

## ORIENTEERING QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Started orienteering in November 1974 for Queens University Orienteering Club and joined LaganValley Orienteers after they were formed a few years later.
2. The event I attended was held in Drumkeeragh Forest to the North East of Slieve Croob. It was a black and white map at a scale of 6 inches to 1 mile. I think that there were over 100 competitors. I have included a copy of my original map with the course and some notes on my recollections of the event which were published in the NIOA Newsletter a few years later.
3. The first individual Northern Ireland Championships were held in 1981 in Tollymore Forest. From about 1973 to 1980 the Championships were based on a system similar to the current Cunning Running League. The first Relay Championships were held in Springwell/Formoyle Forest in 1979.
4. The first N.I. Night Championships were held in Tollymore Forest in 1980.
5. I am not sure who decided on the name for LVO. Try Alan Gartside or Bill Simpson.
6. Not sure which year the club started; about 1976. Try Alan Gartside.
7. The N.I. Colour Series started in 1989. Prior to this competitions used a combination of age groups allocated to colour courses.
8. Not sure how many maps the club had when it was formed. Hillsborough, Castlewellan and possibly a few more.
9. Not sure who drew up the NIOA Constitution. Try Wilbert Hollinger, Alan Gartside, Noel Bogle. Probably about 1973/74.
10. Yes, there was an NIOA Committee when I started orienteering.

Jason,

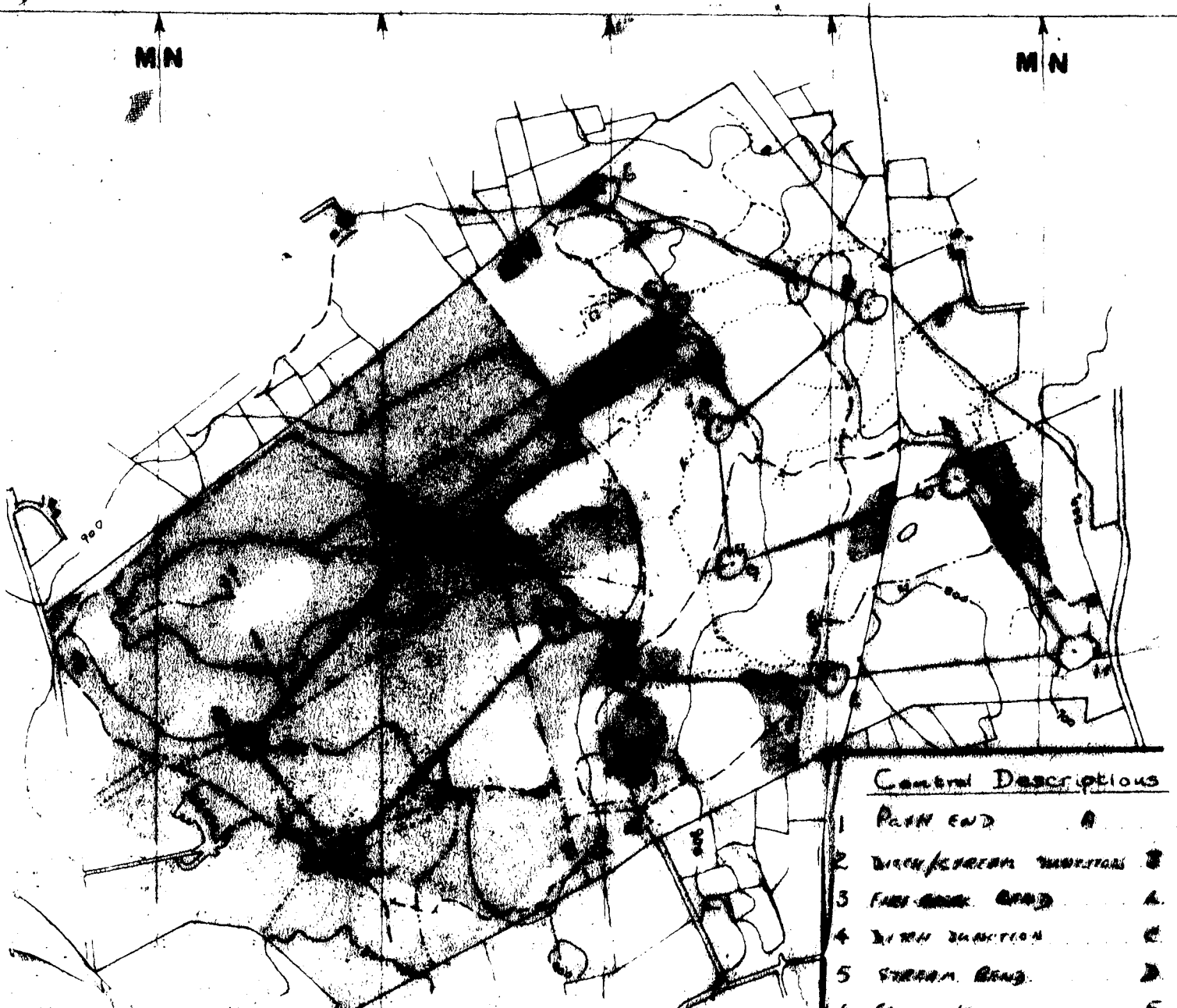
I hope this is of some help and good luck with the D.O.E. award.  
I have included a copy of the final League Results, just hot off the computer.

