

JULY DOCUMENT 2006

EVENTS

From Brian Buschl

1. Ski Orienteering. 29/30 July.

The good news is that we have again received substantial funding from the Bendigo Trust, Southern Trust and Pub Charities. It means that accommodation, ski hire etc will be cheap!!! (how cheap will depend on numbers entered).

The bad news is that to qualify for these discounts you must enter before July 10th. Come and enjoy the mountains and 2 days of skiing. Ideal for families and a white course will be provided.

For more info contact Annie 488 3254 or Brian 4861286.

2. Split time analysis at next OY.

Want to find out how your run compared to others and if your route choice paid off?

At the next OY at the Pyramids you will have the chance to do this (no we haven't purchased Sport Ident yet! Maybe next month!).

Our job...We will set up an enlarged master map for each course on which you can draw your route and a table to log your splits.

Your job....to get splits you must have a watch that can take lap times. Simply push the lap split when you get to each control (its harder than it sounds), and write in your splits at the end, after you have drawn your course.

We will use different coloured pens to help. Examining route choice, seeing where you lost or gained time, and discussing your options with others is a great way of analysing your run and learning from your mistakes.

A Women's Training Camp will be held in the Christchurch area on the weekend 30th September and 1st October in conjunction with a PAPO OY event on the Pegasus map. Coaching advice and help will be offered to all levels of experience and ability. Transport will be available to those who arrive by public transport.

This message is from Jenni Adams who says "More details on cost and exact location will be sent in the next month".

QUEENSLAND ORIENTEERING CHAMPIONSHIPS

August 19th – 20th 2006 Maryborough, Queensland
(Incorporating the National Orienteering League and Australia v New Zealand)

Compete near the area to be mapped for 2008 Australian Championships Carnival. The 2-Day event offers 2 new and exciting Geoff Peck maps with very fast, gently undulating spur-gully terrain that has extensive tree cover with little undergrowth. There are some rock and erosion features on Day 2. Start times have been set to allow competitors to spend the weekend in Queensland or plan a winter holiday in the sun with visits to Hervey Bay, Rainbow Beach, Fraser Island, Bundaberg, or The Town of 1770?

Enquiries Terry Cavanagh (07)38629264 or 0407519820. t.cavanagh at mcauley.acu.edu.au
For full details and to enter on-line go to www.qoa.asn.au/champs

WELCOME to new member Lee McAuslan ☺

CONGRATULATIONS to Mike TANNOCK who became a Dad, on 22 June, and welcome to Lola.

FROM THE COMMITTEE

Jane Forsyth

You will have seen the great coverage of Riki Cambridge's forthcoming overseas trip. Riki was shown in the ODT, the Star and on Channel 9. We wish him all the best for his competitions. And our best wishes to Bunny Rathbone who is also overseas representing the club internationally.

We have scheduled a controllers' course for November, and John Robinson of the NZOF technical committee has agreed to run it for us. Everyone who is controlling club events, please keep this weekend (Nov 11-12) free.

The km rate we pay planners, controllers and organisers was revised upwards to take account of petrol price increases. The rate has been raised from 25c to 30c. This is paid automatically - you do not need to apply for reimbursement. Treasurer Ben Ludgate asked around the other clubs, and DOC seems to be the most generous around. Not bad for a bunch of canny Scots, eh.

We always need new maps, and have applied to some funding organisations to map Gabriels Gully near Lawrence. One of the applications was successful to the tune of \$2000, and we are looking for some more money for that project. Meanwhile, Jane Forsyth and Jane Cloete paid a second visit to Duntroon and scoped out some more limestone bluffs and a very nice slumped area. Further investigations of forested areas closer to Dunedin will take place with advice from Wenita staff.

Any other ideas for new maps are always welcome and if anyone has contacts in north Otago please let the committee know.

CONTROL DESCRIPTIONS

Nick Mortimer

Planners are required to write clear and correct control descriptions for events. To help with this, the Windows software package Event Organiser was written by some Australians in the early 1990s.

Event Organiser

A copy has been circulating around Dunedin Orienteering Club for a while (contact me if you want one). Some use the software with no problem (on Win95, 98 and XP), others have had trouble getting it to work. If you are in the latter category you might like to try the following steps:

TO INSTALL: (1) click the EVENTORG.EXE file.
(2) Agree to install its components in C:\Program Files\event organiser.

