

The Legend

Number 200



Newsletter of
North Gloucestershire Orienteering Club
April 2022

www.ngoc.org.uk



NGOC Committee

The Principal Officers	
Chairman Paul Taunton chairman@ngoc.org.uk	Secretary Rhiannon Fadeyibi secretary@ngoc.org.uk
Treasurer Alan Pucill treasurer@ngoc.org.uk	
The Officers	
Membership Secretary Simon Denman membership@ngoc.org.uk	Equipment Officer Pat MacLeod equipment@ngoc.org.uk
Mapping Officer Ian Phillips mapping@ngoc.org.uk	Development Officer Pat MacLeod development@ngoc.org.uk
Communications & Publicity Officer Tom Cochrane communications@ngoc.org.uk	Fixtures Secretary & Permissions Officer Greg Best permissions@ngoc.org.uk
Welfare Officer Judith Taylor welfare@ngoc.org.uk	Club Captain Shirley Robinson captain@ngoc.org.uk
Club Coach Gill Stott coaches@ngoc.org.uk	Newsletter Editor Alan Brown legend@ngoc.org.uk
Additional Voting Members	
SI & Results John Fallows john@greyeye.co.uk	Web Administrator Steve Lee webadmin@ngocweb.com
Volunteer Coordinator Kevin Brooker volunteer@ngoc.org.uk	
Other Useful Non-Committee Contacts	
Club POC Manager Caroline Craig pocs@ngoc.org.uk	

The above shows the committee structure following the 2021 AGM

Front cover: "KVIKK LUNSJ" means "quick lunch" and is the Norwegian KitKat; see Kim Liggett's account of her far north adventure.

Chairman's Chat

Wow! The big news is that NGOC has qualified for the final of the CompassSport Cup! Many thanks to club captain Shirley Robinson for persuading such a large number of members to run for their club and many thanks to you, the members, for answering her call. Forty-five members took part in a three-way competition with OD and DVO at the Harlequins CSC round, held at Postensplain in the Wyre Forest in Worcestershire and earned us first place. Well done everybody! The CSC Final will be hosted by Forth Valley Orienteers on 16th October 2022 at Devilla Forest, with the event centre at the Scottish Police College, Tulliallan. We need at least 25 runners to field a full team. **If you think that you might want to go please let Shirley know.** Would NGOC arranging a coach trip persuade you to go?

And another Wow! Have you seen the new NGOC website? Thanks to Pat Macleod and Tom Cochrane for a great job modernising and improving it.

In 2021 Covid prevented any orienteering events until early April. This year NGOC got off to a much better start, with our traditional New Year's Day score event, and already now, at the end of March, we have held 8 events. Thanks to the planners and organisers of these events, and also those who have helped out during the events too. Without these volunteers our events would not happen. Note that there are still several events shown in the fixture list for late this year, and January 2023, that do not yet have a planner/organiser appointed – please get in touch with Greg Best if you might be prepared to take on one of these. If you feel that you would like to help, but don't yet have enough experience, then please talk to Greg, as we can arrange for an experienced Mentor/Controller to assist novice planners.

This year we have got off to a slow start in the UK Orienteering League, as many of the events have been in Scotland or the north, but nevertheless club members have scored in 6 of the 11 events so far - presently we are in 27th place, of almost 100 clubs. UKOL events later this year are more accessible: the JK is coming up soon in South Wales and the three individual days all count; both days of the Caddihoe weekend in Devon will count; and the November Classic in the New Forest counts too. Quite a few members will travel to the Lakes 5-days and days 3 and 5 have been designated as UKOL races. So why not sample a few of these bigger events in 2022 and help us beat last year's 10th place?

There are already sixteen NGOC members entered for the Lakes 5-days. Entries are currently available at £18 per day but increase to £19 at the end of April and finally to £21, so if you do intend to go it would be good to get your entry in soon. The event ends on Friday 12th August with an event in Kendal, close to the M6. Afterwards, instead of turning right towards Gloucestershire why not turn left and head to Dumfries, only 90 minutes away, just over the Scottish border, for this year's Harvester relay on 13th? NGOC usually enters at least one team (either 5 or 7 people) for this overnight relay. The legs are both night and day, and of varying length and difficulty, so there is usually something to suit everybody.

