



# Newstrack

September 2015



Photo: Mike Godfree

**Doug takes 3rd place in World Masters M70 Sprint, Gothenburg**

**Newstrack is the magazine of Derwent Valley Orienteers**

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### New Members

A big welcome to new Club members – Rosemary Hartmann, David Newton, Maria Banks, Marcus Scotney and Sarah Tullie. Good to have you in DVO & hope to see you orienteering in the autumn! Search for Derwent Valley Orienteers in Yahoo Groups or Facebook to hear more news.

### **DVO AGM 🏠 Wed Oct 14th 🏠 Family Tree, Whatstandwell, 8pm**

Come and catch up with Club members after the summer and vote for new officials. There's a run beforehand, leaving at 7pm. Note new venue, this is the former Derwent Hotel on A6 bend on bridge, post code DE4 5HG. Parking at Whatstandwell Station (P&D) or by canal (free) or Family Tree car parks.

If you would like to stand for a post or shadow someone, plenty of support is available and we welcome newcomers.

### **Editorial ~ A Summer Summary & A Club Champs prompt**

Congratulations to those DVO members who claimed international success this summer - Doug Dickinson came 3<sup>rd</sup> at the World Masters Sprint at Gothenburg and Helen Chiswell was 3<sup>rd</sup> in W21S in Iceland – reports from both events inside. Thanks to the successful – and not so successful – for taking the time to write!

Thirty or so DVO members went to the Scottish 6 Days and WOC, Stewart has prepared the gaelic equivalent of a smorgasbord inside! Our friends in Thames Valley helped on the WOC Long Finish and had the delectable job of removing the GPS transmitters from athletes' sweaty backs. Team GB ran well with 2 podium placings by Catherine Taylor who was 5<sup>th</sup> in the Middles and 6<sup>th</sup> in the Long (6 athletes now on the podium) and the GB Men's Relay Team a tantalising 4<sup>th</sup> at Darnaway just 37 secs behind 3<sup>rd</sup> placed France.

Closer to home, DVO's Team came a creditable 3<sup>rd</sup> in the Footpath Relay in June – in fact the last day I remember any really hot weather. See SPOM for the japes! The Broomfield Fun Relay evening in July was enjoyed by the ~35 who attended and so was the BBQ – a big thanks to Ned!

In July Karen and Dai Bedwell ran the Orienteering activity at the 5-yearly Peak Scout and Guide Camp at Chatsworth. Several DVO members helped out together with Scouting volunteers and about 150 youngsters got a taster of orienteering.

Copy date is 8<sup>th</sup> Nov for distribution at Matlock Urban on the 15<sup>th</sup>. **But before that, please enter the Club Champs at Carsington Pastures on October 3rd for some fun head-to-head racing – entry in advance is required for calculating your start time, details on the last page.**

Sal



## Compass Sport Cup Final – Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> Oct

I appeal to all DVO members to come and support OUR club at this event. The results at the heats showed again that numbers count. You can all be part of the team whether you score or not, especially as you can still affect other clubs' scores.

**WHEN:** Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> October

**WHERE:** Helsington Barrows, Kendal



### WHAT DO I NEED TO DO?

Email me ([Liz.Godfree@btinternet.com](mailto:Liz.Godfree@btinternet.com)) your BOF & SI Card numbers, your age group, any preference for Early/Middle/Late start **before 20<sup>th</sup> September**. There is no EOD. The club pays half the entry fee, I will collect the rest on the day.

### WHAT COURSE DO I RUN?

|             |               |                          |                    |
|-------------|---------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Brown       | M21, M35      | Green Women              | W20, W45, W50, W55 |
| Short Brown | M20, M40, M45 | Short Green Vets         | W60+, M70+         |
| Blue Men    | M50, M55      | Green Junior Men         | M16, M18           |
| Blue Women  | W21, W35, W40 | Short Green Junior Women | W16, W18           |
| Green Men   | M60, M65      | Orange                   | M14-, W14          |

There will a Yellow course for juniors not yet at Orange standard and a Light Green course for non-comp adults.

### WHERE CAN I STAY?

I have booked accommodation at Kendal Hostel (formerly the YHA), in dormitory and family rooms. Beds allocated on a first-come first-served basis. ~ £20/bed.

We will have a Pot Luck/Bring a Dish supper together on the Sat evening. Or there are Travelodges & Premier Inns nearby. Or it's feasible to travel up on the morning.

I ENTER CLUB MEMBERS, there is no Entry on the Day (other than Yellow & Light Green). Let us show the rest of the world that DVO is an inclusive club which values all members.

**EMOA AGM** 🗳️ **Mon 21st Sept, 7:30pm**

**Pace Room, St Mary's Church, Clifton, Nottingham**

See EMEWS 255 for Agenda or contact John Hurley [johnhurley870@btinternet.com](mailto:johnhurley870@btinternet.com)

**EMOA Regional Training & Development Day, Sat 31st Oct**

**Charnwood College, Loughborough**

See EMEWS for details of workshops on offer for event officials & coaches. DVO will pay the £5 fee.

Contact Chris Phillips (LEI, Regional Development Coordinator) before 30th Sept to reserve a place

[onecp47@gmail.com](mailto:onecp47@gmail.com)



## Lakes Coaching Weekend

Good weather and Ann-Marie's training exercises were enjoyed by about 15 Club members and put to the test at BorderLiners' Faulds Brow event the day after.

- Ben Mackervoy 3rd M12A, David Pettit 2nd M21L, Richard Parkin 2nd M45L, Stuart Swallowell 4th M65L, Andy Middleton 5th M65L
- Sarah Duckworth 1st W14A, Michelle Mackervoy 1st W45L, Jane Burgess 2nd W55L, Christine Middleton 2nd W65L, Helen Finlayson 1st W70L

Small fields but very good times!

## Club Jackets and O tops

Many of you are wearing the distinctive new club O tops. I am sure everyone has seen them. We now have warm up jackets in a similar but rather less showy design.

Doug had to borrow the jacket he was wearing on the cover photo next to his Finnish and Swedish rivals – don't be caught short, order now!!



To quote from the Siven web site (<http://www.sivensport.com/#!/product/prd1/2192497145/trace-warmup-jacket>)

“A light-weight micropolyester training jacket ... The fabric is breathable and is perfect for extreme environments. The lycra panels ... provide maximum comfort and freedom of movement.” The first batch were just £30 each, subsequent ones will depend on the weakness of the € but we will aim to keep the price the same.

I still have some in stock, or try one for size when you see one of us wearing one. A new batch is expected early October in time for CS Cup Final.

I also have a stock of O-tops. Sizing details on the club web site, look under Members/Clothing. There are short and long sleeve variants available.

[Mike.Godfree@btinternet.com](mailto:Mike.Godfree@btinternet.com)

## Derbyshire County Orienteering Championships 2016 for Schools, Youth Groups and Individuals

Rex is proposing a new (league) format for this event as the Saturday event in Shipley Park in July was poorly attended. He hopes to increase participation by offering more flexible event formats to include weekdays & school hours. For this he needs your help to spare a few hours or offer ideas: Rex Bleakman [rexbleakman321@btinternet.com](mailto:rexbleakman321@btinternet.com) 01283 733363

For Derbyshire County Championships best 4 results from qualifying events to count. Qualifying events would probably be mainly Level D but could also be Level C events. These events would be held between the end of March and the end of August.

### Probable venues:

- \*Swadlincote Woodlands – Saturday in May
  - \*John Port School – weekday during term time
  - \*Repton/Granville? School – weekday during term time
  - \*Rosliston Forestry Centre – Wed 22<sup>nd</sup> June
  - \*Foremark Reservoir – Saturday in August
- These venues are also being used for South Derbyshire Championships

### Other possible venues aiming for Countywide spread:

Darley Park, Markeaton Park, Allestree Park, Elvaston Castle, Black Rocks, Ashbourne Town Park, Poolsbrook, Abbotsholme, Holmebrook Valley Park, Shipley Park, Ilam Hall, Dimple, Hall Leys, Buxton Town Park, Broomfield, etc.

Weekday venues – Starts 2 until 4pm schools only, 4-7pm other groups, families and individuals.

Saturday venues – Starts 10.00am until 3.00pm.

At each event there would be three counting courses:

Short (11s and under – Boys/Girls – School Years 4/5/6)

Medium (12 to 16 year olds – Boys/Girls – Years 7 to 11)

Long (over 16s – men/women)

As well as Schools and Youth Groups, families and individuals of any age are welcome to take part in these events.

There are six categories (see above) for individual winners.

There will also be two team winners 'Eleven and Under' and 'Twelve to Sixteen' (i.e. Schools or Youth Groups)

Usual 100 points first, 99 second and so on.

With 11s and under Championships, children could run in pairs but if someone runs by themselves bonus points could be awarded.

Pre-event training – I will tutor a BOF Certificated course 'Teaching Orienteering Part 1' for Teachers, Youth leaders, etc. during Spring 2016. This will enable participants to teach children and young people the basic skills of Orienteering.

### Advertising:

- County websites/ handouts to Schools/Youth groups.
- DVO website/handouts
- Scouts/Guides (How best to promote?)
- Weekly update on DVO website making sure that all current and known contacts receive.

Entries on the Day or if a large group (more than 4), let the organiser know.

Costs – Maps, mileage, medals, certificates, trophies, etc. could be recouped by charging to enter (£1.50 for school pupils/students; £3.00 for adults, extra maps 50p each) for map and dibber hire and other funding sources (e.g. Grants)

### OTHER ISSUES

1. Getting enough current DVO members to take on planning or organising an event. (N.B. Offers of support from experienced Planners and Organisers to anyone who would like to try Planning or Organising a Level D event is available)
2. Record Keeper to collate scores and get published regularly. Sending to all DVO members and others who have supplied e-mail address at DVO event.

## New Reservoir at Ambergate – an update from Paul Wright

K6 once was here. Many an orienteer has run here. This is part of a major map correction to the Crich Chase map. Even the contours will have changed.

When complete, the new reservoir will be second largest in the world of its type. Holding potable drinking water, it will be effectively one very big header tank feeding Nottingham, Derby and Leicester. Indeed such is the network that water can even be diverted into Wales.

