



MDOC NEWS



Newsletter of Manchester and District Orienteering Club

September 2018



Matt Fellbaum on the way to Silver in the JWOC Sprint

**JWOC Hungary
Lakes-5
Bavaria O-tour
World Masters – Denmark
Hungaria Cup**

JUNIOR WORLD ORIENTEERING CHAMPIONSHIPS – HUNGARY

Matt Fellbaum

I've been orienteering nearly all my life, my family all went together to local events throughout my childhood and I became a part of the local club Manchester and District. My Dad still reminds me of the time he taught me how to use a compass on Alderley Edge, and I have countless memories of playing with friends at Lyme Park on summer evenings. As I got a bit older I joined the North West Junior Squad and developed hugely from lots of coaching and training camps. I'm so grateful for all the work the many coaches, but especially John, Sue and Richard, have put in over the years and thus given so many juniors amazing experiences! The 3 Norway tours I went on are where I fell in love with the sport and made great friends, enabling me to experience how good orienteering can be. However, all throughout my time in the squad I wasn't very good at running, I was quite chubby, and my map reading was a bit rubbish as well. I had a long way to go!

I managed to get into the England and GB teams, running multiple Interland's, JHI's and EYOC's. My results at the international races were okay but nothing special, nothing to say "this guy's good". But I knew and was always reminded by my all-knowing father and brother that I was on an upward curve – I can get to the top I just need to keep going down the path. And they were all incredibly valuable experiences that showed me what the big races were like, and how to perform well at them. I was doing well but for years everyone had been talking about JWOC as the pinnacle of junior orienteering, and I knew I wanted to get there - a huge achievement in itself.



Matt (left) on the podium after the prizegiving

It took me a couple of years trying to get selected for JWOC but last year I went out to Finland with the team. It was incredible, the 300 best juniors from around the world, all together for a week of serious quality racing. My results were again nothing special but one of my best mates got GB's best ever results, and a coveted podium place (which in orienteering is top 6). This was amazing, and so inspiring! I wanted that, but unfortunately, I'm no way near as talented - problem!

I decided to spend the next year committing fully to performing at JWOC. That doesn't mean I became a hermit for the year and never went outside other than to train, but I made sure in every decision I made I considered how it would affect my results. This

was very tough at times, and I wouldn't recommend it unless you're pretty certain of what you want, but it is definitely the best way to succeed in sport (and probably life).

I arrived at JWOC knowing that no matter what happens I did my best over the year to do as well as I can, and I can be proud of that. Monday was the long race and although I ran well, the result was again nothing special (27th), and I felt demoralized, maybe I can't get the result I want? Maybe it isn't worth the effort? Maybe I'm just not good enough yet?

The next day was the sprint. Let me put this into context. I have been told my whole life that I'm not fast enough to do well at sprint. I know that I'm 2 minutes slower than the best over 5km. I have no chance of success, so may as well not care about the result and enjoy it, right?

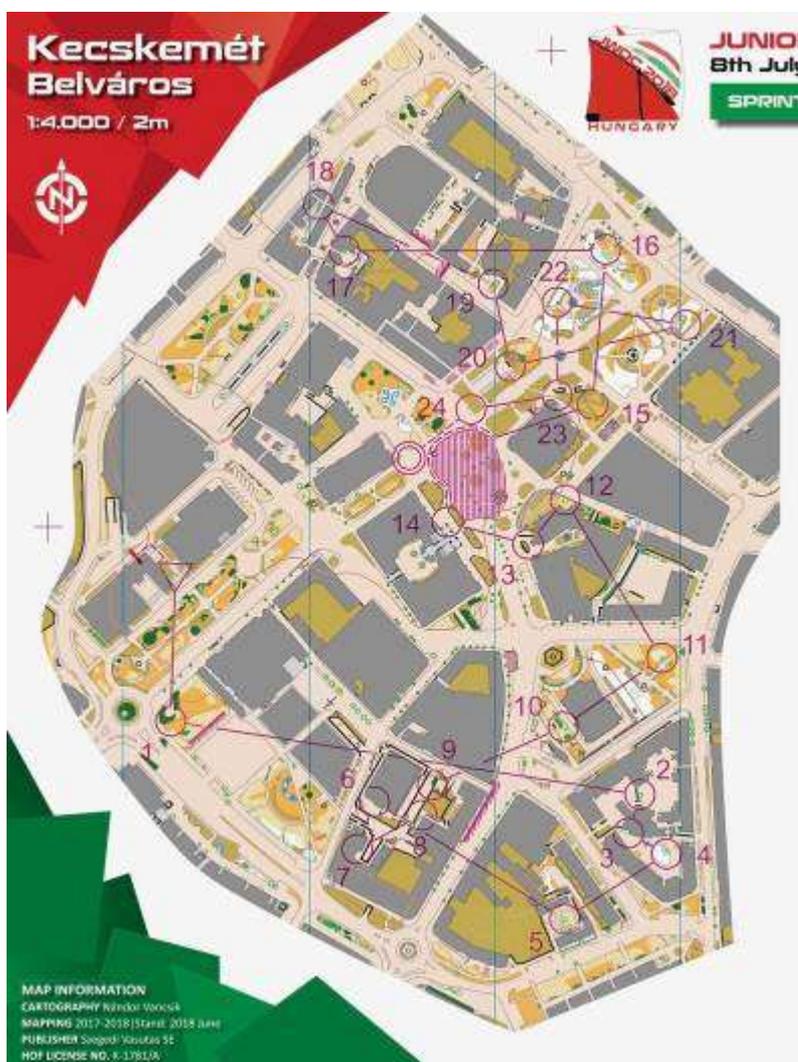
Even though I knew I had no chance, I had still done everything I could to prepare for the race. I spent tens of hours making a map from street view to familiarize myself with every building. I spent tens of hours with my coach talking about technique and planning my physical training. I spent hundreds of hours out in the cold and the rain on my own, training hard.