This year four NGOC members are among the 74 orienteers nominated for the annual British Orienteering awards:

- **Carol Stewart**, nominated for the **Continued Contribution to Orienteering Award**, for serving as NGOC Treasurer for longer than most members can remember, and continuing to run registration even though she rarely now competes;
- **Greg Best**, nominated for the **Bonington Trophy** (*awarded annually for the best contribution to mapping*,

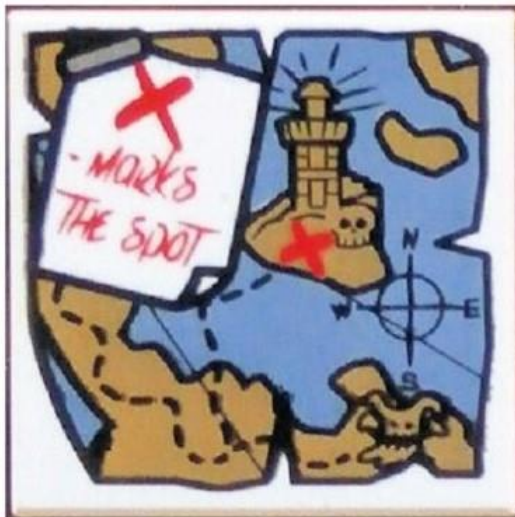
- *covering a range of activities related to mapping over several years*), as he has given us the complete package of identifying new areas suitable for orienteering, negotiating with the landowner for access, mapping these new areas and finally planning events using his map (e.g. Huntley, Edge);
- **Rose Taylor**, nominated for the **Young Volunteer of the Year** (*awarded to someone under the age of 25 who has demonstrated a commitment to supporting the delivery of orienteering activity with passion, energy and enthusiasm*), for frequently volunteering for a range of tasks at our events to help make them successful, helping her parents with planning and organising events, and shadowing juniors new to orienteering to build their confidence;
- **Pat Macleod**, nominated together with Peter Effenev for the **Development & Innovation Award**. Peter is the Australian developer of the Maprun app, and Pat has helped many UK clubs to start using it for events.

For those of you who don't bother to study the dry details of the AGM reports, and minutes of Committee meetings, I'd like to say a few words about where some of the money from your entry fees goes. As well as direct event costs treasurer Alan Pucill maintains subscriptions or makes donations to several organisations that assist us directly or indirectly, including: the Woodland Trust, Butterfly Conservation; and the Cotswold Way Association. The committee has also agreed to make annual donations (*totalling less than £300*) to providers of free software: Maprun; Purple Pen; Open Orienteering Map; and TablePress (a plugin for the WordPress web publishing platform).

If you are a new club member please do make yourself known to one of the helpers at an event who will, I'm sure, be able to direct you to a member of the Committee with time to welcome you.

Please don't hesitate to raise with them any queries that you may have about orienteering in general, or the club in particular. We are all looking forward to the JK, which starts on Friday 15th April. Thanks are due to Joe Parkinson, Richard Cronin and the rest of the NGOC team organising, planning and helping at the Middle Race on Day 2 at Clydach Terrace. The competition area is located at over 400m above sea level, close to the highest point of the A465 Heads of the Valleys Road. Let's hope for good weather, since it's completely open and can be very bleak when it's wet & windy. (Don't forget your cagoule!) Good luck to all JK competitors, especially those representing NGOC in our nine relay teams running at Caerwent on Day 4.

