



# Newsletter of Yarra Valley Orienteering Club

No. 218

December 2014



**Congratulations Ted on your achievements in  
Brazil, November 2014**

**World Masters Orienteering Championships  
Sprint 4th place and Long Distance 10th place**



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### Details of Yarra Valley events

***YV helpers needed on  
Thurs 26 Feb at the  
Park Street  
Championships at  
Springthorpe***



#### Coming Events

##### Park Street Summer Series

Wednesday 10 December: Mont Eagle – Derek Green

Thursday 22 January: Greenhills (St Helena) – setter Russell

Wednesday 4 February: Blackburn Creekland – Paul Monks

Thursday 26 February: **Park Street Champs at Springthorpe**

setter John Meeking – great to have a few helpers for these champs please

Thursday 5 March: Ruffey Lake – setter Ruth

##### Summer MTBO series

Sat Jan 24 Westerfolds

Sat Feb 7 Plenty South

#### Christmas picnic

Sunday December 14 at Ruffey Lake, Church Road entrance Melway 33H10

More details by email closer to the date.

#### Bush Events in 2015—foot (MTBO to come)

Sunday May 24 MelBushO Westerfolds (Mel and Tim)

Sunday June 28 State Series Mt Alexander (Kathy and Ruth)

Sunday Sept 6 MelBushO Mt Lofty (Ruth)

Saturday Sept 26 Victorian Middle Distance Champs, Creswick

Setter: Russell, Organiser: Ruth



*Mel and Dave Colls at the Australian Championships Carnival in Western Australia*

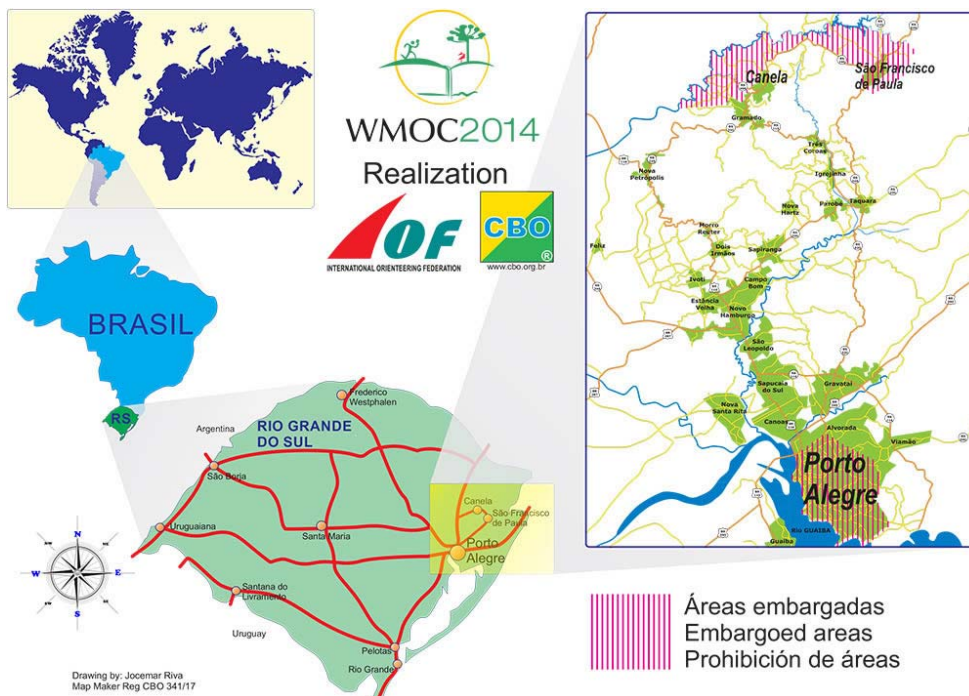


## The 2014 World Masters Orienteering Championships

Report by Blair Trewin



The 2014 World Masters Orienteering Championships were the first time that a major IOF event has been allocated to Brazil. When the idea of orienteering in Brazil arises, the first thought most people have is “isn't it all jungle?” (an impression not dispelled by some of the areas served up on the occasions that Brazil has hosted the World Military Championships), but Brazil is a big country – bigger than Australia – and the southernmost parts of it, where WMOC was, are at a similar latitude to northern New South Wales, so we weren't entirely sure what to expect. What we knew before we arrived was that a lot of the forest events would be in pine forests, that there would be some native forest in the second long qualifier and the final (and what I'd seen on the way down from Rio de Janeiro, a trip which looks to cover only a tiny corner of Brazil but is actually about 1500 kilometres, didn't include a lot of runnable forests), and that even the sprint final would have a bit of forest.



It was a good turnout as we gathered for the first race of the week, the sprint qualification – there were over 1500 competitors there, by some margin the largest attendance for a non-European WMOC (the three in Australia, and the one in New Zealand, have all had 1000-1200). Brazilians had a large presence in the younger age groups – M40, for example, was about 60% Brazilian – but from the 50s upwards it was mostly Europeans, particularly the Nordic countries. There were only a handful of South Americans from outside Brazil. The Australian contingent numbered 15, smaller than the 50 or so who unusually go to Europe, but still containing some good medal chances. (When Brazil was first announced as the venue in 2011, quite a number of 35s and 40s expressed an interest, but as it turned out, most of those who expressed an interest were otherwise engaged in 2014 producing 2034 JWOC candidates). Three of these, Ted, Margi and myself, were from Yarra Valley.

