

# NEWSTRACK

## MARCH 2003



*Great moments from the Orienteering archives:*

*No 5: Lynching of Planners was a regular feature of the Dark Ages*

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

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## Thoughts from the Chair

It would be nice to start this month's "Thoughts" with a report as to how well DVO had performed in the CompassSport Cup but unfortunately I have to set them down just before this year's first round event, which will be over by the time NEWSTRACK is published. Initially I thought that I could overcome this difficulty by adopting "Inclusive Participation" as a theme and leaving a blank space, in which I would invite readers to write their own thoughts on the competition. But I soon realised this may set a dangerous precedence with NEWSTRACK being inundated with "blank" articles suggesting that the reader simply fills in themselves. So back to a conventional report for now, and I'll do "Inclusive Participation" another day.

This year's club annual dinner was held at Wirksworth Town Hall where a splendid spread was provided, largely by "DVO Catering", but superbly supported by DIY salads and sweets. Such is the fame of the DVO dinner that not only did about fifty members of the club book places but also we had a guest from NIOA who just happened to be passing. I must thank all of you for making this a fun event.

The dinner also saw the presentation of DVO's annual awards. This year the committee decided to open up nominations from the whole membership, and from the feedback received I know that many of you appreciated the opportunity to contribute in this way. As ever, some choices were difficult and some were easy but in the end, the awards were:

Orienteer of the Year	Dave Brodie
Junior Orienteer of the Year	Kate Johnson
Most Improved Orienteer	Amy Spencer
Most Enthusiastic Newcomer	Andy Smith
Journalist of the Year	Tony Berwick

Then, after gracefully accepting the "Journalist of the Year" award, Tony Berwick took advantage of his centre stage position to propose a new award; that of "Cyclist of the Year" and proceeded to present Graham Johnson with a wooden tricycle. Graham, you may remember, has had numerous cycling escapades all usually involving broken limbs. (Do you really think I'd forgotten? And it's only two anyway – Ed).

Finally, voting took place for the Club Personality of the Year.

Joint third place went to Kate Johnson and Pauline Ward. Kate was nominated for a confused conversation involving "sorry" and "Surrey" whilst Pauline was nominated for finding her car Key in the Braunston Burrows Badge Event, a feat which involved the event organiser on the end of a mobile phone.

Second place went to Graham Johnson who nearly chopped off his dibber finger in a Portaloo.

But first place was awarded to Margaret Keeling who, during the Alfreton Street Event, found the owner of one of the controls, a barn, was the person from whom she had bought her own house some years previously. So she did what any other self-respecting orienteer would have done halfway through a fiercely competitive event, she called in for a natter and a cup of tea. Margaret is also a dab hand with rubber gloves!

It is worth adding, that at one stage it looked as though Graham was going to win with 30 votes, but Margaret just snuck past with 31.

**Robert Shooter, Chair, Derwent Valley Orienteers**

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As you will see, more and more DVO members are discovering the therapeutic value of expressing their frustrations through the power of the pen, or the kudos of the keyboard. You too can join them. Don't take it out on the dog, jot something down on the back of an envelope and send it to your friendly Newstrack editor. You know it makes sense.

### **Derek Gale Thrashes Round Thetford**

With Christmas over it was time to get the added pounds off so the opportunity to have a two-day event at Thetford was seized. The fact that it coincided with my better half's birthday was an added benefit, though not in terms of the pounds (however you wish to interpret that).

That part of the country always seems difficult to get to so with start times on the Saturday just after noon, I planned to start no later than 9am, preferably a bit earlier. So as we set off at 9.05am, we knew we were in for a quick as possible run (James is not reading this is he?) (No, he's probably out enjoying the 21% increase in my Council Tax contribution to Derbyshire Constabulary – Ed) along the A50, M1, A14, A11, and with little traffic on the road, we were in the area by 11am. I am glad we were not relying on the 'O' Signs to get us close to the car park as they were practically non-existent.

With time on our hands before our run what could we do apart from spend money – nothing, so we spent some money. 50p for two cups of tea from Wilf's is great value (Wilf has a brand new van so they are making money on the deal) but then it was over to Ultrasport where we came away with a thumb magnifier, gloves and two (in the brightest yellow I have ever seen) running cagoules. I should have set off at 10am.