THE PROBLEM: (3) probably the first time you try and run EVENTO.EXE it will complain that a font is missing and then quit.

TO FIX: (4) put a copy of the BIGOFONT.TTF truetype font file (found in C:\Program Files\event organiser) into the C:\WINDOWS\Fonts folder
Then it should work.

From my Google searches, Event Organiser seems not to have been updated since 1995 and is no longer supported or available for download. The map software OCAD can produce control descriptions but, for non-championship events, it is useful to have something that any non-OCAD user can use. I am in the process of checking out modern equivalents of Event Organiser. As a stopgap, I have found an orienteering font and Excel spreadsheet on the website of the Buffalo Orienteering Club: <http://www.buffalo-orienteering.bfn.org/forms.htm>

Basically you install the font on your PC or Mac then open the accompanying spreadsheet.

With this you can manually copy and paste control symbols and/or text descriptions into your own formatted worksheet or spreadsheet to order and print out. This method lacks the finesse and features of Event Organiser but probably produces better copy than hand-drawn symbols.

The latest (2004) IOF control description instructions can be downloaded from: <http://www.orienteering.org/footo/IOF%20control%20Descriptions%202004.pdf>

Results of Logan's Loops - 11 June

Planner Riki Cambridge, Results Owen Cambridge

Thanks to all who came and supported this new format. As the only spectators Riki and I really enjoyed it. There was always something to see after about 5minutes.

This would be a brilliant format for a picnic type event. There were a surprising number of sprint finishes.

1	Jim Cotter	27.55
2	Matt Radford	32.48
3	Michael Tannock	32.52
4	Ryan Cambridge	35.07
5	Ewen Cameron	35.08
6	Daniel Johnston	37.44
7	Michael Ogle	37.50
8	Tessa Ramsden	37.55
9	Dave Browning	40.17
10	Tim & Geoff Plunket	40.33
11	Nick Phillips	45:02
12	Daniel Edmonds	49:23
13	Don Melville	50:10
14	Katherine Bolt	50.12
15	Jennifer & Grant Hudson	57.10
16	Jane Forsyth	57.25
17	Judy Browning	62.10
18	Jo Plunket M1C	62.50
19	Jane Cloete	65.25
20	Tony Wu	67.25
21	Kim Stewart	DNF
22	Hamish ?	DNF

Planner's Report Christies Gully.

George McLeod

The bad news is that lots of new deer fencing is going up on the south end of the Christies Gully map limiting course options. The good news is that the forest block is becoming runnable, the bad news is they are badly mapped. Remapping is not an option because the forest is becoming white very rapidly (the gorse is dying out). By the time it has settled down the deer fences will make it impossible to get a course.

First of all thank you Barrie for doing the computer work and making the map something like what you all ran on. Thank you to all who turned up in spite of the weather to run the courses Richard and I organised. Thank you to Michael, Kate and Nick for their contribution to the event, many hands make light work. Thanks Dave for all your work too.

One of the most important things at this time of the year is to stop stock from tramping their precious feed into mud, so most courses were planned to try and avoid that, which may give you an understanding of why the courses went where they did. Thank you for those who gave positive remarks.

Controller's comments on Christies Gully on a coldish Sunday in June 2006

Richard Thum

It wasn't so long ago that I can recall many people going on about the poor siting of controls and that that control site shouldn't have been used because the map was 'wrong', etc etc. Remember those days, do we??

Well despite the weather trying its best to put some of us that are less well-adapted to the cold off orienteering for part of a day, a well-prepared bunch of people, as it turned out, partook in what transpired to be, for many, a well enjoyed event. Many people, no – everyone that commented on the event/course said that they enjoyed it. Not because of the weather (obviously) or the terrain, but because of the available route choice given in ALL courses bar the white. This is essentially due to the fact that one or two of the legs (that bit of ground between dubiously sited controls!) were long, with some bits in-between that could trip you up if you made a 'poor' decision at the start of that long leg. Thanks to George's courses, it has reinforced my belief that in open ground such as Christies Gully, long legs might well be the way to go in a proportion of any given course (except white!). It also reduces the number of controls that have to be put out and brought in again!

