



# Cambridge University Orienteering Club

Chris Thorne

Cat2

(N.B. Fellow)

(Nov I 1977)

NOVEMBER NEWSLETTER NOVEMBER NEWSLETTER 1977 issue no. Three November Newsletter.

Well here it is, the third magnificent newsletter of the academic year. As usual there is no shortage of information (keep your articles coming in - all articles submitted will be published - so let's hear your views!) so let's go straight into a summary of latest results.....

HAVOC SNAIL TRAIL - for reports see last newsletter.....

M21A			
1st	J. Prowting	HH	92.13
28th	R. Wedgewood	Gold	117.23
38th	I. Bratt	Silver	128.41
41st	D. Kingham	"	129.29
Retired K. Tomkins			
M19			
1st	D. Nevell	SAS	74.50
3rd	P. Haynes	Gold	78.58
10th	G. Nilsen	Silver	97.56
12th	G. Smith	"	102.01
13th	B. Deardon	"	102.46
15th	R. Graham	Bronze	105.57
21st	C. Duckworth	"	143.00
22nd	P. Batten	"	150.20
Retired A. Harding, C. Mercer, J. Turner			

W19A			
1st	A. Reed	CUOC Gold	72.02
7th	J. Mackenzie	"	95.22

M17			
1st	M. Bagness	SAX	61.22
6th	A. Parker	Gold	66.34
12th	S. Moore	Silver	80.15

W17			
1st	H. Dooris	SN	76.06
3rd	M. Ockendon	Gold	79.11
A. Adler had no. 7 wrong on W19B			

As a consequence of the results in M21A I owe Dave an Ice cream and Keith owes pints all round!

WASH O.C. SILVER JUBILEE EVENT AT SANDRINGHAM ON OCTOBER '23rd 1977  
No results as yet but plenty of varied reports and articles.....

## WORD FROM THE BUSH (or ITS A WASH OUT!)

A "Michaelmas mix" of novice and experienced orienteers from CUOC drove up to Sandringham Country Park on 23rd October for the inaugural event of the Wash O.C.

We left Cambridge at 0830, which would have been an even greater struggle but for the extra overnight hour given us by the change from summer time to GMT. If someone who shall be nameless had thought about it we could have left later, because registration didn't start until 10.30, with the start of the event at 11.00.

The warm, dry, Indian Summer weather brought people from all over the country. here was even apparently a contingent from Edinburgh University OC.... people like Ian Bratt and.....

Newcomer and old hand alike were wondering what Wash O.C. would provide in the way of courses but for differing reasons. It turned out to be a well-controlled and organised event. The map, 1:10,000 and in black and white only, was a good first effort, and it is not to denigrate it to say that Mk. II should be a lot better. The lack of detail did tempt at any rate the novice to follow the plentiful tracks rather than take a more direct line towards an attack point, and required more navigation by compass than by map information.

There was quite a bit of confusion in the first section of the courses, involving a certain evergreen shrub. The legend on the map shows cross hatching as "impenetrable rhododendrons (who can't spell Ed.)". I can personally vouch for that. I can't tell you what variety they grow at Sandringham, but from deep inside its a cross between the Amazon jungle on a cool day and Snow White's nightmare in the forest as visualised by Disney. And there was a lot more of it than the map showed.

LUNCHES NOW IN DAVES ROOM E3 3rd COURT, ST. JOHNS..1.00pm. THURSDAYS ONLY 30p.



Some of the controls were well hidden. I encountered a middle-aged lady teacher who said she had only previously orienteered on the school playing field. At the time, she and I were both looking for control 2. I found it and pushed on. I never saw her again (though people did keep popping up from most unlikely points of the compass. Par for the course seems to have been around 90 minutes, although those who insisted on going right off the map naturally took a little longer.

A good day out, but I never saw the Queen Mother.