The reservoir will be completed in 2018. And to think not so long ago you were looking for that elusive water feature here.



This link will show the changes occurring on Crich Chase:  
<https://goo.gl/KwzFkU>

## White Rose, Newtondale, North York Moors

As usual DVO came away from the White Rose with a good selection of mugs.

### Sprint Race

Will Gale, 3<sup>rd</sup> on Junior Men

### Classic Races

Jessica Selby, 1<sup>st</sup> W20S

Rose Hartmann, 2<sup>nd</sup> W21S

Claire Selby, 1<sup>st</sup> W40S

Michelle Mackervoy, 2<sup>nd</sup> W45L

Liz Godfree, 2<sup>nd</sup> W65L

Pauline Ward, 2<sup>nd</sup> W70L

Simon Gale, 2<sup>nd</sup> M45S

Graham Johnson, 1<sup>st</sup> M60L

Dave Skidmore, 2<sup>nd</sup> M65S

Mike Godfree, 1<sup>st</sup> M65L

Brian Ward, 2<sup>nd</sup> M75S



### Relays

Dai Bedwell, Graham Johnson & Mike Godfree – 1<sup>st</sup> M160+

Ned Needham, Andy Jackson & Rex Bleakman – 2<sup>nd</sup> M160+

Michelle Mackervoy, Liz Godfree & Val Johnson – 2<sup>nd</sup> W120+ (giving away a few yrs there!)

Sam Davis, Peter Mackervoy & Ben Mackervoy – 1<sup>st</sup> M48-

This year it was a return to the usual rough, tough White Rose forests.

DVO was approached by the organisers of Peak 2015, a major scout & guide jamboree held at Chatsworth every 5 years, to put on an orienteering activity [for this year's jamboree](#). We decided that I could do much of the upfront organisation and Karen could attend the camp and run the activity providing we had support from the rest of DVO. I'm delighted to report that many DVO members stepped forward to offer time and the orienteering activity at the jamboree went very well.

With good co-ordination with the Chatsworth Estate I was able to update the map and secure access to a nice area of the estate next to the area used for the jamboree tents. Originally we planned a map walk, a bearings exercise, a warm-up loop and a challenge course. After a trial run through these with James as our guinea pig one sunny Sunday in June we abandoned the challenge course as a step too far and settled on map and compass skills ahead of a gaffled set of yellow-standard courses.

The old Stirling Surveys map was updated, cropped and nicely printed at 1:7500 by Hassall and Lucking and 30 Silva compasses were procured by the jamboree QM. The old DVO trestle punches were extracted from one of the darker corners of the garage and we were set! All we needed was nice weather....

Over the course of the week ~150 scouts and guides learnt the basics of orienteering. Though the weather wasn't great, all participants seemed to enjoy their experience. Each went away with a leaflet explaining how what they had done fitted into either a scout or guide badge together with the DVO fixture list for the rest of 2015. Hopefully some of these will return to the sport over the coming months – please watch out for them and welcome them to DVO.

The Chatsworth Estate office was initially very helpful regarding access etc. The person I was originally working with left the estate and so communication was less slick in the weeks leading up to the jamboree but to my knowledge the estate was happy with all of our arrangements.

## Doug wins Bronze at the World Masters

It's always difficult planning a summer holiday when there are so many multi-day events to choose from. This year was no exception with 3 consecutive weeks of competition – the Swedish O-ringen at Båras, the World Masters Orienteering Champs (WMOC) in Gothenburg and the Scottish 6 Days in parallel with the World Orienteering Champs (WOC) based around Inverness. Some folks ran all 3, Graham managed 2, we decided on WMOC along with Doug, John & Judith, Andy & Christine Middleton (also running 2).

WMOC comprises a Sprint Qualifier and Final, 2 Long distance Qualifiers and Final and 2 rest days. With our €71 City card we had free use of the city buses and trams as well as the ferries across the river and to the outlying islands. Good use was made of these on the rest days – reminiscent of our Zermatt cards last year. The event was intended to be eco-friendly so all areas close to Gothenburg used public transport. This did mean running all three long events in parts of the same forest. No warm up maps, no replacement maps (and thus no map collection) unlike previous WMOC events.

The Sprint model event at a university campus was our first opportunity to see a Swedish map. Oh dear! The mapping was not up-to-date with the latest building work and landscaping on site. Was this a foretaste of things to come? Fortunately not.

The Sprint Qualification at Eriksberg was quite simplistic – a run through a complex of housing built around inner garden courtyards (thou shalt not run on the grass but stick to the paths – disqualifications for the disobedient!). The only long route choice was north around, south around or over the top of a rocky outcrop. Most folks seem to have opted for the southerly, riverside route which some of us had walked the previous day. It was a fast and furious course with Mike and John the only ones of the seven DVOs not qualifying for the A final (in their defence M65 was the biggest class with only 16 runners of each 80 runner heat to go to the A, unlike the smaller classes).

With the same arena the Sprint Final was run through more complex housing and included a complex section of forest and bare, slippery rock. Being asked where I was almost within sight of the start put me off my stride but I managed the complex hill top only to become disorientated as I came off the bridge crossing



the railway. As ever quick decision-making was vital. It was left to Doug to uphold the good name of DVO with a bronze medal on M70. One of four Brits to get medals.

Although we went round the Long Model event with its bare rock it was no preparation for Long Qualifier 1. At a first glance LQ1 was a blue and white map with lines of black crags, an occasional path (or were these more crags?) and a powerline. Printed at 1:7500 it should have been easy to read. But it had rained heavily for 3 days so the seasonal marshes had grown and others had emerged. I have always found brown squiggly lines difficult to read and trying to keep to a bearing while avoiding the worst of the water was impossible. 'Fair play' is paramount but I have to admit to joining a bevy of ladies at one control. She who had punched willingly showed the rest of us where we were. 32 mins to my second control. After that I hiccupped my way round completing in 71 mins, 30 mins down on the leader.

LQ2 had an enormous lake in the middle of the map, patches of green and a powerline above a very rough wide ride which I crossed (correctly) 4 times. With a 9:08 start I was not confused by elephant tracks, the only real distraction being the first control where lots of ladies were running around. We subsequently found that one of the other W65 heats was voided due to the loose control descriptions being wrong though correct on the maps. I had a much better run, at one point chasing (I think) a couple of Scandinavians before outrunning them on the last couple of controls. 53 minutes was a much better time. As for Mike – well he didn't join the 2 hour club – quite!

Combined times of LQ1 and LQ2 determine which Final you will run. This time of the seven of us only Judith made the A final. The Final was on a third part of the same forest as the qualifiers. I found it tough but other claimed it was simpler. I was the last DVO starter at 12:38 and I suppose by then I wasn't really in the mood.

The overall British experience seems to follow that for DVO. Four British medals at the Sprints but none at the Long Distance. Scandinavian experience of that type of forest (indeed it was rumoured that the Swedes have trained and run on the area many times) gave them a considerable advantage.

Anyone for WMOC 2016 in Estonia, based around Tallinn, August 7<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup> 2016?



Mike Godfree

### Final DVO positions

(each final has notionally 80 runners)

| Sprint |                            | Long |                |
|--------|----------------------------|------|----------------|
| M70A   | Doug 3 <sup>rd</sup>       | W65A | Judith 28th    |
| W65A   | Liz 11 <sup>th</sup>       | W65B | Liz 30th       |
|        | Judith 61 <sup>st</sup>    |      | Christine 57th |
|        | Christine 76 <sup>th</sup> | M65B | Andy 58th      |
| M65A   | Andy 71 <sup>st</sup>      | M65D | Mike 14th      |
| M65B   | Mike 22 <sup>nd</sup>      | M65E | John 29th      |
| M65D   | John 66 <sup>th</sup>      | M70C | Doug 5th       |



### World Masters Göteborg

Doug Dickinson

#### Sprint Final - The tricky bit

The qualification race for the Sprint Finals was absolutely flat out stuff with minimum technical difficulty ... it just served to sort the runners out from the orienteers - unlike the final which was sort of the opposite.

To the north of the river in Göteborg there are many rocky, vegetation rich areas surrounded by residential and commercial property. A look at the map of the area before hand showing the embargoed bits of the city indicated that there was a large lump in the middle of the Final's area.

The question on many lips at the start was: 'Will we have to go up it, round it or through it or all or some of these?' And the answer it seems depended on whether you were a runner/orienteer or an



orienteer/runner. The races were won or lost here. See the map over page showing this part of the M70A course.

I was the second to last starter proudly displaying my bib number '2'. I had heard that the 'lump' was in the course. Running 1-2 I was working out what I would do when I got there. I was still working on it as I ran into Control 4 when I recalled thinking 'Do what you usually do ... you will be fine.' I looked to do what I would usually do and looked for the way round, and found it.