And I got lucky. The course was among the most technical international sprint races there's ever been, which suited me perfectly. All the favourites made big mistakes, opening the door for an outsider. I had a very good race, not perfect as I got a couple of route choices wrong, but my execution was almost perfect.

I finished and I was in the lead. 2 hours passed by, with everyone starting faster than me but all making mistakes. 2 runners left to finish, a German and a Hungarian. Everyone thought I had it. The Hungarian came 8th. The German beat me by 8 seconds.

Sport is brutal.

But that was the joint best result Britain has ever had at JWOC. I think I'll take it.



BAVARIA 5 DAY - August 2019

Steve Beresford

Sue and I went to Bavaria this summer for a 5-day event. A desire to see Bavaria and have some good running seemed fair motivation. The event was held across a number of medieval towns in Northern and central Bavaria. It had a limit of 400 people so it felt quite low key and friendly. The orienteering was a mixture of urban and traditional with long and medium courses.

Day 1. This took us to the outskirts of Bamberg where awaited what was described by the organisers as a North European wood. It was very like our British woods with many firebreaks marked but largely overgrown. This was a long course day and I took my time but managed to get round in a solid time. The M 70 class was very small 10 at the most even when combined with the M 75, which made for a constant battle not to be last.

Day 2. We had transferred to the town of Regensburg where we stayed for the remainder of the trip. It was about 20kms outside Regensburg based in a small village in rolling hilly land. This was a middle distance event in a beautiful deep forest based on a hilly area with huge clumps of boulders. The navigation was complex but a cautious approach paid dividends here.

Day 3. For day 3 we travelled 60kms south for an urban event in the lovely town of Passau which is where the River Danube meets the River Inn. Starting in an underground car was novel with a first long leg up into the castle and fortified area. Unfortunately for me disaster struck at point 3 where the course setters had placed the SI box in a full metal box with a padlock on the bottom leaving the punching hole exposed for ordinary or SIAC units but impossible to punch with a com card unit. Instead of just running on I wasted time trying to wangle a beep out of the unit and then thinking about dropping out. I eventually ran on only to find similar boxes at points 5 and 10. I finished last very disgruntled to be told by download they were aware of the problem but I could have my time.



Day 4. This was an urban event in the wonderful town of Regensburg. Starting on one side of the Danube and running across the historic bridge into the old town was great as it went back over to the finish after a prolonged tour round the alleys and courtyards. A great event this with everyone enjoying the privilege of running in such a historic place.

Day 5. To finish the tour we drove to Landshut another medieval town. Here the course started in the grounds of the Trausnitz fortress which dominates the town. There were points on

different levels in the castle linked by moats, bridges and steps which made for a confusing start. The courses then headed off into the castle grounds which were very steep, wooded and very hard work.

And so after 5 days of great O we had to say goodbye to Bavaria. The organisers had called the tour 'Orienteering meets history' and with the beautiful medieval towns it certainly lived up to its billing. The organization was low key and friendly, the terrain varied and the towns were definitely historic. There were about 20 Brits at the event most of whom did very well in their classes, indeed in the medal table of nations we were second behind Czechia. The organisers also produced a table of clubs and MDOC were by far from last even though they were only represented by me. All in all a great week in some lovely towns and good orienteering.