*Ernie*

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MIN

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General Descriptions

- 1 PATH END A
- 2 DITCH/STREAM TRANSITION B
- 3 FIRE-BREAK BEND C
- 4 DITCH TRANSITION D
- 5 STREAM BEND E
- 6 SMALL CREEK F
- 7 DITCH BEND G
- 8 DITCH BEND H
- 9 FIRE-BREAK BEND I
- 10 BOULDER J
- 11 RECTANGULAR K

Meters 0 100 200 300 400 500

Scale 1:5000  
(5" to 1 inch)

use hill in  
b  
Road 112.24  
Firebreak  
or  
Vegetation Boundary  
Stream or Drain

- Road
- - - Track
- - - Path
- ▬ Firebreak or Vegetation Boundary
- ▬ Stream or Drain
- ⊘ Ruin
- Building
- ▬ Wall
- ▬ Cont.
- ▬ Dense
- ▬ Searp
- ▬ Fence
- ▬ Custom Bend

5K

3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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## A FOREST FARCE

Drumkeer ----- agh!

or: The Reflections of an Aspiring - Perspiring - Expiring --Orienteer :

### Prologue

The action revolves around a bored cross-country runner seeking a new challenge. He has spent considerable time swotting up prescribed Orienteering texts and has a head full of pace counts, running on the needle, aiming off ----or was it running off and aiming on the needle? The scene is late winter 1974 in Drumkeeragh Forest where our hero is about to attempt his first event. His only concern is that the courses seem rather short!  
(The fact that the narration is in the first person has, of course, no relevance!)

### Acts 1 to 13

At the start line, raring to go. This rather vague, black and white map not a bit like those in the books; perhaps it's because the area is very simple!

There goes the whistle --- sprint to the master maps, mustn't lose a second, maybe I could win this.

Carefully draw neat circles of correct dimension, joined by ruled lines; as per books:- good grief, 5 minutes gone!

First control easy; a small path off this track, just 100 metres away. Orientate map and charge off, eyes on track, pace counting ---- 32, 33 look up, no path, must be further ---- 45, 46 perhaps I should go back ---- 54, 55 I think that I had better go back! So that's what a small path looks like!

Take a precise bearing to the next control and plunge into the trees. Hmm, I suspect that dense is supposed to refer to the vegetation and not the orienteer. Pionioned by a bunch of devious trees, I crouch to the ground, find a ditch pointing in approximately the correct direction and slowly crawl off ---- and good day to you Beetle, interesting terrain you have down here ---- Long minutes later break out into a sunlit, grassy ride (well a heather choked break in the trees but feelings are a bit relative) and eventually pick off the control. I begin to think that I may not win after all.

Optimism returns as the next two controls fall to my devastating technique and then en-route to 5, I somehow manage to turn right instead of going straight ahead ---- but only a fool would do that --- quiet you! I eventually detect the error, turn left to correct, hit a track somewhere and gallop furiously up and down looking for a recognizable feature.

Somehow I relocate and plunge downhill towards the control, landing in a panting, sweaty, unruly heap at the feet of a cool collected female orienteer. Fortunately lack of gasp prevents the air from turning blue, female 0 flashes a pitying smile and flits away.

Next one seems straightforward, a crag about 50 metres from a track bend. Here's the bend and I move vaguely in from the track. No sign of the control, try a bit further. Still nothing, try a bit downhill. Where is that control? If I keep moving in this direction it's sure to turn up -- Why? -- I don't know, it's just sure to turn up. --- Oops, what's this wall doing here; there can't be a wall, there mustn't be a wall. -- Sorry lad, there is and it's back up the hill for you --- Now if I could just get over this crag --- crag??

Number 7 is a ditch bend; one ditch on the map, nothing could be simpler! Fifteen minutes later, ditches to the left, ditches to the right, I stride up to a holly bush, kick it viciously in the root stock and accuse it of removing the control, interspersed with various sundries about its parents' marital status. Hold it, do I see a member of Homo Sapiens over there, acting a trifle oddly? With low cunning, nay, desperation, I rush after him and there's the control ---- just where I thought it was all the time!?

I must have got 8, 9 and 10 because I'm now approaching 11. Description says Platform, must be a relic of the old County Down Railway; strange though that it should be up the side of this hill. Steady lad, your mind's wandering, it's probably just an organiser's joke. Ah, it is a joke, because there's the marker at the entrance of that Badger's sett.

In the gathering gloom I head off towards 12 and 13 and become more and more convinced that the sunset is affecting my compass needle ---- well why else am I drifting off so badly?

Eventually, I burst from the trees wild eyed and dishevelled, apparently gibbering about badgers taking over the railways.

Startled official subtracts my start time twice and I am listed in the top 6. Alas, Bush Madness triggers an attack of Washington's Disease ---- I own up and retire to a shady corner to lick my wounds and figure out how I took 112 mins 20 secs for a distance of 5 km. A passing official offers congratulations on completing the course --- Good grief, pleasant lot these orienteers, perhaps I'll scrap that New Years Resolution and try it again after all.

### Epilogue

The event was won in 54 mins by a talented lad named Hollinger. Ah well, our hero had better learn to enjoy himself as there's little chance of him ever reaching that sort of standard! On the other hand, such is the stuff of daydreams ---

Ernie Wilson