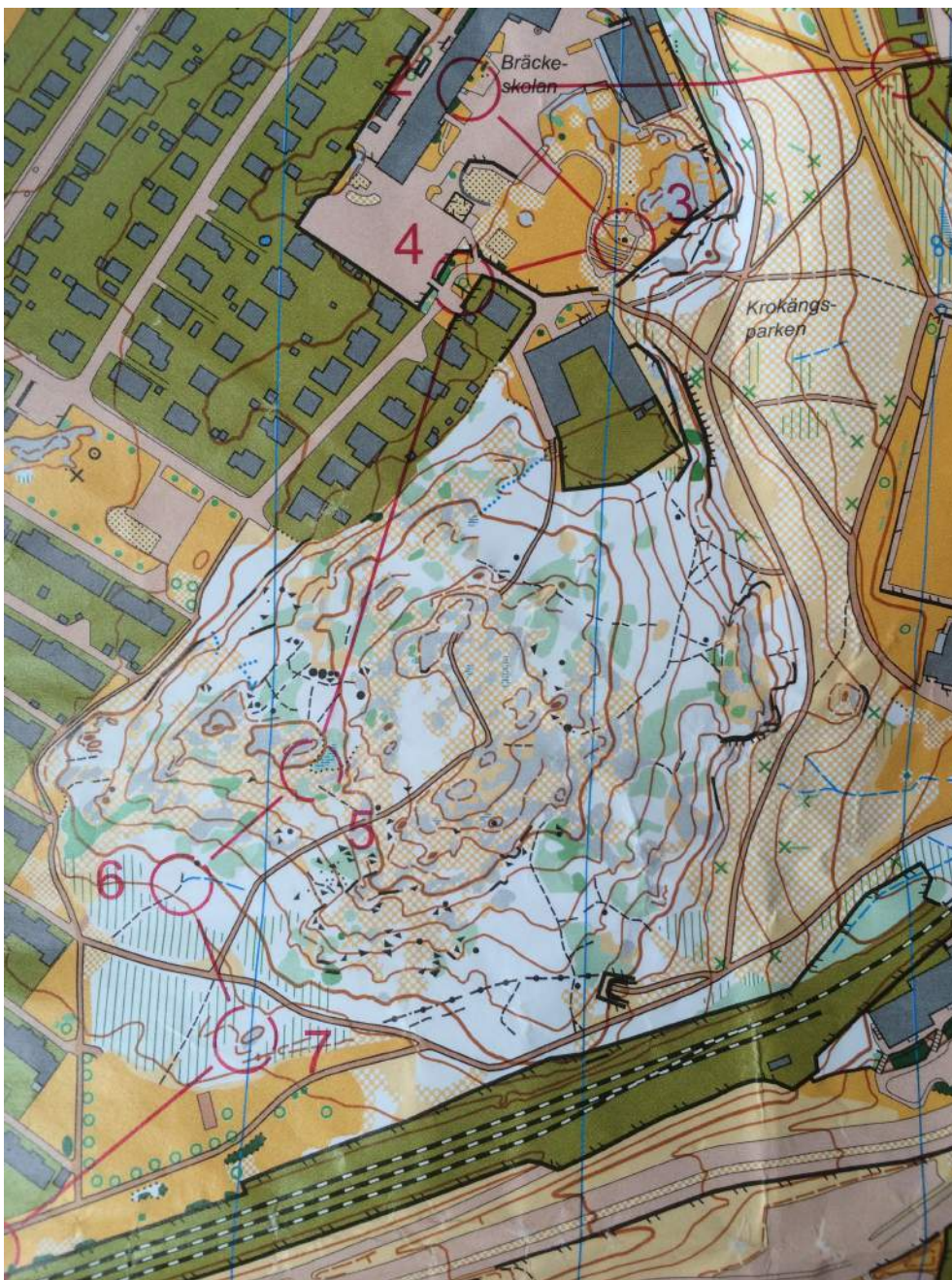
Out of Control 4 going back north and then between the fences, then south keeping the building on the left, up the steps and onto the PATH. Up the hill, across the bare rock, picked the path up on the other side and then ... round the right hand corner. Slightly downhill now, spotted the small path on the right and straight into control 5.

Now back to the main track and followed it downhill. The ditch end was visible on the right as I approached, so flat out down the ditch and spiked control 6.

Headed sort of SE ish to hit the junction and straight across onto the knoll ... No 7 done.

And that was it really just flat out running from there to the finish. I wasn't the fastest over the 'lump' but I was in control all of the way. In fact the splits show that these controls were my slowest (compared with others round me) but I was 'doing what I usually do'.

A World Championship Bronze!



Part of Doug's map in world Masters Sprint, Göteborg

(DVO ... well, OK, just me then ... Goes to the O-Ringen)



“The O-Ringen is the one event every orienteer must experience before they die” exhorted CompassSport last year. With a 60th birthday bearing down on me like a bad-tempered Swedish elk, I thought it was time I did something about this before it was too late. (I did offer Val the chance to accompany me, but she muttered something about some of us still having a job and declined the opportunity).

First I had to get there.

The theory was straightforward: train with bike to Copenhagen, then bike to Borås, about 60km to the east of Gothenburg.

The practice started to go astray round around the time they cancelled the train from Hamburg. I had already overcome the minor setback of failing to bring any tent-pegs with me (memo to self: check contents of tent bag before setting out next time), but was then thrown off the replacement bus service because of the space occupied by my bike (somebody had a cello on there!). Thus it was that I found myself on a coach transporting a team of Under-18 German footballers to a tournament in Copenhagen, a football whizzing backwards and forwards, past, and sometimes against, my ear, and listening to a high-volume mash-up of German rap and Justin Bieber. I discovered that the best way to appreciate Justin Bieber is to listen to an hour of German rap first.

The football team gave me the slip at the ferry when the operators refused to treat me as a foot passenger and sent me to the end of a two-mile queue of cars, to battle carbon monoxide poisoning for the next hour.

It is easy to believe German Railways bears a grudge against cyclists, because just for the German section of the journey, I'd had to bring a bike bag with me in which to conceal the bike, rather in the way certain magazines can only be displayed in paper bags on the top shelves of newsagents. Arriving very late in Copenhagen, I located my Danish contact, a hash-smoking, sea-bass fishing, animé-drawing ('Japanese girls with big guns and small clothes', as it was explained to me), semi-professional cycling, bike mechanic. Depositing the bike bag, I set out to explore Copenhagen. I sampled the usual piscatorial sights and ended up in Christiania, the alternative hippy community set up in the seventies, listening to a free Danish rock concert. I was feeling pretty contented and enjoying the music when I realised that this state of consciousness might possibly be influenced by the two people standing either side of me, smoking strange carrot-shaped cigarettes. When asked about his marijuana habits, Bill Clinton famously replied that he had smoked but never inhaled; the opposite applies to me.

I set out on my bike up the east coast of Zealand to arrive in Elsinore, which turned out to be anything but the romantic setting for Hamlet but disappointingly crammed full of off-licenses, the venue for Swedish

day-trippers seeking to escape punitive alcohol duties. Apparently the Swedes travel to Denmark, the Danes travel to Germany and the Germans travel to Poland all in search of cheaper booze. Long live the EU.

I marked my arrival in Sweden by immediately getting lost, a ritual I was to repeat many times before I left, one way or another. But this was Sweden, and no sooner did I look around for someone to ask the way than I saw a girl walking towards me in an Orienteering T-shirt. You'd wait several years before the same thing happened to you in this country.

Heading north before turning inland, I camped for the night in the coastal town of Båstad (apparently and for obvious reasons pronounced 'Borsta') where I learned that this small town was the venue for the Swedish Open Women's Tennis Champs beginning that day. I delayed my journey for 24 hours to sit in the sun, unexpectedly watching world-class tennis. I say 'world class', but Serena herself wasn't due till the day afterwards following her Wimbledon exertions. I was still able to see the world No 37 defeat the World No 158, as well as endure the sight no self-respecting tennis tournament would be without, the British doubles pair being thrashed 6-1, 6-0 by the Germans.

Those of you expecting orienteering to get a bit of a mention in this piece might be feeling a bit short-changed so I will now fast forward past the bit where I end up on a motorway and meet a Swedish Aston Villa supporter until my arrival in Borås. I headed for the camp site, my home for the next week. My mood was one of eager anticipation to see what a camp site of 2000 looked like, but my enthusiasm received a severe jolt when the venue turned out to be a former industrial wasteland covered in rocks – handily painted red just in case anybody mistakenly decided to bang a peg in one of them – and concrete. I had to borrow a screwdriver and hammer from my neighbour, having unaccountably overlooked packing either, literally to carve holes in the ground for my six pegs to fit inside. For the next week, a cloud of dust blew across the site, meaning anything left outside the inner tent was covered in a layer of grit, turning to thin mud in wet conditions. Short of land-mining the area or putting it under six feet of water, the organisers could not have provided a more unsuitable place for camping.



Fortunately, this was one of the few discordant notes in the unforgettable experience that followed.

One of the attractions of the event was its sheer scale, with 18,000 taking part in 72,000 runs on one or more of its five days. Most of us in the UK are lucky if we take part in an event with a few hundred, with perhaps only a few events such as the JK and the Scottish 6-Days getting into four figures. To arrive at an event where vast numbers of orienteers, their tents and their banners stretch into the distance is a truly wondrous sight.

The magnitude of the event permeates every aspect of it. I lost count of the number of courses available: in addition to the usual Long and Short and Elite age classes, every year from 10 to 18 had its own class, there was a separate competition for those who only wanted to do three days, there were 14 colour-coded classes, including two purples(?!), there were four Challenge courses for those who like their orienteering simple but long, there were mountain bike courses, there were Trail courses, there was something called Pre-O, something called Flex O and something called Motion classes which I have no idea about.

It would be easy to be confused by all this but everyone was divided into eight different Starts, each of which was sponsored, so to find your particular Start involved following your sponsor's logo. Similarly the Finish involved finding one of eight sponsored finishing lanes. Having finally reached M60, I was somewhat dismayed to find my Start consisted of all the senior age classes so I was able to see my future stretching ahead of me all the way to M90; it was not a pretty sight.

While I think about it, two things in particular struck me about the Start. First, no-one throughout the whole week mentioned the word 'whistle', same at the Scottish, so why do we continue to have a fixation about this in England? Second, the call-up was just two minutes, one for dibber checking and control descriptions, the other for map perusal, so why do we have to wait around for five minutes or more in the UK? Just asking.

Finishing a UK event invariably means that to find out your result you either have to wait for half an hour before someone gets round to pasting your result on a board – unbelievably even at the Scottish 6 Days – or crowding round somebody's laptop, squinting at your reflection in the tiny screen, waiting an age for the

results to scroll past till they reach your own, hoping you've not gone into the next age bracket before it arrives. In Sweden, you have a whole marquee devoted to results, with banks of plasma screens suspended, back-to-back, showing everybody's courses simultaneously. As the venerable Mr Punch is prone to observe, 'That's the way to do it!'

Transport to each event also worked with clockwork precision. Everyone was encouraged to take their place in the fleets of buses that rolled up, three at a time, to whisk competitors to the event. I only needed to take a bus twice because three of the events were within cycling distance of the campsite, and the last day within walking distance. Event assemblies were no more than a few hundred yards from the drop-off point. I was frequently reminded of this whilst spending literally hours queuing for Scottish 6 Day events only two weeks later. Next time the O-Ringen will include the bus in the price, doing away with the need for vast car parks, with attendant traffic jams, in unsuitable fields. Surely this is the way forward.