As an aside, in conversation with Ultrasport, the foot and mouth problems are still impacting them inasmuch as many of their suppliers have gone out of business or switched to other lines to maintain business. So if you are wondering why the lines of Lycras look much more boring now than 2 years ago, it is simply they cannot get them from their suppliers. *DVO bottoms an option in the shop, Viv?*

Day 1 was Santon Warren and, on picking up the control descriptions (which for some reason were being guarded by Enquiries and only given out when requested – shortage of paper? – too many helpers?) I was informed that there may be an error on control 3 on course 6 (Jen's Course) but the descriptions on the map were correct.

Off to the start. With both of us off at the same time and having the same first control, I glanced at the sheets of paper in the first box but as usual did not read them, in order to look at the blank map. Then we were off, first control hung high, then the second – this is easy! Through the woods, directly towards the next control that is just across a path – there it is – not mine! What feature is it on? Looks like mine, so which way do I go to look for mine? – right, as it might be the depression below the re-entrant – wrong as it was the depression above mine but I only discover that when I start to realise that the lines of green crosses on the map are not significant trees but stump banks – too used to NOC maps.

3 Minutes lost but press on, through 4, onto the path across the open to a stream going directly north into control 5. No sign of the stream but keep heading northerly into the forest and hit the rhododendrons, which orientates me, so with a quick shuffle left, I should cross the stream and the control is over the other side. Control found but no stream – have words with the planner afterwards! Align the compass again for Control 6 using the BLUE line! The light dawns – the north-south lines are blue! – plea for standardisation of maps.

All remaining controls are located easily enough but I did come across a raging Jennifer just before the end as her control was on a stump bank end that she had located, but the control number was wrong. She had run down to the path to make sure where she was and was just going back to punch it anyway when we met. Having already had control sites where extra pieces of paper had been added indicating that the controls had aliases, she was already suspicious and sure enough on her second visit found the piece of paper on the floor. Sufficient time lost (5 minutes?) on that one to drop her into 4<sup>th</sup> place overall – I wonder what those pieces of paper said in the start lanes? I managed to come in under the hour, which put me into 6<sup>th</sup> place, considerable higher than my normal middle position.

We had booked accommodation at a pub in Thompson, just north of Thetford and the area looked very un-prepossessing as we drove up but the pub itself turned out to be a thatched roofed 16<sup>th</sup> Century Inn with very cosy bedrooms and magnificent food. A very nice birthday treat.

The following day was Warren Wood, and pre-warned about stump banks and north-south lines in blue meant a very straightforward day with little to report. The heavy overnight rain had just about stopped when it was time for our starts, though it did have a brief but heavy shower when I was right in the middle of the open. To give readers a concept of what the terrain was like, I managed the 6.8k course in just below 54 minutes which for me is very quick

but I still was only twelfth, out of 29 – usually middle. Mike Murray of SLOW completed it in 38 minutes but I doubt if he got value for money. Jen went even better than the previous day coming in second, pipping Margaret Keeling into third by a minute.

Derek Gale

## **See Godfree Flee Clee Glee (or Something)**

### **Brown Clee – 25<sup>th</sup> February**

Warning to readers from south-west of Birmingham of a nervous disposition: This article contains strong language which you may find offensive. Do not proceed without having a pinch of salt to hand.

Last Sunday (25/02), although Graham would have advised against it, we went to a colour-coded event at Brown Clee in preference to the badge event at Silverstone. You first have to know that our last trip there involved a detour through the pedestrian zones of Bridgnorth. Worse, James was following us and chose to believe in Liz's navigation in preference to Janice's sound advice; thus risking not one but two divorces at one event. However, Liz went on to win the Midland Champs that day so perhaps there is a lesson in psychological preparation there. This time our journey was uneventful apart from one false turn in Wolverhampton due to a damaged road-sign. We even remembered to avoid the car-boot sale between the M6 and the M54.

What more could you ask of a colour-coded event than a good quality area, start and finish close to parking and registration and unexpectedly warm sunshine? Many events suffer from a lot of furious paddling under a seemingly smooth surface and occasionally, as at this one, the webbed feet break water.

I had gone with some trepidation because the flyer said 1:10,000 and 1:15,000 maps. Now this, of course, doesn't mean you get a choice. It usually means that if you want a decent length course like M45 or Blue, you will be stuffed with a 1:15,000 map that you can't see because the 1:10,000 doesn't include the whole of your course (see Newstrack passim) and because the club concerned is too mean to print anything bigger than A4. But my fears were unfounded because when we eventually got to the front of the queue for map sales (with murmurs of, "If Graham were here!") it turned out to be an offset printed 1:10,000 map for all courses.

