

# NEWSTRACK

## JULY 2002



*Great Moments from the Orienteering Archives*



**No 6 : Monty searches the horizon at the Footpath Relay but even  
he can't see Viv Macdonald**

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

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## Thoughts From The Chair

### Ruminations from the Settee

The Chair seems to be keeping his thoughts to himself as time runs out on Newstrack so I thought I would string a few words together reflecting on the successes and failures of National Orienteering Week as discussed at the June Open Meeting.

This required many hours of effort on the part of DVO to organise seven NOW-related events in seven days. It may be simply too early to assess whether it was a success; this may be possible only in two months time by judging whether anyone who was attracted to try orienteering has done so again since, and may be still doing so.

In terms of actual numbers who attended, there was little evidence at the majority of events that the publicity was working. The most obvious example was the Wednesday evening Matlock Street event which sought to build on the achievements of last year's Foot and Mouth street events by tempting running clubs to try the sport out on terrain which they would recognise. Viv Macdonald sent leaflets to no less than 28 local running clubs and whilst DVO was pleased to welcome around 20 runners on the night, they all had a strangely familiar look to them. Not surprisingly, since they were all DVO members.

Slightly better, but still low, numbers were to be found at Markeaton, Holmebrook and Foremark, although I know of at least one person at Markeaton who brought his son to Carsington. Some of those at Elvaston last Friday might also be following up interest from these events.

Undoubtedly and overwhelmingly successful was the Schools Orienteering Festival at Lea Green and the Adventure Youth Games, nearly 600 children going round a score course at Carsington Reservoir. Particularly encouraging were those who having completed the course once wanted to go round and try again. Similar previous events which have been organised under the auspices of some easily recognised and official organisation, such as the Forestry Commission at Black Rocks or Derbyshire County Council at Shipley have attracted a good response so a greater degree of success may be assured in this way.

At the Open Meeting the feeling was that just as important as getting newcomers there in the first place is to ensure that there are more events organised for them to go in the immediate future so interest is maintained and also that we get them to provide us with their details, home and e-mail addresses, so we can send particulars of future events to them. One idea was to give people a year's free membership of DVO to include regular receipt of fixtures info. This will be discussed further at the AGM in September.

## James Allen Does 'Far too much Orienteering in One Go....'

In a reckless moment in a field in Glen Affric in the summer of 1999, I mused to myself, rather too loudly I suspect now, that I could organise the 2002 Police Orienteering Championships.

Of course, 2002 remorselessly approached and I was faced with putting together this event. But this story should start a few weeks earlier in Warwickshire.

As many of you will be aware, I have been lucky enough to travel far and wide as a police orienteer. Mainly getting to Norway and Hungary a number of times. On each occasion we have been the beneficiaries of great hospitality and excellent orienteering. In case you were wondering, I tend to get selected on the basis of being a big fish in a small pond, rather than for any talent I may have.

So in order to repay the generosity of our foreign hosts, we decided that it was about time to invite them to sample the peaks of British Orienteering. So we invited them to Warwickshire. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> April we hosted a two day event based at Warwickshire Police HQ. The format comprised a short race in Hay Wood, a relay in the HQ grounds (it even has its own wood) and then a classic race in Bentley Woods, which I'm sure most DVOers will be familiar with.

Yours truly volunteered to run the computing side of things as SportIdent was to be used. So the day before the event I called at our headquarters to collect a generator which was being loaned to power things. I asked the chap that runs these things for a little job, just enough power for a bit of lap top etc. I was confronted by something on 4 wheels that looked like it could run for a month. It only just fitted into the car, and was my back sore getting it in and out for the next few days? The new DVO generator is much friendlier in that regard.

So Malc Spencer, Janice and I set off on a beautifully warm spring day for Hay Wood. We couldn't have asked for better weather, and there we spent an enjoyable morning sat in the sun dealing with the relatively easy task of dealing with 70 or so pre-entered competitors. Those of you have been in the computer tent at a DVO event will know the joy of pre-entered competitors. Or indeed competitors who know their BOF number and have registered their E-card with BOF, or indeed competitors with neat handwriting. But not several hundred school children. I digress.

We had entrants from Finland, Norway, Sweden, Germany and Hungary as well as ourselves, RAFO and the British Army. We invited the Army along to retain some British pride. The Swedes had been over since the week before

and had all enjoyed the JK in the Forest of Dean. As had we. They enjoyed it so much they won W21L and M40L.

Anyway the short race came and went with few hitches. I should say here that I had a joker up my sleeve. Michael Napier will turn up anywhere if you offer him a run! So I was confident any problems could be sorted. Actually Michael was there to run the relay software for me in the afternoon. He was using it all as a dry run for his rather more major task of running the British Champs in Northern Ireland a few weeks later, and wanted to give things a bit of a shakedown.

I should recount the story of one member of the Hungarian team. The Hungarian's had driven to Warwick. This must be the thick end of 1200miles. One of their number presented himself at the start line in Hay Wood. Started, ran 10 yards, put his foot in a hole and shredded his ligaments. I saw him 6 weeks later and he was still in plaster. That was a long way to travel for 10 yards orienteering.

I was cajoled into running in the relay. Mistake. 4 hours sat in the sun had done nothing for my technical or physical prowess, and I was rather thrown by the fact that I actually had to orienteer. Anyway the less said about that the better. Thanks to Michael, all went very smoothly, and we returned home late that evening tired but confident about the Classic the next day.