The logistical achievement of putting on an event of this scale was no better illustrated than in the provision of showers. The O-Ringen is famous for its showers and it is a testament to their engineering and organisational skills that they were able, day after day, to supply hot water showers for all competitors in the middle of a forest. I would love to show you a photograph but can't for obvious reasons! Two areas half the size of a football pitch were screened off (one for men, one for women, the Swedes aren't yet that advanced) and along one side was erected scaffolding from which were suspended 30-odd shower heads operating like triggered garden hoses, above a wooden platform. Bliss it was to wash away the dirt and the sweat of orienteering (with the ecologically-sound shower gel provided) instead of going home smelling of the foul, mouldering contents of some primordial bog.

Four pages in and I still haven't mentioned the reason I traipsed across half of Europe, the orienteering itself. It is easy to guess why. I am cursed with having chosen as my preferred sport the one for which, apart perhaps from all-in wrestling or women's hockey, I am least suited. It was with some trepidation that I picked up my map and put a step forward on my first day. Immediately I did so, the map went into hyper-drive, leaving me still thumbing a lift at the bus stop. With somewhat satanic glee, the O-Ringen had chosen the most technical day as the first, and my eyes swam before a profusion of twiddly brown lines and black dashes. My relief at seeing that a third of the area was designated marsh was purely temporary. An expectation of being able to use the edge of these as a hand-rail was dashed when, on encountering the first, I realised that a Swedish marsh is not like an English marsh or even a Scottish marsh, but is entirely covered in trees so the only difference between a Swedish marsh and the surrounding forest is that you are more likely to end up to your knees in the former. I became so desperately and completely lost that, on spying another competitor, I shamelessly followed them, not even knowing whether they were even on the same course. The only piece of luck I had that week was that the control he led me to was mine, otherwise I might still be looking for it now.

It was a salutary experience to finish after two hours and twenty minutes to find myself saved from the ignominy of last place by just one person, Richard Bengtsson. This sadly established the pattern for the forthcoming week when abject disgrace was continually avoided only by the increasing numbers of disqualifications so that as the week progressed, and my orienteering improved only marginally, my overall position nevertheless steadily rose. If I was going to achieve anything, it was at least to punch every last damned control.

It was gratifying to make in Richard Bengtsson the discovery that there was one M60, and a Swede at that, who was flailing, and failing, even more hopelessly than I. Richard became a cult figure in the Johnson household as I reported my plight each night to my nearest and dearest. Their concern for my self-esteem diminished as their interest in Richard's performances increased. The 6-hour starting window meant that I never got to meet him – until the last day when he found himself, disqualifications apart, still in last position, three places behind me in the chasing start. I introduced myself and was gratified to find him flattered by the familial interest shown in his progress. Ironically, but not unexpectedly, I finished even behind Richard on this final day as, having blown my chasing start advantage, and enduring my longest leg of the week, a 35 minuter, I found myself running towards the Finish with him. He threw his arms in the air and shouted, "At last, we can run!" I knew what he meant because I'd been doing very little of the running in the last few days.

It was typical of the whole week that the Swedes had arranged for the final Finish to take place in the local football stadium, not a deal smaller than the iPro, where every square inch of the (plastic) turf was covered with orienteers and everyone's arrival was heralded with their image displayed on the electronic

screen above one goal. The effect of me finally crossing the Finish was somewhat diminished by my late start and long time which meant that most people had caught the plane home by the time I finally cut the agony short.



“How long have you been orienteering?”, I asked Richard. ‘Five years’, he answered, ‘How long have you?’.  
“Er, 35 years”, I shamefacedly replied.

Here is the photo of Richard I WhatsApped to Val and Family that night:



As you can probably tell, I was hugely impressed by the whole experience and it will not be the last time, I hope, that I visit this event (next year, it’s at Sälen, near the Norwegian border and after schools break up).

As I made my way home, I congratulated myself on at least making it through the five events without suffering any lasting injury, which has not always been the case. I spoke or thought too soon. I found myself wheeling my bike on a crowded walkway in Copenhagen station. Suddenly, bizarrely and without warning, this transformed itself into an escalator. My horizontal trajectory was transformed into a vertical one as my bike went up, I went down and my bike fell on top of me. I can honestly say that there will forever be a part of me that is Danish; it’s a shame that part is the bottom of my thumb, which required five stitches.

A number of club members made the long journey to Inverness and surrounding area for the Scottish 6 Days in early August. I have pieced together a set of notes written by some members to give an over view of the Event. I close with a summary from Richard Parkin.

Personally, I have two particular memories. The first was seeing Susan Allard sprint the fastest 15m in a forest for a W50 that I have ever seen whilst shouting and, indeed, hollering at the same time. It was Day 5. The noise first attracted me as I was leaving a control. Clearly someone was in distress. It turned out that Sue had put her foot into a wasps' nest and they had taken umbrage at this disturbance and were intent on revenge. She took a few stings but recovered, thankfully.

My second memory was doing a "Graham Johnson" on Day 5. Readers may remember Graham's amusing article many years ago when he recalled an event – I think it was a NOC event – where he got to a point in the race when he said to himself – "do you know what – I've had enough of this – I'm not obliged to carry on – I'm going to exert my right to pack up, walk back to the Finish and go home". I had this somewhat philosophical moment after control No 4 in Affric South. I think it took me 40 minutes to walk to the Start which was positioned just above a bog in the forest. The course terrain turned out to be awful - windblown trees, steep slopes down to streams, high bracken. I could go on. The Planning must have been a first in what one might call nowadays "virtual planning".

Afterwards I found that other people had found the day underwhelming and I think this may have contributed to a number of no-shows on Day 6. Let's now recall each day.

### **Day 1 at Achagour**

Parking was in a well drained field and the sun came out.

*Jen Gale wrote:*

Achagour. Not a bad area, though very boggy. Less convinced about the organisation, which we've always admired in the past. Derek had tried to change Lisa's course the day before at the Event Centre, an hour or so before it was scheduled to close, to be told all the computer staff had gone home. He went off to see if he could change Lisa's course in the Assembly area and, after passing through two queues and a totally understaffed entries team, managed to do the change and get to his run just in time.

### **Day 2 at Strathfarrar**

It took a long while to get into the car park (45 minutes?) and then we had a 2km walk to Assembly. We were told we could have a punching start if we missed our Start time.

An area of contrast. We started in open moorland with plenty of marshes/bogs and then finished in forest which was impenetrable in places.

### **Day 3 at Darnaway East**

The day didn't start well with a road traffic accident at the turn off to the Event from the main road. The organizers had put down some hard standing through a corn field into the main parking area and this worked well.

This was the Middle Distance day. The map was 1:7500 so you had to be careful not to over run. I started really well then bonked on No 4 taking 28 minutes to cover 400m. I got misplaced and then couldn't work anything out. Eventually I ended up near the Start which was a great help! Sal's note below is interesting. I'm not sure I reached oxygen debt but I sure "lost it" !!.

*Sal Chaffey wrote:*

After making 11 minutes of error on Day 1, I concentrated on slowing down and maintaining map contact. This paid off at Darnaway, an area I was dreading for its "spaghetti" contours. Darnaway East, in particular, lacks streams, bogs, and large hills, so they have tags on the contours so you know which way is down. We had a Middle race on the East map at 1:7500, with a Long the day after on the West map at 1:10000.



After 26 years of orienteering, I realised that being in oxygen debt can cloud your thinking & prevent you recognising where you are. So if you fail to find your attack point, it's best to STOP, look 360°, and think what you've run past. By the time your breathing slows, you'll probably know where you are. If not, you can then move slowly to an identifiable feature on the ground and locate it on the map. This is much more efficient than headless-chickening! I improved thru' the week, apart from the nightmare that was Affric South!

### **WOC Relays**

Many of us watched the WOC Women's Relay on a big screen afterwards. Very interesting. I noted that all the controls were hung from a trestle and easily seen. None were shoved down pits or hidden in Green parts of the map. Looked like a different sport to me given the number of hidden controls I have searched for in EM ☺

*Dave Chaffey* wrote:

What I learnt from watching the Elite races on the BIG screen at the WOC Classic:

1. They look at the map a LOT (maybe it was just for the camera).
2. Their control flow is super SMOOTH (helped by the new contactless SI units).
3. They run FAST through terrain (but it doesn't look like they're trying).
4. They're NOT PERFECT (they trip and stumble like us, the worst case the Belgian who failed to vault a fence, ouch!).
5. Blonde Scandinavian runners are HOT! (especially when, after the run in, they take their tops off) (thank you Dave, this is a family paper – Ed., reaching for the hair-dye)

### **Day 4 Darnaway West**

Parked in the same field as yesterday. The parking team struggled to cope and one of our members mentioned to me that our club parking team would have been a lot sharper.

A much better day for me. Lots of contours but this time no mistakes.

### **Day 5 Affric South**

*Jen Gale* wrote:

No problem with the parking, we drove straight in and parked in a sloping field about 100 metres from the assembly – which admittedly was down a nasty steep slope. I decided to set off for my start early. Just as well. Although I did get there in plenty of time, it had seemed a lot longer than they said. An omen.

When I picked up my map and looked at my first control I was unhappy (understatement); it was a long one and there seemed to be no way of avoiding crossing a stream set in a deep ravine (actually, when I looked at it later, if I was prepared to go back through the Start and down to the road we came along, I could have crossed the stream on that and picked up the path the other side – hindsight is a wonderful thing). The terrain to it was awful, deep undergrowth and fallen trees. The stream itself was just as bad as I feared, the whole control took me 20 minutes. It was quite hard to find, and then get to, because it was in the middle of an area of fallen trees. There were a number of us searching and there was a lot of muttering about how we got to it and, as we headed up hill for the next one, this increased. Soon it was obvious that everyone was finding it such hard going that normal rules were suspended and everyone was helping each other and threatening to give up at regular intervals. I kept meeting the same people at different controls and the same spirit of co-operation continued. There were more streams set in deep ravines and, as time rolled on, they got muddier and more difficult to negotiate. But I soldiered on and finally finished. I took 2 hours 17 minutes and I wasn't last. There were 6 retirals on our course (including Hilary Palmer) and 16 missed punches. A winning time of 72.39, which I think is very impressive. I'd like a word with the Planners.

