place. The Eldis Pambellos swayed slightly in the light breeze and cheery whistling of the kettle soon signalled a pleasant fug in the van. There was the noise of a tractor in the adjacent field and the snarl of a distant public address system. My co – reporters got quite excited about the event taking place. Apparently it featured the very best in the sport, including several national champions and some of Will’s friends decided to put together a couple of scratch teams to take part after seeing the extensive sandwich selection on offer to competitors. There was hurried scribbling on scraps of paper and soon the smiling volunteers were pinning numbers to their shirts and collecting maps to show the route. At least most of them were. Will decided that I should be able to take part as well and so even though I had expected that day to be writing about the

Bamperos luxury caravan, I soon found myself teamed up with the experienced Phil, who reassured me that it would be a pleasant stroll out in the hills. We had to collect the map as we started and our route was to be a surprise. How jolly!

T-LINE Glen 2

The new decade heralds the introduction of this model—a natural complement to the T-Line range. With two single beds, convertible to a double bed, the Glen 2 provides the extra space and grace which owners of 1,000 c.c. cars can enjoy. Kitchen facilities include hotplate/grille, wash basin and draining board, water supply and there are ample lockers and space to carry all the equipment you need for the holidays of your lifetime. A chest of drawers forms the mounting for the dining table between two single divans and toilet accommodation is, of course, provided.

£405 Recommended retail price, ex works.





A Cooker
 B Sink
 C Toilet
 I Wardrobe
 K Roof Locker and Shelf
 D Single Bed
 M Table Position
 O Chest of Drawers

Kirstie looking for tea bags

The event was in the form of a relay, with six runners in each team. We were on leg three and so had to wait for the others to come back. The man on the tannoy gave us a constant stream of information about the other competitors – I caught a few names that might mean more to the reader than they did to me. Holmes, Jebb, Broxap, Norman, Mudge and Dodds to name but a few. Will himself decided to go first in our ‘lads’ team and so together with Lee, they jogged out of the starting field and off up the lane. In team ‘B’ – ‘the Gadgies’, a no nonsense chap called Duff and a very svelte athletic looking cove by the name of Dexter were the lead off pair. Will had also managed to charm some young ladies into participating and Stephanie and Sue waved cheerily to the onlooking farm hands as they trotted off. The C team ‘The

Silver Foxes' were led away by Terry and David, another experienced duo. Shortly after the teams had all left the field, I only had time to take a few bites of a sandwich before the team from Shettleston arrived back! There were shouts of 'well done Jethro!' and they handed over to their next runner. After finishing our tea and looking round a sort of open air shop selling all sorts of flimsy clothing, we decided to repair to the caravan and wait for our boys (and girls) to come back.



Sitting inside the Eldis Pamplonas, I was again struck by how well designed it was. The four stabilisers ensured a minimum of rocking as people stepped inside, and the sturdy walls kept out most of the wind. The seats were certainly comfy enough and the handy cream coloured carpet soaked up any mud beautifully. We chatted for a while, one team member pointing out a few 'celebrities' from this most unusual of 'sports'. There was 'Scoffer' and 'Steve B' from Borrowdale (wherever that is) and 'Gary' from Pudsey and Bramley (wherever *they* are). After a while we went back to the start area in case it was our turn to go. It wasn't. There were runners streaming back into the field and the tannoy man had trouble keeping up with names of clubs and runners. After a few minutes, there was a flash of purple and our boys Will and Lee slid their way round the wet grass to a triumphant finish with Will waving ecstatically all the way down the finishing straight. They handed over to a tall wiry chap called Phil and we learnt that they had finished in 28th place. Excellent result from over a hundred teams. Dexter and John soon followed and then Steph and Sue and Terry and Dave. Was it our turn yet? Apparently not. My mentor Phil J and I walked back to the caravan and had some more tea.



The exterior paintwork – classic mushroom

The stove arrangement in the Bambero is tidily placed behind the door and in the narrowest section of the van in the middle so it neatly divides the living space into two inconveniently sized separate areas when someone is cooking. One window is handily blacked out as standard to avoid excess light entering, and the ignition on the stove (as a safety feature) does not work so a handy lighter is always on the shelf behind the hob. Or in the cupboard. Or on the shelf. Or have you tried that slidey door thing over there? Oh no – here it is. The fabric is easi - clean dralon ‘mocha’ throughout with beige feature piping. We strolled back to the start field and waited for our turn.