We were off early again, to Bentley Woods. This time the by now rather pink computer operators, Janice and I, were sat in a pub yard with our equipment out. Steady! Events ran smoothly again and all enjoyed their runs. The Swedes had had the best of the first day. It was to be the Finns today. An astonishing 45mins was the winner for 9km in the usual Bentley terrain. I shall always remember Malcolm Fowler, a colleague from Cheshire, coming back with a time of 65 minutes and announcing that he was confident no one would beat that by much.

"Erm, sorry Malc, but one of the Finns has done 45 minutes".

"What! 45 mins, I want a copy of his splits. I can't see how anyone could have been 20 minutes faster than me!"

"Here you are then..."

Silence.

Anyway all went smoothly and we retired to Warwickshire HQ for a closing dinner.

Having been to the JK the weekend before and then helped to organise this event in the interim, we were tired but satisfied as we made our way home.

Next on the Allen agenda was the Police Championships. This event was almost entirely down to me to organise. So I thought, how do I make it as

easy for me as possible? I know, pick on some of DVO's best, brightest and most retired.

Step forward Mike Godfree, Brian Ward, Dave Walker and Tony Berwick. Trojans all. Mike and Brian would plan and control the Classic Race for me on Crich Chase and Dave and Tony would do likewise for a relay in Allestree Park.

Thanks also to Steve Buckley and Paul Wright for securing access for me to the Chase. I picked Crich Chase as it offers good orienteering and a physical challenge. It's also close to Headquarters and I was able to use the Hurt Arms at Ambergate for an evening meal. I also used the pub for parking. Future Crich Chase and Shining Cliff organisers note that the pub has a large field that would accommodate several hundred cars. The landlord, Mr O'Donoghue is a nice chap who I'm sure would be willing to help us out at anytime.

Sportident was again the order of the day. "Hello, is that Michael Napier? Fancy a run.....". This time I had a secret weapon up my sleeve. A Derbyshire Constabulary Mobile Police Station no less. Brand spanking new as well. Which was worrying me slightly when I was thrashing it around the assembly field at the bottom of the chase. It didn't come to any harm though. So there we were all set up in the field ready to go. Janice (who was i/c computers this time) had 50 pre entries to deal with, and coped wonderfully. I had my eyes on a prize.

Last year in Hertfordshire I had amazed everyone, not least me, by coming 3<sup>rd</sup>. I hoped I might go one better than that this year. Home advantage counts for a lot. The organiser had also given me a late start time. I was the organiser. We'll gloss over that bit. But all the other form horses were also starting late. Neil Robson from Northumbria was just behind me, and Andy Berne also from Northumbria just in front. If I could keep Andy in sight and stop Neil overtaking me then I knew I had a chance.

The first leg was, I would estimate, about the best leg of technical orienteering you could get out of Crich Chase. These are the benefits of keeping on Mike Godfree's good side. I fancied that the line was the best route. Knowing that the area had been fully explored by 375 colour coders the day before, I had the feeling that elephant tracks, used with care, could pay dividends. And they did. I had a good clean leg and knew that any of the fell runners and other super athletes couldn't fluke a prize after a start like that. It was strictly orienteers only from there on. Which is just what I'd hoped for.

I worked hard all the way round and knew I was in with a chance at the finish. Waiting for me was Andy Berne. A quick check of the watch revealed that I had beaten Andy by seconds. It was all down to Neil we thought. And in he came beating me by about 2 minutes. Oh well we thought, 1<sup>st</sup> to Neil, 2<sup>nd</sup> to me and 3<sup>rd</sup> to Andy. We're happy with that. Until we got back to the van and saw Malcolm Fowler. This time nobody could touch his time. He'd shot around 7km on Crich Chase in 54 minutes. Now that was impressive.

Looking at the times from the Colour Coded the day before, Malcolm compared favourably with the very best Brown course runners.

So I settled for third again. But more good news was to come. We also had entrants in the Mens Veterans, where Malcolm Spencer finished an excellent third. Then more good news in the Women's Open where Christine Howard won and Hayley Barnett came third. This all led to us winning the mixed team prize. A tremendous haul of silverware for a team whose first event was only in 1998. And I was the sole entrant. And got lost and disqualified.

Honourable mentions should also go to Dick Hargreaves, Colin Wright and Royston Smith who finished 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> in the Novice event. Look out for them at DVO events in the future.

We had our prize giving and meal in the Hurt Arms (who did us proud) that evening. And looked forward to the relay event in Allestree Park the next day.

Now if you ask Tony Berwick and Dave Walker to do something, it gets done right. The relay was a masterpiece of planning. I had asked them for a relay which would allow teams of mixed ability to compete. So there would be a green leg, a light green leg and an orange. The unflappable Dave and Tony duly provided this and with gaffing to boot. They also made it Sportident friendly and yes 'he' did fancy a run and organised that side of things for me.

The relay was much less formal and competitive than the classic, and everyone enjoyed a good run around Allestree Park. Especially Janice, who is firmly of the opinion that the area around the main car park is the only piece of TD6 terrain in the world. That's another story.

An amalgamated team of Devon & Cornwall, Wiltshire and Avon & Somerset won the relay and I think everyone went away happy. I did and was very glad to have the events over with. They aren't big events but they do take some organising.