Paul Taunton

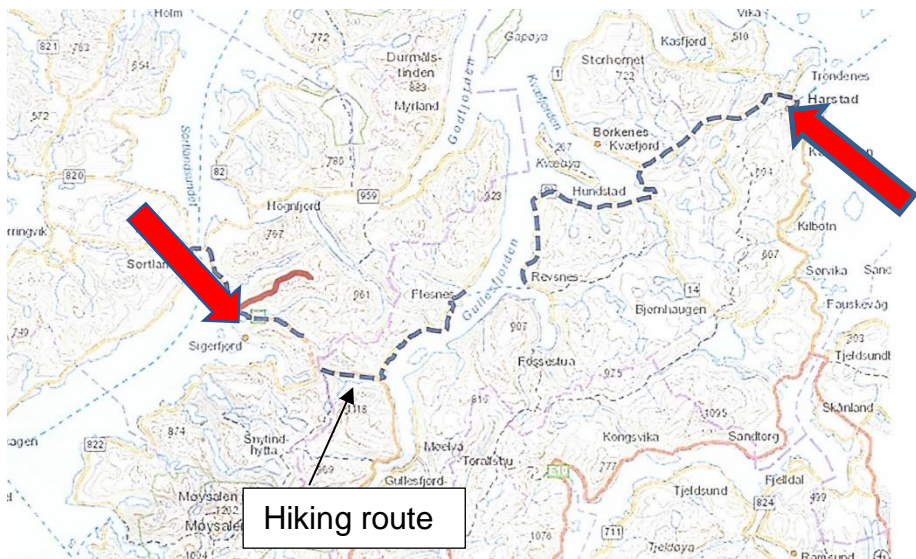


Lego map tile

Round trip voyage aboard Hurtigruten MS Nordkapp - Bergen to Kirkenes on the Russian border

Our 12-night cruise started from Bergen in November aboard the Hurtigruten MS Nordkapp. It was different to our usual cruise holiday as this ship is a passenger and postal ferry cruising up the coast of Norway to the northern most stop at Kirkenes alongside the Russian border.

Stops were made several times day, often for only 15 mins while post was unloaded and loaded, and passengers left on foot or car and other passengers boarded. Some of the stops were at very small villages and seemed very remote. Other main stops were when the cruise passengers could walk off to explore the little villages or be taken by coach for a tour or meet the expedition team from the ship for a hike.



One of the hikes I went on with the expedition team was from Harstad.

The ship docked at Harstad, and our small hiking group disembarked at 8am to board the coach to take us to the starting point of our hike. The ship was then leaving to continue its route around to Sortland where we would eventually board it again.



The coach journey included a short ferry ride across Gullesfjorden.

After a little longer on the coach along the edge of the fjord and through a mountain tunnel we arrived at the drop off point for our hike. As we were all padded out with our warm clothes, we were advised to take a layer off and put in our backpacks as we would be warm walking up but would probably need an extra layer once we reached the top of the mountain, just over 300m.

A local guide arrived and very quickly headed up the track to check the route to see how icy it might be. We were handed a pair of snow spikes each just in case we needed them. We were then led up the track with two of the expedition team from the ship. It was quite steep in places and the further up we went the more slippery with ice and wet the ground became.



The local guide was soon heading back down towards us to let us know that the ground conditions were ok further up and not too icy and that we wouldn't need to put on the spikes. Once at the top we had wonderful views of the fjord below and the town of Sortland where we would eventually meet up with the ship again. Many of the buildings in the town centre of Sortland are painted blue. The idea came from a local artist Bjorn Elvenes to turn his hometown into a three-dimensional artwork using a blue colour.

