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NEWSTRACK

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EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS

Well, Newstrack's back after its well-earned summer break, but, sad to relate, the autumn orienteering calendar is about as enticing as twenty-four hours stuck in a lift with Richard Branson. I cannot remember such a defoliated autumn. It's a sad state of affairs when the only October badge event within reasonable travelling distance is the earnest-but-dull Sutton Park and the next colour-coded event I plan to attend is Linacre, not till 8th Nov. This hardly inspiring prospect has obviously had a somnolent effect on DVO generally because, apart from the ever-reliable Tony Seaston's fixture list, virtually no-one has bothered to contribute to what is only the second Newstrack since April. Shame on you lot.

This means that if your interest in Newstrack extends beyond the middle pages, you will have to put up yet again with the increasingly incoherent meanderings of yours truly. Only you can prevent this happening again.

In the absence of any pressing issues on which spleen needs to be vented, I shall concentrate my attention on the few recent events which have been favoured with my presence.

The White Rose

Once upon a time the White Rose was an essential part of my orienteering year, signalling as it did the end of the summer break and heralding the unofficial start of a new season. I couldn't remember why but, over the years, the gaps between our visits to this event had grown longer so that, in the last ten, I have been perhaps three times, the last three years ago. Despite my previously expressed misgivings over absence of an event campsite, and perhaps seduced by tantalising descriptions of a new and previously unmapped area, I duly subscribed for another three days of the uncertain charms of North Yorkshire.

If I had forgotten the reason for allowing my familiarity with this part of the country to lapse, I was abruptly reminded within only five minutes of the start of Saturday's event. There few sights so dispiriting as that of a map whose chief characteristic is the colour green and whose principal source of interest is whether that colour is dark or light. I realised then that it had required three years to blot the memory of a White Rose forest sufficiently from my mind to deceive myself into believing that I might enjoy the experience again. It was too late now, three days of hacking through impenetrable vegetation, of climbing over an interminable variety of infernal obstacles, of struggling against an inexorable tide of knee-high heather lay ahead, and short of giving up there and then, there was nothing I could do about it.

Whereas in any other circumstances, the discovery of virgin orienteering terrain would be matter of celebration, in the case of an EBOR area, it simply meant all

previous mappers had rejected the option in favour of something more deserving of their attention – filling in their tax returns, for example.

I don't ask much from an orienteering event but the chance of being able to move at speed in no particular direction - as I often do - during some part of the course is one requirement – cunning running used to be one of orienteering's mottos even. Denied this, I gave up the will to live to such an extent that it was a surprise to find two people who enjoyed themselves even less than I did – the only ones who spent longer trying to find a way out of the accursed jungle and finished below me in the results.

If I could be bothered, I would get out my old results to see whether the absence of a camp site actually made any difference to the numbers – as well as depriving the event of its single unique attraction. I do not need to rummage through the Johnson archives to detect a lack of interest in Relays, I need to do no more than to record that the Men's Open consisted of – yes, count 'em – three teams, all of whom were therefore guaranteed a medal of some sort. This sparseness was evident in other classes too. My own theory is that those groups who were maligned by the organiser's declared reason for not offering a campsite were exactly the ones who would have competed in the Men's Open, and they voted with their feet. Other people faced with commercial campsite fees of £13.00 per night, as we were, decided to opt for the one night option, halved their camping fees and went home after the individual days.

I actually had a good run at the Relays, and, had I not been let down by the other two members of our family relay team, we might have been in contention for a placing – some people just don't have the temperament for the big occasion.

As a footnote, the results contain a throwaway reference to the prospect of a campsite returning next year so perhaps lessons have been learned. I have certainly learned mine.

Weekend in Wharfedale.