Janice and I celebrated by going to the Lakes for a few days, and finished it off with the National at Bigland. Bigland was the scene of my first police championships in 1998 and it had thoroughly bamboozled me. This time I was determined to beat it. In the B'n'B that morning (we were stopping with Tracy and Ian Grant and Malc Spencer) I decided to be the Mark Lawrenson of DVO and predict times. They were all quite pleased with my predictions. But perhaps not so pleased with their actual times. I had hoped for about 75 minutes for my 7 or 8 km. It wasn't to be. I also hoped to beat my yardstick, Mike Godfree (M21S and M50L are the same course) That wasn't to be either, but I was close.

I think the escarpment at Bigland is just about the most complex piece of terrain I've ever run on. The parallel crags can be a nightmare. My first 10 controls were in among this lot and I was pretty clean through all of them. I even found one while relieving myself behind a tree. That must be a first. I was very pleased with my 80 odd minutes in the end. I saw many faces out

there who were just baffled by the terrain. I felt like I'd learnt something since my last visit.

Then 10 days after that it was off to Hungary for my third trip. DVO was well represented with Malc Spencer taking in his second foreign event and Hayley Barnett her first.

A trip via Amsterdam is always a revelation. Firstly it is a huge airport and I'm always amazed how they think they can get your luggage transferred from one side of the airport to the other in under 8 seconds. They can't.

Hayley and I now hold the all comers record for gate D22 to gate C17 at Schipol. Malc and Eddie Nicholson from Notts (who both proved the old maxim about good bobbies never running) managed to shanghai some chap in an electric cart and ride the 8.7km it felt like from one gate to the other. Hayley and I both had a glow about us when we finally sat down on the plane.

Of course the luggage didn't get through to Hungary at the same time as us. After filling in many forms we were given \$50 dollars compensation and told that our luggage would follow us. It did but not until the next day. We were glad of a change of clothes by then.

Previous trips to Hungary had been to a series of beech-forested hills near Budapest. This event was however based on the top of Hungary's second highest mountain. About 1000m above sea level. This was fine, but it did give the planner the ideal opportunity to give each course a long down hill first leg and make every other leg thereafter up hill. This did not suit me.

It suited Malcolm Fowler who swept the board in the M35 category, and it didn't seem to bother Malcolm Spencer who picked up a gong in the M45 category. But I couldn't cope with it. The relay was what they like to call a 'Solathon'; this is essentially an orienteering biathlon, with pistol shooting half way through and at the end. The penalty for misses being penalty laps of a 150m circuit. Now faced with even more distance in these events, I was determined to shoot well. And it seems so were my colleagues. For a nation of generally unarmed police officer we put our European colleagues to shame. Some of whom were absolutely frightening. I managed 8 from 8 as did Hayley. I think Malc Spencer was 7 from 8.

The classic race the following day I'll just gloss over from my point of view. But I would like to point out Hayley Barnett's performance in this event. Having orienteered the first time as an adult some 3 months previously, she pulled out an amazing performance but for one error. The W21 course and the M35 course were the same. But for one mistake Hayley would have beaten all the men except Malcolm Fowler. Pretty impressive I thought. Special mention also to Malc Spencer for a quality run in M45 leading to 3<sup>rd</sup> place.

Anyway we returned with more silverware than ever before. We are obviously doing something right.

It doesn't stop there, though. I must recount that to cap this crazy few weeks off, I decided to attend the Scottish Champs solo. What kind of nut case drives 1100 miles in a weekend to orienteer? Me.

Anyway it wasn't all bad. In the Classic on Rogie (an area I believe the editor knows rather too much of...) I finished a rather pleasing third (if you don't count Steve Nicholson running out of class). In the relay the next day Alec Ross, Mike Godfree and I finished mid table in an area called 'Littlemill' which hasn't been used before. Nice area, technical and physical.

Anyway that's my busy few weeks of orienteering in April and May. I'm having a break now. I think I over did it a bit.

I would like to thank all those members of DVO who gave so freely of their time to help with the police championships. The contribution of club members turned it into the best event we've had:

Step forward:

Mike Godfree, Brian Ward, Pauline Ward, Sue Russell, Paul Wright, Christina Wright, Ann-Marie Duckworth, Tony Berwick, Dave Walker, Liz Godfree, Steve Buckley and Kim Buckley. Also Michael Napier, whose contribution to East Midlands Orienteering is much larger than you could begin to imagine. And of course Janice. Thank you all, I really couldn't have done it without you.

James Allen

## The Tamar Quadruple – A Personal View from Jen Gale

We've done the Tamar before (previously just the Triple), but always appeared to be the only DVO representatives. This time we were there in force (well relatively anyway), but only the Gales (with NOC's Bramble Basher & spouse) braved the first colour-coded day. So, for those who missed this unique occasion....

We left home at 5:30am and all seemed to go well for a while. But sooner or later the M5 will get you if you're foolish enough to venture out on a Bank Holiday. Still, even with a stop at a packed motorway service station it looked as though we'd make it by 1:30. We had not reckoned on something closing the A30 at Bodmin but we were getting close and we had this OS map, so off we dived and managed to navigate through the lanes.