This was followed by, "We think there are map corrections, but we have lost them" and then another long queue just to hand in our registration slips. It transpired that we were supposed to have brought our dibbers to registration in order to have them read. Though what real advantage there is to the computer reading the dibber compared with typing 5 digits must be debatable. Another case of the computer geeks being too clever by half. (I am on

marshy ground here as the person in charge of computing that day is a distant relation by marriage).

It was obvious from the advertised course lengths that we were going to suffer from a macho planner who, given a large map, believed that the Brown course should visit all parts of it, regardless of what BOF guidelines say. But we said, "What the heck? We might as well get value for money now we are here", so signed up for our usual Blue and Brown courses. Not surprisingly, despite getting allocated start times, we were waved through the start as, surprise, surprise, a large number of the punters had opted for Green! The map corrections which we found at the Start (if only Registration had known about this) were in fact very simple, not the usual case of virtually drawing a complete sketch map of your own. But the Master Maps suffered from that common fault of being computer printed - a nice way to ensure they are all the same but also of ensuring that it is difficult to draw up from the master. In fact even finding the Start on them was a challenge. But after this, it got better.

If only all woodlands were like this, trees positioned well apart with very little undergrowth. The planner skilfully zig-zagged us up the hill so we gained height gradually. Of course in the rush to start we hadn't bothered to compare notes. So I saw Liz miss her number 2 where, if I had known it was the same as mine, a discreet cough would have earned me several brownie points. Later on the top of hill I met Neil Cameron determined that he had found the correct wet pit and had spent several minutes trying to prove that either he had marked his map incorrectly or the planner had bodged. This only proved the first rule of relocation - go somewhere definite and do it again. And then the second rule - if the first rule fails, go somewhere else definite because your first definite was probably wrong. Starting from the pylons on the top of the hill the control was easy. Liz's Blue course caught up with me again here so I had to run fast to prove I can keep ahead - just!

By the turn at the far end of the map, I was feeling weary and now it was back over the hill and across the grain of a number of valleys. I was happy with my run but the course length and competitors' times fit very neatly onto the guidelines for a Black course. It would be fairer to advertise it as such. The results, promptly posted on the web, confirm that view; the Green, Blue and Brown times fit almost exactly onto the guidelines for Blue, Brown and Black.

So thank you Harlequins for a lovely day out. Please don't take our criticism too much to heart. Why so few DVOs though? Do you believe all you read in Newstrack? Worth the two hour journey, but watch out for the road works along the A5 for the new toll motorway, and look forward to Brown Clee in 2005.

**Mike Godfree**

**Not a Lot of People Know That 1.** DVO Member Paul Armstrong boasts the rare feat of having scored two goals in the annual Ashbourne Shrovetide Football match - and he's got the footballs to prove it.

## Sherwood Pines, Didsbury Shines

### Sherwood Pines – 2<sup>nd</sup> February

You know it's going to be one of those days.....when shortly before you set off for the Start your wife announces that she's taken your compass into school and left it there. Panic! The good news was that we did have spares. The bad news was that they were DVO compasses, probably DVO reject compasses judging by the state of them. Discarding those with bubbles in, I selected the best of the rest and dashed off to the Start.

Now Sherwood Pines is not the most technical of areas, which is rather like saying George W. is not the brightest of American presidents, but I did have cause to use my compass twice, on the second and third controls, only to find myself thrashing around in the wrong block of forest on each occasion. Now this was suspicious even by my own levels of (in)competence, and closer examination of my compass revealed a needle lodged in its casement like spinach in teeth.

My mood was thunderous. It was the sort of day that you wished you could start all over again.

Then out of the thunder, lightning struck. Why not? Why not start over again, and with a decent compass? Apart from the fact that it might break a few rules, I could think of no good reason why not, so I abandoned my course, returned to the car and, having borrowed a fully functioning compass from Ranald, set off to the Start again. Some of the more censorious of you might call this cheating (yes, you all chorus), but for the sake of a more satisfying run, I was quite happy to be deemed non-competitive; in fact most people regard me as having this status anyway. I can live with self-inflicted cock-ups, but there was something deeply frustrating about mechanical failure. Furthermore, although I might have visited just three of my 22 controls before, I reckoned that I'd also run around 4 extra kilometres, including run back to the car and to the Start, which pretty much equalled things out. Wouldn't life be great if you could re-wind and re-live it all over again without making the same mistakes, or, in my case, making different ones? I found the attraction of this idea irresistible.