David Tucker (definitely not in the novice class)

### ORIENTEERING IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND (SUMMER 1977)

Members of CUOC who went orienteering on the continent this Summer were Jean Mackenzie, Jane Carter, John Corrigan, Charlie Daniel and myself. We did not travel as a group for financial (and other) reasons and several modes of transport were used including hitching, the most reliable of which was Jane's Daddy's Citroen CX2200 and the least, Jean's Daddy's Ford Transit Autohome - which also carried Martin Green (co-driver), Jim Mallison and Ian Stewart from Southampton University C.C.

If you have been reading your "Orienteer" you will no doubt have heard of all the exciting things that the 240 Brits got up to, and what fun they had at the "3 day of Paris" and "Swiss 5 Day" competitions. So I won't try to disillusion you by telling you about the 1 and three quarter hours walk to the start from the car-park and the torrential rain that caused tents to float away at night and forest to become "super-gloop" wooded marshes. Nor will I tell you how it was John Corrigan came to say "coupez le crap". In fact, if you really want to know what happened, the best way is to consult the aforementioned orienteers with the exception of myself; I'm still awaiting the results of Police investigations into allegations of drunken debauchery and why John went to sleep in Charlie's tent on the last night....

Rob Wedgewood

### YET MORE ORIENTEERING EXCUSES FOR NOT WINNING ROYAL EVENTS

- "My haggis was viciously attacked by a corgi"
- "Stopped to talk to the Queen Mother"
- "Was chased off the map on the way to no.1 by an idiot driving a coach and pantomime horses, one answering to the name of Charlie"
- "I was knocked down by a female(?) lunatic driving a Scimitar"
- "I had to join the back of a queue of corgis to get to the tree with the control marker hanging from it"
- "Stopped to help a W21C with labour pains"
- "Stopped to help a W50 who claimed her shoe 'had come 'orf'"
- "Run down by a rampant minesweeper"
- "Stopped to help a M21 disentangle his ears from a barbed-wire fence"
- "I was run over by a tank with L-plates"
- "Got sat on by a helicopter"
- "Had to make an official complaint about competitors going round on horseback"
- "We got lost"
- "Stopped to write a formal French letter"
- "Got stuck in top of a tree, looking for a clearing (small)"
- "Got held up playing darts with Pete and Ian in Hunstanton"
- "Got delayed when a bloke drove up in a horse drawn coach and asked for his banner back"
- "Stopped to help a woman who claimed she was a group, n'an"
- "The punch was eaten by a dinky"

GJN/AP

### CROXTON HEATH EVENT October 30th 1977

				<u>COMMENTS</u>	
1.	Dave Kingham	45.33	16.	Tin Pike	68.11
2.	Keith Tonkins	50.12	17.	Alistair Harding	69.54
3.	Richard Graham	50.14	18.	Nick Quine	70.20
4.	Pete Haynes	51.00	19.	Al Dowra	71.20
5.	Gavin Smith	52.46	20.	Tin Sniley	71.56
6.	Chris Mercer	56.17	21.	Chris Thorne	72.24
7.	Rob Wedgewood	57.03	22.	P. Chapman	74.40
8.	Jeremy Monson	60.12	23.	Richard Pratt	75.20
9.	Murray Dixon	60.15	24.	Dave Stewart	76.05
10.	Chris Morely	60.20	25.	Chris Jenkinson	78.40
11.	Colin Duckworth	61.31	26.	C. Stewart	79.14
12.=	Mary Ockenden	64.49	27.	Anna Adler	93.51
13.=	Gordon Lee	64.49	28.	David Wray	98.49
14.	Dave Strachan	66.29			
15.	Simon Butler	67.08			

First of all, I'd like to thank Murray, Gavin and Alistair for hanging around and collecting controls. Congratulations to Mary for a pretty impressive time. Comments continued on page six of the news letter.



PAGE THREE! PAGE THREE! PAGE THREE! PAGE THREE! PAGE THREE! (So its not as good as the sun, is it?)