LAKES 5 DAYS

Andrew Stimson

Day one (Silver Howe) was on high open fell and, as there was heavy rain, cagoules were compulsory. Navigation was mostly using contours, crags and marshes and aside from one overshoot control my route-finding felt fairly accurate. This proved to be one of my slower days however, due I think to the poor visibility and slippery conditions and it being my first day of technical orienteering in a while. The last few controls before the finish provided an enjoyable downhill run in, and after completing the 2km+ walk back to assembly (including crossing a steep gully near the finish) we were rewarded with a piece of Grasmere gingerbread at download.

On day two (Angle Tarn Pikes) cagoules were again compulsory but the threatened rain held off until later and I was able to complete my course during a period of dry weather. The area was again open fell and having 'warmed up' on day one and with good visibility I made swifter progress. My course included a run along the east shore of Angle Tarn and I was happy with my navigation except for a control where I went too low and gave myself some unnecessary extra climb. Again I enjoyed the downhill finish for the last few controls and kept going by jogging back down the hill to assembly!



Doug Edwards and Jillyan Dobby at the start at Whinlatter (photos: Dave Bryant)

Day three (Whinlatter) included a large forested area although my course went onto the open fell also. I ran quite well in spite of a sore foot (following an argument with a cattle grid the previous day) and although I suffered a frustrating navigational mishap where I miscounted tracks and overshoot the penultimate control, achieved my highest placing of the 5 days. I was lucky on one control where I chose to contour through some firs for 100m and found it relatively easy going (the alternative was longer with 20m extra uphill). On the evening of the rest day I competed in the Ulverston Urban. Most of the legs proved straightforward navigationally although care was still needed especially in a more technical section in the town centre. At the end of the course we went up onto a higher open area with a monument (Hoad Hill) although in my case this was during a heavy rainstorm so I had to take it a little slower on the steep (and now slippery) run down towards the finish.



Jan Ellis near the summit of Seat How, Whinlatter (photo: Dave Bryant)

Day four (Askham Fell) was another open area – this time on limestone terrain - with the main challenge to locate the correct pit or depression from the many options available. The area was mostly quite runnable apart from some areas of heather, although I felt like I narrowly avoided a long search in the thick gorse for my second to last control.

Day five (Dale Park) was a middle distance with courses much shorter than on the other days. However bursts of heavy rain which combined with the steep rocky terrain and lots of people in a small area made for tough going. I lost a lot of time looking for a control amongst an area of crags and both under- and over- shot some later controls, but as with day three was surprised to finish with a better than expected position. This was my 6th Lakes 5 days and third as an MDOC member, and I am grateful to the volunteers from many clubs (including MDOC) who did a great job of organising and running this enjoyable event. Transport practicalities meant I was not able to offer much assistance, although I did manage to rescue an abandoned pair of shoes on day two. The event ended as it had begun with a tasty reward in the form of Kendal mint cake handed out at day five download.



Every year several weekend urban events in Europe are selected to be part of the City Race Euro Tour, and this year our forthcoming Manchester weekend has been selected. Hopefully a number of entrants from Europe will be attracted.

This is the first weekend in November. Saturday 3rd November will be a 2-part Sprint in Offerton, and on Sunday 4th November an urban event in Manchester, based on Castlefield.

Eddie Speak has been the inspiration behind all this, and he is co-ordinating the weekend as well as planning the courses for the Manchester event. Andrew Gregory is organizer. At Offerton, Paul Watson is planning the courses, and Trevor Roberts is organizer.

Over the weekend a lot of help will be required from club members, but most people should be able to have a run as well.

WORLD MASTERS ORIENTEERING CHAMPIONSHIPS – DENMARK

Andrew Gregory

These championships are held every year, in a different country. The title sounds impressive, but in fact anyone over 35 can take part, and there is no selection. The most popular classes are in the 60-70 age range, with over 300 men and over 200 women in each 5-year age band, so the competition is very intense in these age groups. Even my M80 class had over 100 entries. The international competition was very strong in all the classes. The highest number of competitors was from Sweden, followed by Finland, Norway and Denmark, and also a good number from Russia and other eastern European countries.

The competition comprises 2 days of Sprint, a Qualifying and a Final, followed by a Forest Qualifying race, a Middle Distance Final and a Long Distance final. These are preceded by a day with a model sprint race, and there are also two rest days, each of which has a model forest event available. The qualifying races determine which of several finals you are placed in, so the main aim is to make the highest possible final. In each class the top half of runners is placed in the A final and the lower half in the B final, but there is a maximum of 80 in each final, so if there are more than 160 competitors there may also be C, D or even E finals.



John Britton, Margaret Gregory & Dave Mawdsley (photos: Ian Watson)

About 12 of us from the club went, but in smaller groups staying in different locations. We were staying the week in summer cottages near the sandy north coast, and these were all very well appointed, with large gardens. Denmark had been experiencing a similar prolonged heat wave to the UK, so we had to cope with running, and sightseeing in the heat, but at least it made it easy to wash and dry O-kit.