North Yorkshire again, but what a difference. If my biggest complaint about Cropton was the lack of runnability, then I could not wish for a better cure. I know open areas like Kilnsey are not for the purists who complain about the problem of following, the ease of navigation but who cares about purists when you can enjoy the unrivalled pleasure of being able to run flat out, unimpeded by heather, bracken, brashings or anything else the East of Yorkshire can throw at you. Unfortunately this was a National Event and somewhere buried within the IOF rule book is one which decrees that Graham Johnson will never have a good run at an event of this type. There will always be some sort of disaster to thwart him. Now I know that the event details - which somewhat unusually I had read on this occasion though obviously not digested – said that limestone pavement was mapped as a grey screen, and I know that I have run on Kilnsey before at least

twice, but it was a very gloomy day, and grey screen can look very much like blue screen, so I spent the best part of half an hour hunting for the first two controls by trying to navigate off a banana-shaped, but sadly non-existent, marsh, whilst cursing the mapper for having unaccountably omitted acres of stonework from the product of his labour..

Having abandoned the kids in the care of the East Midlands Squad baby-sitting service for the weekend, Val and I were able to enjoy the unaccustomed luxury of an offspring-free couple of days – an enticing taste of what awaits us in our declining years (To those who say I have been declining for some years already, I point out that this does imply that I did at some time in the past reach some pinnacle of excellence, which is patently untrue). This included a repast at the local hostelry in the company of the Buckleys and a night under canvas in a farmer's back garden, the latter excellent value at £2.50 each.

The following day's area – Langstrothdale – was definitely inferior, and I duly responded by having a commendably good run, even if I do say so myself, thus proving once again my theory that my orienteering improves in inverse proportion to the quality of the terrain I'm running on (a theory sorely tested at the White Rose). The run was unfortunately blighted by a misplaced control, which at least gives me another chance to blame someone else. The control in question was placed in an unmapped re-entrant some metres to the west of where it should have been. It was difficult to be charitable to controller and whoever put it there because the true re-entrant was directly above a knoll with another control on, and supposedly adjacent to a pit, which the one used patently wasn't. No doubt most orienteers discovered the error quickly but to me it simply conveyed the message that I was in completely the wrong area of the map, inducing decapitated poultry impressions.

Carsington Pastures

Given aforesaid paucity of events, it was practically criminal that this one, in DVO's own backyard, was so poorly attended. The general feeling was that a marketing mistake had been made, labelling this a C5 Come-and-Try-It Local event when a C4 Colour-coded-up-to-Blue-course was a much more accurate and deserving label. The area did not in fact lend itself to a White course, so C5 was probably a misdescription. Experienced orienteers, particularly outside the area, tend to dismiss C5s as Mickey Mouse events not worthy of attention, but would have been attracted to a C4. They would not have been disappointed either. In its own modest way this addition to DVO's repertoire is as technical in parts as Kilnsey and certainly more runnable than Langstrothdale, as the sub-40 minute winning time on the 8 km Blue bore witness.

It was a shame that numbers were so few because there is as much time, effort and organisation in this sort of event as any colour-coded – including once again

the incorporation of the novelty of an electric fence to keep off any marauding cows. We were blessed with warm weather and it was a heartwarming sight to see people picnicking, children playing, a rare phenomenon in the desperate summer we've had.

We have now sussed that the clay pigeon shooters only use the area every other Sunday so next time we use Carsington P, we should be able to use the full extent of Harborough Rocks. An ingenious planner may be able to squeeze a Brown out of the map. As reviewers of films are wont to conclude their articles, I urge you not miss it.

SUMMER LEAGUE – Final Results

MEN

Pos.	Name	Score
1.	Steve Kimberley	454
2.	John Hopper	410
3.	Rob Shooter	404
4.	Mike Godfrey	353
5.	Derek Gale	308
6.	Brian Denness	273
7.	Paul Wright	259
8.	Andy Kempton	207
9.	Steve Buckley	175
10.	Dave Bennett	173
11.	Graham Johnson	163
12.	Tony Seaston	129
13.	Mark Thomson	124
14.	Mike Gardner	119
15.	Andy Mackervoy	117
16.	Rupert Keeling	72
17.	Roger Keeling	71
18.	Dave Chaffey	68
19.	John Middled	67
20.	Dai Bedwell	66
21.	Paul Nutall	65
22.	Ian Whitehead	64
23.	Dave Clough	64
24.	Rex Bleakman	64
25.	John Heppell	63
26.	Dave McGivern	62
27.	Dave Tryner	62
28.	Simon Ford	62
29.	James Allen	50
30.	Adrian Boyes	48