Bits and pieces - from our outside correspondants:-

There were two events over the weekend of October 8-9th. On Saturday the introductory event was held at Santon Downham and was attended by about 40 novices. The course was relatively simple and at times degenerated into a game of follow my leader (you should have been at Therfield last year!) where the route choice was obvious. However, it gave a good insight into the sport of Orienteering. The organiser contrived to make life difficult by changing two of the controls round but nobody was fooled for long by that.

The regulars of the club arranged a more difficult course for themselves using only punches without controls. This was won by Dave Kingham in an impressive time (he told me to say that), but I suspect that it was only his climbing ability that enabled him to reach some of the punches and win so easily.

On Sunday, HAVOC had organised (well perhaps organised is a bad word!) a Badge event in Epping Forest. We set out from Cambridge early and arrived at Epping early and all had to wait at least two hours because of our late start times. Unfortunately, the map left a lot to be desired (like a map!) such as accuracy, as did the siting of some of the controls. At least two, and possibly more, were definitely in the wrong place.

Allyson Reed won W19A by 10 minutes but would rather have run in M21A (Keith got the entry wrong) in which event Rob Wedgewood did best of the CUOC participants. Pete Haynes came third in M19 (its about time he joined the "men" and ran M21A like the rest of us). Graham Nilsen complained about the siting of one control and was told that it would have to be put in writing - so he did! Keith has, by his own admissions, been doing a lot of training recently, but chose to exercise (I thought he chose not to exercise) his Chairman's prerogative rather than his limbs and jacked after only THREE controls.

C.N.D.

#### THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD THAT LEADS TO THE LAST CONTROL

Liverpool has rejected a plan to immortalise Grimsby with a life sized statue in a shopping precinct. Grimsby was described in the council chamber as a discredit to his birthplace because "he made no real contribution to the city" and "he could not sing".

But yesterday campaigning fans hit back and accused the politicians of a monumental blunder in this long running controversy. The decision now goes before the full city council for unanimous approval.

Our Northern Correspondant.

#### Havoc Shail Trail

This was the first badge event of the season for CUOC and was the third event in four months we attended in Epping (be it NW, NE or SW).

We all arrived early, which made a change and some people had over two hours to wait for their start times. The area was typical of Epping, with large areas of runnable forest, interspersed with holly thickets, open areas and yet more holly. The largest CUOC contingent was on the M19 course which was only 8.8km. long and seemed rather too short compared with the M21A course which was 13.5km. (won in about 90min). As usual Allyson appeared to have won W19A which was pretty boring and Keith retired in protest at making the first three controls on M21A so difficult to find.

However most of our experienced orienteers were unsatisfied with the map and for once Graham seemed justified in his criticism of CUOC's favourite orienteering personality (Chris Brasher has slipped to number two in the rankings) who drew the map.

Some credit must go to the organisers however as the start, finish and car park etc. were well organised and an area such as Epping must be extremely difficult to map (No excuses though).

Pete Haynes.

TEAR OFF HERE. Please return to Keith Tomkins, one lunch, event or leave it in his p/h.

- |                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| NAME: (optional)   | COLLEGE:  |
| "PROPAGANDA" :     | 1) were you impressed by it?  |
|                    | 2) would cheaper duplicated "blurb" w/o picture, map have been so good?                               |
|                    | 3) any comments?  |
| "SOCIETIES FAIR" : | 1) Is there anything which should have been on the stall that wasn't or was that shouldn't have been? |
|                    | 2) was the dummy a good idea?   |
|                    | 3) was the large sign useful?   |



CHAIRMAN'S NOTEBOOK.....KEITH TOMKINS (mostly out of date)

1) INTRODUCTION EVENT

Being one of the few people who didn't actually run on Sat, 8th (jacker) I feel qualified to talk about it. (especially if no-one else will!). We were extremely lucky that it didn't rain until late in the afternoon, and I hope everybody appreciates that CUOC very rarely deigns to compete in the rain (the notable exception being Icenian) - I only got wet twice last year I think. The courses had been planned for a businessman's conference and you will be glad to know that many of you ran faster than the fastest businessman. Any further comments you have on the organisation and the courses will be appreciated.