(My afternote: I think there would have been a queue to see the Planners!)

Denmark's Ida Bobach on the run-in to victory in the Classic, Affric North



## **Day 6 Affric North**

Back to Glen Affric but this time we were going to orienteer over the WOC terrain from the day before.

The day started badly when we were ushered off the approach road into a field. We pleaded that we had a one-and-a-half year old toddler on board and that a 5km walk to Assembly would not be much fun (well, might have been fun for the little one in a rucksack but not much fun for the carrier!)

Then suddenly a rickety old bus turned up. We jumped on board and when no more could be squeezed on it set off, eventually dumping us about 1.5 km from Assembly. When we got into Assembly we could see cars gaily arriving on the far track – some with only one occupant! How could this be?

*Jen Gale* wrote:

There were much fewer cars on the approach, but as we arrived at a field where they'd been parking cars yesterday with single occupants (or so we think), they directed us all in there! This was 2.5 miles from Assembly and none of us were amused. 5 minutes later they were waving them all on again and, as we were leaving the field, very grumpily, we asked why and were told there's a 2 mile queue and they can't get all the cars in. It didn't seem to make sense, but we set off walking. Happily someone stopped and offered us a lift. We saw no queue on the way, and when we got into the field our driver asked if they were having problems. No, he said, we've plenty of room. I wondered why no cars were arriving. Grrr. We thanked our Good Samaritan and headed for the club tent. Not as many people there today, but we did see Andy Middleton, who'd just finished and he said today was much better. We changed our shoes and headed for the Start. It was early but the description of the climb to the Start wasn't encouraging. I was glad I was with Derek, he pulled me up a number of slopes. I was very early for my start (Derek had further to go and an earlier Start) but that was fine. When I got to the Start I was slightly put out by the double tree trunks we had to climb over in the first box, followed by a stream with slippery stones in the 2<sup>nd</sup>. Despite this inauspicious beginning, it was a much better area. Still (as Andy had said), very physical and patches of windblown trees that you could avoid, but it made it difficult to get back on line afterwards. There were also a lot of very steep downs that I went down very slowly. Still, I found all the controls and finished just under 90 minutes, but in 40<sup>th</sup> position.

The Hartmanns were the only others in the tent when we got back and there were no-one else's things, so we took it down and carried it towards their car (they'd offered us a lift to ours, which we accepted gratefully). Fortunately we came across Graham in his car (Val had offered to take it back) so left it with him. It would have been a tight squeeze.

## **FINAL THOUGHTS**

*Dai Bedwell* wrote:

We enjoyed our week in general – our first S6D for 10 years and for much of the week it was good to be back.

The 6 Days organisation worked pretty well. Even when there were problems with car parking, everyone was calm and the Starts coped with punching starts as required.

I don't think we're alone in feeling that Day 5 was poor. Affric South was a terrible area, and the planning was also not of great quality. We were sufficiently disgruntled with our experience that we didn't bother with Day 6 and we seriously doubt whether we'll bother with Deeside in 2017.

The area around Inverness was great for sight-seeing after your run. We managed a few interesting visits during the week.

*Lynden Hartmann* wrote: I should think everyone in Scotland is exhausted. I hope the strain of staging two such enormous events side by side was not too much.

*Jen Gale* wrote:

Overall, if you take out Day 5, it was the sort of challenging, pretty physical orienteering you expect from the Scottish 6 Days, but the organisation definitely wasn't up to the usual standard in some areas.



Day 6, Lester H. Pic: Steve K



*A final summary from Richard Parkin:*

You go to the Scottish 6 Days for the terrain. You expect great orienteering terrain and you usually get it. For me that means contours, fine and delicate brown lines, lots of them, tightly coiled, not flaccid like the rounds of discarded rope you find south of the Pennines. Moray 2013 had more than its fair share: the sand dune forests of Lossie, Roseisle, Culbin, and the Carse of Ardersier (what a name!), and the moraine at Loch of Boath and Belivat. Highland 2015 had a tough act to follow.

By accident, with the loss of its original Day 1 venue, the festival picked up where it had left off two years before, at Belivat, and we enjoyed the same nebulous birch wood in which we'd started Day 6 two years ago (and many of us discovered that the small depression symbol does not necessarily refer to a hole in the ground, but can also indicate a definite 'low point' in the land, much as a dot knoll can indicate a high point, too small to be shown with a form-line – in this case, almost too small to be seen with the naked eye).

Days 3 and 4 were in the World Championship Middle Distance and Relay terrain on Darnaway Estate. Fast and runnable. The aim here – as always – was to run smooth, straight(-ish) lines, simplifying the distracting curves. (Ahem.) It was where the contours all but disappeared that I went astray – sometimes you must rely on your compass alone.

On Day 5, we followed the elite orienteers into Glen Affric, but while they went north, we were sent south to explore a world of pain. Rarely has a forest vibrated so fiercely with the curses of so many angry souls. There were contours, I believe, somewhere beneath the fallen trees and the laughing bracken. This was the price we had to pay for the sublime, grown-up orienteering of the north on Day 6 – open forest, no paths, just contours and marshes and the odd boulder. Sadly, the previous day had taken its toll and quite a few of our number missed out.

This Scottish 6 Days was the biggest orienteering event in which I've competed. Three thousand runners or thereabouts. In these circumstances, a late start makes for a curious kind of orienteering in which the challenge is little more than to pick the right elephant track and stay in touch. I did that quite well on Day 2, but as I steered through head-high bracken I thought of those who had gone before, the early starters, and I pitied them.

### **And very finally ... Sarah Duckworth's memories of the Elite Junior Clinic**

We did so much more during the Scottish 6-Day and WOC week than just run in amazingly difficult and beautiful areas. On the O' Fest day we had a go at archery and Frisbee golf. My sister, Rachel realised her ambition to feel her inner hamster-self by having a run inside a massive plastic ball floating on water (so she ran like a mad mouse absolutely nowhere!).

But the highlight of the WOC week was the Junior-Elite Clinic to meet and talk with the World elite runners (NO adults allowed in the room). We met four of the very best star performers: Thierry Gueorgiou (TG) World Champion – Long, Annika Billstam World Champion – Middle distance, Graham Gritswood (British Champion, ranked 30<sup>th</sup> in the World) and a top Swedish team coach.

There were questions about their training tips (go night orienteering to sharpen navigation with limited visibility); to improve our race results we should go all over the world and experience the very best areas and competitions (go to the Swedish O-ringen); mix up the training – don't just run otherwise you will pick up injuries, so go swimming or cycling but also rest.

Part way through our intimate conversation, TG was asked to pop out and receive his gold medal. We carried on chatting with the very best inspirers in our sport.

After a good hour we were all done and ready to put their wise words into action, so Dad... can we go to the Swedish O-rigen next summer, please?

WOC and 6 Day photos can be browsed at: <http://www.activnorth.com/-/galleries/orienteering/woc-and-scottish-6-days>

Steve Kimberley's Day 6 photos are at:

<https://picasaweb.google.com/107375918833103512408/20150808?feat=directlink>



## Orienteering in Iceland 2015

It was Doug who first pointed this out to us and then was unable to come. We started with a week's walking holiday in the Snaefellness peninsula. The highlight of that week was a Ranger-led walk to a 2000 ft summit at midnight on the longest day. And yes, the sun was still high in the sky. We suspect from that height that but for the clouds it would have remained above the horizon all "night". Even so driving back to the hotel at 1am the mandatory headlights did nothing to aid visibility. So by the time we got to the orienteering we were attuned to sleeping in broad daylight.

Iceland has just one orienteering club, Hekkla OC. Very bravely, their few members have put on a 3-day event each year since 2010. Then apparently they were putting out controls when the atmospheric dust from that famous eruption was several times over the safe limit. This



year there were again around 100 competitors from all over the world, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Switzerland and Scandinavia as well as around a dozen from the UK.

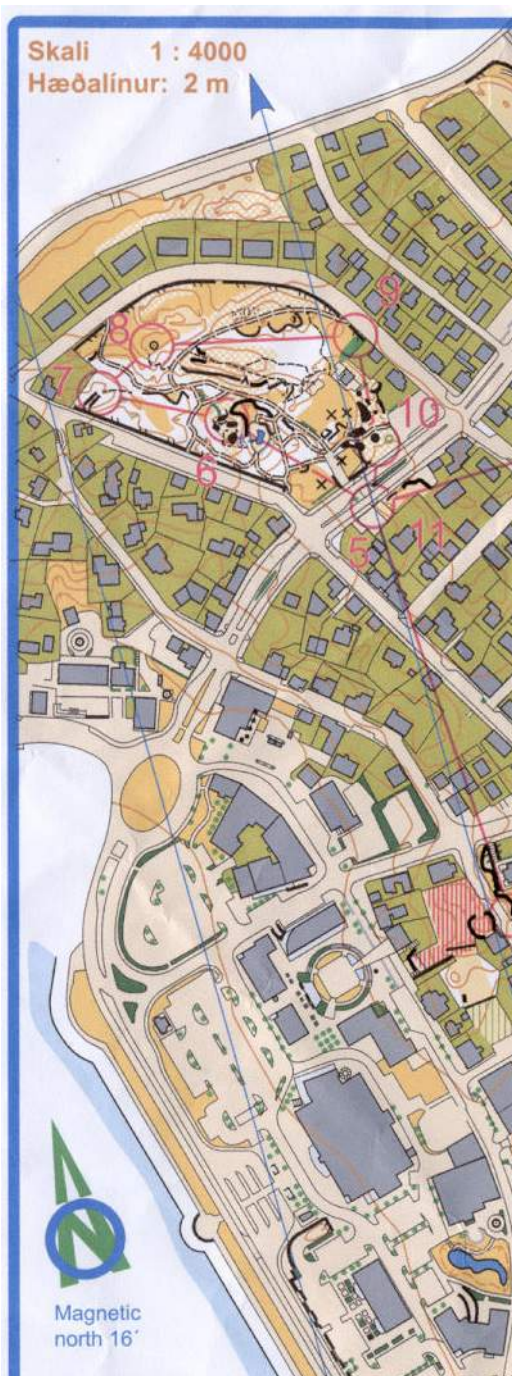
The events started with an evening sprint in a suburb of Reykjavik. Now I say sprint but as there were only four classes H/W 21 or H/W 50+ Liz was already running W50+. Then at the start line we discovered that actually H50 and W50 were running the same course. So Liz's time of 26 minutes whilst twice a typical time at the British Sprints was sufficient to win W50. We had been expecting an urban race but the controls were all in the small park areas between the houses. Now you need to

realise that the park areas were probably left because the lava outcrops were too big to bulldoze for building on. So it was fast sprinting with decent route choices between sections of clambering over the lava fields (photo).