The sprint qualification was the only event to take place in Porto Alegre (which was not such a bad thing; it's a rather gritty city and, like a lot of big Brazilian cities, has a high crime rate, with razor wire and electric fences ubiquitous). It was in a flat city park, on a day with continuous rain, and despite the setters' best efforts to raise the interest level by putting up artificial uncrossable fences – something which is becoming increasingly common at big European sprints – it was essentially a running race.

Those who were expected to get through did, although I had a scare (for the second WMOC sprint in a row), only scraping through by 12 seconds, and Ted, Paul Pacque, Jenny Bourne and Geoff Lawford all positioned themselves among the leading qualifiers. I'd anticipated before the week started that, although I wasn't sure how well the locals could navigate, some of them would be able to run, and so it proved; one of them won our heat, claiming some good scalps on the way. Bragging rights of the day went to Bill Jones, for finishing one place ahead of Jaroslav Kacmarcik – who, in his 1980s heyday, was arguably the fastest runner in international orienteering.



*Where's Ted? Amongst some photos from WMOC of competitors 'clearing and checking'!*

Proceedings then moved to Canela for the rest of the week. The contrast with Porto Alegre was great. Canela (and its nearby twin, Gramado) is a smallish town with a strong German influence, and was a very pleasant place to be. At 800 metres above sea level, it's also one of the coldest parts of Brazil in winter, even if the snow falls, perhaps, once a year on average (a good deal less often than the advance publicity would lead you to believe). It's very well-watered and green, and in a general sense reminded me a bit of places like Springbrook in the ranges behind the Gold Coast, or Dorrigo in the northern NSW ranges (though Canela is larger than either of those towns). The weather also played ball, with only the sprint final seriously humid and most of the rain falling on the rest days, with the long competition days all in the low to mid 20s.

The sprint final took place in the park surrounding a notable local waterfall. Some of the course was in the parkland and picnic grounds around the entrance, some involved the walking tracks, but there were a few places where one needed to plunge into the forests. Although somewhat unconventional for a sprint these days, this did sort those who could navigate from those who couldn't and reshuffled things a bit from the previous day. One who handled the course very convincingly was Jenny Bourne, who took W60 by 47 seconds, a huge margin in a sprint. We had hopes before the race that there might be at least one more Australian medal; it didn't happen, although Ted got close with 4<sup>th</sup>, as did our oldest runner, Kevin Paine in M85. Ann Ingwersen, Paul Pacque and Geoff Lawford all made the top ten, and I advanced considerably on my qualifying position to come 13<sup>th</sup>. The locals also got to take home one gold medal, when Alberto Ev Ironir – who was far from disgraced when he ran WOC in Norway in 2010 – upset Rune Olsen, well-known to Victorians, in M35.



Perhaps the real eye-opener came next day with the model event for the long distance. Perhaps 80% of this was pine forest, most of it very open and runnable (some of it spectacularly so), but it was the other 20% which had everyone talking – subtropical rainforest, mapped in various shades of green (none of which I could really distinguish on the ground), with very low visibility, such that the shape of the ground was just about unreadable. You could sometimes run for 20-50 metres in it (not necessarily in exactly the direction you wanted to), but navigation was very challenging, even with the model event aid of being able to follow the noise near the control sites. (The closest parallel familiar to some readers would be NZ native bush, but this was probably even thicker, though generally less steep). My conclusion was that likely kilometre rates in it were probably in the 15-20 range, and that it had the potential for massive parallel errors, and was well worth staying out of to the extent possible.

We didn't get to see any of the green on the first long qualifying day, which was almost entirely in very open, undulating pine forest – the greatest obstacle was that the pine needles on the ground were so deep that it was sometimes like running through soft sand. It was enjoyable orienteering, if not very technically challenging, and most of those who were expected to put themselves in a position where they only needed to avoid disaster the next day to make the final.

The next day, at least for the long courses, was a different kettle of fish. I picked up the map and was immediately greeted by a leg which went most of the way across

the map, much of it in green. Looking for wider track routes and finding one, I thought I'd executed the route choice pretty well, but was a bit puzzled on entering the control circle, because my description said it was a depression and there was no depression in the circle. It was at this point that the awful truth hit – I'd picked up the wrong map (M40-1 instead of my heat, M40-2), and I'd done it on the day with one of the longest first legs I'd ever had, so going back to the start and trying again, something which would have cost me 40 minutes or so, didn't seem like a realistic option. (As it turned out, there were enough blowouts elsewhere that I might still have been able to scrape into the last qualifying spot with a good run after that, although whether it would have been possible to produce a good run in such circumstances is doubtful at best). Accepting that my week was effectively over, I plodded around the rest of the course without a lot of enthusiasm, had one leg properly through the green (not as ferocious as the model event, but still challenging), took a route I probably wouldn't have risked had I still been in the competition and made a mess of it, and generally felt rather miserable. None of the other Australians had such qualifying dramas (except for Kevin, who missed the second qualifier through illness, ruling him out of an official final result); those from 55s up had rather simple qualifying courses in a different part of the map, and were probably wondering what the fuss was about.

Finals day, as always, drew a lot of anticipation. The advance word was that A finals would have a reasonable amount in the native forest (as it turned out, they had less than M35-50 had in the second qualifier – basically one big route choice leg and a couple of short controls), which created a certain amount of apprehension. In general, though, the courses were less ferocious than anticipated (or as suggested by the course length/winning time equations) and the longer courses were mostly well under the expected time. As it turned out, I wouldn't have been able to put up much of a show in the A final anyway, as I came down with a cold on the previous day and was feeling decidedly weak that morning. (Going out in the B, I walked the big hills, jogged the rest and had the fastest time by eight minutes, which is probably as good an indicator as any that it was a race I had no business being in).