WOMEN

Pos.	Name	Score
1.	Val Johnson	354
2.	Jennifer Gale	312
3.	Liz Godfree	252
4.	Judy Buckley	213
5.	Michelle Mackervoy	201
6.	Christina Wright	99
7.	Sue Russell	62
8.	Ann-Marie Priston	60
9.	Margaret Keeling	59
10.	Sal Chaffey	56
11.	Roz Clayton	56
12.	Liz Tryner	54
13.	Helen Finlayson	53
14.	Debby Wilkinson	48

WHITE

Pos.	Name	Score
1.	Daniel Kimberley	401
2.	Thomas Wright	347
3.	Simon Wright	347
4.	Joy Hopper	161
5.	Amy Kimberley	161
6.	Joanne Brentall	108
7.	Jody Faulkener	107
8.	Liam White	64
9.	Adrian Boyes	61
10.	Annabel Clark	61

11. Hannah Curley	61	17. Matthew Willers	58
12. S Wilford	60	18. D Ford	58
13. Andrea Sims	59	19. Simon Humphris	56
14. J Allen	59	20. Ben Humphris	55
15. Katherine Curley	59	21. Freya & Linda Boyes	48
16. Freya Boyes	59		

LIGHT GREEN

Pos.	Name	Score		
1=	Dave Walker	270	12. R Soper	65
1=	John Hurley	270	13. Tracey Giddings	65
3.	Ruth Johnson	198	14. M Spencer	64
4.	Hilary Johnson	197	15. Joy Hopper	64
5.	Kate Johnson	195	16. Mike & Kathy Gardner	64
6.	Roger Keeling	166	17. Jenny & Anthony	63
7.	Margaret Keeling	165	18. Liz Godfree	63
8.	Adrian Boyes	160	19. D Baines	62
9.	T Kempton	154	20. Kathy Whitehead	60
10.	James Allen	113	21. Emma Whitehead	59
11.	Dave Bennett	68	22. A West	59
			23. Tony Seaston	48
			24. Janice Allen	44

A few thoughts on the Summer League.

This was the first year of a new format, featuring the addition of a Light Green course to plug the gap between the Yellow and the "adult" course, together with the abandonment of the novelty characteristics from, and the introduction of a coaching element into, the latter. Inevitably, I felt that there were successes and failures.

The introduction of a Light Green course filled a much needed gap. Previously there were the two extremes of Yellow and Adult/Novelty, which gave no real choice to those like my own W14-16s or those who did not fancy the longer option. Although a third course means more work for the much put upon organiser, its evident popularity has made it well worth it.

As for the longer course, I feel that it has now fallen between two stools – it does not know whether it is intended as a purely coaching exercise or as a competitive event with points counting towards a final league. The production of the above statistics shows that it has been at least partially successful in achieving the latter, but, to me, a competitive coaching activity is an oxymoron, something which I am often partly accused of being myself. This was illustrated by Rob Shooter's event at Shipley which consisted of a series of compass and pacing exercises. The chief final interest was in comparing one another's paces and

angles, not times. It was a good example of what can be achieved on a well-used non-technical area and was notable for its complete absence of any meaningful competition. How it translated in the final results – it probably didn't – I don't know but the point is that the Summer League has to decide next year what it wants to be, and if the coaching element is to remain, a new name is going to be needed.