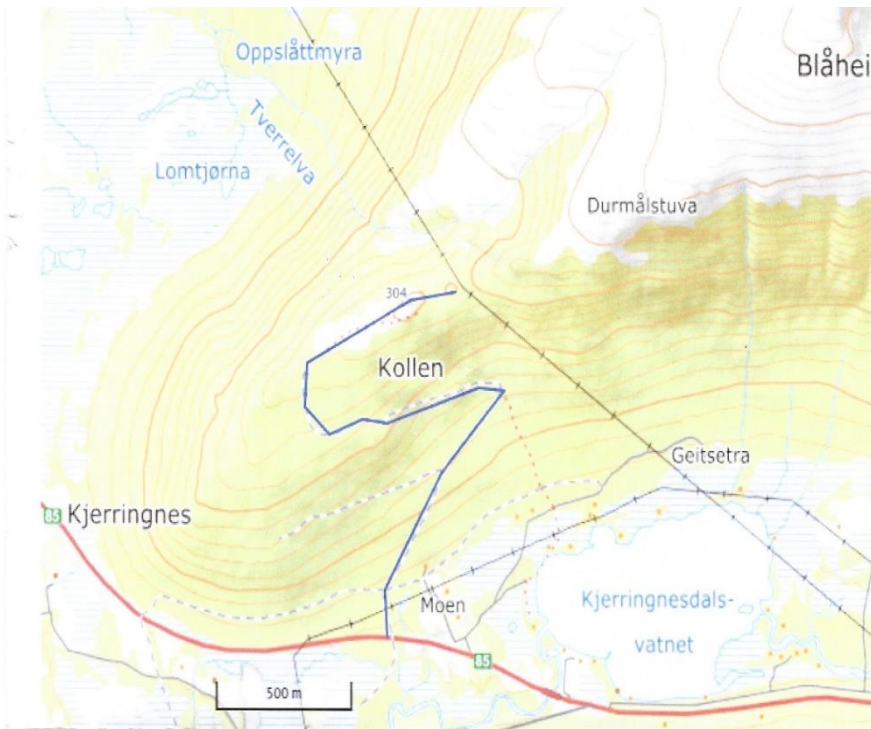


We were very thankful then that we had our extra warm layer to put on as it was much colder at the top. The expedition team handed out chocolate, which was a KitKat (more about that later) and cups of hot coffee or hot fruit drink which was very much appreciated.



I spied out an orienteering punch hanging from this tree next to the tin container which holds a book to sign, just to make note that you had reached this point. I decided to punch the map I had with me.

The sign on the tree translates as: *"Silence and slowness - is not that also the joy of nature?"*



After our short break at the top we walked back down as it looked like a snow storm was heading our way, which started as a light drizzle. Once back on the coach we headed to Sortland and, as we drove over the bridge, we could see MS Nordkapp just coming into dock. No sooner had we left the coach and boarded the ship we were on our way again heading southwards.

Norway's version of KitKat, crispy wafers covered in creamy smooth milk chocolate, was launched by Norwegian chocolate sweets manufacturing company Freia in 1937. Known as the hiking chocolate, Kvikk Lunsj – literally "quick lunch" was launched, its nutritional value was emphasised – it was hailed as a brilliant meal for those in need of energy.



Fjellvettreglene

1. Planlegg turen og meld fra hvor du går
2. Tilpass turen etter evne og forhold
3. Ta hensyn til vær- og skredvarsel
4. Vær forberedt på uvær og kulde, selv på korte turer
5. Ta med nødvendig utstyr for å kunne hjelpe deg selv og andre
6. Ta trygge veivalg. Gjenkjenn skredfarlig terreng og usikker is
7. Bruk kart og kompass. Vit alltid hvor du er
8. Vend i tide, det er ingen skam å snu
9. Spar på kreftene og søk ly om nødvendig

Ha en god og sikker tur!

On the inside of the wrapper is the Norwegian Mountain Code.

(Called “Fjellvettreglene” in Norwegian it is directed towards your safety, which is also appropriate for orienteers, though I’m not sure that we encounter many avalanche-prone terrains)

1. Plan your trip and report where you are going.
2. Adapt the trip according to ability and conditions
3. Pay attention to weather – or avalanches.
4. Be prepared for storms and cold, even on short trips.
5. Bring the necessary equipment to be able to help yourself and others.
6. Make safe choices. Recognise avalanche-prone terrain and unsafe ice.
7. Use a map and compass. Always know where you are.
8. Turn in time, there is no shame in turning around.
9. Save energy and seek shelter if necessary

Have a good and safe trip!