Jenny once again did Australia proud. She was pushed a bit harder this time round, but still had enough in hand to do the double in W60. We didn't get particularly close to any other medals, with Kevin being ruled out by his qualifying absence and Geoff flattened by a similar illness to mine, but Ted, Paul and Ann all made the outer reaches of the top ten again. Other results of interest amidst a general sea of Nordic success were that Rune Olsen was on top this time (though Brazilians took both minor medals, showing that they are capable in the forest too), and Sharon Crawford gave the US a gold medal in W70. (The US had a presence in other areas too – in a moment that baffled just about everyone present, at the opening ceremony the organisers played 'The Star-Spangled Banner' as the 'IOF anthem').

The event came off about as well as anyone could reasonably have anticipated. Thanks, to a large extent, to an enormous amount of behind-the-scenes work done by the IOF Event Advisors (Oivind Holt and David May), there were no technical foul-ups beyond some occasionally questionable mapping, the logistics mostly functioned



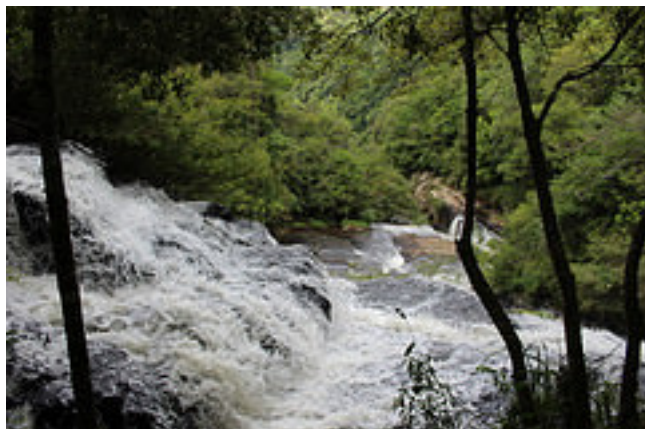
reasonably well (as long as you didn't expect them to function perfectly and left yourself the minimum possible time to get to the event), and a generally enjoyable orienteering experience was had by most.

The crowds scattered from there to the four winds (with quite a lot of them ending up at Iguacu Falls early the following week – on the plane for most, an overnight bus for me). For some, home was the next stop; for others, it was part of a much larger trip.



Mine was perhaps the largest trip of all; WMOC forms part of a 2 ½ month trip, using long service leave, and taking in events on three continents. I started at the Australian Championships in WA, then moved on to some time in North America, including the North American Championships, which were held in very challenging, flat glacial terrain near Ottawa. With not-overly-convincing runs, I was a little below midfield in M21E in both the middle and long, but injured a knee in a fall early in the long which stopped me from running the sprint (although it didn't stop me from running the remaining 119 minutes of the long course; you can find some suitably gory photos via Attackpoint if you really want to). I also took in a genuine old-school local event in Virginia, featuring a 1975 map and control codes which were single letters.

The South American leg started in Rio, then moved on overland through southern Brazil before the beginning of WMOC proceedings. I'm writing this on a bus in the far north of Argentina, having moved on from Iguacu to the Paraguayan border town of Ciudad del Este (reputedly smuggling and counterfeit-goods capital of the world) and across Paraguay. (Despite the images you might have of buses with luggage tied to the roof and chickens roaming in the aisles, South American intercity buses – at least the ones I've been on – are actually a good deal more luxurious than their Australian counterparts, with some having seats not too far short of airline business class, although the roads underneath the buses are a good deal less luxurious – and the urban buses in Asuncion are definitely a different story). The rest of the trip involves (or is planned to) making my way south through Argentina, spending time in the national parks on both sides of the border at the southern end of Patagonia and in Tierra del Fuego, before flying back to central Chile and then returning home in mid-December.



## A tale of woe from the Western Australian Championships By Sheila Colls

It didn't start well. The programme warned that the event on the map Spice Brook was at the end of a rugged track following an unsurfaced road with bad bends. After a beautiful Friday, I woke to pouring rain. With a late start, and due to a possibly over-generous contingency allowance I arrived far too early. The one of two bright spots in the day was winding down the mud-encrusted window of my little hired Barina to find that the car next door contained John and Libby Meeking.

Not wanting to get too much clothing wet I was already wearing orienteering gear, and so had about 2 hours to squelch about and get thoroughly soaked. Some of that time was spent taking Amelie round the String course, the least interesting String course I have ever seen and far too rough underfoot for its clientele. We battled against the wind and rain - a plaintive voice told me that her hands were too cold to punch the card.

Hours later (or so it seemed) I set off at the recommended time for the Start, arriving at least 10 minutes early and joined the other tail-enders trying to find shelter from the weather behind a grass tree. I was wearing my cagoule and decided I needed to keep it on. The hood kept pushing my rain visor down over my glasses, but I thought I could manage a bearing and ploughed on until I came across a control which looked as if it fitted some of the bit of map I was looking for. Subsequently I found it was the W65A first control, not the W55+AS (my course). After a fair bit of trudging around looking at deep gullies and trying to work out where they were, I decided that approach wasn't going to work and headed in the direction most likely to meet a track. (The West - East track on the map.) This happened and (especially as it had stopped raining enough to take my hood down, so I could make out some of the green hatching on the map)) I was able to locate control 5 without difficulty, thence to no. 1 and around the rest of the course, so I effectively did most of it twice. The wild flowers were pretty stunning, even in the rain. If I hadn't been wearing the cagoule I would have abandoned the course instead of persevering and missed the flowers. Other folk found their first control and did a lot better, but for Sue Healy the first control was her last for the entire competition. Leaving it, she twisted her leg and broke it in 3 places.