Fortunately one thing we had realised from the example maps beforehand is that not only is the magnetic variation in Iceland around 15 degrees, they don't orientate their O maps to magnetic north as we are used to (and indeed as the IOF spec says they should be). So when taking a bearing you have to remember not to use the edge of the map or the vertical symbols like the OOB screen (which are aligned to grid north) but always look for the north lines.

The Saturday was a long distance race. This time much of the lava was covered with pine forest and birch scrub. Although the map showed white gaps in the green forest you could never be sure whether these would be straight birch saplings (not too bad to push through) or knarled and twisted birch scrub. In between there were stretches similar to limestone pavement but with much bigger depressions and crags.

Having been the last starter I was doing quite well catching several of those ahead of me until the shortest leg of the whole course. Rather than going straight across the lava I went in via a path junction which was almost in the circle, climbed two cliffs and failed to find the correct depression. Of



course repeating the process again led to the same result again and again. Eventually I saw all those runners I had caught come straight across and hit the control only yards from where I had been.

Liz's course was still combined with H50 and not surprisingly after an hour and a half her brain failed.

The Sunday was a middle distance race close to Reykjavik in much pleasanter terrain. Here the lava had had an extra thousand years or so to be eroded and colonized by forest and soil. This time I was first starter and we realised at the last minute that there was an obvious mistake on the loose control descriptions as there were two consecutive controls listed with the same number and description. So I wasn't surprised to find a different code at the first of them. Fortunately the descriptions on the map were correct. But my first issue when running was a control with stake & box but no flag which made it fairly invisible in the woods. But then 3 controls later there was no control at all. Fortunately it was a blatantly obvious site and a quick confirmation with another competitor meant little time lost. I am fairly sure that one of the later controls was on an unmapped boulder about half the distance in from the path compared to the mapped boulder. So all in all not the best controlled event.

Liz and I were never going to trouble the overall prize-giving running against Scandinavian 50 year olds but Helen Chiswell was on the podium for 3<sup>rd</sup> place, again running with W21s.



Next year's event is a 4 day in August. Apart from the clash with the World Masters I would recommend you go and make it into a longer holiday. In 2017 they are planning that the North Atlantic event should just be in the Faroes, so maybe another country to add to the list.

Mike Godfree

### SPOM at the Footpath Relay

Jointly to **Rex** and **Graham** whose legs finished at Cromford Rugby Club. They both managed to include an extra 300 metre lap of honour by exiting the tow-path too late!

**Zoe** for her un-lady-like exclamation "B\*\*\*\*\*d" when she got overtaken on the run-in by a Rugby team member. Nice to see the competitive spirit alive and kicking in these politically correct times, and she did apologise afterwards!

### Typo & Geo-gaff of the Month

**Your Editor** who sent an email out asking for a Life share instead of a Lift share to the Urban in Ashby. Chris Owen pointed out it was a good thing the event wasn't in Gretna Green!

**Jen Gale** for stating that she holidayed in the wrong country in June NT. The Zermatt WMOC was in Switzerland, not Italy!!

## More on Surveying – the HMSO view

Dave Nevell

*(The third instalment of my two-part series!)*

When I lived in Herefordshire during the noughties, one of my stopping off points on cycle rides through the county was Hummingbird Books in Leominster which was owned by a couple that I knew. Whilst browsing I came across an interesting historical document: The HMSO Manual “Notes on the Making of Plans and Maps” by R.E.Fryer (First Edition, 1937, price 17s 6d) which was a veritable gold mine of instruction, advice and good sense. With a Preface by RE Major, Chief Instructor in Survey, School of Military Engineering, Chatham, it lays out method with military precision and astonishing detail.

It starts with the 4 principles of survey, which of course any of you who are mappers will know already.

1. Control
2. Economy of Accuracy
3. Independent Check
4. Consistency

After a chapter headed Triangulation which contains a fair bit of geometry, the manual moves onto its great labour of love, the section devoted to theodolites, with reverential references to instruments like the 3½” Tavistock. There is huge detail, and verbs like rotate, centre, adjust, operate, calibrate and clamp are in great proliferation. I learned that no self respecting surveyor would be found without all manner of oils, soft rags, sticks of charcoal, tweezers, packets of Plaster of Paris and stiff wire, lest he or she be caught out with poorly lubricated trunnions. The accompanying instructions on taking readings do not beat about the bush either:

*“All entries in the Observation Book should be recorded at once and in ink. Erasures with the knife are forbidden. Figures are never to be altered by writing over the cancelled ones. Wrong entries are to be struck out with a pen but the figures are not to be obliterated. Pencil is never to be used”.*

Following a chapter devoted to Theodolite Traversing we come to Plane Tabling and invaluable lessons on The Value of Method. For example, *“The cunning man cuts his rubber into many pieces and keeps one in each pocket. The well trained man has no need to do so, for he always keeps his rubber, as all his other tools, in the same places and his hand goes instinctively to what is wanted”*. The first thirteen Points of Method are meticulously laid out (marking, fixing etc). Point 14 is a curious meta-point which instructs the student not to forget Points 1-13 and then adds ominously that *“only a fool has to re-visit a station”*.

Now we have some Practical Hints to guide us, including the following:

- Use the right grade of pencil – 6H in dry weather, 3H in moist weather & HB for notes
- Don’t attempt to work in the rain(!)
- Remember that contours in a river are usually equally spaced unless there is a waterfall
- Don’t swat small flies on your board as their life blood is indelible



The next chapter is about levelling and it kicks off by describing different types of levels (i.e. the tools). It talks about the Cook Troughton and Simms (solicitors, surely) Self Checking level and the Dumpy level (photo). Chain surveying is also mentioned and in that context the following warning is given: *“It might seem unnecessary to mention this, but quite the most usual cause of waste of time is due to various sub-ordinates, to whom work has been entrusted, failing to understand or grasp their orders. The plumber’s trick of arriving on the site without the correct stores is rarely amusing in practice unless it applies to someone else”*

The last main section is all about Draughtsmanship. There are more useful tips amongst the detailed procedure. Neatness is quite obviously next to Godliness. Hands should always be washed before starting. Drawing pens must be kept sharp – smooth them with a stone (the best size of stone is ¼” x 2” x 1”). When finished, drawings are best cleaned all over by rubbing with stale bread!

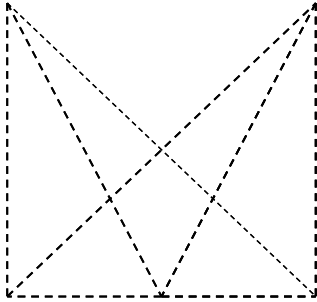
That was 1937. I can find no record of this being updated or there being a more modern version of the same manual. What a shame! I’m sure the modern generation of mappers would benefit from the sort of disciplined approach summarised above. Any thoughts?

I'm wondering if I've overlooked something because I can only find four answers to last month's puzzle. You obviously have had much better things to do over the summer months.

The answer was: boo = YES, hic = NO, with the OMM teams being Betty & Sam and Clare & Tom.

Correct answers were received from John Hurley, Jen Gale, Alan le Moigne and Sal Chaffey. One solution is to enumerate all possible options and eliminate those which are inconsistent with each reply. Err....there may not be another way other than guessing.

Now this month's teaser:



Fred is planning at Symmetric Shrubs, the path network of which is shown here. For the White course Fred wants to have a co-located Start and Finish and a 5-leg path-only course with a control at every change of direction (i.e. a pentagon). Effectively, that means that the course mustn't cross itself or use the same path twice. How many possible courses meeting these criteria are there at Fred's disposal?

Answers to me (dnevell3@gmail.com) by the Editor's copy date please.

### It's Official: Orienteering is Hard! Orienteering is Good for You!

In July I signed up for Tom George's trial at the University of Lincoln – The effect of a 5-week cognitive-physical programme on fixed-pace endurance performance. And saying this in oxygen debt is a pretty good approximation of what I had to do on the treadmill!

**The first trip to the university's Human Performance Centre** was to measure something called  $VO_2$  max. This means the maximum volume of oxygen used in a minute, which in turn equates to the amount of energy that can be generated – the size of your engine basically!

It's not known if  $VO_2$  max is itself a limiting factor in performance or the consequence of other limiting factors such as metabolism or muscle adaptation. It's measured in millilitres of oxygen per kilogram of body weight per minute and mine was 43.

This was arrived at by me running on the treadmill with Tom increasing the speed every 3 mins. I wore a mask with a small turbine connected to a computer that measured my  $O_2$  and  $CO_2$  output, so we had a prearranged set of hand signals for 'fine' and 'put the fan on please'. He started the treadmill at 8 km/h and every minute I rated how hard I was working by pointing to a descriptor on the Borg scale (rating of perceived exertion). I felt OK through to 13km/h but managed the 3 minutes (mainly by imagining my UKUL rival Jane Anthony chasing me round a car park) and baled out fairly soon into the 14km/h block.

Tom showed me lots of graphs afterwards and it was at 13km/h that my  $CO_2$  output line crossed above my  $O_2$  line – showing it was here that I switched to anaerobic running. Another crossover point was at 11km/h where I switched to burning more carbs than fats. The body always burns a percentage of both, but it seems that carbs are the more high-performance fuel, reserved for sprinting.

#### Sal's web crash course on $VO_2$ max

There are lots of  $VO_2$  max calculators available online, some derived from just your age and resting pulse, others taking in gender and pulse after walking 1 mile or a 3 min step test. I tried Test 1 at **shapesense.com** and typed in my age and resting heart rate, getting an answer of 59, which, if you subtract my gender disadvantage, gets you in the region of 43. I then tried Test 2, which accounts for gender, pulse and walking speed, and got 45, so both are reasonably accurate.

