

## SEE HOW THEY RUN....

### Installment 2015 - #1

#### Bob Putnam

This was too cool an experience not to share with other orienteers.

My wife Janet and I were vacationing in Turkey March 2015, on a 12-day guided bus tour.

On the morning of Day 8, our group was having our usual buffet breakfast in the hotel in Urgup, Cappadocia, which is right in the heart of the world famous houses-carved-into-the-rocks area and we were all scheduled to tour those houses and churches inside man made caves later that morning.

While eating I couldn't help but notice lots of other hotel guests dressed in running suits of various sorts and when I stood close to one having the logo "Trimtex" I figured they must be orienteers, so I asked. Sure enough, they were part of a Park World Tour orienteering tour hosted by former World Champion Jorgen Mortensson. While waiting to be introduced to Jorgen I heard an American accent and discovered it to be Charlie DeWeese from the Western Connecticut O Club. Charlie and I compete against each other in the same age category back in the USA, so I'm thinking this is all too much of a coincidence to pass up. Charlie filled me in on the situation and I asked Jorgen if he would have a problem with me joining them for the day's event. No problem says he. My problem was that I'd brought no running gear whatever, so I'd be running (in the rain!) wearing blue jeans, smooth soled sneakers, and a cotton turtleneck pullover. Oblivious of all that, I hopped on their bus at 10:00 o'clock and rode out to the town of Goreme with them. Goreme is in the heart of the cave pillars and is surrounded by fabulously exotic fairy tale pinnacles of these formations. I introduced myself to the band of event organizers huddled under the Start tent, asking if it were possible for me to get in on today's race, in the M70 age category. Sure thing, they all said; step this way and the computer guy will fit you in. I mentioned I would need an SI stick for electronic punching, and maybe a compass. The Event Director said here, use mine. They were all so great, so friendly, so welcoming. It would have been even more heartwarming if my heart could have warmed from the 38F rainy weather then prevailing. Still, I had a seat on the bus where I could await my start time and maybe say hello to some new Scandinavian friends. It turned out Charlie and I were the only non-Scandinavian orienteers in the group of 160 or so. And of course most spoke passable English.

At the call up line I noticed it was no warmer but the rain had at least let up to the point of a misty drizzle, so (I told myself) I would at least not suffer hypothermia.

My route is marked in red on the course map. Here's how it went:

**Start – to start:** Yes, once I turned the map over and started running up the street, it was obvious I was NOT at the start triangle, which the folks, however wonderful they were otherwise, had neglected to mention. I was able to figure it all out by the time I reached a control hanging about where the triangle is shown, so I only had to stop for a second or two to note there was no need to punch here.

Start Triangle-to-1: Following the faster younger man who started with me, we had about 2 minutes of pavement running to look the course over before we left the edge of town and the pavements. By the time I reached #1, he was nowhere in sight, but I was feeling surprisingly fresh for not having run in about 10 days, so pushed on with confidence – and the rain had stopped!.

1-2: Seeing the out-of-bounds area directly on my path and unsure of local practices (farmers with pitchforks?) I opted for the long way around to the right, via the pavement. Had only a few seconds' hesitation searching for the right wall corner

2-3: Again maximizing pavement running for as long as possible. I did not notice that the dwelling up at the north end of the vehicle track was not occupied-out-of-bounds, so I went left and had to cross the last few hundred meters of now fresh farmland and vineyard (the yellow-with-black-dots symbol). This was my introduction to the soft earth in this countryside, at least after an all night rain. Soft plowed field and soft plowed vineyard gave way mercifully, to solid grassy pasture for the last bit up to the ruin. I tried keeping my otherwise nice sneakers from getting too muddy, but that was obviously a hopeless hope. I did discover that the thoroughly wetted topsoil on the bare 'rock' and dirt cliffs surfaces was very slippery, so that when leaving the pavement on this leg, I could not even climb the 4 foot high bank without grabbing onto tufts of grass above. This, I now knew, was going to be treacherous footing throughout.

3-4: A short little run around the nose of the hill for my first close-up encounter with the famous pillars, also called 'chimneys'. The map, I had noticed, had been made by Ales Hejna, who has done many FLO maps, and I had been aware of the fact that he did so some years ago. It looked like a wildly confusing map when I'd first seen a sample and now that I'm about to dive into the real detail, it looked even more formidable. Exciting to be there and touching it all, but still formidable. Care and attention would be required, although the placement of #4 was straightforward.

4-5: A short movement leg due north. Can't miss it if you know where north is, so on this completely overcast day, the compass was real handy. Any course can be done without a compass as long as one stays "in touch" with the map and the mapped features, but hey, look at that map!

5-6: Feeling confident now. Reading the pillars well. The black blobs on the map are either the rocky pillars (most standing 10 to 20 meters high) or similarly faced but very convoluted (and steeply sloping, very slippery) cliffs. Believe me, they all began to look alike the deeper into the detailed area one moves, and as I punched in at #6 I could see that the next leg went into the worst of it.