I once read about an orienteer who ran round a course under an assumed name before winning the same course under his real one. I suppose you could still do this today, even with the advent of electronic punching. I erased my first effort at the Clear station and passed through without incident due to change of start line personnel. True to form, I found myself running along the wrong path after only one control, but it was curiously satisfying to know that I only had myself to blame this time.

The rest of my run might have passed off without incident but for Control 14. Regular readers might have thought that by now I would have exhausted the categories of subjects that make my temperature rise, but no. There is one

thing that I loathe, detest, abhor and abominate more than any other. And that is The Control in Fight. Why??? Why would any planner choose to put a control in the middle of forest which by definition is about as accessible as a chastity belt? What possible pleasure is there to be gained from thrashing about through trees denser than crowds leaving Pride Park five minutes before full-time, having your eyes poked, body scarred and clothing ripped by brashings and thorns more hostile than Al Qaida, and getting hotter and more frustrated than a July traffic jam? I don't do a lot of planning, I confess, but, when I do, I hope my guiding rule is: would I enjoy finding this control myself? If the answer is no, then don't put it there!

As if this wasn't bad enough, the feature wasn't even in the right position on the map – and I should know, I took nine minutes to find it. Mapped as a few metres from the edge of another earthbank in Open, it should have been a doddle. Using the clearing corner as an attack point, I plunged in – to find nothing except an indigestible layer of forest about as impenetrable as Finegan's Wake. What do you do in such circs? You can either go left or you can go right.

There is a set of traffic lights on my way to work. By the law of averages, meeting them on the way there and on the way back as I do, I ought to encounter as many Greens as Reds. My record so far is: Greens – 2, Reds – 32 (yes, I know it's a bit sad to count traffic lights, but until, I did, people wouldn't believe me). The point of this boring fact is, with this sort of track record, what chance did I have of going the right way?

My earlier less than temperate mood returned and by the time I found the wretched kite, it was positively volcanic. I set off for the next control, which was halfway up the sort of featureless incline in which NOC sadly specialise. As I ground up the slope, picking my way over the brambles, I glanced at my map and saw no future improvement.

Sometimes, I have this dream where I am running through forest exceptional only for its ordinariness, along endless paths and rides, each the same as the last. Sometimes I wake up and find myself in Sherwood Pines.

I suddenly realised I had long ceased to enjoy this event. I suddenly realised that I didn't have to do this. This wasn't work, where you have no choice but to stay the course, this was supposed to be pleasure, and it had long ceased to be. I did something I hadn't done for years, I exercised my choice as a citizen in a free country. I gave a metaphorical two-fingered salute to the event, and retired. Retirement should be a humiliating, shameful experience, but, like the feeling you get when you stop banging your head against a brick wall, it sure felt good to me.

### Didsbury Intake – 2<sup>nd</sup> March

I was anticipating Didsbury Intake with a kind of awful dread. I had casually asked Steve Kimberley the Wednesday before whether he was going, and he physically recoiled as if I'd poked him with a cattle prod. Not on your Nelly



was a condensed version of the strength of his feelings. Since he had been the controller the last time this area had been used for a Badge event, he seemed to be better qualified than most to express an opinion.

My apprehension was not exactly eased by the fact that the area didn't seem to know what to call itself. Last time I ran there, it was labelled Crowden in Longendale, which at least had a certain grandiloquence to it. In its latest manifestation, it could not decide whether it whether to answer to Didsbury Intake - which to my mind rivals Windy Pits (sounds more like a medical condition) and, of course, Old Dry Hills as the least exciting name for an orienteering area - or the vastly preferable Tintwhistle Knarr, which is very English and sounds like it should be the setting for an Ealing Comedy.

My course was a tale of two halves, Brian, well a third and two thirds to be more accurate. With a course length of 7.3 K and 350 metres of climb, you were going to have to suffer at some time, and the majority of climb was crammed, like raisons into a piece of Wilf's flapjack, into the first section of my course. This was also the least edifying terrain, shin-high tussocks and ankle-deep groughs.

But then at the moment I reached the high point of the course, the sun, which had already prompted me to discard my thermal (I apologise to the W50 who looked on in alarm as the male competitor ahead suddenly started shedding clothing in front of her), broke through the clouds, and I stopped in wonderment as I could see the whole of the rest of the course spread like a picnic beneath my feet. We should take more time to treasure moments like these, which is one reason why you tend to see my name nearer the bottom of the results than the top. That and ineptitude, of course.