I was against the decision to lunch before we ran, though with hindsight it was probably as well, though the glass of wine was almost certainly a bad idea. I'd just committed myself to joining Derek in running Blue (well I don't normally get a chance when we're doing split times) when we met a gentleman returning from a Blue run. He was exhausted and dirty and kept gasping "very physical". I wondered if I'd made a wise decision. Our companions had



opted for Light Green, but then they've done very little orienteering recently. The doubts on the wisdom of my choice were compounded at the start when the St John's Ambulance was called to a lady with a broken ankle.

It was a lovely area, woodland with streams cutting deep valleys across it and the first control or two went quite well; I was thinking, maybe I can put in a creditable time. Two or three controls later and I was thinking, "I will finish this course no matter how long it takes". "Physical" doesn't really do it justice. I took path routes whenever I could because the direct line was generally through impenetrable ficht, down (and then up), precipitous slopes covered in thick undergrowth or involved wading through streams, sometimes all three. Between some controls there was no wimp's route, you just had to take a deep breath and plunge off the edge.

You met some nice people though. Shared experience I guess. Lots of senior ladies who'd decided enough was enough and I heard some very uncomplimentary comments about the planner & controller. But I enjoyed most of it (all 2½ hrs of it), even though I was scratched and scraped, soaked to the knees 3 times and as tired as I remember being in a very long time. I can understand the runners finding it truly awful (our editor would certainly have hated it) (your editor was still stuck in the same traffic jam mentioned earlier, and he hadn't even had a glass of wine to mitigate the experience - Ed), but for me one of the great appeals of orienteering is that it's an adventure and Cardinham Woods was certainly that - more of an assault course really. I did think the planner went a little too far on the 13th control though. Forcing us to climb a wall with a barbed wire fence on the top and a drop either side did seem a little uncalled for. But I finished it before the course closed.

Actually the events of day 1 are my excuse for the appalling errors I made on the other 3 days.

Day 2 was Middle Bedalder, an open very runnable area, very attractive if you ignore the slag heaps and old buildings in the middle. Not being much of a runner I'm going to be fairly slow even if I don't make any mistakes (well I think so, I rarely get the chance to test the theory), sadly not the case. Nothing major, just an overrun boulder in the mist and a brief aberration when I left a control going south instead of north. Could happen to anyone.

Day 3 & 4 were on Braunton Burrows a military training area on the sand dunes. It was slightly unnerving coming across soldiers with rifles creeping through the bushes alongside the track to the start, but it was a beautiful area, full of wild flowers and we had sunny weather both days, pity about my day 3 run. I got to the third control thinking, "this is going really well", fatal. You know what happens next. Completely overran the next control and had real trouble relocating to try again. Finally recovered and thought I'd got it back under control when I went completely loopy at number 8. Oh well, there was always day 4.

Another lovely day and I was determined to concentrate. Things were really going well as I clocked control 5 when everything went haywire. There were thickets where there shouldn't be, I was at the bottom of the dunes instead of the top, I just couldn't make the map match the ground. I'm not sure what made the penny drop, but I suddenly realised I'd set off from 5 thinking I was going to 7, but on the right bearing for 6 to 7. To cap it all I was looking for the control number for 6 and had actually found 7 at some point without realising it. Bother (is not precisely what I thought)!

Overall it was an enjoyable and varied 4 days. Even though the last 2 days were on the same area, I personally found it challenging enough to enjoy having a second go at getting to grips with the terrain. The organisation was fine in a relaxed sort of way and everyone was really friendly.

NB The e-punching software plainly wasn't the Mike Napier special and Mike will be pleased (if unsurprised) to know that his is definitely superior.

Jennifer Gale

## Summer Series 2002 – The Story So Far

I've been pleased to see a healthy number of orienteers, certainly at the last two of DVO's Summer series, which is five events into its eight-venue tour of Derbyshire. Eight events in two months in local and accessible areas provide an ideal way to get started orienteering. With a Yellow, a Light Green and a Challenge course available, there is something for everyone. For those of us who know every blade of areas like Markeaton Park personally (I've run there three times this year alone!), the chief diversion is the precise nature of the challenge which the fiendish mind of the organiser has dreamt up for the longest course.

### **Markeaton Park – 24<sup>th</sup> May**

Somehow I've never got to grips with the 'find-a-control-using-just-compass-bearings-and-pacing' format. Last year's disaster was still fresh in my mind. At Chaddesden, I had headed for a control on a bench, and indeed found a control on a bench, but unfortunately it was the wrong bench, so I set off for a distinctive tree in completely the wrong place, and got so lost I had to relocate by doing the course in reverse off a control on a bridge I stumbled across. Confused? I certainly was.

This year, I was determined to get it right. I carefully set my compass and set off for a veg boundary (actually the description was something like 'Trees/Shrubs' which I didn't think was very helpful in a park). For some reason I wasn't using my usual trusty compass, but noticed that the one I was using had a natty scale down the side, just the job for pacing. I measured the precise distance, and perhaps my suspicions should have been aroused by finding that this took me to the other side of the lake. Yes, I had neglected to

take into account that the scale on the compass was twice what it was on the map, so the control I was actually looking for was this side of the lake.

And once again, disproving the old adage that you learn from your mistakes, I came across a control on the far side, also a veg boundary, which I shouldn't have found until the second half of the course. Not having realised my mistake, I blundered on trying to fit a course twice as long as it should have been into a map half the scale I believed it to be.