The lower your resting pulse, the higher your  $VO_2$  max. After the age of 25,  $VO_2$  max declines by about 1% per year, but – be cheered – the influence of fitness level is apparently stronger than the influence of age.

Men's VO<sub>2</sub> max is typically 10-25% greater than women's. Cyclist Greg LeMond measured 92.5 and Paula Radcliffe 73. Men are more muscular than women and muscle consumes more oxygen than fat, hence the higher VO<sub>2</sub> max.

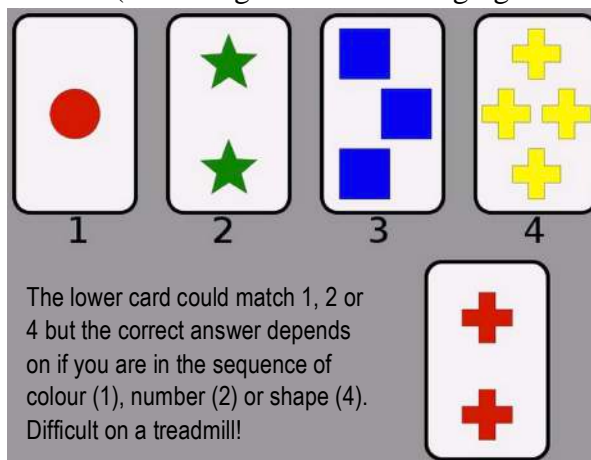
And for some more context, the American College of Sports Medicine estimate that an untrained person can increase their VO<sub>2</sub> max by 15% after just 2-3 months of training.

Another amusing diversion is to enter your 5km, 10km half marathon times into [runnersweb.com](http://runnersweb.com) and find out your VO<sub>2</sub> max and at what percentage of VO<sub>2</sub> max you were running. For very short races you will be running at greater than 100% VO<sub>2</sub> max, i.e. anaerobically. All harmless fun on a rainy day!

**The second lab visit** was to take the pre-intervention measurements. This was 10 minutes on the treadmill at 90% VO<sub>2</sub> max (thought to be orienteering race speed: for me, 12.6km/h, factoring out hills, brambles, pedestrians, navigation errors &c.) while doing the Wisconsin Card Scoring Test. Anyone who has ever played video games with me will know I'm not very good at this sort of thing and, true to form, I found it utterly draining.

I had to indicate which of 4 cards matched the question card (according to an ever changing sequence of either shape, colour or number of spots) using 1-4 fingers (because of the mask). Tom recorded the number of correct and wrong answers I gave and toward the end of the 10 minutes I really was just guessing. It was even difficult just counting my fingers – I had to remember that 3 required my thumb to hold my little finger like the Guide salute. It made me realise just how important simplifying your route is and also using risk management strategies to minimise the consequences of the errors that are going to happen when running fast.

I was pleased to be one of the 12 participants to have been randomised into the intervention group – as opposed to the control group who just followed their normal training for the 5 weeks. Rather disappointingly, my card scoring result didn't improve after the intervention but Tom is looking at a range of other outcomes ... watch this space!



**The intervention** was to do 15 map runs over the 5 weeks. Tom gave me a pack with a blank O map and the same map with a 21-control course overprinted for each of the 15 sessions (a veritable Advent calendar of Lincolnshire O maps). I had to do a 400m lap at competition pace while memorising 3 controls at a time, drawing them on the blank map during the 40 seconds rest between each lap. So each session required 7 laps and took 20-21 mins. This was easy on urban and simpler terrain maps, but difficult on maps with lots of contour detail and as the sessions progressed I put more effort into the map memory aspect.

My long shifts meant that I had to train every day that I wasn't working in order to fit in the 15 sessions – so I didn't do any other training during the 5 weeks. But then there was the fillip of doing the Scottish 6 Days, so in terms of total miles it was a fairly typical month.

I gained a real awareness of the influence of oxygen debt on cognitive load and tried this out in the complex Scottish terrain. By stopping, instead of running about, I was amazed at how quickly I managed to find where I was on the map! Better than headless-chickening, potentially further way from the control, and wasting energy. Instead of thinking about running quickly and navigating well, I'm thinking about orienteering efficiently. Under this model, the aim of training is not to run fast but to be fit enough to make good decisions while running.



(Except when it's Saturday or Wednesday)

RDO – Real Derbyshire Orienteers. Fanzine No 13

*Who ate all the pies? We did!*

*Be more Tortoise*

## Crisis at the Big Orienteering Organisation

There definitely is one and we tell you all about it (page 3)

Step by step details of the crisis as it unfolded (p 92-96)

“It’s a worse crisis than the last crisis but not as bad a crisis as the crisis before the last crisis” – A crisis expert speaks (special free crisis section)

### All the latest on the Gategate controversy

Our roving reporter Miles Piles has just returned from the World Championships in Scotland.....

Agus anois, is é an deireadh Sir Branston Smalls. Agus mar sin aghaidh mé an imbhalla deiridh. Mo chara, beidh mé a rá sé soiléir, feicfidh mé a lua mo chás, a bhfuil mé áirithe. Tá mé cónaí ar an saol go bhfuil iomlán Peak Pickles. Thaistéal mé gach uile mhórbhealaigh, agus níos mó, i bhfad níos mó ná seo, rinne mé é ar mo bhealach.

Oth, tá mé go raibh cúpla Old Bailey. Ach ansin arís, ró-beag a lua rinne mé cad a bhí mé a dhéanamh agus chonaic sé trí gan díolúine pleanáilte mé gach leag ndóigh, gach céim go cúramach ar feadh an ó chongar “What exactly is a dibber?” Agus níos mó, i bhfad níos mó ná seo, rinne mé é ar mo bhealach. Amanna yes, bhí, tá mé cinnte go raibh a fhios agat, nuair Giotán mé amach níos mó ná raibh mé in ann chew gherkin disaster ach tríd go léir, nuair a bhí amhras.

Ith mé sé suas agus spit sé amach push pineapple shake the tree os mé é ar fad agus sheas mé ard agus rinne sé mo bhealach. Mé grá, tá mé gáire agus tá mé go raibh mo líonadh, mo sciar de chailliúint you’re going down for a long time matey agus anois, mar a subside deora, bhfaighidh mé é go léir amusing amhlaidh a copy of Big Lycra sent to my room please.

Chun smaoiniamh Rinne mé go léir go!!!!

We hope that makes things quite clear.

### Tongue Tied

So, just what was it that was being broadcast on BBC Alba during the World Orienteering Championships? Ostensibly it was Gaelic but we sent the transcripts off to a top secret laboratory on a hillside above Belper (Gateway to the North) in order to get a second opinion. A expert expert speaks: “We found that although around 50% of the commentary was indeed in Gaelic, there was also about 35% Pingu present, along with 10% Minion, 4% Klingon and just

a trace of Clanger. Most of these other languages occurred when the Gaelic couldn’t cope with the technicalities of a twenty-first century sport and the commentator basically just lost it”. (*Departs using a personal jet pack.*)

Since only six people and a dog actually speak this stuff anyway, the multi-lingual fudge appears to have gone totally undetected although the Big Orienteering Organisation (BOO) have reported an unexpected increase in the number of membership applications from penguins (*I’ve got a really bad feeling about this – WSC lawyer.*)

### Answer to last month’s puzzle question

Hogwarts, although we will accept Bolsover.

### Raiders of the Lost Archives

With the Club Championships just around the corner again perhaps this is a good time to look back into the recesses of history to the dramatic goings-on when RDO members first competed for the title of Club Champion (*perhaps it’s not –Ed.*)

Transport yourself if you will back to a world when there were no mobile phones, no internet, no dibbers, not even the plastic spork and (hard to believe) no Nick Knowles. Thus we find ourselves in 1967, when just a handful of fledgling orienteers were gathered together under the watchful guidance of JT, by far and away the most experienced and competent orienteer in the region. There was huge excitement and anticipation surrounding the recently formed club’s initial championships, scheduled to be held at a brand new area for the sport, Cromford Rocks. The only problem; no map. No matter, JT “knew” an enigmatic and shadowy figure known only as Silas Wegg who was able to provide a set of OS photocopies of the area on the cheap to be used on the big day. With courses planned and laid out by Nottingham Nutter Brad Bertshaw, all was set up for the race.

A handicap system had been devised such that competitors were to be set off in reverse order of ability; novice schoolboy Tom Burley went off first with JT last such that the first to reach the finish line would be the champion. Just twelve competitors on a warm and extremely sunny day. The press had been informed, cub reporter Giles Piles from the Belper Thunderer was waiting eagerly at the final control, camera in hand. What could possibly go wrong?

We did say that it was a very sunny day, didn't we? And we also said that the photocopying (a technology still in its infancy) had been done on the fly. The unbagged and hand pre-marked maps, on some kind of rather odd shiny paper, were laid out face up in the bright sunlight. They rapidly began to fade. Not so much so that it wasn't possible to start the race though. Everyone set off not realising that they were each holding a ticking time bomb in their hands. Gradually all semblance of legible detail disappeared, not just fading but also rubbing off. Pretty soon all that could be seen with any clarity was the outline of the course itself. Surely the race was doomed.

Not at all! Such was the determination of the competitors to win the race, they all carried on despite having to work with compass and pacing alone. Being relatively inexperienced their technique wasn't really up to it and inevitably the whole field began to bunch up. Only JT was able to cope with the circumstances and as a result, as the club's leading expert caught up everybody in front, the whole race came together in a single group. Everybody that is, apart from young Tom Burley who had run straight off the map at an early stage of the race and was by this time wandering up and down Matlock Bath High Street.

JT punched first at the final control. RDO had been experimenting with some homemade pin punches and these were still at the development stage. Their main fault was that they did not always release properly. However, they were being used for this event. JT was quite clearly in a hurry and did not notice that the pins of the final control punch had caught firmly in the sealed control card. The card naturally followed wherever JT went. The pin punch had no option but to go where the card went. In its turn the stake that the punch was attached to faithfully followed suit and to complete the party the control flag joined in the merry procession. Down the run-in JT flew oblivious to the fact that the other ten competitors were right behind,

all desperate to punch their cards. Just before the Pied Piper of Cromford Rocks crossed the finish line the rats caught up, leaping onto the tangled mass of string, stake and flag. Within seconds there was a heaving pile of competitors fighting for the punch which had completely disappeared from view. This continued for several minutes with no obvious conclusion during which time Giles Piles, eager to capture this unexpected turn of events, got a little too close and was sucked into the heaving mass of flailing limbs, camera and all.