From that point on, my course was a delight to run on. Yes it was over the sort of terrain that Ian Whitehead would go to Temple Wood to avoid, yes, it was about as technical as the Beano, but for sheer fast, furious, it's-good-to-be-alive orienteering, you'd have difficulty in bettering it.

But into each life some rain must fall (Who wrote that? I thought you'd want to know so I looked it up, and it was good ol' Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. What an educative and life enhancing experience reading Newstrack can be).

Almost as if they anticipated what Steve Kimberley was going to tell me, the pre-event details had billed this event as (and I paraphrase) 'This is a pretty grotty area so we've cut out the really bad bits and included New Runnable Woodland and Added Intricate Quarry'. This sounded very enticing, especially as the New Runnable Woodland was supposed to make up 25% of the map. Well, firstly someone at MDOC needs to resit their Maths SATS. Secondly, bearing in mind that my course started in said NRW and finished adjacent to it, well, if the woodland was so wonderful, why did my course treat it like a bad smell and abandon it like an empty crisp packet after only one control, returning 10 controls later for an encounter briefer than Trevor Howard's and Celia Johnson's, before abruptly ending? (Doug Dickinson said it wasn't up to much anyway, but that's not the point).

With the fine promises made beforehand, it was rather like buying a packet of Rice Krispies and not finding the plastic cartoon character inside; well I can't think of any other reason for buying Rice Krispies. Personally I trace the Decline of Civilisation to the date when cereal manufacturers started putting useless but gratuitous artefacts outside the bag rather than inside it, thereby depriving the populace of the delicious dilemma of choosing how to extract the goodie within. Do you exercise supreme self-control and wait till the offering drops into the bowl (nar), do you plunge your hand into the lucky dip until it the object of desire emerges from it, or spend time juggling the contents until a flash of red or blue emerges from the morass of rice-based sustenance beneath? Or do you lose patience and dump the whole lot into a mixing bowl? All these tantalising pleasures are now denied us, sacrificed on the altar of demand for immediate and effort-free satiation.

Or was it the disappearance of Old English Spangles?

I assume the former quarry area was to the east of the map adjacent to my Control 2, so why was this control only adjacent, on its own, and not in the middle of it? Other competitors were certainly allowed in. It was like paying for a meal to watch others eat it. You can look but you can't touch.

My impression was that there were too few controls out there, judging by the number of people on other courses I met. I might have been overlooked this but for another of the Most Annoying Things in Orienteering. Personally I favour the practice of making all courses flow the same way, clock- or anti-clockwise. If a planner does choose to make two courses go round the same section of a map in opposing directions, that is his prerogative, but he must surely give them different controls to visit. My controls 8 and 9 were visited by me and the M50s – but in opposite directions. What is the point of that then? This ranks in annoyance with people who Phone a Friend on £500.00, not being able to name the film you've seen that actor in before or not being able to recognise whose voice it is on that advert. Or David Dickinson.

## **JK Accommodation**

Indoor floor space and camping available from 4pm Friday 18<sup>th</sup> April to Monday 21<sup>st</sup> April at 1<sup>st</sup> Wokingham Scout HQ – convenient for all days of the JK. Facilities as usual, a kitchen and toilets with washbasins. Further details – such as directions! – will appear on the website when we receive them, or phone Val nearer the time.

The cost of £150 for the weekend will be divided between whoever comes along.

As in previous years we will self cater for Friday evening, all breakfasts and lunches with a communal dinner on Saturday and Sunday (to which all members are invited whether or not staying at the hall).

Names to Val Johnson, pay on the weekend.

## **Captain's Jog**

Thanks to those who saw my note in EMEWS and let me know by the closing date that you were available for the CompassSport Cup race. I am pleased to say that you were all selected for the team. I also have to say that I was taken by surprise that there was a closing date for this event and I have asked the powers that be to reconsider whether there should be. Apologies to anyone who would have liked to run but missed the date.

I have also now entered the teams for the JK Relays; we have 12 teams in all there.

If you haven't let me know already, please let me know by 13<sup>th</sup> April if you wish to run in the British Relay Championships (Sheffield, Sunday, 18<sup>th</sup> May) or the Scottish Relay Championships (Kingussie, Sunday, 25<sup>th</sup> May).

