

TEN TORS 2021

THE VIRTUAL EVENT



TEN TORS 2021
Headquarters South West
congratulates
Sophie Temple
of
West Buckland School
for their achievements whilst completing the
Virtual Ten Tors Challenge 35Km Route

TEN TORS 2021
Headquarters South West
congratulates
Emma Blackie
of
West Buckland School
for their achievements whilst completing the
Virtual Ten Tors Challenge 35Km Route

Foreword

by Commander South West,
Colonel Neville Holmes MBE

Without doubt the last year or two have been amongst the most challenging that the Ten Tors has seen in its 60-year history. As you are no doubt aware, Ten Tors is the Nation's largest outdoor youth engagement event. The Army is as proud this year as we have been in any year of Ten Tors, and we are very grateful for the continued support of our military and civilian partners.

The COVID 19 pandemic has meant that sadly our Event was cancelled in 2020, which would have been the Ten Tors' 60th year. Despite our best efforts, it has not been safe to hold a physical Ten Tors in 2021; as a result, we have taken an innovative approach by creating an opportunity for establishments to take part in a Virtual Event. We recognise the value, now more than ever, that can be achieved through challenging ourselves whilst working as a team. We also appreciate the difficulties that have been faced by the young people who take part in and support our Event and wish to give them the chance to be part of something positive this year. The Virtual Event enables establishments to organise and conduct their own activities in the spirit of Ten Tors throughout 2021, completing distances ranging from 13 to 35 Km in their own local area. Already we have seen over 500 participants from more than 100 teams complete their Virtual Event activities and know that many more are planned over the coming months.



Normally our Ten Tors brochure would be read whilst attending the Event, but this year we have taken the opportunity to celebrate some of our planning and achievements behind the scenes. Amongst these are the changes in terms of our social media presence, primarily with the introduction of a new Instagram account. The increased use of social media has been a great way for us all to stay in touch during the pandemic, and we hope that you will enjoy seeing how some of our establishments have been getting on with their training and virtual activities.

Finally, I would like to again thank all the Ten Tors community for your continued passion and support of our Event. I hope that you continue to stay safe and well, and I am very optimistic that we will see you all on Dartmoor for Ten Tors 22!



Great Staple and Roos
Tors with Merrivale
Quarry on the left

Condolence letter

Below is an extract from the condolence letter that was sent to Her Majesty The Queen, regarding His Royal Highness, The Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh, sadly passing away.

Madam,

May I present my condolences to Your Majesty on behalf of Ten Tors on the death of His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh. His Royal Highness had been Patron of Ten Tors since 1963, an annual challenge organised by the Army on Dartmoor for young people in the South West of England.

The Event was started in 1960 by the Junior Leaders Regiment Royal Signals to develop young soldiers' initiative and self-reliance by walking and navigating across the demanding terrain of Dartmoor, by kind permission of the Duchy of Cornwall. In 1962, His Royal Highness wrote *'The success of the Ten Tors expeditions shows clearly that the spirit of adventure is still very much alive. It provides just the right mixture of challenge to the ingenuity, toughness and adventure of healthy young people.'*

The following year, His Royal Highness honoured Ten Tors by becoming its Patron. For 58 years he has been a tremendous supporter of this Challenge for those aged 14 to 18 and the Jubilee Challenge for those with physical and mental disabilities. The popularity of the Challenges expanded rapidly with 2,800 young people now participating each year. More than a quarter of a million teenagers, from all walks of life, have trained for and taken part in this adventurous and demanding team event. They have learnt to respect and enjoy the countryside becoming ambassadors for the responsible use of Dartmoor and other wild areas.



His Royal Highness attended the 50th Anniversary in 2010 and wrote: *'Fifty years ago, Ten Tors introduced a completely new form of adventurous challenge. This was only the beginning. I have not doubt the Challenge will still be going strong many years from now'.*

We, and the many volunteers, who enable the Challenges will give tribute to The Duke of Edinburgh by continuing to provide the Ten Tors Event that helps so many young people to develop resilience and determination as well as an understanding and regard for the countryside.

We remember with gratitude His Royal Highness' commitment to Ten Tors and express our sincere condolences at this sad time to you and your family.

Tougher than a 4 minute mile



*Daniel Davies-Llewellyn,
Writer and Photographer*

The opening bars of Chariots of Fire tinkle into my fitful slumber - the clanging piano notes falling like icicles onto glass. I've been tossing and turning most of the night in a stupor of excitement, phantom route cards, laminated maps and indigestion from a battered fish overload from the local chip shop down in Okehampton. The day has arrived, the moment we've been training hard for. All those hours, days and nights spent up on the moors in all weathers will finally bear fruit over the next 34 hours.