2) There was a techniques evening in Rob Wedgewood's room in Sidney on 20th October and about a dozen people with little or no experience turned up to hear Rob and Graham spout forth on the subject (why anyone should want to listen to Graham I don't know but they obviously didn't know him then. They will know better in the future). I hope they learned something and that it will encourage people to actually try the sport and put their new found knowledge to some use.

3) On Tuesday 25th October there was a sign painting and equipment checking evening at Ian's (a lot of use telling people now isn't it- but if there is another one it will be publicised and all are welcome to attend - you don't have to be a Picasso or Van Gogh.

4) For Icenian we would like large water containers, a large tent and folding tables and chairs (what do you think this is?, a holiday camp?) and if anyone is able to beg/borrow or steal (especially from St. John's College) any of these please let Keith (or the Cambridge Police) know as soon as possible.

5) Training: At the moment only your illustrious chairman appears to be doing anything on a regular basis but he has been accompanied a number of times by other members of the club. He runs from DD27 Queens at 6.00pm every weekday evening - this may change to 5.45pm soon when he decides to go further. Welcome to change at Queens if that's more convenient.

6) Tear off questionnaire. We would be grateful if you would fill in the form below and return it to Keith sometime soon.

STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS

We have just heard the outcome of the Grinble controversy...see page three overleaf. It has been decided that the statue of Grinble will be erected in Liverpool at the bottom of the Mersey. A spokesman commented "Wat er decision".

SANDRINGHAM CLUB EVENT - a special report by a novice from over the border.....

Hoots Mon! We decided to go to this event in Norfolk since there weren't any Championships worth going to in Scotland that weekend. We decided that the short novices course would be about our standard and since we couldn't afford to enter individually we decided to gang round together to save money (typical scotsman Ed.). Even so our resources were stretched at having to pay 40p between six of us and we didn't even get a nap each. (We had to pay fair ainselves since the club has already spent its £2,000 grant on a superb green and yellow haggis coat for our mascot Grinble the Haggis.)

Avoiding the rabid corgies (just because we want independence for Scotland, I ask you!) we arrived at the start line with four minutes to go and survived one false start before the time arrived to start the course. Finding the Master Maps was too easy - they weren't hidden in six foot high heather as usual. The first control was extremely difficult but with two brains between us we managed to find it. The other eight were also as difficult although at one time we actually chose the correct route choice. We arrived at the finish a whole thirteen minutes after we start and they couldn't believe we had taken such a long time to complete the course. Yes Sandringham is a great place and I suggest that the next World Champs (novice groups only) should be held there! JOCK

SQUASH : 1) would name tags have been useful for club members?

2) were there enough club members there?

3) was handing out the newsletter a good idea?

4) how about maps on the wall and 'making a nap' display?

5) was Wednesday afternoon a good time?

Intro : 1) was it too easy, too hard, or about right?

EVENT : 2) was Saturday a good day to have it?

Any further comments about the introductory programme...we want your impressions of your introduction to CUOC and how (if at all) it can be improved.



THE CUOC POT-HUNTING TRIP TO THE FRENCH CHAMPS 29/30th OCTOBER 1977

It is 3.00am. There is a tapping at the door. About loud enough to wake a mouse in a fitful doze outside the cat's lair. Fortunately, I am already awake, aroused a few minutes earlier by what sounded like Allyson dragging Jean up and down the stairs - presumably demonstrating what would be happening if the driving got stropky.

We'd driven out to Jean's on the Friday evening, so avoiding getting up half an hour earlier than necessary just to drive around Cambridge. An interesting house, fitting together with all the subtlety and accuracy of a 1000-piece jigsaw put together by a two year old with a wooden mallet, and populated by a flock of minute dogs. Serves a reasonable cup of coffee, though.

So there we were, setting out for France at half past three in the morning (yes, you idle scum, it is still dark then; it gets light at about 6.00am in Canterbury we noticed). Having devoted the best part of the previous fortnight trying to convince Jean that we'd miss the ferry through breaking down in fog, Allyson and I were quite relieved to be held up for only five minutes - and that because Jean seemed to think that NE London was quite a pretty place for a nose-bleed.