The Sprint Qualifying was in a science park set in woodland in a town north of Copenhagen, and the Final in Copenhagen itself, finishing in the Christiansborg Castle. The forest events were all held in the north of Zealand about 50km north of Copenhagen. The terrain was mainly sandy or glacial deposits, with complex unpredictable contours and no crags or other rock features apart from the occasional boulder. The orienteering was excellent, with very good organization and well planned courses.

This event is very much recommended, and next year will be held in Latvia 6-12th July.

THE HUNGARIA CUP 2018

Peter Ross

Where to start? Birmingham or Manchester? That was the problem we had to solve following a text posted at 1.01am from airline Eurowings “Dear Sir/Madame (*sic*) we regret that your 8.30am flight from Birmingham today has been cancelled”.

We chose Manchester, because, as the taxi driver said later that morning: you’re not going to fly with Eurowings. (Which as it happens is owned by Lufthansa).

And so we chose Austrian Air (also owned by Lufthansa) probably because a bug in their system - obviously not wholly *compus mentis* at that time of night - allowed the five of us to buy some expensive seats on a fully booked flight to Vienna. We didn't know at the time, of course, but we found out from a rather disgruntled employee when we checked in at T1. The lucky thing was that we were v. early and we were able to claim our boarding passes, or maybe/probably someone else's boarding passes. Ethics is complicated, but pragmatism favours the bold (and Lufthansa it seems) so we took them.

Once at Security, and as I packed my tray with my rucksack, coat, belt, iPad, phone, wallet etc for the X-ray machine the security man asked me if I smoked. A bit cheeky I thought, and asked him if he was going to quiz me on other health related topics: drinks, drugs, exercise, wellbeing and so on. It turned out he was only trying to see if I had forgotten to declare my cigarette lighter, but I think we were onto something because seconds later I was being scanned head to toe. I mean if the NHS added a weighing machine, a blood pressure test and someone with a stethoscope I think that preventative medicine in Manchester would take a giant step forward, at least for those with boarding passes.

Austrian did the business and flew us to Vienna. We then drove south into Hungary through the night and the rain leaving the almost perfect Austrian infrastructure behind for the Hungarian stuff. The town names became ever richer in unlikely combinations of consonants but our villa, in a street called Nagy Imre Utca, had “Home Sweet Home” written all over it - literally.

The next day was a scorcher and we drove to the model event which was in an area within two kilometres of days one and two, set in the Hungarian plains and miles from anywhere unless you count the small hamlet of Odorogd. There were tricky patches of woodland with enough thorns and brambles to keep you awake separated by fast open ground covered by immaculately mapped bushes. The few paths were larger on the map than on the ground, although to be honest it was a mystery that there were any paths at all. The Odorogdians must love their walking. So it felt like the event was going to be a challenge, and the heat most certainly was.

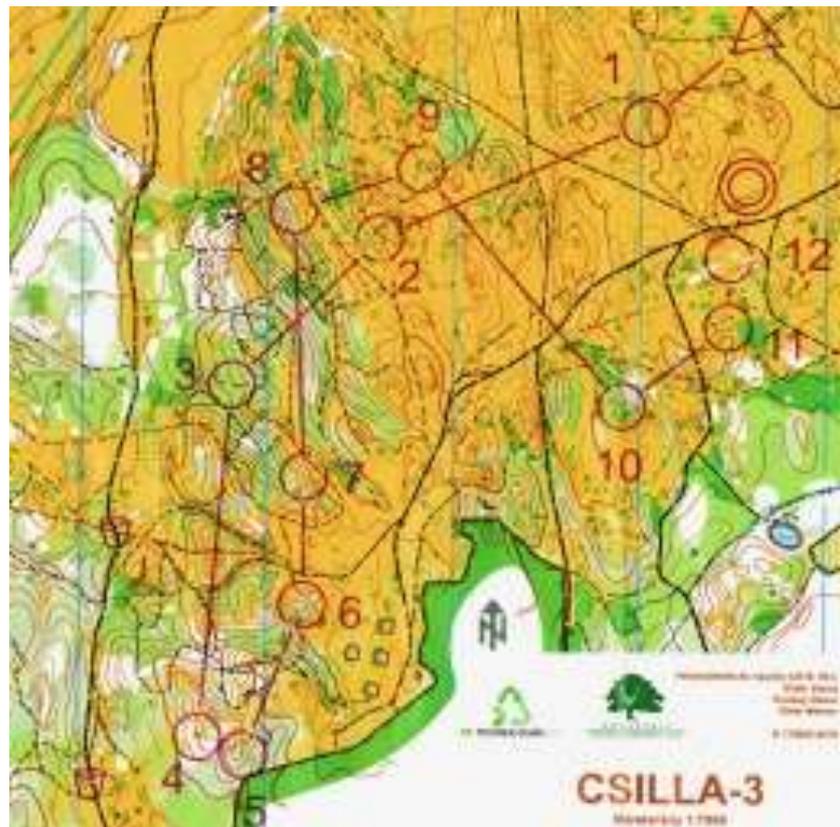
Home Sweet Home was in a town called Heviz, and not too far away from Lake Balaton which is a very nice place to be when it is so hot. There is an area on the water's edge called Labis beach where 500 forints (about £1.70) buys you a sandy beach, showers, somewhere to change, plus the excitement of seeing the most eclectic selection of inflatable toys in the world. There are water-melons and pineapples plus a variety of species of alligators, sharks, swans and flamingoes. But mostly there is shade beneath the trees and the lake itself is deliciously cool. That's where we went in the afternoon - every afternoon - because every day was a scorcher.

