

JUNE 1999 DOCUMENT

NEXT DOC EVENT.

Relays at Allans Beach.

Entry form included with this magazine requiring action by 9 June.

ALLIE'S EDITORIAL.

Hello everybody. I would like to say thanks to everyone involved in the club champs last weekend — I had a really good time. In fact, I even had a good time at Akatore, *and* a fairly good time running 7.2 km at Gladbrook!! The weather was good and everybody seemed happy and there was plenty of food and I had a good time, proving to myself that there is a good reason as to why I go orienteering. Congratulations to all the winners and to all the planners, controllers, organisers and helpers.

Nothing exciting seems to have been happening recently, at least not that I have heard about, although congratulations must go out to Bruce Collins, who is the new NZOF treasurer and to Barrie Foote, who has relinquished this role to become the South Island rep. As Dunedin sometimes seems very far away from the 'centre' of orienteering action, particularly in terms of administration, our club is very lucky to have Barrie and Bruce occupying such positions.

I have heard that there are some members of the club who are keen to receive some coaching to enable them to make the jump from orange to red courses, or who feel that they need a few 'pointers' about how to improve their orienteering. While it is not my place to instruct anyone to organise coaching sessions I would like to remind everybody that at any event there will be experienced orienteers who are only too happy to spend some time giving advice before or after your runs. And remember, no question is ever too stupid to be asked! I would also like to remind you about Peter Wilson's book *Orienteering*, which is particularly useful for beginners, and which will be on sale for a very reasonable price. I had a good look at this book during the weekend and I recommend it for anyone who is starting out in the sport.

Well, that's all I have to say now, and I will sign off. I was going to end this with an absolutely hilarious orienteering joke I invented the other day, but I forgot the punch line, such is my life....

GLADBROOK COMMENTS/THOUGHTS.

Alexandra Cunninghame.

At the Otago Championships last weekend Bruce McCormick made a presentation to Barrie Foote and to Gavin Craw. For the last ten years Barrie has been the NZOF treasurer, and he has resigned this year, but will be carrying on as the South Island representative. An NZOF source told us that Barrie has always been helpful and knowledgeable on finances, and took a practical no-frills approach in meetings, and would go straight away and do the jobs required of him. In recognition of his work, Bruce then presented Barrie with a travel bag, so Barrie can leave the huge one in which he carried around his files at home!

The club also thanked Gavin Craw, and presented him with a token of appreciation as he has ended his term as the NZOF auditor, a position he held for many years. Our source told us that Gavin received little recognition from NZOF, working away behind the scenes, always assisting Barrie and helping to get the accounts right.

We would like to thank Barrie and Gavin for the work they have done over the years.

ESSENTIAL WORKERS REQUIRED.

Controller and organiser for Akatore.

Planner and Controller required for Naseby on Sunday November 21.

Organiser for Chingford Park on December 5.

Please phone Suzanne Clegg if you are prepared to fill any of these jobs.

PILGRIM'S PROTEST.

April 1999

Ken and Anitra Dowling

O dear!

Last weekend, on One Tree Hill near Bendigo, we took part in a long O with a difference. It is the annual Blodslitet event. It think it means blood, sweat and tears — Rick should be able to confirm whether I am in the right band with the translation.

Courses were twice as long as usual, taking about 2 hours for the winners (Anitra) and up to 3 hours for the rest of us (Ken). It was very enjoyable and attracted a high percentage of veterans. One of the attractions was the common

control which courses visited two or three times. This personed control, in addition to water, had orange slices and fruit cake.

Because half the course consisted of cloverleaf legs based on the common control, it was possible to fit up to 14 kms on an A4 1:15,000 map and 22kms using 2 map changeovers for the men's elite. Although there were 14 classes, only 6 courses were required as the cloverleaf design meant significant re-use. So the planning task was greatly eased and the mass start reduced the organisational work. Cloth badges for all finishers and 'gold' medals for winners completed the event.

If anyone wants more info with a view to trying it, I will be pleased to oblige. The extensive O calendar here in Victoria has a number of annual special events, each with its own character.

We took part in the Easter 3 Days in Tasmania. 2 days were in Bothwell, site of our first Australian Champs in 1980. Unfortunately the forest has become very green since then and I believe it should not have been used for such a major event - I hear the mapper has the same opinion. However the other two days were on intricate sand dunes — Pyramids with forest. The first in brilliant sunshine (Family relays) and the last in drenching rain — but it was still warm enough that I was revelling in it over the last half of my 'blown' course. As usual, Anitra made up for me by getting 3rd in W35. Tasmania has always treated Anitra well. The Aspins from South Auckland were there having won a trip. Both did very well.

Our 3 nights, 2 days a week at our O/MBTO lodge are proving even better than we expected. No temptation to think about work at the weekend — too much to do learning how to be a handyperson while Anitra experiences the vagaries of an Australian bush garden. Got there last weekend to find we had left a gate open to the front garden & what passes for a lawn. There were kangaroo droppings everywhere and the lawn didn't need mown any longer hurray. Next morning, saw some of them staring wistfully over the fence. A break from the lodge this weekend with a mountain bike skills course on Sat followed by MTBO on Sunday, both near Melbourne. Unfortunately for the weekend, my effort at bike maintenance was not as successful as my plumbing trial (changing tap valves) and the bike gears don't work so well now.