It has also been agreed that DVO will enter a team or teams in the Harvester Night/Day Relay which we are organising at Longshaw on 14<sup>th</sup>/15<sup>th</sup> June, so let me know if you are interested in that as well.

**John Hurley, Club Captain**

## **Social Secretary's Filofax**

Two events for your diary--

### **O Plus weekend - 10th/11th May**

Spend a weekend camping in the Lakes with a Saturday walk in the fells followed by the Blea Tarn event on the Sunday. Let Andy Smith know if you would like a place booked on the campsite - robert.smith@pgen.net.

(The SS is away at the moment but I have suggested that we transfer this weekend to 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> June when there will be a National event on High Dam on the Sunday - Ed).

### **Comedy Club Night Jongleurs – Saturday, 28th June**

A night out at the comedy club in Nottingham. 4 different acts followed by a chance to boogie! Warning though the humour can be adult!! Max 30 places - book yours by sending a cheque for £16 per head to Andy Smith, 17 Mill Close, Borrowash, Derby before May 18th.

**Andy Smith**

## DVO Weekend Abroad (under new management)

The suggestion is that this year we would go on Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> October and return on Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> as there is National Event on the Sunday at the end of half term.

With the advent of cheap flights from East Midlands, two possibilities with direct flights are available. That is Nice (first choice) or Prague. Assuming that the flight schedules, when they are published, are the same as the previous week, we could fly out of East Midlands at 10-ish and return mid-afternoon on Tuesday (or some people could choose a different return). As it will probably be easier for people to book their own flights, if you register your interest with me, I will let you know as soon as the timetables are available (probably not till June). I will co-ordinate a hotel booking.

Who knows we might even find some orienteering on the Sunday, now there's a heretical thought!

**Mike Godfree 01332 515862**

## The Fixtures Secretary Needs You

It must be a couple of months [at least] since I last gave you an opportunity to keep the wheels of orienteering enthusiastically turning.

So .. your club needs you to ..

- plan at Cromford on 28th September 03, or
- organise and plan the New Years Day event at Hardwick on, yes, you've guessed, 1st January 04 [my, doesn't time fly], or
- control at Hardwick [a nice informal event for a new-ish controller], or
- organise Shining Cliff on 25th January 04, or
- control at Shining Cliff [as luck would have it, on the very same day]

Now you can't say that I don't offer you a range of opportunities.

May you run in dappled sunlight and may your map and compass ever achieve harmony to lead you along the one true path [or at least vaguely in the right direction]. This applies especially if you volunteer for one of the vacancies, though for certain competitors in the M45, M50 etc categories the emphasis is on **vaguely** in the right direction.

**Dave Brodie**

## Harvester Relays Update – (14<sup>th</sup>-15<sup>th</sup> June 2003)

The Harvester Trophy Relays, Britain's answer to the Tio Mila and Jukkola, is unique in the British orienteering calendar in requiring much larger teams than at JK and BOC and taking place overnight with several legs in the dark. This year they are being staged by DVO on the National Trust's Longshaw Estate, south west of Sheffield on the weekend of 14<sup>th</sup>/15<sup>th</sup> June. For those who remember the bracken from the Junior Inter Regional Championships a few years ago, some words of reassurance. We are not using the worst affected area below the quarries at the north west corner of the map; the National Trust have been spraying the bracken in recent years with noticeable effect and this event is three weeks earlier in the year.

Dave Peel's revised map is ready for printing. Steve Kimberley is well on with planning the courses. Mick Lucking of NOC, who controlled the Junior Inter-Regionals, is controlling again. Michael Napier and his superb computer system have been booked for the night. Wilf's have said they are coming if enough teams enter. Moreover, assembly and camping is behind a pub that also serves meals.

There are seven trophies in all. Three of the trophies are for the 7-lap A course and four for the 5-lap B course. On the A course there is the original Harvester open trophy, the Handicap trophy and the Sutton Park Trophy for clubs that have not been in the top 3 teams for the previous 5 years. On the B course, there is the Panasonic Trophy for the first all-women team, the Devilla handicap trophy, the Star Posts Trophy for a women's handicap team and the Happy Harvester Trophy for the best junior team. Combined teams from adjacent clubs agreed with Event Standards Committee are eligible for the open trophies.

The last-5-year-rule for the Sutton Park trophy means the first 3 teams in 1997, BAOC, BOK and EPOC all come back into contention for that trophy. In fact the only clubs barred from winning it are Interlopers, South Yorkshire, Sheffield University and Claro.