Unable, unsurprisingly, to find the second control, I headed north for the third. Regrettably this took me into the only part of the map which had no controls in it at all. Probably not unconnected with this, this section of the area is where the flower of Markeaton's youth gather for intellectual discourse and harmless experimentation with substances usually more commonly found in an off licence or chemistry lab. I was forced to suffer repeatedly the indignity of prolonged subjection to ribald insults and foul-mouthed invective as my increasingly desperate search for my control, any control for that matter, obliged me to run the gauntlet of yobbery until my self-respect could stand it no longer.

It was as I was retiring that the full extent of my folly revealed itself to me. The clouds parted, a brilliant light shone and a choir of angels descended to chorus 'Alleluia'. Damn. Now I would have to complete the wretched course. So, out of sheer perversity, I did.

By now it was getting pretty late, and the course was showing signs of wear and tear as the local inhabitants succumbed at last, no doubt against their better natures, to the temptation to rip off every paper plate they could find and toss it indiscriminately aside.

As if it were not bad enough that we had to navigate without marking a course, we also had to find words which could then be used in conjunction to form other words (e.g. black board). I was forced to write down words from discarded plates in the hope that they were the right ones, not appreciating that some of these were from the Light Green course. Thus not only was I taking twice as long as anybody else I was using words that no-one else on my course had found!

Now that's what I call a challenge.

### **Shipley Park – 31<sup>st</sup> May**

I generally like quizzes but only when the subject is something I know about. Tonight's Specialist Subject was First Aid, a topic which, being married to a former nurse, I have always felt excused from familiarising myself with. I mean, I don't even watch ER. All of a sudden I was presented with a rapid series of questions, some of which I didn't even understand, let alone could answer. Not only that, the answer to one question had 34 words in it. I've written English essays shorter than that.

The tendency in these circumstances is towards flippancy, I'm afraid. I'm told that in answer to the question 'Name five causes of unconsciousness?', some wise guy included 'Bullet', which seems fair enough. And apparently the answer to the question 'What would you do if you found a person unconscious and not breathing?' is not 'Call the undertaker', but if you jocularly responded to the question 'What advice would you give to someone whose nosebleed has stopped', 'Don't pick it', you'd have got a point!

The general conclusion was that if you do choose to fall ill or injure yourself, better not do it at a DVO event; chances are that if it's one of us who tends to you, you'll end up needing intensive care to recover from the treatment you've just received.

### **Alfreton Park – 7<sup>th</sup> June**

For some reason Amber Valley Borough Council had, if not refused permission, then not got round to confirming it, so instead of running through the bucolic idyll of Alfreton Park, we were confronted by the urban jungle of Alfreton itself, which makes Brixton look like Weston Underwood.

Yes, this was the ultimate challenge. Ray Mears never had to tackle anything like this. And we were being sent out there armed with nothing more than a red biro. Like the coward I am, I made sure Val was never far away so I could offer her up in case the natives attacked and wanted a ritual sacrifice. I'm not sure what the points scoring system was, you certainly got some for actually making back alive, and bonuses may have been earned for the number of times you were sexually importuned or the different types of Class A substances you managed to collect on the way round, but were probably deducted if you were mugged or wounded.

The Yellow course did manage to encroach on to the Park, but controls were rapidly snaffled up as trophies by the indigenous populace. I was amused by Mike Gardner's vain attempts to explain to the local pre-pubescents that orienteering was a sport where they were supposed to pay us for the privilege of finding the controls, not the other way round.

### **Carsington – 14<sup>th</sup> June**

I don't know whether it was because this is one of DVO's best areas (my all-time favourite, as it happens) or that this fell at the end of National Orienteering Week but there was a huge – for a Friday night – turnout for this event, quite taking by surprise the organisers who'd taken the relatively modest Shipley attendance as typical. It was also the only event so far which featured memorably adverse weather conditions as anyone unfortunate to be drenched by the deluge which swamped (am I still allowed to use that word post-Blunkett?) the area.

The long course featured two circuits, one involving a bigger than usual circle somewhere in which a control might be, the second comprising a six control map memory. I had an advantage the first time round because, firstly, I

actually had noticed one of the control codes had changed since the descriptions were printed and, secondly, my orienteering technique generally consists of running round somewhere in the circle in a desperate hope that I'll eventually stumble across what I'm looking for. I particularly liked the control descriptions at this event such as 'Funny knoll' and 'Whacking great boulder', though I don't know how they would translate as IOF pictorial symbols.

Halfway round I was saturated by the aforementioned downpour and my control card got washed away in the flood. Having finished I set out again in a desperate search for it, despite the obvious needle-and-haystack implications given the vast proportions of the Pastures. Imagine my incredulity when I happened across a piece of red card even more sodden and bedraggled than I was. Imagine my amazement when it turned out to be not mine but Ian Grant's.

Whereas the dangers in running round Alfreton are in human form, so, at Carsington are they bovine in appearance. I don't know what it is about the Carsington cows but they are insatiable in both curiosity and appetite. As I collected in some controls, I found one T-bar snapped in half and one bent like a banana. The following Wednesday, we were, by complete chance, running over the same pastures when we happened across a control presumably from this event, but of the T-bar there was no sign at all.