There will continue to be those debating on either side of the Novelty/Coaching divide, and I suspect that neither is going to be placated. Those who did not want coaching, could, this year, opt for the Light Green, and several obviously did, but I wonder how many were actually happy doing a course both shorter and easier than they would otherwise have chosen. My overall impression is that whilst the overall number of individuals taking part this year was on a par with previous years, the number of runs was down – in other words the events, and therefore the format, were not as popular. There were some new faces but the unnamed and unidentified swell of numbers said to be disgruntled with the Old Way did not seem to me to be any more grunted with the New, or at least did not support the changes by actually turning up. The names listed above are by and large the same as previous years. I suspect that the hardcore turning up on Friday nights will always be the same, so who are we actually trying to please?

One problem that is that the old Summer League format lent itself to the sort of areas that are available on a Friday night, and what would otherwise have been a boring run round a park could be alleviated by meeting whatever mental challenge had been set that night. Realistically the benefit of coaching on, say, Darley Park for anyone of Green and above standard is zero, and it is pointless pretending otherwise or trying to defy the laws of nature by trying to prove otherwise. Andy Mackervoy who had the thankless task of putting an event on there didn't try (to defy the laws of nature, I mean, rather than at all) and organised a Norwegian event, which was getting pretty close to the Old Way.

Dennis Skinner

A TREK THROUGH NEPAL

Andy Bunting will give a talk on Sunday next, 4th October at 7.30 pm at the Ambergate Sports and Social Club (formerly RJN), in aid of Nepalese orphans. He was part of a recent 5 man expedition there and promises awe-inspiring slides of Everest, Katmandu and sights of similar ilk. It is open to all, there will be no charge, but donations will be welcomed.

DVO Ranking Positions up to August 1998

W21

4	Kim Buckley	3934
35	Sal Chaffey	3317
86	Ann Marie Priston	2899
96	Michelle Mackervoy	2776

W35

8	Val Johnson	3726
61	Sue Russell	2871
77	Kath Whitehead	2690

W40

69	Jayne Malley	2926
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W45

68	Viv Macdonald	2923
74	Liz Godfree	2891
80	Judy Buckley	2862
92	Ann Armistead	2764

W50

3	Judy Buckley	4051
21	Helen Finlayson	3642
22	Liz Godfree	3336
67	Jennifer Gale	3030

M21

20	Al Buckley	3874
58	John Duckworth	3481
145	Dave Chaffey	3079

M35

62	Dave Chaffey	3362
92	John Malley	3145
167	Steve Kimberley	2783

M40

26	Paul Addison	3653
42	Steve Kimberley	3502
62	Ian Whitehead	3289
75	John Hurley	3197
76	Graham Johnson	3016
238	Robert Shooter	2511

M45

10	Paul Armstrong	3825
47	John Hopper	3427
103	Mike Godfree	3155
143	Neil Cameron	2965
184	Stuart Swalwell	2820
195	Ranald Macdonald	2793

M50

4	Steve Buckley	4014
51	Doug Dickinson	3428
124	Rex Bleakman	3031
214	Dave Skidmore	2670
221	Derek Gale	2642

M55

31	Ted Smith	3394
45	Dave Walker	3269
91	Dave Tryner	3000
117	Barrie Stephens	2815
147	Keith Langhorn	2568
149	Terry Peach	2539

M60

97	Keith Langhorn	
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SPORTS PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

This month's award goes to Jon Dickinson, Matthew's, ahem, identical twin brother, thanks to his splendid debut at the White Rose Relays. This was a quite remarkable introduction to the sport considering that no-one had even known of his existence beforehand. It was as if he had been orienteering for years. Together with his better known brother and his father, he helped his family to 11th place in the M/W14 Family Relay class. I hear that for next year Doug is working on a second clone so that he doesn't have to take part at all!

The Return of the Iron Lady. Those who take an unhealthily close interest in DVO's ranking positions will have noticed the surge in form of Liz Godfree – up to 22nd in W50 just behind Helen Finlayson and 4th on the Green at Carsington. There is a reason for this, but lest anyone should suspect Flo-Jo-type dabblings in steroids, such unfounded slurs should be quickly laid to rest. The secret is simply the addition of iron to a previously anaemic diet. Which may be all very well in the summer but it does seem to be tempting fate when the rains return – won't she just rust up?