Kim Liggett



Lego map tile

WORD SEARCH

In the box below there are concealed 20 map titles used by NGOC. They may be written vertically, horizontally, diagonally, and forwards or backwards. Answers are at the end of Brashings. If you would like to make it a bit easier by knowing the names you are looking for, these are listed at the beginning of Brashings. A couple of the places have not been used for many years.

M	B	E	E	G	Y	X	V	B	O	B	A	A	N	B	K	I	M	A	P
Z	I	F	K	E	D	G	E	J	I	N	M	K	D	S	E	E	Q	U	L
L	X	N	S	T	A	P	C	R	N	C	D	W	T	N	I	O	V	S	A
Y	S	C	C	H	V	H	D	E	A	B	W	N	L	A	Z	C	T	L	J
D	L	B	B	H	T	L	I	A	V	E	S	S	E	A	G	S	E	L	D
N	A	T	H	O	I	O	U	D	C	I	J	W	I	K	B	D	B	A	S
E	D	X	I	P	O	N	L	N	E	O	S	F	O	F	R	O	N	N	W
Y	E	B	P	S	V	O	H	E	M	T	Z	C	M	D	C	A	W	D	A
P	U	N	W	G	H	I	E	A	X	Y	V	N	E	E	I	J	P	I	D
A	C	E	S	T	O	A	D	S	M	O	O	R	W	O	O	D	S	K	L
R	O	E	F	Y	U	Y	F	S	S	P	Q	U	I	O	E	F	R	G	G
K	O	R	F	G	M	H	O	S	N	H	T	H	E	D	E	L	V	E	S
O	P	G	I	K	I	O	G	X	R	I	E	O	C	Z	O	O	B	Y	T
Y	E	Y	D	C	R	A	N	H	A	M	Z	I	N	X	I	W	E	O	R
E	R	E	I	S	T	A	N	D	I	S	H	G	A	T	H	I	O	M	B
L	S	L	O	A	J	K	L	U	S	H	E	E	P	S	C	O	M	B	E
T	H	E	B	S	E	L	S	L	E	Y	P	P	O	L	I	E	G	G	R
N	I	S	D	A	G	Q	D	I	O	P	A	I	N	S	W	I	C	K	E
U	L	O	L	I	G	H	T	N	I	N	G	T	R	E	E	H	I	L	L
H	L	M	M	B	L	A	C	K	M	O	R	G	A	N	S	W	O	O	D

Prestbury Hill Butterfly Reserve

Butterfly Conservation is a registered charity and owns two areas on the west facing slopes of Cleeve Hill, the Masts Field and the Bill Smyllie Reserve. Their Gloucestershire branch was kind enough to give us permission to run on their land during our recent League event. *(The start and finish were located in the Masts Field and The Bill Smyllie Reserve is the southernmost part of the orienteering map, which we did not use on this occasion).* We were given some excellent descriptive brochures for the reserve but unfortunately, as it was so windy, these were not on display during the event. The reserve is well worth a visit a little later in the year, on a less windy day. Some details of the reserve, derived from the brochure, are included below.