The Hungarian start times were allotted as minutes after 10.00 am. On Day One I had Start Time 1 which in my mind had become an onerous responsibility. What if the first orienteer, i.e. me, didn't start and began a disastrous knock-on effect which would ripple through the entire event? I was at the Start early let me tell you. Eventually the clock fired up and started counting down from minus ten. That was a surprise. At time zero the first rank of orienteers stepped forward, which was also a surprise, but it did take a weight off my mind.

The terrain was much the same as for the model event. There was however a novel pictorial control description, or "control disruption" as my predictive text would have it. This looked like a three-sided rectangle on a tilt and represented the excavations created years ago to provide defensive positions for tanks. The good news was that they turned out to be relatively easy to spot because, far from being hidden, they were usually in the open areas at the top of a small hill. Sometimes you wonder about the military.

So it was a good opening stage being middle distance, with both woodland and open, and with the Start, Finish, assembly and car park pretty much next to each other. The 'string' course featured in more runs than perhaps it should have done since it was constructed without string - the children didn't seem to mind - and the kites were full size and bang in the competition area. A few lost adult souls couldn't resist the temptation.

Back at the Villa we let slip to Oleg, the Russian owner of Home Sweet Home, that the RAF were running at the event. They weren't very good, we told him, and that meant that the Russians had one less thing to worry about. He became injured innocence itself. "Do you know" he said, shaking his head "Some people are calling us poisoners!" We cast about to find a new topic of conversation and happened on cats, which as it turned out, was only marginally less controversial. However the next day Oleg washed our O kit and put it out to dry. There's good in everyone.



Day two was a classic distance race using the same car parking and Assembly. I must tell you about the event's impressive but simple Start procedure: we competitors were expected to clear and check our dibber and collect our control descriptions before call

up, whereupon we dived a box connected to a PC which checked our time. A big screen showed us what was going on. On the next beep we ran for it, because that was it. All done. Once away the terrain proved to be more woodland than open with its fair share of short steep slopes which together with the nature of the vegetation made it a physical test as well as a navigational one. All in all a very good day's orienteering although it was very hot again, and with every day to count the attrition rate was becoming a significant factor in the results.

That evening, whilst on the back verandah of Home Sweet Home, we heard a noise somewhere between a helicopter and a diesel train working its way up and down the nearby streets. When it got to Nagy Imre Utca we saw that it was a fumigator the size of bin lorry billowing clouds of well, fumes out the back. I don't know what they were, but I can tell you that the driver was doing his/her level best to stay well ahead of them. Is this preventative medicine Hungarian style? And what is the connection between the fumigating lorry and the very low level aeroplane that was also fumigating on a street by street basis the following evening? I don't know.

The urban was in a town called Tapolca. Jillyan had an early start. The event had a strict start time regime: all the competitors in a class were set off at two minute intervals until there were no more and then the next class began. Early, late and middle blocs were shared over the 5 days. But of all the days, it was not the day to start early because there was no obvious route from the map pickup point, which was inside a covered market, to the start kite which was on the corner of a building leading to a nearby square. Minutes were lost!

I had start time 117 which was practically last and almost midday. I also had a rhombus as a control description. A Hungarian man saw me puzzling over it. "It is a rhombus" he said. And in a way I was impressed because I have to tell you that I don't know the Hungarian for a rhombus, although if I had to guess I'd say that it is probably spelt 'rhombus' with a 'z' stuck to the end. (*Which actually is a pretty good guess. Ed*). On the other hand I wanted some more detail, some flesh and bone to my rhombus. My Hungarian mentor could tell that I was dissatisfied. He looked me in the eye. "It is a rhombus" he said "and you will find it". I felt a surge of confidence. "Thank you" I whispered.