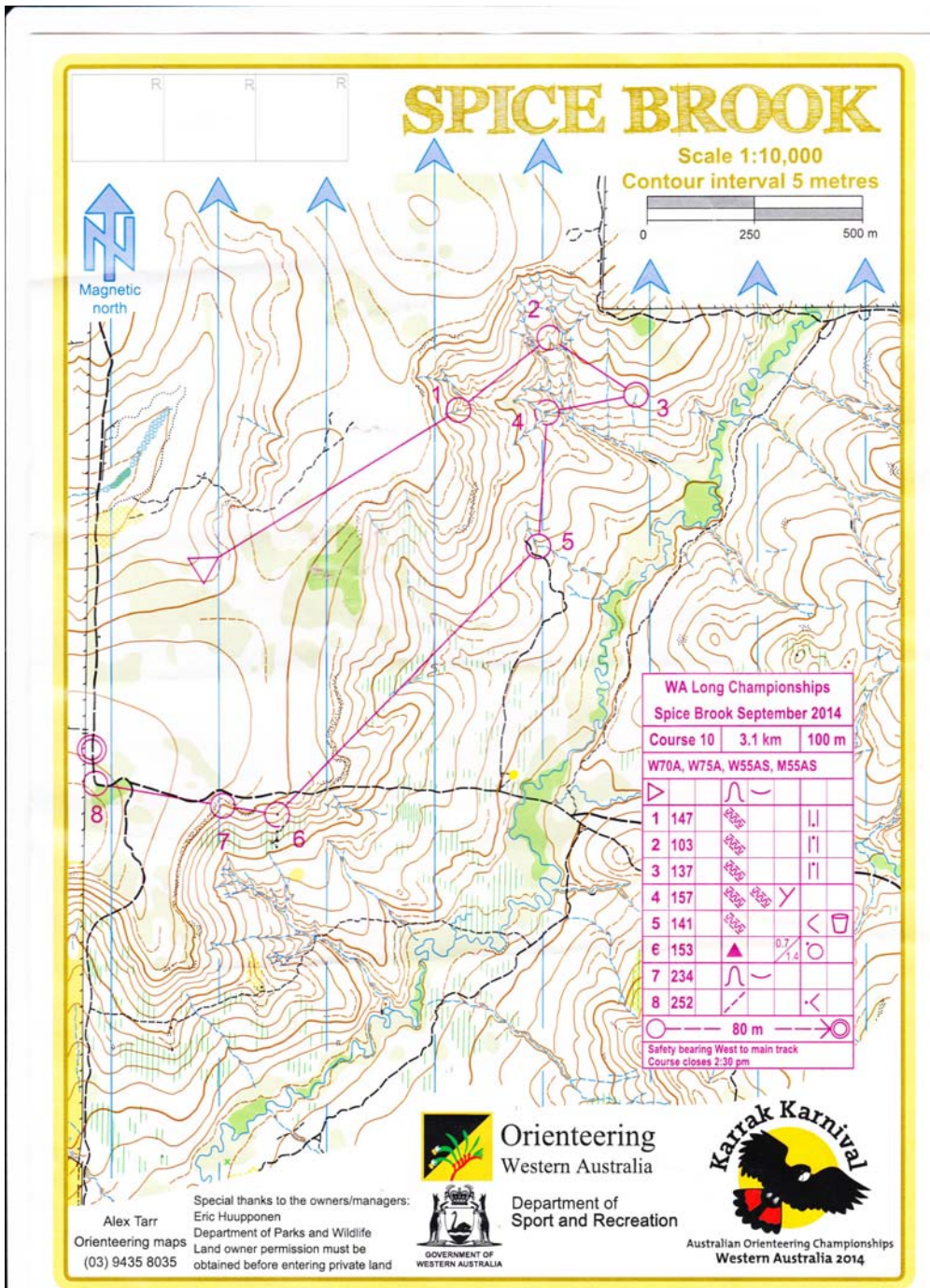
The second bright spot was the hot chocolate from the coffee stall. With marshmallow, yum! I think I was their last customer of the day.

The road out was even slipperier and muddier than on the way in and I was relieved to be on the main road again, and that I met the ambulance on a wide section of road. Presumably it was coming for Sue. Thankfully that was the worst access of the carnival and the other days were less memorable but far more enjoyable with runnable forest and nice boulder features, lots of spectator excitement, and beautiful weather.