Melbourne Vignettes

It is really easy to blend in here in Melbourne as long as you wear black, whether male or female. My initial observations on that were confirmed twice in the last year by visiting fashion designers much to the chagrin of pseudo chic Melburnians. The main fashion accessory is a black BMW although the singular trendy (an oxymoron without the O₂) will go for a black or yellow Saab convertible. The vets amongst you will recall the trend in the 70s and 80s of kiwis

visiting OZ at least partly to shop for clothes. I am seriously thinking of reversing the trend as I cannot find a good grey suit here. Every shade of black is just as evident in the shops as on the street. I was standing behind a woman on a tram recently who was bucking the trend by wearing a smart grey suit in the shade and pattern I want. I forgone ripping it off her when I realised there was only one trouser leg.

Still, our larrikin premier Jeff Kennet is adding a splash of colour to our lives. Directly across from our front door is an artistic red/orange lattice 14 storey tower encasing a black cylinder. In a few months time this will be spewing out exhaust fumes from the new motorway tunnel. So we are busy locating and trying to fathom the scientific evidence presented to the environmental protection authority to determine whether we should stay or go. So far, I gather daily mortality will increase by 0.23 persons but despite the term, that does not seem to be a daily figure. Pity if we have to move, as the tower will eventually be complemented by architecturally designed red/orange galvanised iron theatres to expand the Playhouse performing arts centre also over the road. The perfect landmarks to guide visitors to our pad.

We had someone in to fix our poorly performing oven. Turned out the grill and oven wires had been crossed over since installation some 3-4 years ago and none of the previous tenants had noticed. Not surprising considering the propensity to eat out and the prolificacy of eating places just a walk away. Well, maybe a walk for us but our 20 something next door neighbour even drives to the dairy just 150m down the street. I kid you not.

Ciao.

A DAY IN THE LIFE — GLADBROOK 23-5-99

Jane Forsyth

Up before 6 and away in the cold darkness of an autumn predawn. Things were quiet on the Portobello road but the streets of Dunedin bore the usual evidence of rugby mania and the bodies strewn around the pavement were painted blue and gold. Leaving the semi--comatose city behind, I sped on to Outram and up onto the penepplain, singing along to Hymns for Sunday Morning as the sky turned colours of flame. Suddenly, the road dropped into a dank fog bank. I slowed down in case there was an accident lurking inside the fog — what's that, a breakdown? No it was just Bob Cunninghame waving a pick at me. On I crawled putting up signs as I went, and so in search of the Glenavon woolshed. I didn't spot it the first time as the fog was so thick I couldn't see the building from the road. On my second pass I spotted a vague orange and white blur — that's a big control flag — no it's the caravan. Great, I'm not lost yet.

Toilet — digging was easier than expected and we didn't need the pick. Others turned up and with the aid of Bob's excellent layout map the gear was spread out over the landscape. George headed off into the fog to find the start and he must have been somewhere in the right area as I didn't hear Bob complain. Before you could say "twin neodymium magnets" the carpark was full of brightly coloured people peering into the fog and asking where the start was. As the first wave headed up for the first start times, I thought I had better have some breakfast — a cold piece of toast buttered 4 hours earlier but which I couldn't force down at the time.

I had the finish officials in place in plenty of time. We thought the first finisher on the white course might be Brendan Thayer so the welcoming committee was ready. When he hadn't turned up after half an hour I asked a small person on a bike if they knew him. "I'm Brendan" said the small person in some surprise "and I'm not running today". That explains why the finish officials are sitting around, well rugged up like eskimos round an ice hole, waiting for something to happen. Has anyone else had the idea of a walkie-talkies to connect the start and finish? Perhaps a long piece of string with a can on each end?

People started turning up eventually. There were tales of electric fences — oops, someone better talk to the farmer about those. Some had fog and some did not, some liked it and some did not, some were unable to speak and quite a lot could not see the finish banner for the sun and sweat in their eyes. After a couple of hours it was time for me to get up to the start for my own personal battle with the elements and the fiendish cunning of the planner. By now there was not a vestige of fog and sunburn looked like more of a problem. That and drifting off course on some of the long legs where a degree wrong at the start leaves you miles out at the end. However it all went pretty smoothly, the fences were really off by now and the cows had not knocked over any of the control stakes. Along the line of tors, watch out for the small cliff, past the end of the marsh, up the next little gully past the pine tree and so on. Having the last start time meant I had no-one breathing down my neck for a change, it let me get into my own rhythm and was really enjoyable.

I got back to the sound of applause... oh really it was nothing... but it turned out they were just giving out the prizes from the Champs the day before. Not to worry, I knew I hadn't won any. With hardly anyone left to finish, the helpers were soon tearing down the gear and cramming it into the caravan. While writing up the last few results, I noticed to my surprise that my time for the course had been fastest in W45A. Pity I couldn't do it the day before when it really mattered!

With people keen to get away, the packing was soon over, stuff stowed in lots of places where it may eventually be found months later or perhaps in time for the next lot of Champs, and the caravan hitched behind Bruce's gutsy recreational vehicle and barrelling off down the road. Having waited till the last runner turned up, I was finally on the road myself, although of course others were still out there

picking up the controls. By the time I got to Outram I realised I had done all this on one piece of toast and I shouted myself an icecream. Back to Waverley to drop off the results to Jennifer and then on to the hospital to spend time with a very sick relative. And finally, after a day spent largely on adrenaline, home to sleep for the first time in a week without organising nightmares running through my head.

I have thanked all the helpers elsewhere — you are a bunch of wonderful people — and thanks also to the planner and controller and all those who tirelessly organise and run these events. You are all real treasures and it is all too easy to take you for granted. I hope I never do.