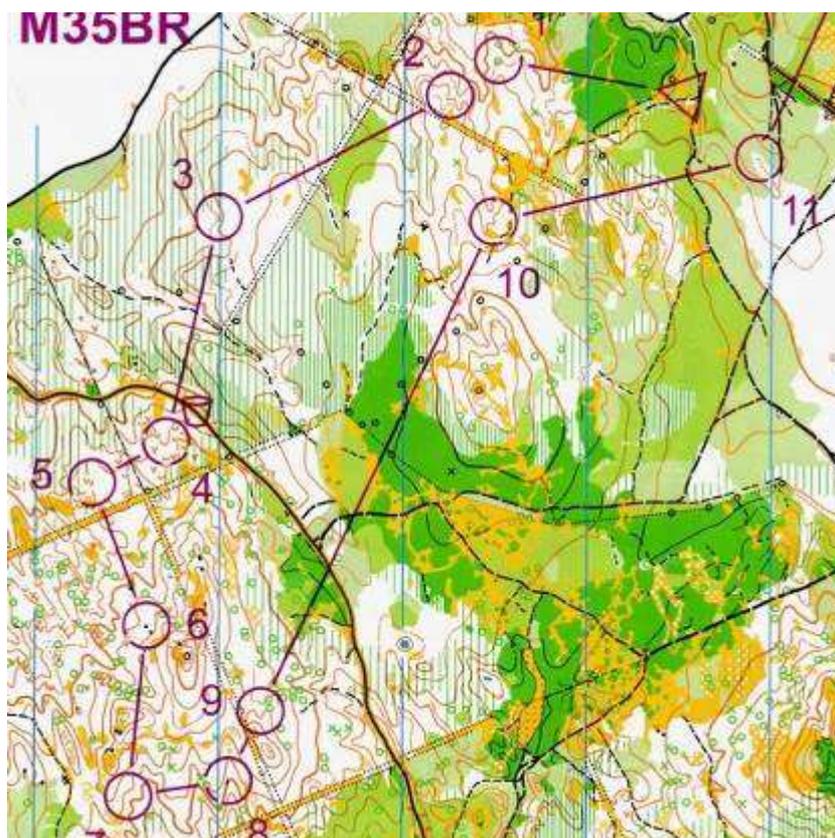
Fractions after 117 I ran out the covered market into the blazing sun, past the corner of the building with the start kite, into the square and straight to my rhombus which looked for all the world like the inside corner of a hedge. I punched my control. The temperature was 37°C. I was on fire!

The inflatable animal of the day was a pure white ram with carmen red lips. It could stand up in the water on its four feet!

Next day the event moved three or four kilometres down the road to some seriously complex terrain where days 4 and 5 were to be played out. The cars were let loose to park in the clearings by the side of the track to the assembly area. The map was excellent again, especially considering the wide range of vegetation present: runnable woodland, stand alone bushes, scrubland, knee high unrunnable stuff and prickly thickets. It was, for example, possible to relocate purely from the shape of a tiny clearing which was both remarkable and very handy. Another good day's Orienteering.

Thanks to the simplest of scoring systems - the stage times were added together - Day 5 had a chasing start. I was 3 seconds behind Kriz Pavel from Czech and it would be hard to find a nicer man. He sought me out at the Start, we shook hands and wished each other luck. The call up was as usual, by the minute, but we were given an extra 60 seconds in the Start lane to get into the correct order. Once we began running I was embarrassed to discover the 3 seconds was not going to go away. I was still 3 seconds behind at the fourth control, Kriz having pointing out each of the previous as he punched. Thankfully we took different (and poor) routes to 5 but, horrors, we met at number 6. I looked at my map, and as the remaining controls looked straightforward and the ground was flat I decided to kick for home. So I picked up the pace, put my head down and managed the pain by thinking of MDOC (*This is ridiculous. Ed*). But it worked!

So I had a satisfying end to the five days of Orienteering, and it's difficult to see why the Hungarian organisation couldn't have felt even more pleased. The terrain had been excellent, but the maps had been exceptional due to their breathtaking accuracy and detail. As a result the planners had been gifted the platform upon which to create a series of challenging courses. They did so without ever losing sight of the whole 5 day program. Bravó I say!



And the courses were indeed challenging. Somewhere between a third and a quarter of the competitors failed to complete all five days. So I'm pleased to report that MDOC scored 10/10 in this respect. Jillyan ran up a class and came 4th, a mere half-hour ahead of 5th! I came 6th, Ian a respectable 17th out of 46 in the highly competitive, popular class of M35BR. Sarah completed every day and Harriet (aged 3 and a quarter) won a prize every day on the Stringless course, despite by her own admission, making the odd mistake.