And so on via Canterbury, where a Cathedral was sought but never found, to Dover. Here, a short wait for the ferry was enlivened by the mating dance of the greater-engined hovercraft. No mate being in sight, it quickly gave up, settled back on its nest and left us to drive on board the ferry.

A highly exciting - force ten gales, ferry struggling up vortical waves and shooting down the other side of them, that sort of thing - crossing led us on to Calais and French drivers. Jean seemed quite happy about all these lunatics storming at us on the wrong side of the road, and even condescended to keep to the right to avoid the idiots; but Allyson was noticeably quiet, and it took no small time to get the hang of it - even by Compiègne, cars turning onto the road ahead of us still worried me.

Boulogne was reached with relative ease, but then we allowed ourselves to be fooled into following a tourist route around the local sugar-beet-mining industry, with its characteristic slag heaps, and thus passed through Abbeville rather later than we'd have liked to. However, despite the rival attractions of an Amiens hyper-market, the ceremonial fitting of the headlamp deflectors, and the French traffic jams, we arrived at the training event at about half past four, and proceeded to so confuse the official there that we managed to run round without paying.

An hour of pleasant deciduous forest (Forêt de Laigne) on a reasonable 1:16,667 map, and back to Compiègne to pitch tents (another place where the French seem remarkably reticent about collecting money) and find out about Sunday's event. Here Allyson's O level French (if that was O level, I think I must have taken the 11 plus version) came in useful, in persuading them to allow Jean to start at half past nine not twelve o'clock as she was listed. "Le bateau depart a six heures" and all was changed to our satisfaction. (The typewriter doesn't have French accents Ed.)

On the way out of the event centre, we were collared by some Frenchman collecting details for a press release. Allyson did the dirty and came up with results for Jean and I (why did Jean go red when the Army Champs were mentioned? embarrassment or shame) so we did the dirty back. The French Army obviously orienteers at a higher standard than do the British, as Jean's record seemed to impress the French more than anyone else's!

A visit to Compiègne to collect postcards, stamps, and souvenirs was only partially successful - their road signs are nailed to walls a bit too securely for my liking. And so an early night followed, which (presumably due to some quirk of French decimalised time system) seemed a few hours shorter than an English one - did we really get 9 hours sleep? A quick breakfast, interrupted by a flaring primus which immediately received a tirade of abuse, and on to the meaty event of the weekend - The French Championships (at last! Ed.) These were held at "Mont Saint Marc", just East of Compiègne, on a new 1:15,000 map. The area was a chalk plateau, oval in shape and surrounded by steep slopes. It was another fast, open deciduous forest, with opinions conflicting as to whether it was quicker to go direct through rapid woodland or go a little faster, although further on the tracks. The courses, which offered plenty of route choice but little in the way of navigational difficulty, consisted of controls on the scarp slopes punctuated by legs across the plateau. Markers (red and white, split into halves horizontally rather than diagonally) were hung well, so that features were generally found first, yet without any "hunt the thimble" controls. Although the forest was fast, the hills were hard work and times below 8min/km. were good, even for us foreigners - we weren't the only ones. Apart from some Belgian invaders, a car load of orienteers from London put in an appearance, as did the Armitages from "Souhanton" (that place near the new forest).



All the Brits seemed to beat the top end of the results, a reflection more on French Orienteering than the orienteering of us foreigners! At the point when we left (1.30) D19A(W19A) was led by a Belgian in 63 mins with Allyson a few seconds behind, Jean not much further back in 70 min, and Mary Armitage behind all three. While npt leading?, the londoners and Mike Armitage were well placed in H21E(M21E), and I didn't exactly have my work cut out to look good amidst 14 French Army H19(M19).