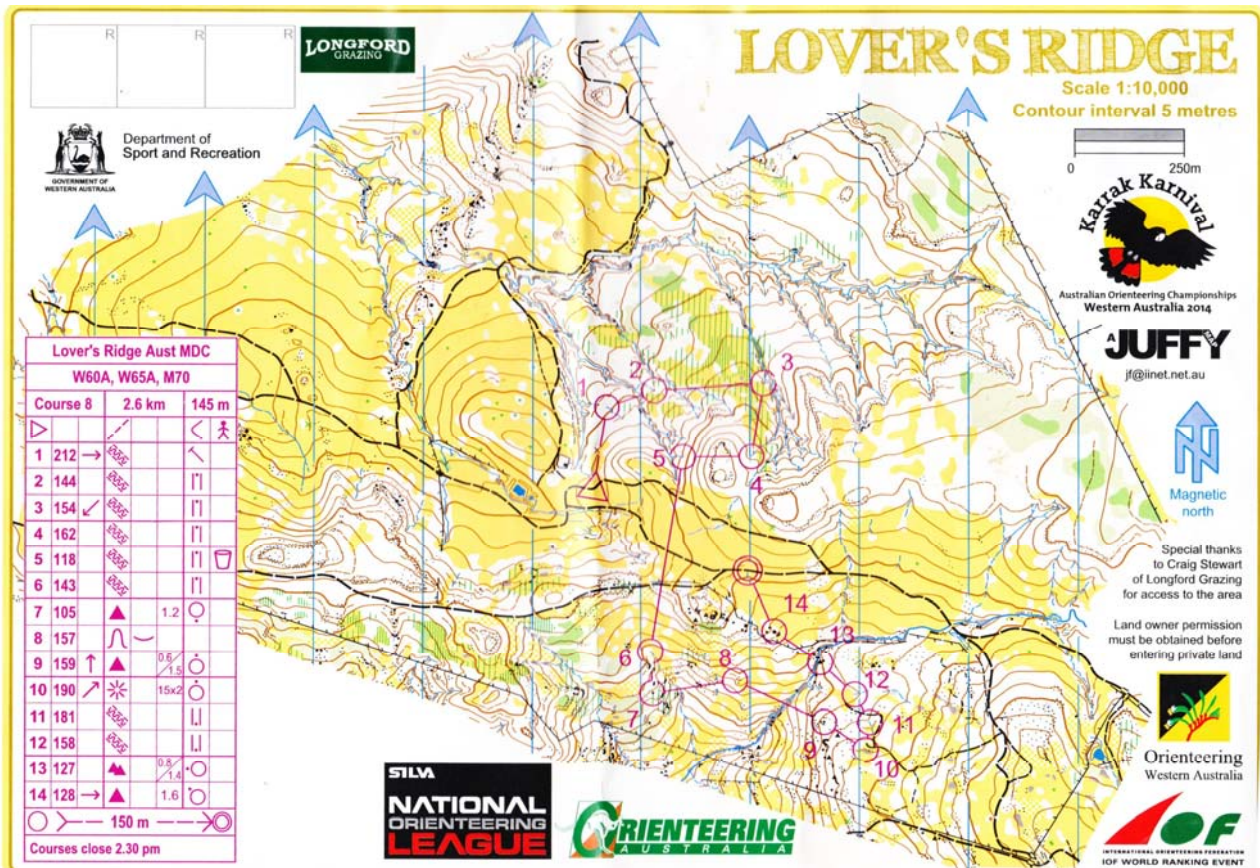
*Mel with Amelie Colls and her Emily on a sunnier day*





Mapping by Alex Tarr





Australian Middle Distance Championships in WA



A postcard from Perth—taken by Sheila





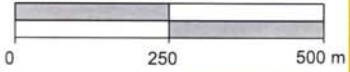
# WARRANINE BROOK

R	R	R
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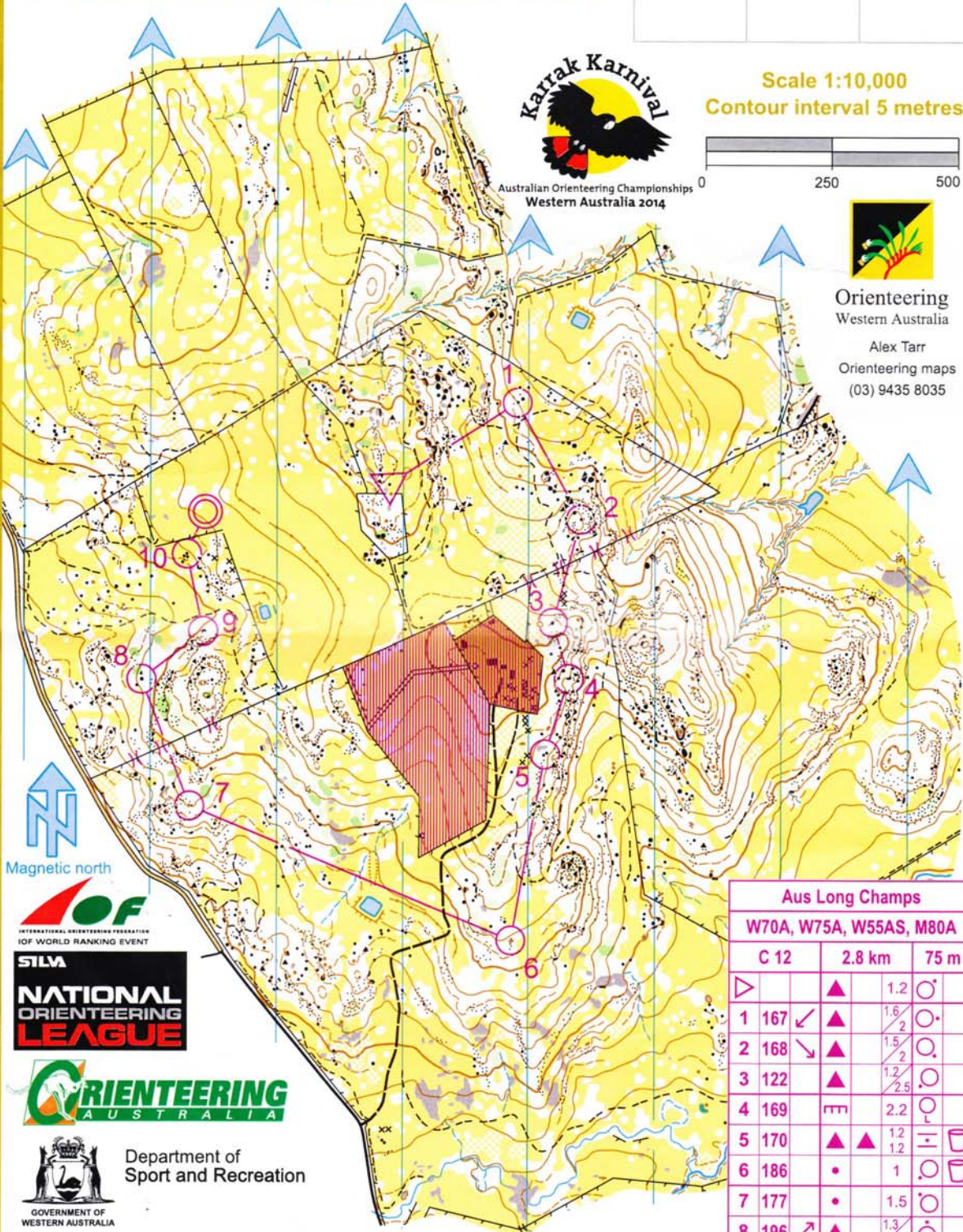