#### **Elvaston Castle – 28<sup>th</sup> June**

Once upon a time John Hurley devised a course, which he called Krazy Kat, requiring the collection of words, control by control, and the construction at the end of a sentence as intelligible as possible and including the words 'Krazy' and 'Kat', well, there's a surprise. I'm sure that this had nothing to do with the format for this evening's event, which to avoid breach of copyright suits, I shall refer to as Manic Moggy.

There were 22 words to collect, recounting the sad story of an orienteer who struggled over uncrossable streams and pussyfooted (Krazy Kat, geddit?) through rocky thickets. In fact it wasn't until the end of my sentence that I realised that I was writing my autobiography.

As an added challenge, competitors also had to read Mike Godfree's writing. This caused confusion when a significant proportion of competitors read 'erudite' as 'crudité', although what something that you'd normally dip into a Thousand Island salad dressing was doing in the middle of a forest is something you'd have to ask them.

I arrived at one control at the same time as Val who asked me what 'erudite' meant. This planted the word in my brain so I wrote the wrong one down and ended up with two 'erudite's on my list at the end, as if one wasn't bad enough. So I had to go haring off after Val to find out which was the wrong 'erudite'. Val was on the receiving end of a few 'crudité's of her own, I'm afraid.

Anyway, I'm indebted to Mike Godfree for the following choice examples of sentences crafted from a random pot pourri of words:

"The erudite orienteer pussy-footed through an uncrossable stream while lost, instead of running, because he encountered "Rocky Knoll" across a thicket". (perfect legibility and punctuation from Mike Gardner, Rocky Knoll, now that takes me back!)

(I think he should be disqualified for improper use of proper nouns. Rocky Knoll was a fictional character who used to feature, I think, first in EMEWS even before I arrived and latterly in a regular adventure in Newstrack when it was under the stewardship of my predecessor, Alex Campbell; I never found out the identity of the author – Ed).

"While running pussy-footed across a rocky stream the orienteer encountered an uncrossable thicket of crudité but she struggled through".

"An orienteer pussy-footed through rocky stream, running across knoll instead of thicket because his erudite wife, lost but struggled, read white". (Derek Gale trying for creep points).

\*\*\*\*\*

All of the above is a long-winded way of pointing out that you still have a further three opportunities to enjoy this year's cornu copia of earthly delights that is the Summer Series:

5th July	Grassmoor Country Park, Chesterfield	SK 413673
	Follow signs from A617 /B6425 junction SE of Chesterfield	
12th July	Foremark Reservoir, South Derbyshire	SK 336248
	(Courses Yellow Light Green and Bike 'O')	
	Follow signs from A514 in Ticknall	
19th July	Allestree Park, Derby	SK 352409
	Main carpark off A6 north of Derby	

All events are Friday evenings, starts 6.30 to 7.30pm

Entry fee :       Adults £1       Children 50p

For more information contact Michelle Mackervoy (01332) 557892

**Congratulations** to DVO's all-female contingent of Juniors who were selected to be part of the East Midlands Junior Squad who competed last weekend at the Inter-Regional Champs in the Lakes (Matt Dickinson was D-of-E-ing), that's W18s Emma Whitehead, Kate Johnson, W16 Amy Spencer and W14s Jessica Whitehead and Erin Malley who netted a pot for coming third in the W14 Relays.

## **ORIENTEERING WITH ATTITUDE**

Most of us in DVO who have been orienteering for longer than we care to remember, recognise that there is more to the sport than buying the flashiest compass and kitting ourselves out with the trendiest lycras in order to get ourselves around a course. We spend hours working on our fitness and trying to perfect our attack point and pacing techniques. But how many of us are aware that there is another skill that we need to work at in our pursuit of that perfect run?

A lot has been written about how athletes and indeed the England football team have enlisted the help of psychologists to help them prepare for big competitions. But it isn't just those at the top who can benefit from a bit of mental training, we ordinary folk can too. We just need to practise in the same way as we do to develop the other skills.

So how can you start to train yourself into the right frame of mind for your run?

First thing to do is take a hard look at your Orienteering performances, areas of strengths and weaknesses have to be identified, where and how time is lost. This should be done for all aspects of the run, technical, physical and mental. The technical and physical errors (eg difficulty making an accurate bearing or having to walk uphill) are easily identified however how many of us recognise how much time is lost due to a loss of concentration after a small mistake or distraction by other competitors or thinking of what is to eat back in the car?

Once you have completed a number of analyses, it should be possible to get a picture of the errors you keep making and the areas you need to work on.

The technical and physical errors can be erased by taking advantage of the various training opportunities that the club puts on for all members. Sorting out mental errors requires a personal analysis of mental strengths and weaknesses to be completed. A programme can then be planned setting goals for what you want to achieve and how to do this. Sounds easy really.

Mental training should be approached in the same way as fitness training, by starting with some easy exercises and gradually building on these

Interested? Well start now by looking at your performances over the last few events and, if you recognise a pattern to your mistakes which can be put down to a lack of mental preparation, then come along to the AGM and have a go at a self-assessment of your own.

**Val Johnson (DVO's own fitness guru)**

### **Annual General Meeting – Wednesday, 25<sup>th</sup> September 2002**

Advance notice is given that this will take place at 8.15pm on the above date at Alfreton Leisure Centre (left at the traffic lights coming up from the A38).

## Wednesday Evening Summer Runs

Runs start at 7 p.m. except as shown.