Due to the rearrangement of fixtures following Foot and Mouth the event is just a month and only a few miles south of BOC 03 and this year's British Relays. This does mean that there is a concentrated period for 3 of the events in the UK Relay League with the Scottish Relays between these two but then that is what the event guidelines suggest for the Harvester.

Entry forms will be distributed to club secretaries shortly. Failing that contact the co-ordinator Mike Godfree – [Mike.Godfree@bosinternet.com](mailto:Mike.Godfree@bosinternet.com).

**Not a Lot of People know that 2** Steve Kimberley has had the same barber all his life.

Do you know any interesting or, as in the last case, boring facts about DVO members? Send them in; they're always useful to fill the odd corner of Newstrack.

## Future DVO Events - and Official Vacancies

Date	Venue	typ	Organiser	Planner	Controller	Access
29.3.03	Black Rock	C5	Val Johnson	Mike Godfree	-	Mike Godfree
13.4.03	Chatsworth	C3	Pauline + Brian Ward	Ted Smith	Andrew Gregory NW	Tony Berwick
10.5.03	Farley Moor	C5	Val Johnson	Mike Godfree	-	Dave Brodie
7.6.03	Foremark	C5	Brian Denness	Brian Denness	-	Dave Walker
14.6.03	Longshaw	Har	Mike Godfree	Steve Kimberley	Mick Lucking	Ranald Macdonald
5.7.03	Shipleby [inc Derbys Sch Ch]	C5	Val Johnson	Mike Godfree	-	Mike Godfree
6.7.03	Carsington	clo	Rob Shooter	Rob Shooter	Dave Chaffey	Paul Wright
6.9.03	Footpath run [Bear, Aldwly]		Ranald Macdonald	-	-	-
28.9.03	Cromford	C4	Tracey + Ian Grant	VACANCY	Ted Smith	Viv Macdonald
16.11.03	Stanton Moor	C4	Dave Bennett	Colin John	Peter Bourne	VACANCY
1.1.04	Hardwick	sco	VACANCY	VACANCY	-	
25.1.04	Shining Cliff	C4	VACANCY		VACANCY	
28.2.04	Crich	BN	Paul Wright	Mike Gardner		
15.5.04		C5				
13.6.04	Longshaw	C4	VACANCY	VACANCY	VACANCY	
10.7.04	Holmebrook	C5				

Volunteers can telephone Dave Brodie on 01773 880353

## DVO Summer Series Events 2003

A programme of six events will start on Friday 16<sup>th</sup> May provisionally on Darley Park, Derby.

With further events on 23<sup>rd</sup> May, 20<sup>th</sup> June, 27<sup>th</sup> June, 11<sup>th</sup> July and 18<sup>th</sup> July – areas to be confirmed so watch this space or pick up a flier at coming DVO events.

All events are on Friday evenings with start times between 6.30 & 7.30pm. Entry fees are Seniors £1 and Juniors 50p.

**ORGANISERS** are still required for events at **Bottom Moor** and **Linacre** – for more details of what is involved or to volunteer please contact Michelle Mackervoy on 01332 557892.

### Odds and Sods

**Clough Fluff.** As the Monday night group neared the end of their run, Dave Clough announced his intention of heading back early and taking a short cut. Off he disappeared into the night, and the rest continued their own way, thinking nothing more of this. Later, having finished and having got changed, they were about to head off for the pub when who...well, I think you can see which way this is heading. Supply your own punch line.

**Extract from LOG News.** Remember this is intended to advertise Twyford Woods:

"Of course parts of Twyford Woods are not very nice... you have to trust the planner to avoid the worst bits.... Some diabolical brambles and brashings.....the wide rides are made up of the most glutinous clay imaginable...the Orange gets the worst of Twyford, seeing lots of mud but little open forest."

Can't wait for that one!

### Announcing the Inaugural DVO Cadbury's Cream Egg Sprint Challenge.

On each day of the JK, and financed I might add entirely out of my own pocket, there will be the much sought-after prize of a Cadbury's Cream Egg awarded to the fastest Junior and Senior between the final control and the finish, to be determined by electronic splits. You may be rubbish at orienteering but at least there will be something that you can win that SYO can't get their hands on. In the event of John Duckworth winning every day, I reserve the right to determine the winning time according to the Duckworth (no relation) Lewis method.