5am and the sun has yet to rise. In the dark of the canvas tent there is movement, somebody next to me stirs and rolls over trying desperately to get an extra 5 minutes sleep, letting out a moan of despair. My mind briefly has time to reflect on yesterday's scrutineering* by the army and their unwavering strictness in what we must carry with us over the weekend. There was a flat "no!" to my teammate's non-nutritious Pot Noodles as a possible dinner and much doubt cast on another's idea of a change of warm clothing - a pair of nylon socks and a thin T-shirt not cutting the mustard. But the military checks are carried out for good reason as we will be pushed to our absolute limits, both mentally and physically, over the course of the next two days in an environment that has thrown both snowstorms and heatwaves at unsuspecting participants over the years.

Slipping into our short lived fresh, clean and warm clothes, we huddle around as the grey dawn sheds light on Okehampton Camp. The brooding bulks of West Mill and Yes Tors rise menacingly to the south over the corrugated roofs of the Lego-like huts of the military base and beyond the world seems to fall away. We are on an island, pushed up out of an ocean of order, humdrum and routine. Here we can run free, follow our own rules and make important decisions that would be impossible adrift in our everyday lives. The excitement is palpable with our dedicated teachers - having selflessly given up countless free weekends - milling around making sure we're packed and ready, shepherding us to the starting line and out of their control. I swallow the last morsel of decent food for a while and group up with my team, a team that I will be sharing every waking (and sleeping) moment with over the course of this great adventure.

Filing our way up the footpath from the camp and onto Black Down, there is a feeling of impending otherness - a keen, crisp sensation washing us clean. We are about to embark on something very special as yet unknown to us. The moor waits patiently ahead ready to sculpt and mould us as it has the great granite boulders and outcrops that dominate this landscape. We will morph as one and forever more carry the time worn scars and bleached memories of this awesome place. Sir Ranulph Fiennes appears, a brief and rousing speech is delivered, a gun fired and we are off - into our futures, presents and pasts.

Daniel Davies-Llewellyn, Writer and Photographer

Website www.danllewellyn.com,
Dartmoor Blog www.danllewellyn.com/dertemora

Scrutineering is now carried out by the Team Manager and staff of the schools and establishments taking part.

What I gained from Ten Tors

Ten Tors has undoubtedly had a profound effect on my life. From my first 35 mile in 1993 at the age of 13 through to a 55 mile in 1998, aged 18, Dartmoor was the perfect canvas to paint my formative years onto - an ever present constant in the forever shifting experience of youth and adolescence. These magical and otherworldly experiences on countless training weekends as well as the Challenges themselves, instilled in me a sense of adventure, determination and an overwhelming positive attitude to life that hasn't dimmed with the passing of the years. At the age of 40, and in full lockdown where I live in Spain this past year, my memories of Ten Tors have served as a powerful antidote to the daily doom and gloom of the global pandemic; the thought of striding out across the windswept copper grasses, lofty tors and uncluttered horizons I first found familiarity in all those years ago has kept me focused on what really matters.

Daniel Davies-Llewellyn, Tiverton High School 1992-95, Exeter College 1995-98

Is Ten Tors worth it?

I have assisted with TT since 1988 and managed teams since 1994. The difference the event makes to the young people concerned is inestimable. The gains in self-confidence and independence, the increases in physical fitness and mental wellbeing, the spinoffs in terms of improved performance at school and engagement with other activities like D of E, and the ability to relate to peers and adults with more self-assurance – all are results of being involved with the gruelling training regime and euphoria of the event itself. We hear this from parents all the time and have done for decades.

Specifically, we live in an excessively risk-averse society (something which Covid has obviously done little to address), and our young people are so often stifled. A teacher cannot technically leave a class unsupervised for a minute in a classroom in case something happens. I believe this is one major reason so many sign up to train for Ten Tors, because here finally they see an uncompromising, genuine tough challenge both physically and mentally. It is for many the first time they will have been presented with the opportunity to actually make mistakes which could actually have serious consequences – and they absolutely relish the trust that we inevitably have to place in them, and never fail to rise to that challenge despite all the difficulties that must be overcome in terms of harsh weather, fatigue, developing teamwork and navigation.

Watching teams come into the TT finish is a special moment indeed, particularly when you have seen them develop and grow to the magical point of independence. As two parents put it at one finish: *"I just couldn't believe that was my son"*, and *"I saw today the man that he will become"*.