Thanks George for making my job easier and to Eunice for doing a paper control description check – I did mine on the Sunday morning (not to be recommended) after going round to check on those controls that might have taken a hit from those flighty bovines...were still intact. And thanks also to the organizing team and Dave B for putting up with some of those atrocious weather conditions later on in the day.

The Elysian Forests

An orienteering tale by Ann Onymous...

... from the July 1995 issue of "Tales of WOA", predecessor to "Punch"

St. Peter swung the pearly gates closed behind him and turned to face the next in the line.

'Name, please?' demanded the saint.

'Er...David Cummings,' replied a thin, athletic looking figure who had clearly met his demise at a somewhat earlier age than he might have expected.

St. Peter thumbed through the pages of the enormous book resting on the golden lectern beside him. Finding the correct page with a nod of satisfaction he read in silence for a few minutes.

'Yes, you seem to have led a relatively blameless life. Pushed your luck a bit with the woman from down the road and a few white lies on the Income Tax returns, but I don't see too many problems in letting in you in. Hhmmm ... says here that you were an orienteer. We've had the heavenly version up and running for a few decades now, so perhaps you might be interested in that. It'll make a change having another Kiwi to go with all the Scandinavians.'

David Cummings was perplexed. 'You mean you have orienteering in Heaven?'

'Yes, of course,' replied St. Peter. 'But come on now, through the gates with you, there's quite a queue out here today. If you want to know more go and find St. Michael, he's in charge of coaching.' And with that the pearly gates were swung open again and David Cummings was ushered inside. Forgetting him immediately St. Peter turned to deal with the next arrival.

David Cummings thought there was something vaguely familiar about St. Michael. He wasn't sure but perhaps it was the slightly greying beard and the manic look of the religiously converted in the eyes - something which, he decided, was perhaps only to be expected in the circumstances. It was with an effort that he stopped his mind wandering to times past and concentrated on what he was being told.

'Every day we use a different area to make sure that no-one gets bored. Not, of course, that that is likely in Heaven. And of course it is always the best terrain. You can choose to run as any age grade (or sex) that you like and your body and the course will be adjusted appropriately. You'll find that most people here choose to be M and W21E's, especially those who never achieved that level during their life. There are one or two (rather peculiar people if you ask me) who prefer to run as much older competitors, but they shouldn't worry you. Now I must remind you that all events are strictly non-competitive. There's no need for that really - after all everyone's a winner in Heaven. You'll find an endless supply of control cards on the table there and timing is automatic. Don't forget the route choice analysis this evening...'

In a daze David Cummings picked up a pale blue control card from the table which St. Michael indicated. During his relatively short orienteering life he had been an M21E, albeit a not very successful one, and without conscious thought when he looked at the card he saw that it had written on it a set of control descriptions which intuitively he knew were for a 13.4km course with 23 controls. Simultaneously, he realised that he was wearing a brightly coloured pair of lycra tights and a flash, equally bright O top which was undoubtedly of Swedish origin. On his feet were what, in Earthly existence, would have been the most expensive pair of VJ's that money could buy, and sitting snugly on his left thumb a compass which he recognised instantly as the up-market Russian model that he had always been under pressure to try out.

Looking up he found that he was on the start line in a forest of incredible beauty. A carpet of pine needles spread away into the distance beneath mature trees. There was no trace of undergrowth and on the horizon he could see what looked like the lower slopes of sand-dunes. At his feet was a box containing a single map and as he bent to pick it up a voice sounded out of thin air saying a single word.

'Go.'

Automatically David Cummings turned over the map and, starting to jog, began to navigate his way to the first control.

Despite what St. Michael had said, after a week (which seemed like eternity) David Cummings was bored with heavenly orienteering. The first few courses had been fine and he had felt satisfaction in a way which he never had before at perfectly navigating his way around technically difficult courses in wonderful, sunlit forests. He had approached every control with the absolute certainty that, as he dropped into the re-entrant, or rounded the spur, or carefully picked his way through the maze of contour detail, the flag would be awaiting him in exactly the correct location. And so it was. Every leg unfolded as an effortless run with a smoothness of navigation which he had never achieved in his life. It was on his fourth course after passing through the pearly gates that he realised that something was wrong.