Australian Orienteering Championships  
Western Australia 2014

Scale 1:10,000  
Contour interval 5 metres



Orienteering  
Western Australia  
Alex Tarr  
Orienteering maps  
(03) 9435 8035



Base photo, contours & interpretation by Fugro.  
Further photo interpretation of rock features  
by Paul Dowling and Noel Schoknecht

Special thanks to Don and Coral Langdon,  
Russell and Judy Swann, Mike, Sue and Nick Tighe  
and Wal Chitty for access to the area

Fieldwork and drawing with OCAD 9  
by Alex Tarr, Oct/Nov 2013 & Jun 2014

Land owner permission must be obtained  
before entering private land

Aus Long Champs			
W70A, W75A, W55AS, M80A			
	C 12	2.8 km	75 m
	▶	▲	1.2 ○
1	167 ↙	▲	1.6/2 ○
2	168 ↘	▲	1.5/2 ○
3	122	▲	1.2/2.5 ○
4	169	▬	2.2 ○
5	170	▲ ▲	1.2/1.2 ○
6	186	•	1 ○
7	177	•	1.5 ○
8	196 ↗	▲	1.3/1.8 ○
9	237	▬	1.5 L
10	252 ↑	▲	1.7 ○

○ --- 90 m --- ○



Sprint event in Margaret River, Western Australia From Kathy Liley

*Sprint* the South West - Stage 4  
**Amaze'n Margaret River**

34:47

Sprint the South West		Amaze'n Margaret River			
Short	1.2 km				
1 130				2:23	H
2 126				1:19	
3 119				2:07	
4 122				3:37	
5 123		1.6		3:38	
6 125				0:47	
7 127		1.0		1:22	
8 114				8:32	
9 128				1:10	
10 135				2:20	
11 115				5:50	
12 116				8:53	
13 117		1.0		2:41	
	30 m			0:13	

Contour Interval: 2.5m  
 Scale 1:4000

Base: Landgate Aerial Image & Contours  
 Fieldwork & Drawing: Tony Simpkins

To be used only if Sportident fails

R	R	R
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Another **Simmo** sprint map!

Although the event blurb had mentioned that there would be an enlargement of the maze on the map, there was a bit of confusion at the start because unexpectedly there weren't any separate control descriptions so we had to use the ones on the map. It seems that some people picked up and folded their maps so quickly that they didn't notice the maze enlargement.

Libby and Val Brammall (and lots of others, I gather) did at least half of the maze using the main map, before they realised there was an enlargement!! I don't know how that would even be possible.

The black blobs in the hedges north and NW of the number 9 are escape gates which were manned/closed. But helpful for relocation! It was a bit dangerous in the maze with the serious ones running at full tilt around the corners.

Several of us were yelling 'corner' to warn oncomers as we approached corners on the long straights. Margi got hit by someone and knocked over and completely lost focus and had to retreat out and start again.



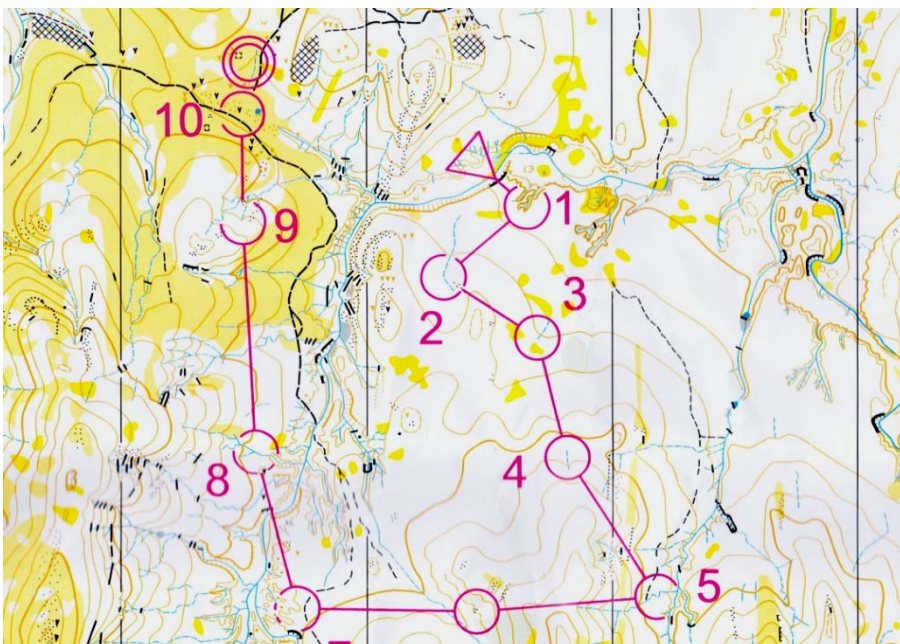
### Advice from Sheila 'Keep your thumb on the map!'