Best of all though, were the facilities. As you finished, two little lads rushed after you to reclaim your number (shame! another souvenir lost!) and hand you a voucher, which, it was explained to you, could be exchanged for a cup of milk, a Compiègne 1977 sticker, a bar of soap and a rather tiny tube of toothpaste (Colgate-Palmolive were sponsoring the event). Then on to a restaurant tent, equipped with tables, chairs, and tableclothes, where hot food and coffee could be bought.

Throughout the two days, the French Officials did their utmost to see that we were well-provided for (we even got a going away present of more toiletries I think they had more than they could get rid of!) (perhaps it was a hint Ed.), being exceptionally tolerant with our appalling efforts on the French language and changing into near-perfect English as soon as they felt we were struggling. The Armitages even hitched a lift to the race in a police coach!

And so, come 1.00pm., we set off back on the long haul to Cambridge. Motorway travel meant that we got to Calais about an hour quicker than we had spent doing the reverse journey on Saturday (we had to pay 18.5fr. about £2.25 toll on the motorway which is why we hadn't used it previously). We were even early for the ferry which then left half an hour late. A rougher crossing than Saturdays joke effort, being last off at Dover, and traffic jams in London (all the tourists come to have nose-bleeds); all passed by as we scurried home in time for coffee at Keiths, but no, alas, the hoped for pint at Queens bar.

Quite a pleasant way to spend the weekend really. We ought to do it more often.....

The Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature  
1987      Written 30th Oct (amended 31st) 1977

#### CROXTON HEATH CONTINUED

An apology to Richard - if I'd realised it was going to be so close I would have sprinted down the run-in.

I have been asked to point out that Chris Thorne is approaching M43 so it seems only fair to point out that Tim Smiley is M43 and Chris Morely is M35. Now to the WHO ELSE spot; who else a) can't count rides

b) went down into the depression at no. 11 ---???????

At least I had an excuse but I hope it teaches you to read your control descriptions. It may be of interest to know that the first army time was 56.00

Further thanks are due to Dave, Rob, Pete, Chris and Richard for getting up early and taping trees and then running courses at Little Cuse Valley (Where).

I also heard that the Croxton event was very well controlled. Keith.

#### THE KARRIOR INTERNATIONAL MOUNTAIN MARATHON 22/23rd October 1977

The mountain marathon is an annual, 2-day event attracting increasing numbers (2000 this year) of orienteers, fell runners and hill walkers who compete in two-person teams in 4 classes: Elite, A, B and C which vary in distance from about 75km. and 12,000ft of climbing on the elite course to about 40km. and 7,000ft. of climbing on the C course. Neither Charlie Daniel (last years CUOC "star" orienteer) nor I had entered before but we decided to have a go this year. We weren't awfully well organised, we didn't have a tent and Charlie didn't have a rucksack. (both essential as there is an enforced overnight camp for which a certain minimum of equipment must be taken). Anyway he went out and bought what he needed and we agreed to meet at the start with each bringing his allotted share of kit and food. Things didn't work out too well and Charlie eventually turned up 20 mins before the start in his normal clothes. Well we just got to the start in time and we were off with 186 other pairs on a course of 30.5km. with 5,500ft of climbing. The leg from the 1st to the 2nd control was 13km. and featured a sheer climb of nearly 1000ft. It was most enjoyable especially when we got to the third control and heard we were in 1st place. We managed to hold on to 4th place until the overnight camp which we reached after 4hr28min. we were to say the least surprised at our high position and expected to do far worse on the second day. When we woke up on the second day 6.00am. we didn't feel much like running anywhere but we were just about ready to go by the start time (7.00) We unfortunately started with all our waterproof kit on and we soon had to stop and take off clothes until we were wearing the same as the previous day (swimming trunks and tee shirt). We lost a lot of places and were still badly placed until the third control. After that Charlie decided on a very good route which gained us about 10min on everyone. After that we went from strength to strength and finished second for the day in 4hr20min and 2nd overall. The second day was 28km. and 3,500ft. I have now recovered both from the shock of doing so well and exhaustion. It does show that route choice is extremely important. DAVE K.