By the time things finally quietened down, it was quite clear that it was going to be impossible to declare a winner. Nobody had managed to cross the finish line with an intact punched control card. The final punch was never actually located; the mangled finish clock was retrieved, frozen for ever at nine minutes to twelve and twenty seven separate pieces of Piles' camera were identified. There was a general air of anti-climax and shame. This then, was a seminal moment in the history of Real Derbyshire Orienteers; the moment at which the unwritten objective never of being seen to be trying too hard entered the club psyche.

To tie up a few loose ends, the broken finish clock became an emblem of the events of that day, being prominently displayed at all AGMs for many years until it was unfortunately eaten by Donald McRanald's dog in 2008. And what of Silas Wegg? It is rumoured that JT was linked to his (her?) mysterious disappearance in 1970 and the subsequent appearance of a memorial stone on Matlock Moor was an act of contrition. We will never know what really happened. We will however, return to the murky annals of RDO history at a future date.

*(I told you it wasn't a good idea – Ed).*



*Exciting action from Cromford Rocks, 1967*



## **Know Your Team Leader**

### **No 5: Paul Addison**

Paul is DVO's Controllers' Coordinator and successful M55.

#### **When & where did you start orienteering/join DVO?**

My first event was about 1979 as a student. The teacher training course I was doing at the time included orienteering as part of the sports studies unit and a small event had been organised for students on Tunstall Hills, just south of Newcastle.

From what I can remember, the map was very simple, black and white and hand drawn by one of the lecturers, definitely not to IOF mapping standards.

I enjoyed running and had been keen on cross country at school. I also enjoyed hill walking and climbing, so my map reading was reasonably competent. However, I had never combined running and map reading before and the idea seemed interesting and appealing.

I can't recall any instruction whatsoever. We were shown a control kite and what a pin punch looked like. Then we were handed the map, reminded to copy down the controls and started at timed intervals. Piaget's theory of Constructivism and 'learning by doing' was popular with our lecturers and this was very much the approach taken!

Fortunately, my previous experiences proved decisive and I managed to navigate around the course with few problems. I was also most-surprised to find that I had the winning time. I was hooked!

**Highs & lows of any previous roles in DVO?** My highs and lows are probably when taking on the role of planner. A definite low point was when putting out the controls for an event on Eyam Moor on the Saturday before the event on Sunday. I had carefully planned the day, as there were lots of controls to be put out over quite a large area. It was November, so I was expecting it to be dark quite early and I knew I would be finishing in the dark.

So, I was well prepared. I had planned the route I would take around the control sites. I had all of the SI control boxes in order. I had my ultra-bright head torch with 1000 lumen output; at the flick of a switch it could turn night into day. What could go wrong?

Well, the first couple of hours in the dark were fine. But once into the tricky and complex part of Eyam Moor, which can be difficult to navigate through in daylight, my wonderful head torch with 1000 lumens output suddenly ran out of power. I still had quite a few controls to put out but it was impossible to continue. It was totally pitch black and I couldn't see a thing. I left the controls where I hoped I would find them in the morning and walked very slowly in what I guessed was the right direction. With both hands out in front to protect my face from unseen branches I somehow managed to stumble and trip all the way back out of the area. That hadn't been on the plan. Next time I'll take a spare battery pack.

One of the great pleasures of planning an orienteering event is getting up early on the day of the competition and running through the area at first light.

On one memorable occasion on Longshaw, everything was covered in crisp white snow, frozen and perfectly quiet and still. The sun was just filtering through the thinning clouds when I started putting out the control boxes. Making tracks across the snow and climbing out of a deep snow filled depression I came face to face with a herd of deer and a majestic stag. I stopped and took in the beauty of the scene before me. The deer looked slightly puzzled by my antics and then slowly moved away. Moments like this make planning a joy!

**Likes & dislikes of your current role in DVO?** I'm relatively new to the role of controller, but it is certainly very satisfying to provide opportunities for competitors to enjoy the fun of orienteering. I quite enjoy working with others to put on safe and successful events.



The part I like least about the role is trying to find officials to give their time to control an event. The club has a very small pool of controllers and certainly needs more willing volunteers to spread the load.

**Do you enjoy the new formats (Urban, Sprint)?** Sprint events can be fast and fun and I enjoy the pressure of trying to make quick decisions whilst the brain is in oxygen debt! I'm not so keen on urban events and running around towns.

My first choice is always classic long distance orienteering, ideally in remote forest, or moorland terrain. I'm also a huge fan of the Rab and the Peak Raid score events. Some of the best navigational challenges of the past year were during these events. Navigating long legs over featureless moorland in the mist was great fun.

**What do you enjoy doing when not working/orienteering?** During term time school work and training take up most of my time. During weekends and holidays almost any outdoor activities; climbing, cycling, walking and recently surfing.

**Most memorable orienteering "holiday"?** The Czech Republic, but probably for the wrong reasons. The event assembly areas were certainly different. The loud pop music was interesting and provided an excellent directional aid for finding the final control. Running into the finish to the sound of Britney Spears singing *Baby One More Time* is a memory which still haunts me.

It was also on this trip that Luke got very lost and I spent a long time searching the forest in mild panic. Three hours in the forest for an eight year old is quite an achievement.

**Favourite TV show/film?** I must confess to becoming a Breaking Bad addict recently, and regularly overdosed on the series on Netflix, watching all sixty two episodes in a very short space of time! For those that have not seen the show it is the story of a 50 year old chemistry teacher who is diagnosed with cancer and starts to produce crystal meth to increase his income.

If you need an incentive to get out and train over the dark winter months take out a subscription to Netflix and each time you hit your weekly training target reward yourself with a Breaking Bad fix! (Must be over 18)

For more family orientated viewing check out the Studio Ghibli films and especially Princess Mononoke and My Neighbour Totoro. These are really unique and beautiful stories with strong environmental themes which will resonate with orienteers young and old.

## Upcoming Fixtures into 2016

See [www.dvo.org.uk](http://www.dvo.org.uk)

|             |   |                              |                              |   |
|-------------|---|------------------------------|------------------------------|---|
| Sat 12 Sept | Darley Park   | Level D CATI                 | Richard Needham              | Derby DE22 1DX SK353383   |
| Sun 27 Sept | Chinley Churn   | Level C EML                  | Sue Allard & Roger Hodgson   | Chapel en le Frith SK23 7NP SK028833                            |
| Sat 3 Oct   | Carsington Pastures                                       | DVO Club Champs              | Stuart Swalwell              | Followed by Lunch & Awards at Brassington Village Hall 1-3:30pm |
| Sun 11 Oct  | Shirebrook Wood   | Level C EML                  | NOC                          | <a href="http://www.noc-uk.org/">http://www.noc-uk.org/</a>     |
| Sun 18 Oct  | CompassSport Cup final, Kendal, pls enter via Liz Godfree |                              |                              |   |
| Sun 25 Oct  | Grantham Urban  | Level C EMUL                 | NOC                          | <a href="http://www.noc-uk.org/">http://www.noc-uk.org/</a>     |
| Sun 11 Nov  | Matlock Urban   | Level C EMUL                 | Keelings                     | Arc Leisure Centre car park                                     |
| Sun 29 Nov  | Birchen Edge  | Level B East Midlands Champs | Sal Chaffey                  | Moorside Farm DE45 1PQ SK287722                                 |
| Sun 13 Dec  | Longstone Moor  | Level C EML                  | Ann-Marie Duckworth          | Bakewell S32 4TH SK 279721                                      |
| Fri 1 Jan   | Ashbourne   | Level C EMUL                 | Pls contact Jen or Ann-Marie |   |
| Sun 17 Jan  | Eyam  | Level C EML                  |                              |   |

EML, East Midlands League EMUL, East Midlands Urban League

## ☆☆ Star Runners ☆☆

Handicaps for the Club Champs involve updating everybody's personal ratings which means that a spate of star runners will be calculated. Unfortunately I haven't got round to doing that yet. Apologies, we will definitely catch up next time and I will let you know how your handicaps have changed over the last year.



## DVO Club Championships, Sat 3rd October Carsington Pastures

The Club Champs this year is on Carsington Pastures, offering a combination of fast running and intricate navigation. **This is a free event open to ALL club members** and we have last year's record of 63 competitors to beat! Your start time is calculated to try to ensure that everyone finishes at about the same time, so no matter how good an orienteer you are, you have a chance of winning one of the club trophies.

Start times will be 10:30 to 11:30am aiming for a mass finish at 12 noon.

Entries to Stuart ([stuart.swalwell2412@me.com](mailto:stuart.swalwell2412@me.com)) with SI card number & which course you wish to run.

**\*\* DEADLINE: 25<sup>th</sup> September – 8 days beforehand \*\***

(thanks to Dave Nevell for handicapping)

**Car parking and Assembly:** The Start and Finish will be on the Pastures proper i.e. south of Maystones Lane. Parking and Assembly location are not yet finalised – see Flyer nearer event

**Courses:** Approximate only – subject to final planning.

- Junior Course (Yellow/Orange) 2.4km, 40m
- Short (Light Green) 3.4km, 110m
- Medium (Green) 4.8km, 150m
- Long (Blue) 6.8km, 200m

**Dogs:** see Flyer on website nearer the event

**Event Officials:** Planner: Murray White, Organiser: Stuart Swalwell



**Followed straight after (approx 1–3:30pm) by Picnic, Prize Presentation and Awards Ceremony at ...**

*Brassington Village Hall*

*Dale End, Brassington, DE4 4HA*

Bring a dish to share, kitchen facilities available for hot drinks. No charge for this event.

Award categories are Orienteer of the Year, Junior Orienteer of the Year, Most Improved Orienteer and Most Enthusiatic Newcomer, as well as the notorious Sports Personality of the Year! Nominations to Stuart please. These and race trophies from the morning will be awarded ... Last year's winners, dust and polish your trophies!