It was a surprise that the vast majority of the 1,200 competitors were Hungarian, and so few other nationalities were represented at this high quality event. The British comprised half a dozen from the RAF and Army and maybe three or four civilians other than Jillyan, Ian, Sara and myself. Other foreigners included a few very good Russians and some similarly talented Scandinavians, plus Kriz of course, and that was about it. A pity. I recommend the Hungaria Cup, but Eurowings can go to hell.

An orienteering year in Britain

... started on Saturday 23rd September in Platt Fields park, conveniently not too far from the place where I stayed. The event itself was not particularly remarkable, but it was there where I decided to join MDOC; and it also somehow featured my overall “approach”, shamelessly crossing the fences and the brook, only to realize later what the dense purple grid in that area actually meant.

I believe I could give here quite a detailed description of all the events in which I took part, but that would undoubtedly make this exceedingly long and I'm sending this to Andrew past the deadline anyway. Therefore let me focus on a couple of highlights of the year I spent in Britain.

Lyme Park

The middle event of the Finnish 100 promised “finally some real orienteering”! A quick glance at the map was very promising, too: The prevalent yellow colour turned in my mind into a beautiful meadow, naturally very easy to run on. Needless to say, the area easily proved me wrong, making me literally to fall on my face a couple of times. My overall time 121:23 also suggests what kind of lesson it was. Finally, I don't think I had been sunk that deep in mud ever before.

However, to be fair, later I started to like Lyme Park and greatly enjoyed all the May events this year. When my girlfriend came over to visit me in Manchester, Lyme was the first choice where to go.

Night Street League

As you may know or have probably guessed by now, I'm quite a poor orienteer. In fact, very poor. So I was glad when the NSL with its super simple maps and super easy navigation provided the opportunity to spend more time just running than thinking. What I always especially enjoyed was the final sprint to make it back in time... In fact, I still remember the faces of the innocent bystanders at the bus stop on Wilmslow Road, first catching the sight of something big with a torch quickly approaching, and then realizing that oh no, this guy is really heading straight here and not slowing down at all!

Delamere Forest

This DEE-organized night event was not very significant (i.e., a disaster as usual, 110:48), but in a way it made my stay in the UK hard to forget—the scar on my leg is so deep that my mum later became worried what I was actually doing in that strange land. And by the way, I ended up waist-deep in a swamp (but I wasn't the only one, ha ha!)

Lakes 5 days

Can't omit the grand finale of it all, although there's certainly at least one more article about the event. What a great week! Apart from the usual orienteering skills, I had a decent practice of patience (spending over 58 minutes looking for a control), fake confidence (a boy who had lost his map asked confused me for directions), weightlifting (loading various stuff into the lorry), and wall painting (a.k.a. result pasting). Anyway, I have to say I really loved the variety of terrain and weather which the fabulous Lake District offered. Hope to

come again next time!

Thanks!

Let me end this summary with thanks to all the club members thanks to whom my year in Manchester was even more adventurous than I anticipated. MDOC proved to be an amazing friendly and welcoming environment. In particular I'd like to thank all event organizers and also all Wednesday run hosts—I will really miss the food! Finally, special thanks go to the Mancunian squad, namely:

- Andrew and Margaret Gregory, who gave me a lift nearly every Wednesday,
- Tony Wagg, who helped when Gregorys weren't around or didn't have sufficient capacity; but also gave me a lift to some more obscure places, and
- Andrew Stimson for being a good co-runner and hence keeping me in shape all the time

Alex Slavik

BRITISH SPRINT AND MIDDLE CHAPIONSHIPS

This annual orienteering weekend is now becoming quite popular, and was held in the south-west region on 1st and 2nd September this year. The Sprints were held on the campus of the University of Bath, set on a hill outside the city. This is an attractive landscaped campus, but the buildings are very complex, with many courtyards and covered ways through. The main central building caused a lot of confusion for competitors, as there were two levels, an upper landscaped level, and a lower service area. There were no controls in the lower area, but it was allowed to run through it. However the shape of this lower area was very difficult to interpret, as it was only shown by dashed lines on the map of the upper area. The mapper had provided detailed notes about all this, but these were still very difficult to interpret.

The Sprint competition consists of preliminary heats for each age group, which determines which of two or more finals you are placed in. Only those who run in the A final are eligible for podium places. From the MDOC runners who took part, only Heather Fellbaum was on the podium, with 2nd in W55A. John Britton was 5th in M65A, Dave Mawdsley 4th in M75A, , Jillyan Dobby 6th in W65A, Chris Rostron 7th on M70A and Margaret Gregory 4th in W80A. Tom Fellbaum just missed the A final in Men Open, but was a clear winner of the B final.