Parking in several places is tight, please share and please park with consideration to our hosts' neighbours.

- 10<sup>th</sup> July Steve Buckley's 253 Duffield Road, Allestree as usual  
park in Church Lane North, on Derby side of A38/A6  
roundabout  
– committee meeting
- 17<sup>th</sup> July Crich Street & Footpath score event  
Meet at Crich Market Place SK350542 7:00 for 7:30 mass start
- 24<sup>th</sup> July John & Jayne Malley's, Carr Farmhouse, Wetton SK108551  
Note 7:30 p.m. Please park in public car park by the toilets,  
Farm drive opposite
- 31<sup>st</sup> July James & Janice Allen's, 26 Inns Lane, South Wingfield  
SK375556 Inns Lane is the road west (signposted Tansley)  
from the centre of South Wingfield
- 7<sup>th</sup> August Mike & Liz Godfree's, 26 Rangemore Close, Mickleover  
SK309356 Station Road/East Avenue/Buxton Drive then 3<sup>rd</sup> left.
- 14<sup>th</sup> August John & Ann-Marie Duckworth's, The Homestead, Glen Road,  
Crich Carr SK337543  
Please park at Whatstandwell Station & walk up the footpath.
- 21<sup>st</sup> August Carsington Reservoir – Sheepwash car park (not visitor centre)  
SK248528
- 28<sup>th</sup> August Rob & Gwyneth Shooter's, Rose Cottage, Cat & Fiddle Lane,  
West Hallam SK431403
- 4<sup>th</sup> September Black Rock picnic site, SK290556, off B5036 at summit  
between Cromford & Wirksworth
- 11<sup>th</sup> September Allestree as usual – committee meeting.
- 18<sup>th</sup> September Val & Graham Johnson's, 12 Chevin Road, Belper SK337473  
Turn left off A6 in Milford (opp. Strutt Arms) going north & keep  
going.

Then apart from AGM on 26<sup>th</sup> September. 1<sup>st</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> Wednesdays at Johnson's  
Belper, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> Wednesdays at Allestree.



## Club Captain's Corner

Thanks to the 20 (sorry 21) club members who took part in the Footpath Relay on 22<sup>nd</sup> June. Holidays and illness conspired against us but we still managed 7<sup>th</sup> place out of 10, a better position than in some years. We had some brilliant runs – thanks Jerry – it must have been eagerness to get to the School Fair and fear of the Head Teacher's wrath if you were late that gave you the extra 'umph' to finish your leg in 1<sup>st</sup> place. Two families are now "quid pro quo" in the 'not being there' stakes!!

This year's footpath relay comprised a 10 leg loop run clockwise and anti-clockwise concurrently, the winning team being the one with two finishers across the line. NOC managed this with only 3 minutes separating their runners though they were 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> runners home. DVO bettered this with a mere 1 min 57 secs separating Messrs Hopper & Duckworth.

With a few more volunteers and some people running two legs, we could have run the 2<sup>nd</sup> team which I had entered. Please do not wait to be asked, speak to me if you'd like to run. There were legs to suit all ages and abilities. The club captain is not a mind reader.

**Liz Godfree**

## Whatstandwell Carnival Race – 7<sup>th</sup> September 2002

Organised by DVO's very own Duckworths, this annual race has the distinction of never, in my experience anyway, repeating the same route twice. This year's run will be held on Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> September at 2 pm. Starting from Crich Carr Primary School, the course will take in a good part of Crich Chase over its 3 mile duration. This year will have a proper village fete atmosphere, so feel free to bring your biggest marrow and most peculiarly shaped potato.

## Letter to the Editor – Andy Jackson

I must take issue with the editor over his comments regarding the northerly Hopper/ Duckworth Monday night runs, they are neither *ad hoc* nor disorganised.

Disorganised – pah!! The next week's run is mulled over at great length over a beer and if no conclusion is reached then it is not a problem that a few phone calls on Sunday evening can't sort out. They may change location every week but this does ensure both an interesting run and a variety of good pubs to drink in afterwards. Some may say the latter displays a considerable level of good planning. No two weeks will be the same.

As for *ad hoc* well!!! I was not there when they started but they have been following a similar format for about 10 years now and there has not been a Monday evening that I am aware of that has not had at least two people

running even if it has involved driving over the moors trying to stay out of the snow drifts and ditches. Summer/winter, rain or snow, the runs continue although it has to be said that the numbers in the summer tend to increase considerably (and as for when we have a curry run....).

For information should anyone wish to join in this 'disorganised *ad hoc*' group we try to set off from a pub in the White Peak at about 6:45pm on Monday evenings for a sociable run of typically 90 minutes that aims to spend as much time as possible off road. When it gets dark just bring a head lamp, the brighter the better the routes don't change. Good contacts are John Hopper Paul Addison or Brian Denness.

Editor's Reply (I have always considered the only advantage of being a newsletter editor is the right to the last word – and nobody can stop me. If only I had the same right at home).

I speak as I find. Shortly before applying the above description to the Monday night runs, I found myself having missed out on a weekend run and feeling withdrawal symptoms, I rang John Hopper to ask where the run was. Well, he didn't have a clue except it might be from Hartington or Alstonefield or Wetton, so I had to ring a couple of others who weren't too sure either but eventually settled on Wetton.