Perhaps he wasn't concentrating properly but, whatever the reason, half way around a course which could have been plucked from the best Australian granite terrain, he made a mistake. For a dreadful moment the contours did not fit and surely there shouldn't be a boulder over there? Passing beneath an unmapped 5m cliff and between a pair of boulders he felt an immense sense of relief to see a flag hanging, as the control description indicated it should, on the western edge of a patch of bare rock. Gratefully he clipped, but as he turned to depart the control he had a nagging feeling that something wasn't quite right. Looking at his map he realised he must have misread it - there indeed was the misplaced boulder and the cliff was mapped after all. What was more the contours did make sense. Shrugging his shoulders he continued on.

It was afterwards in the heavenly shower (where else?) that it struck him. In retrospect David Cummings was certain that he had indeed made a mistake. Yet he had still found the control and the map had subsequently seemed to be right. Could he be imagining it? Gradually the sense of satisfaction, which he had again felt on finishing, drained away with the shower water and David Cummings decided to experiment.

Over the next few events David Cummings was deliberately careless. He left controls without planning his route for the next leg, he neglected to use attack points and he ran as hard as he could right up to and into the control circle. It made no difference. He hit every control spot on. Each and every flag appeared, as if by magic, and the map always seemed to deny that he had ever done anything wrong. Finally, in frustration, he deliberately left a control in completely the wrong direction only to effortlessly run through a low saddle and into the next control. Clearly it was impossible to make a mistake in heavenly orienteering! He started to observe other orienteers with interest. As St. Michael had said, they were nearly all M and W21E's and ran accordingly. Certainly they did not seem to be bothered by the perfection of it all in the way in which he was. Most of them did look Scandinavian, however, so perhaps they had orienteered that way when they were alive and expected nothing less.

David Cummings had noticed one orienteer who persistently participated, not as an elite, but as what looked like about an M75. He was a short, bespectacled character, with bandy legs and a very bald head, who always seemed to wear shorts (clearly IOF rules about full body clothing did not apply in Heaven). Some of the other orienteers, who had obviously been around for some time, referred to him as Old Ray. To David Cummings, bemused by his experiences, this individuality of manner and dress seemed to suggest that Old Ray might be a kindred spirit. Perhaps the only kindred spirit in Heaven. He would go and talk to him.

'Yes,' said Old Ray, 'of course I'd noticed. Why do you think I choose to run as an M60?'

'What do you mean?' asked David Cummings, quietly admitting that he had never been very good at telling anyone's age.

'Well, you see, to me the attraction of orienteering is always knowing, at the end, that I could have done better. It's like a drug, that's what makes it addictive, the anticipation of what you might do

next time but at the same time knowing that you have to be at your absolute best to do it. Knowing that you have to cope with the vagaries of the map and the course planner.'

'Yes, but I don't see why that makes you choose to be an M60.'

'Well,' continued Old Ray, 'when the map is always right and the controls are always in the right place, there is no learning to be done, nothing to criticise, no-one to blame. Don't you remember how much, in life, everyone enjoyed getting stuck into the planner and the controller for misplaced controls or poor courses, or the mapper for the poor fieldwork? There is none of that here. That is why I run as an M60 – even if I can't make mistakes I can grumble about the hills and my knees. I can complain about the elite runners sprinting past without a thought. It's not quite the same but at least it's some resemblance to the orienteering I used to do.'

David Cummings was puzzled. 'But this is Heaven, can't we do something about it? I'm like you, I know I can't orienteer perfectly, it's the challenge I like.'

'I suppose you could talk to St. Michael,' suggested Old Ray. 'But I don't bear out much hope. He tends to be very hooked on elite orienteering. Can't seem to appreciate that some of us don't want to be perfectionists. After all, just like in life, market forces dictate, and the demand seems to be for error-free orienteering.'

'Isn't there any other option available?'' asked David Cummings.

'The only thing I can think of is to ask for permission to go and run a course in Hell,' suggested Old Ray.

David Cummings was incredulous. 'You mean they orienteer in Hell as well?'