So, is Ten Tors worth it? The answer from Isca parents and the hundreds of team members I have seen is an unequivocal yes. They wear those hoodies until they fall apart!"



John Miller, Isca Academy

Ten Tors Staff

Event Coordinator

Lt Col Dom Maxwell-Batten

I think we all know the last two years have seen an unprecedented event in the COVID 19 pandemic and the far-reaching impacts across every aspect of our lives; the way we work, socialise, travel and of course the impact on public events. We were planning for a full Event this year, however knew that we were planning in an uncertain environment; as a contingency we planned to offer an opportunity for establishments to plan and run their own Virtual Ten Tors activities. The take up and feedback has been very positive and we are pleased to have been able create this to keep the flame alive.

Now, we turn to Ten Tors 22 and we are busy planning a full Event on Dartmoor and including two important celebrations; the 60th Ten Tors Event and also 70 years of the Dartmoor National Park. However, we must not forget the lessons learned through the COVID-19 pandemic and we will once again include Covid mitigation measures as considerations throughout our planning to ensure we have the best possible chance of running a full Event in 2022.

Event Controller

Maj Ruth Gilbert

In light of the COVID 19 pandemic, and as a way of increasing our digital presence, the Ten Tors team has this year started our own Instagram account. We felt it was important to have our own place on social media and would increase access to the young people

who are such a vital part of the success and spirit of Ten Tors. This is already helping us to stay in touch with the Ten Tors supporters and is providing a great opportunity to share some of our activities as part of the Virtual Event this year.

We are also seeking to increase participation from a wider number of establishments for 2022. We are particularly keen to get new establishments involved, and so have been working with our Army engagement team to meet with key educational and cultural leaders in Swindon and Bristol. We have been able to explain what Ten Tors is and how we can help them. We are also working to provide support to remove any potential barriers to participation, so hope to see some new establishments taking part in TT22.

Event Secretary

WO1 Mike Carron

Over the last few months more than 550 individuals have conducted a virtual Ten Tors activity, with many more planning walks over the summer months. As a reminder, establishments can apply for medals and certificates up to the 31 Oct 21 via the Ten Tors website once a walk has been completed.

On The next page are the key dates for Ten Tors 22; if you have any queries feel free to contact one of the Ten Tors Team on SWHQ-TenTors-MAILBOX@mod.gov.uk.

Entries submitted	01 – 24 September 21
Selection published	01 October 21
Team Managers brief	09 October 21
Payments	03 – 31 January 22
Pre-registration	04 – 22 April 22
Ten Tors Event	06 – 08 May 22

Left to right: Maj Ruth Gilbert, Lt Col Dom Maxwell-Batten, WO1 Mike Carron



Dartmoor 500 Word Competition Winner

By Ben Blease, Phoenix Explorers

George slowly edged further into the white abyss; the weather had held its constant ruckus for four days straight now. George had been walking for the best part of the day and now as the little light there was began to fade, he felt shivers down his spine. He knew he should stop and set up camp, but he was already too far behind the others. He kept going. It started to become even more misty than beforehand, even his small dim torch couldn't light the way. George stumbled, as he hit the ground, he felt a cold frozen rock. He lay there and stayed close by the large stone.

As the light ascended from the dark of the night George stretched and looked around him. The mist had cleared slightly; his vision was not much better than the day before. However, a slither of sun surpassed the sheet of solitude that surrounded him. The tree was lit by the small amount of sun and George could see the branches sway in the breeze.

The branches swayed and begun to look like hands but as George looked away and then back the hands began to look like branches.

"Boy" the tree murmured.

George didn't know whether or not the weather was getting to him, so he hid behind the rock.

"I know what you want"

George didn't like the sound of his voice and he felt intimidated by the tree.

"Look I have your friends"

At this instant George turned around and peeped out from behind the stone.

"See right here"

The tree opened the palm of his hand and sure enough his friends were there.

"Give them back" George retorted

"Why should I" said the tree "you've been going round in circles this whole time and you still think that your friends are looking for you, how sweet"

"No that's not true, I will keep going until I find them" said George

"Turn around and look how familiar the path is" replied the tree

George turned around and sure enough the path behind him he had seen multiple times.

"Where are my friends" he said to the tree turning around to face it again.

But as he faced the tree the branches just looked like branches once again. George began to panic and as he looked around the stones, they began to stare at him. He sat slumped by the tree and he whispered under his breath "I will wait for you."

Runner Ups:

Jenna Hunter (Truro School)

Eric Liu (Plymouth College)

Peter Cowley

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Sourton Tor from the west
with Prewley Moor on the left

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