Amazing how there is always a new way to come unstuck at orienteering! At the South Australian Middle Distance Championships in September I made an error that had me confused for quite a while. The following day Alison Radford came unstuck due to a similar error, and Kathy Liley also came to grief in the same way in Western Australia recently.

It happened because two consecutive controls on the course were on very similar map features. In each case, we thought we were navigating the next leg on the course. Alison and Kathy didn't realise until they finished and found they had left out a control. In Alison's case the control she missed was only a short distance away and was followed by a very long leg so her catching features were quite a long way away. I am not sure exactly what was going through Kathy's head, but was probably similar.

In my case, I had found myself in very unfamiliar terrain - dry, with either very narrow shallow dry gullies or very labyrinthine incised ones and after messing up the first control I had carefully navigated to 2 and 3. For some reason I had first come out of 3 180 degrees the wrong way but quickly realised it and turned around, not quite seeing the flag again but it had been fairly well hidden so I didn't worry, and continued on my bearing - which was almost identical from 3 to 4 as from 4 to 5! Another orienteer spoke to me en route and I now realise he was referring to the control I should have gone to (4) but I airily replied that I didn't expect to be near it yet, and so I must have been looking at 5 on my map at that stage. The gullies on the side of the hill were hard to see from any distance but I reckoned I must surely have gone far enough so maybe I was just too high or too low. After tracing the full length of the most likely gully - probably the one just west of 4 - I was perplexed and decided I had better head back in the direction of my last control as the ground just didn't seem to fit. Whereupon I fell over a control which turned out to be my number 4 and the penny dropped.

I hope I'll be alert to the possibility of this situation in future, for the next few months at any rate...





**Coaching session for primary-aged children  
October 5, Westerfolds Park  
David and Ruth Goddard, Dennis and Pat Mews**

Ruth was keen to capitalise on the energy and enthusiasm of families with children coming to MelBushO events. She decided to try a coaching session for children after the series had ended. They could then enter the Primary Championships in November because they would have hopefully learnt how to:

- Understand the orienteering map features on a park map
- Orienteer their map.
- Do a course

Peta Whitford loaned her well-organised kit for Westerfolds Park which included laminated maps, 11 extra controls and control cards. The rest of the controls were permanent in Westerfolds Park. Advertising for this session was done at the last MelBushO event and at Saturday afternoon event. Only one person contacted Ruth to say that she and her children could not come on the planned date. Ruth then made the fatal mistake of changing the date ... and then changing it back again when interest came from others at the last minute. And then October 5 turned out to be the first day after clocks were changed for daylight saving. In spite of all that, four families came with seven children. It was explained that the session was for their children—parents could follow but the children should have the map and try to work it out. There were three courses on offer. Everyone started on course A. Parents and the four 'coaches' all roved in the field and stopped the children going too far astray. After doing one course, everyone did a second course and some did a third.

By the end of the session one young boy was keen to collect controls—he had not had enough. Everyone was given a copy of the permanent course at Westerfolds (where the Primary Championships were going to be) and followed up with information about entering the Championships and the Sprint events which are suitable for this age.

Parents said they were happy with this session devoted to their children. Three of them entered the Primary Championships and another two have come to the Sprint into Spring series.



*Callum with the controls he collected*

**Melbourne Cup Day Bike Ride**  
**By Ruth Goddard**

A bike ride on Melbourne Cup Day is a sort of tradition in YVOC; I can remember in a past year stopping on the Lilydale to Warburton track to listen to the race. This year Russell suggested the route which he knows quite well from his runs. However, he wanted to be home by lunch time so we listened to the Race after the ride.

Seven of us met at Eltham Lower Park at 9am. Our bike riding experience ranged from fairly serious to occasional and very occasional, with bikes to match. The plan was to ride along the Yarra River trail to Mullum Mullum creek and then follow the creek up to the park near Deep Creek Road, Ringwood and close to the south-eastern end of the Eastern Freeway tunnel and then come back along the bike track next to the freeway. And that is what we did.

There was a stop for a tyre change in the first half an hour but then we established a pace which would suit us. The bike track follows the creek in bushland close to the creek and includes some new bridges. There is a section which is only a rough walking track at the back of Whitefriars College. We arrived at our destination for an early lunch and draw of the sweep. \$1 each gave us three horses and one person had four.

The ride back was uneventful along the well-made but undulating bike path next to the freeway. We arrived at Warringal Park at 2pm ready for icecreams and cold drinks. Then off home to watch the race. Peta won \$4 for first place, and then Lyn and Derek won \$2 and \$1 respectively for second and third place.



*Wheel changing is a spectator activity*



*The draw of the sweep by Kathy*





### Snow Art by Simon Beck

Simon Beck has been decorating the Alps with his snow art for the last 10 years. Each image takes him up to 11 hours to make over freshly-laid snow by running in snow shoes over an area of 100m by 100m. He photographs the completed design and sells the images. He has just released a book called Snow Art.

Beck, 56, went to Millfield School and studied engineering at Oxford university. In 1974 he won the British Orienteering Championships. He has spent most of his adult life working as a freelance orienteering mapmaker.

He says that making these drawings is map-making in reverse. 'You start with the map, and you need to make the ground agree with the map.' He uses a compass and pace-counting.