Roget's Thesaurus gives synonyms of unplanned, informal, impromptu and unprepared for *ad hoc*; seems to sum it up for me.

Now who can I upset this issue?

## **ODDS AND SODS**

### **Quote of the Month**

'It was raining so we came orienteering' – Christina Wright. I'm still trying to work that one out too.

### **Control Description of the Month**

I'm reliably informed that the recent LEI Wakerley colour-coded event featured a course with a control whose description was 'Boulder 10 cm'.

### **Sports Personality of the Month**

**Brian Denness** made a brave attempt at a double whammy.

One of my favourite Beano characters was, OK is, Billy Whizz who, when he arrives, is generally going so fast that he simply can't stop and vanishes into the distance quicker than a French football team. I imagine that it must have very much like this when Brian arrived at his turn off on the footpath run, but Brian just couldn't stop himself and carried on going – unfortunately in completely the wrong direction. It's not as if it's difficult, what is a footpath leg if not a White course without the controls?

However I felt that his attempt to get into the spirit of the First Aid-themed Shipley Park event by picking a fight with barbed wire and losing, was just too shameless an attempt at self-publicity, though undoubtedly having a certain style and panache about it.

Then there was another double assault on the trophy by **Margaret Keeling** and **Viv Macdonald**, who are to chatting what Richard and Judy are to chat.

During the Alfreton Street event Margaret found the owner of one of the controls, a barn, was the person from whom she bought her own house some years previously. So she did what any other self-respecting volunteer would have done halfway through a fiercely competitive event, she leaned in for a natter and a cup of tea.

Meanwhile Mike Godfree, having given his all in completing 3.4 leg on the Footpath, arrived to hand over to a Viv Macdonald conspicuous by her absence. No doubt cursing fulsomely, he was forced to complete another 3.9 km. It wasn't as if Viv wasn't nearby, she was, but when you're deep in conversation discussing the price of milk, the devaluation of the Argentinean peso, Aunty Nelly's fling with the paperboy and deconstructing the existentialism of Jean Paul Sartre, everything else just has to take second place.

But the winner is **Pauline Ward**. At the Braunton Burrows Badge event, she left her keys where we all leave them, round the back of one of the wheels of the car, and went off on her run. Unusually (apparently) Brian arrived back first and let himself in using his own set. Pauline's routine was so disturbed by this unforeseen event that they both set off on the long return journey home, with Pauline's keys lying where they were left. When realisation dawned a little later, Pauline, in a desperate attempt to rescue the keys, telephoned the Organiser on his mobile. Her luck was in. The Organiser was still in the car park, and, by the giving of judicious instructions, she was able to guide him to where the keys still lay, exactly where she left them.

## DVO BARBECUE

Saturday July 20<sup>th</sup>, from 3.00pm

At: The Gales,  
1, Bent Cottages,  
Bent Lane,  
Church Broughton,  
Derbyshire

Bring your own meat / drink / dessert and pudding for the table. Please give Jen and Derek a ring if you are coming so that they know how many to expect 01283 585244 or derek\_gale@lineone.net

## Fixtures

Not a lot on this time of year with everyone perhaps with their minds on more relaxing activities but what there is within DVO and environs follows:

### July 2002

- 7th EM DVO Colour Coded Event. Linacre/Holmbrook, Chesterfield. SK/361731.  
C4 Jen Gale, 0128 378 244. derek\_gale@msn.com £3.50/£1.00, Family £7.00. String course. Dogs on lead. DVO web
- 11th EM NOC Local Event & Summer League. Haywood Oaks, Mansfield. SK/604549.  
Thurs C5 Bob Alderson, 0115 981 7332. £1.00/50p. W, Y, O & X courses only. www.noc-uk.org
- 13th EM NOC Little John Relays & Inter Club Competition. Bulwell Hall Park, Nottingham. SK/534467.  
Saturday R4 Ray Barnes, 0115 974 6044. £7.50 per team of 3 (any age) Handicapped start from 1100. Also W & Y courses (50p). Dogs on lead. www.noc-uk.org
- 14th WM HOC Colour Coded Event. Dudmaston Hall, Bridgnorth. SO/747887.  
C4 Sue & Les Edlington, 0121 358 1756. £4.00/£2.00. Dogs on lead. Parking 50p. www.harlequins.org.uk
- 14th EM LEI Colour Coded Event. Bagworth Woods, Coalville. SK/472066.  
C4 Vernon & Geraldine Davis, 0116 210 8789. gfdavis@ntlworld.com £3.50/£1.50. String course. www.leioc.co.uk
- 20th EM NOC Local Event & Summer League. Burntstump Country Park, Nottingham. SK/574506.  
Saturday C5 Paul Scotting, 01159 142195. £1.00/50p. W, Y, O & X courses only. Dogs on lead. www.noc-uk.org
- 21st WM OD Colour Coded Event. Burton Dassett Country Park, Northend. SP/394520.  
C4 Paul Furness, 01827 872271. paul.furness@virgin.net £4.00/£1.00. String course. Lim CC courses. freespace.virgin.net/paul.furness/index.html

### September 2002

- 1st WM OD Colour Coded Event. Coombe Park, Coventry. SP/403796.  
C4 Paul Furness, 01827 872271. paul.furness@virgin.net £4.00/£1.00. String course. freespace.virgin.net/paul.furness/index.html