The luxury refrigerator

About half past 12 we caught sight of our man, Paul, arriving back and in good shape as well. After a shake of hands, a few pleasantries and a tightening of shoelaces we set off, and were handed small maps by a man at the gate. Someone told me we were on the ‘Navleg’ - but I couldn’t find this on the map. After thanking the marshalls on the gate for their help, we set off up the lane. To my horror, Phil suggested we should run rather than walk. I thought this was cheating, but apparently not.

We had to aim for a number ‘1’ on the map which appeared to be in the middle of a wood – and depressingly, the road and then the path up to it was all uphill. I tucked my pipe and tobacco back in my pocket, hitched up my sleeves and put in a decent effort up to the edge of the trees. We could see runners ahead of us and we followed them to an interesting folly standing in a sylvan glade. ‘Good spot to park a van up’ I commented, but Phil was busy ‘dibbing’ or something, and called to me to ‘Check out the number 2’. Ignoring the obvious toilet humour, I tried to pick out a route that would be completely flat but still give pleasant views of the surrounding countryside. Hah! Failed there I’m afraid as the next section was STILL uphill! We came out onto a lovely open field and Phil spotted a stile into the woods. The compass said it was in the right direction and so we went over and into the plantation. There was a handy path all the way through and on emerging, we were close to the next checkpoint. The next five minutes were indeed flat, but sadly rather wet underfoot and I couldn’t help but cast my mind back to the warmth of the cosy Elldis Pamplonero. More dibbing from Phil and then a rather nasty cross country bash towards a major track which was very popular with many other runners and walkers. I gave a cheery hello and doffed my hat to ladies that passed us, many of them looking ridiculously underdressed for

the conditions. A pair clad only in brown vests with HBT on went by, two others in red and yellow from Carnethy and then yet more. We jogged along, each lost in our own thoughts for a while. The path suddenly took a steep turn upwards and we were slowed to a plod. Up into cloud we trudged and then with whoops of delight, bounded down the other side.



The 'A' Team outside the van:: Will, Lee, Phil, Aengus and Colin. (Scott not in photo)

Checkpoint 4 was in a sort of ravine and a stream of runners were going up and down. We carried on to control 5 – by a huge boulder (or 'stane' as I believe they call them here). Then a brief dilemma. Do we go back up the steep hill, ravine and out onto the track again or try to contour around the hillside with only intermittent paths and a wood in our way? Phil let me make the decision. Pausing only to pour a brew from the thermos and change my socks, I opted for the more adventurous cross country expedition. A few pairs followed us... then thought better of it and set off back up the steep hill. So we found ourselves in glorious isolation with a fantastic view over the lowlands of Fife. After a mile or so, we came to a wood and started uphill to its corner, at a set of cliffs. A pair of ladies who had overtaken us earlier were trying to breach the rock barrier and I'm ashamed to say our competitive instinct overcame chivalry as we elbowed past them, stamped on their fingers and pushed them back over the edge. No – I jest of course. They overtook us about a minute later as we wheezed our way along the path above the crags.



Just one more control to go and we again came within sight of other runners. Our path took us right to the hill with the checkpoint on and after a chat with the marshalls at the bottom, we crested the rise, Phil dibbed his dibber and we headed back to the

finish. As we retraced our steps into the woods, a couple from Tring piled out of the undergrowth and galumphed past us. TRING? Surely not – we couldn't let flatlanders from Hertfordshire come in ahead of us! With our danders well and truly up we broke into what felt like a sprint and soon left them in our dust. Ha ha! Eat that southern softies!

As soon as they were out of sight we collapsed, gasping, against a tree to recover and then collected ourselves to make a dignified entrance back into the finish field. Most of the other competitors seemed to have gone home, but we had a few sporting 'Well dones' from other Silver Foxes, Gadgies and Lasses as we set John Telfer off on his way into the twilight for leg 4. Back at the caravan, we retrieved warm, dry clothes and sat in its glorious ambience, basking in the reflected glory of a recreational vehicle well chosen and well used.

The 'A' team had done well apparently – and our team made the top 70. Will enjoyed it so much, they let him have another go at the end! Looking at the results, I asked Mr. Duff (a local expert), what it all meant. "Well you were just one place behind Wendy Dodds" he said – as if that meant anything. We walked back to the car, leaving the Elddiss Bambino behind us in the fading light and feeling very satisfied. Not only had I been able to take part in one of our more esoteric country sports, but I had managed to get the low down on one of the most progressive and exciting caravans of our time. Truly a modern classic.

M. Plassmon. (Review from Modern Caravanning, October 1978)



Mr. Horsley's van featured in the last issue of 'The Camper'

Dave Hicklenton