6-7: I knew this was going to require some care, and you see by the elapsed time on my SI printout, as well as by the 'random walk' of my red line route, that I blew it. In retrospect, I only missed the control by about 20 meters on my first pass through, but it was located on an even smaller reentrant to my left as I passed. Just moving through the area was an adventure, involving multiple slips, falls, butt scrapes, briars, muddy hand flops, etc. In the end I bailed out to the flat open area to reassess and accidentally, luckily, spotted the control up a narrow steep little reentrant. Lost about 6 or 7 minutes here and I think missed out on a medal because of it. Must check that later.

8-9: A great, fun, due south jaunt to the pit located within a bowl shaped ring of cliffs. They qualified as both "Backstop" and "Handrail" all at once.

9-10: As soon as I stepped up through the gap just south of #9 I could see that due west, on my bee-line, was an occupied house. So, for the 100m or so to the roadway, I was scanning left and right for a better approach that would not disturb their clothes drying (though not well, in this weather) on the lines. The right side route along the bottom of the cliffs was still too close, it seemed, to their living quarters, so I went up the bare rock to the sharp bare ridge, pleased to see it made a continuous cirque all the way around, though with a little up-and-down along the way. The best part was that the end of that bare ridge loop ended precisely above the control and I dropped down to it without a second's hesitation.

10-11: Feeling full of myself, I blasted off toward the next big pillar without reference to compass and found myself at the wrong one and even after realizing that, I still corrected myself incorrectly by circling that wrong pillar the wrong, long, way – regretting that even more as I had to climb a fence back there. Probably lost a minute or so here.

11-12: This would have been faster if I'd had spikes on my shoes and did not have to pick my way so gingerly, like I was some old man or something, down over the cliff face. Did another butt-slide here, too. The control was snugged away inside the rock crease so well I could not see it until I was about 2 meters away. As a course-setter myself, I like that. With such a really short leg, you must be confident you are going exactly to the correct pair of 'boulders'.

12-13: "What is that symbol?" I said to myself. A cave? I'm supposed to know this stuff cold by now. Must be brain-fade at this point in the race. I obsess on this all the way through the leg, slowing unnecessarily while thinking about it. Shouldn't have had to. The line of cliffs led right to it with a huge "bumper" consisting of a 60 foot high rock-topped pillar that would guide me right in. And it did. Control was in fact in the doorway of a no-longer-used man made rock cave.

13-14-15-16: "Bringing it home now" I'm thinking, as I punch in at #13. Three quick and quite simple closing controls, downhill, almost due south. But I didn't bother even looking at the compass, so I head out at a good clip on what proves to be a NE heading. It takes a few seconds to realize it, double checking the compass. "Can that be right?" "Am I that screwed up?" .... Yup. By the time I correct, I'm too far east to make use of the due south heading, so I bail to the nearest, neatest, route, which happens to take me right past the pit at #9. That's OK: I remember that little climb through a little gap in the rocks above 9 and know I'll have a clean run down to the paved road. "Clean" proves to be a relative term as the freshly plowed field is a challenge to even keep my footing. But once back on pavement it's just a matter of slogging it out, trying to hold form while running on slick cobblestones. Coming in to the Finish Line all the Turkish Crew yell "Hey! Florida!" and I feel better than I had in the last 48 minutes, for sure.

So, except for #7 it was a good run. Good enough for 9<sup>th</sup> place in M70 in a field of 25 runners. And I finished in time to catch the next tour bus (of the four they had) back to the hotel without having to stand around in the cold for any length of time. 45 Scandinavians on the bus, plus me, all changing into something warmer and dryer did make for a circus of sorts, but we were all smiles, since it had not been raining for most of our runs.

I hope reading through this detail helps you in your own orienteering.

And to top it all off we had a fabulous rest of the tour through Turkey. It's a wonderful country and if you are at all interested in Bible History, it's a dreamland.

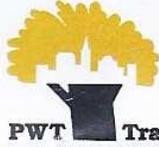
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A few sample web photos of the kind of terrain around controls 5 through 13:





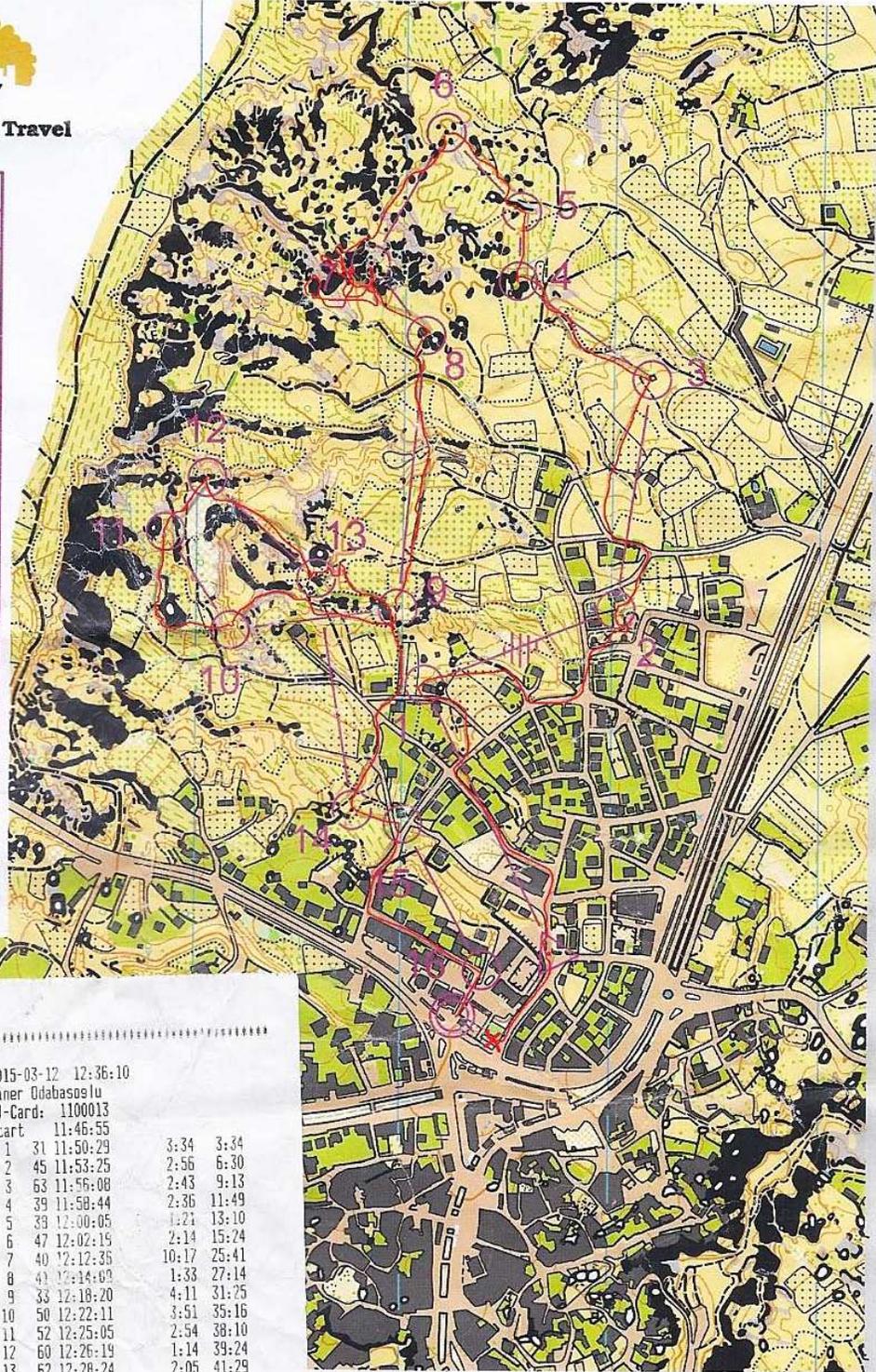
D



PWT Travel

Middle PWT Tour				
D		3,1 km		
1	31	■		┌
2	45	↗		┌
3	63	□		┌
4	39	☾		┌
5	38	☾		○
6	47	▲		○
7	40	↓ ▲	∩	○
8	41	▲ ▲		
9	33	∨		
10	50	∩		
11	52	☾		┌
12	60	▲ ▲		
13	62	☾		○
14	56	▲ ☾		○
15	44	△		
16	100	▨		┌

○ — 60 m — ○



R R R

2015-03-12 12:36:10  
Caner Odabasolu  
SI-Card: 1100013  
Start 11:46:55

1	31	11:50:29	3:34	3:34
2	45	11:53:25	2:56	6:30
3	63	11:56:08	2:43	9:13
4	39	11:58:44	2:36	11:49
5	38	12:00:05	1:21	13:10
6	47	12:02:15	2:14	15:24
7	40	12:12:35	10:17	25:41
8	41	12:14:02	1:33	27:14
9	33	12:18:20	4:11	31:25
10	50	12:22:11	3:51	35:16
11	52	12:25:05	2:54	38:10
12	60	12:26:19	1:14	39:24
13	62	12:28:24	2:05	41:29
14	56	12:32:57	4:33	46:02
15	44	12:33:32	0:35	46:37
16	100	12:35:29	1:57	48:34

Finish 12:35:43 0:14 48:48

MAP  
Alec Haj  
Jiri Dan

MCP  
IACERA  
KADAMISI

Course Planer:  
Süleyman ÖZBEK



12.03.2015