The Middle Distance championships were held the next day at Stockhill in the Mendips. This is a very intricate area of forest, with a great variety of complex contour features, following many years of lead mining. This was very testing area, and it was difficult to relocate if you lost touch with the map.

Club successes were Tom Fellbaum 3rd on Men Open, Vicky Thornton 3rd on W55, with Heather Fellbaum a few seconds behind in 4th. John Britton was 6th on M60, Jillyan Dobby 4th on W65 and Andrew Gregory 6th on M80.

NEW EDITOR NEEDED FOR NEWSLETTER!

Andrew Gregory

I shall be retiring as Editor of the Newsletter after this September issue. I have been editor for the last 10 years, and found it an enjoyable job, with the necessity to keep informed about everything that is happening in the club and on the general orienteering scene. However this year I have had visual problems (including double vision, although that has now almost corrected itself), so have been unable to go to many events, and also found it difficult to work at a computer for more than a short time.

There is therefore a vacancy for a new editor, and I shall be pleased to assist anyone who may be taking over. This is however a chance to discuss the need for a printed Newsletter, when so much communication now is done on-line. There would seem to be three possibilities:

1. Continue with a printed Newsletter every 2 or 3 months, which is also available on-line on the MDOC website, as at present.
2. Only have the Newsletter distributed on-line.
3. Combine the Newsletter with the MDOC website or Facebook page, which may be more in line with modern trends. A new section of the webpage could include event reports, photographs, results and any more general articles. This would have the advantage that reports could be available shortly after the event, instead of possibly having to wait 2 or 3 months as at present. I think an "Editor" would still be useful, to persuade people to write event reports, submit photos and other articles.

If you are interested please contact me or any other member of the committee.

Finally, my thanks to everyone who has contributed to the Newsletter over the last ten years, particularly those who have sent reports of local or distant events, and photos. Also special thanks to Peter Cull for allowing me to use his excellent photographs from a number of our local events.

MDOC 2018 AGM

The 2018 MDOC AGM will be held on
Thursday 18th October at the
Ladybrook Hotel, Fir Road, Bramhall, SK7 2NP
7:00 for 7:30

Refreshments will be provided

After the formal business of the meeting there will be an open session, so do bring any questions or suggestions as to what you think the club should be doing.

FORTHCOMING MDOC EVENTS

Autumn Saturday morning series (co-ordinator: Chris Rostron)

The format will be courses White to Light Green with a Long Light Green with urban as an option for over 16 and adults (as per the Spring Series this year)

Sat	15	Sept	Sale Water Park, with Sale
Sat	29	Sept	Riverside Park with Tytherington, Macclesfield
Sat	20	Oct	Werneth Low Country Park, with Gee Cross, Hyde
Sat	24	Nov	Chorlton Water Park, with Chorlton
Sat	8	Dec	Bramhall Park, with Bramhall

City Race Euro Tour (2-day urban weekend)

Sat	3	Nov	Offerton – 2-part Sprint race
Sun	4	Nov	Manchester urban race
Sat	5	Jan	John O’Goats Charity event, Lyme Park. Mass start 11:30
Sat	19	Jan	New Year Social, High Lane Village Hall

Wednesday runs (Co-ordinator: Marie Roberts)

Wed	12	Sept	David Wathey & Cecilia Fenerty	Timperley
Wed	19	Sept	Sue Birkinshaw	Hale
Wed	26	Sept	John & Jen Britton	Marple
Wed	3	Oct	Steve Fellbaum	Macclesfield
Wed	10	Oct	Julie Brook	New Mills
Wed	17	Oct	Dave & Jane McCann	Hazel Grove
Wed	24	Oct	Tony Wagg	Didsbury
Wed	31	Oct	Dave Mawdsley	Macclesfield
Wed	7	Nov	Pete & Rae Lomas	Hazel Grove
Wed	14	Nov	Chris & Eija Rostron	High Lane
Wed	21	Nov	Trevor & Marie Roberts	Bramhall

Night Street League (Co-ordinator: Graham Crawshaw)

Thur	1	Nov	Chorlton, The Bowling Green
Tues	13	Nov	Bollington, <i>(t.b.a.)</i>
Thur	29	Nov	Altrincham, George and Dragon
Tues	11	Dec	Romiley, Spead Eagle
Tues	15	Jan	Sale East, The Moorfield

MDOC Committee Meetings

Mon	10	Sept, 8	Oct	7:30	Ladybrook Hotel, Bramhall
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LAKES 5 DAYS - Photos by Laurence Johnson



Kath Speak



Andrew Stimson



Tony Wagg



Vicky Thornton



Trevor Hindle



Heather Fellbaum



Martin Green