'Yes, but it's a bit different. Here we have all the best forests - Waitarere, Woodhill, the best of Australia, Scandinavia, you name it we have it. In Hell they orienteer on places like Kapamahanga, Glenbervie and Hidden Valley. All green and unrunnable, filled with bush lawyer and Onga Onga, And, of course, they have different rules – the controls are always in the wrong place and the standard of the mapping is dreadful. It's almost impossible to finish let alone have a clean run. It's very hot as well, as you might imagine, but always seems to rain too.'

'Even so,' said David Cummings, 'it might be more fun for a change than having yet another perfect run in Heaven. Can we actually go and run in Hell?'

'Yes, but it's not easy to get permission. A bit like trying to get NZOF to accept Social Membership. You have to go right to the top and if you miss course closure time you might not get back through the pearly gates.'

It hadn't been all that difficult to get permission to run in Hell, reflected David Cummings. There had been one or two pointed questions as to his reasons, almost like a security vetting really, and once permission had been granted St. Michael had given him strict instructions as to how he must behave. Speaking to other runners was strictly out, even before or after the event, and the brilliant white o-suit and tracksuit with HOCK in gold lettering were obligatory (even though no-one could tell him what the K stood for). Orienteering in Hell was naturally highly competitive and it was expected that he would not allow himself to be beaten by anyone from across the divide. Finally he was given to understand that such excursions were not the norm and it was clearly expected that a single experience of orienteering in Hell would make him all too ready to willingly accept the Heavenly version.

Anyway David Cummings now stood on Hell's start line, The terrain in front of him looked anything but inviting. Despite the thinnings covering the ground the trees were young and unpruned and visibility was very low. The air was hot and humid and sandflies the size of small birds were incessantly trying to feed off the exposed areas of his skin. Despite the acronym HELLO on the back of their smart black, blue and fluorescent green tracksuits the officials looked a forbidding lot. David Cummings was still trying to recall why they seemed so familiar when the starter (bearded, and speaking in a Yorkshire accent) said the single word 'Go'. With a knot of expectancy in the pit of his stomach he turned over the map and was off.

After five controls David Cummings was beginning to grow in confidence and starting to believe that perhaps he would be able to cope with Hell's version of orienteering. Old Ray had been right about the standard. The first control had certainly been in the wrong re-entrant and number two had been at the foot of the southern cliff instead of the northern one. On both occasions he had paused only momentarily at the correct feature before instinctively realising where the control must actually be. The fifth control had been harder - finding the right pit (or more accurately the wrong pit) in an area of walk in which there were upwards of ten similar pits. The control had been at the bottom of the pit, of course, but he had coped admirably. The same had been true at the previous control where the mapping had been atrocious with tickmarks the wrong way round on the contours so that the complex area of spurs and reentrants had looked like a complex area of re-entrants and spurs! David Cummings' worst moment so far had in fact been at control three where, just as he was clipping, four other orienteers had appeared out of the thick undergrowth all shouting at him for help. One had even tried to grab his map. Remembering the stern warnings from St. Michael about talking to anyone he had taken to his heels just managing to retain the presence of mind to check that he was going in the right direction. Still, it had taken a few minutes for him to completely regain his composure.

Now David Cummings looked at his map and saw that for the first time the course passed out of walk and through an area of fight. Forcing his way through dense low branches he picked out two low knolls which appeared to correspond to features on the map. As the trees became denser and more closely packed the ground became wetter and wetter. Soon David Cummings was knee deep in water and bending so low beneath the protruding branches that his face was only inches above the surface. He ploughed on at what barely amounted to a walk until gradually the ground started to rise up and the footing became firmer. Slowly the trees started to thin out and he picked up speed. Over the rise ahead, thought David Cummings, and then drop carefully into the re-entrant system and find where the devil (no pun intended) they have put the control. Running hard now he breasted the top of the hill and.....

David Cummings was falling. He was still wondering how anyone could have failed to map such a large cliff when he hit the ground with a thud that knocked the breath from his body and started a ringing in his ears.

David Cummings woke with a jolt as he hit the floor beside the bed just as the alarm on his watch went off. He lay there for a moment stunned. What a way to wake up. He hadn't fallen out of bed since he was a kid. What a weird dream he had had as well. Hardly the ideal sleep, or method of waking up for that matter, for the night before the National Championships...