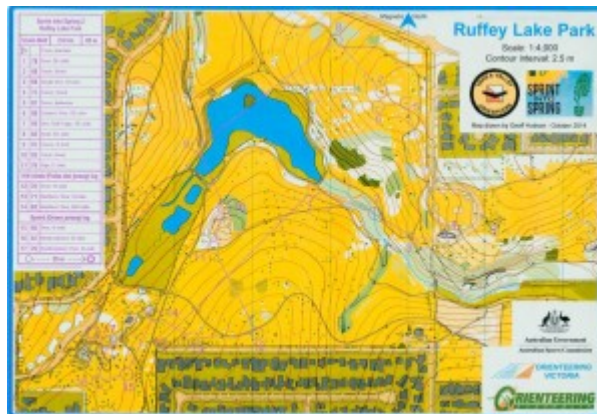
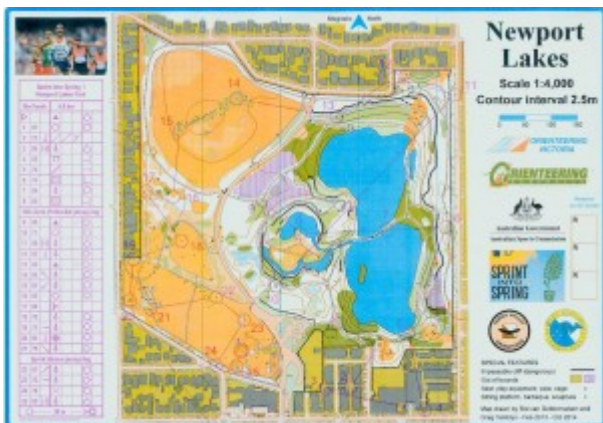
<http://www.theguardian.com/science/alexs-adventures-in-numberland/gallery/2014/nov/06/simon-becks-snow-art-landscapes-mathematical-designs-drawings-alps>



*Looking like an orienteering mapper with his map board and sighting compass*

**Sprint into Spring series**

YVOC members have been taking part in these events—not everyone sprinting though! Ruffey Lake has been turned into a sprint map by Geoff Hudson and Ted has made a new sprint map of Newport Lakes. Ted's map of LaTrobe University was again used this year. Sheila has been controller for three of the events.



*Kathy at Parade College*



*Cormac McCarthy at LaTrobe—his son has also been coming*



*Mel showing how to sprint at LaTrobe*



*Ruth at Edgewater*



## RECOGNISING CONTRIBUTION TO THE CLUB YOUR THOUGHTS INVITED

David Goddard, Club President

Your club executive has asked me to devise some form of tangible recognition for those who have been members of our club for 40 years. We have cloth badges for 10, 20 and 30 years but no comparable form of recognition for 40 years. Should we not indeed have had something ready for our still-active founding members on the occasion of our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary? Perhaps we could have offered them a medallion, a club coloured boomerang or, in the spirit of 40<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversaries, a pair of inscribed ruby-coloured glasses.

I question whether it is appropriate to offer such a gift to people who are already well-equipped and, if anything, looking to reduce the number of items in their home. And what does such a form of acknowledgment mean anyway? To offer a token to a person for simply passing a numerical milestone seems like .... well, tokenism. Passing a milestone is nice, but the quality of the journey is also important and should be acknowledged too.

Our club mission is: *Through the efforts of our members, we enable people of all ages to participate in orienteering for pleasure and to compete. We do this by organising events, providing a friendly social environment and developing technical skills in members and others.* Although the actual presentation of this form of words is recent, the spirit of what they convey has been intrinsic to the behaviour of well-established club members for a very long time. Accordingly, I consider that while a person's duration of membership is a factor of note, it is at least as important to ask how that person used this period to further the mission of the club.



The newsletter editor, Ruth, offers frequent word sketches of club members – who they are and what they do. As well, we have life memberships and service awards that highlight contribution. However, once the moment of granting such an award has passed, their visibility to others rapidly fades and, even to the person himself or herself, the award often ranks low amid the remembered highlights of his or her sporting consciousness. And, to a casual observer – a relative newcomer to the club – these personal awards are strewn among the pages of past newsletters such that hours of assiduous search would be needed to find just some of them. When our family first entered the club, names like Tarr, Dent, Ellenby and Whitford were uttered with reverence. It took us a while to find out why.

The winning of a championship or doing best in a series seems appropriately acknowledged by a badge or cup. However, the contribution of a club member sustained over years or decades would, to me, seem better recognised by something more enduringly available to the public gaze. So how should the debt owed for their endeavours – the quality of their journey with the club – be effectively acknowledged?

A more available form of recognition would be a vignette about the person on the club website. This honour could be triggered by 40 (or fewer) years of membership or the granting of life membership of the club. Let's say that a woman was considered eligible. Her story on the website would need to be interesting to read and relevant to the mission of the club – how she started, encouragements she received, how she has, in turn, served others, what she's loved about being among club members, adversities she's faced and overcome, and why she's still here. There needs to be an element of timelessness in the story or some commitment to updating it. As the years pass beyond its first appearance, its fire may dim to glowing embers, but it should not fade. The story would be accompanied by a photograph or two.

Yet we orienteers are a somewhat retiring bunch and not all of us are expressive writers. If this were judged by the honoured person to be a hurdle, the newsletter editor or another member of the club could be called to assist in the preparation of the vignette.

This form of recognition would, of course, not be compulsory. If, say, a member's duration of membership triggered the offer of this honour but the member judged himself or herself to have contributed little to the club, then he or she should feel perfectly able to refuse the offer.

So I put this to you as club members. I want you to think about this and come back to me with reasoned comments, even if you have a markedly variant or completely opposite opinion.