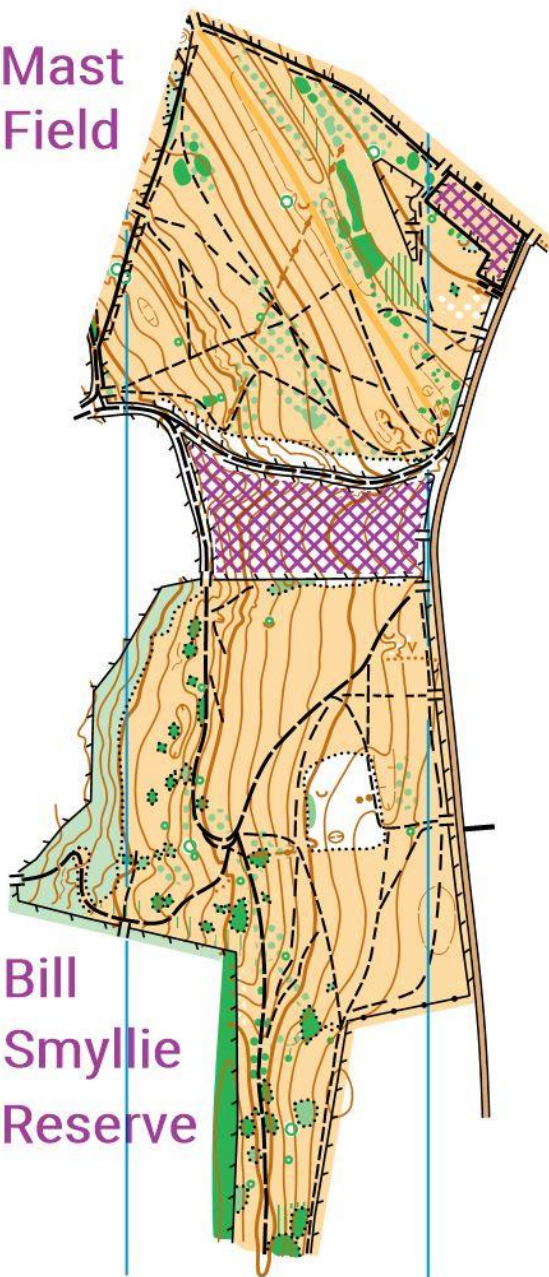
The reserve is mainly unimproved calcareous grassland, although patches of heather are present on the uppermost part due to differing soil conditions. The reserve is grazed to prevent the more robust grasses dominating the sward and excluding the smaller wildflowers. Six types of orchid are to be found.

Some 30 species of butterfly are resident on the reserve, over half of the species found in the UK! Migrants also frequently occur. In May less familiar species such as the Duke of Burgundy (nationally threatened, but thriving here), Green Hairstreak, Dingy Skipper and Brown Argus may be found, as well as many of the commoner species. In summer the commoner meadow butterflies are seen in profusion, as well as less common species such as Fritillaries. Over 400 species of moths have been recorded on the reserve.

If you want to learn more please look at their website <https://butterfly-conservation.org/> You could help financially by joining as a member and also practically by helping at a scrub clearance working party.

Mast
Field

Bill
Smyllie
Reserve



Paul Taunton

Soudley



Galoppen: the woods at Soudley on 30 January (photo: Neil Cameron)

Committee members

If you are fairly new to the club and aren't able to put names to those familiar faces here's some help:



Chairman Paul Taunton



Membership Secretary Simon Denman



Development and Equipment Pat MacLeod



Fixtures & Permissions Greg Best



Newsletter Editor Alan Brown



SI & Results John Fallows



Club Coach Gill Stott



Club POC Manager Caroline Craig



Mapping Ian Phillips



Welfare Judith Taylor

Bertie survives the RDA

I don't know if you chaps remember Wednesday 12 January? I know I do because it was the BAOC "Long O" day on the RDA. I can hear my readers muttering darkly that Bertram has already lost them by not explaining what RDA means. Well, this is the Range Danger Area on the Barossa training area behind the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, which is normally closed to humans in case some careless cadet looses off shots in the wrong direction. However, the Army had decided to let orienteers run round for one day and had hopefully banned shooting practice . . .

Bertram had run in this event a couple of years previously and taken 2 hours 40 minutes for the 11 kilometres. Not so good Bertie, I hear my readers say as they sip their disapproving coffees. Quite. So an improvement should be easy, wouldn't you agree? Anyway, I was looking forward to the challenge and went to bed early with instructions for Jeeves to rouse me early. In the morning there were so many butterflies in my stomach that I couldn't face breakfast and told Jeeves to drink it himself.

It was the train for Bertie. Jeeves had purchased my tickets online; he is a stickler for not paying more for tickets than is absolutely necessary and swears by a site selling what he calls split tickets. These chappies have a clever computer which works out the cheapest route, don't you know, and this often results in lots of separate tickets for one journey. This can be a bit embarrassing standing at the ticket machine while it prints out reams of tickets and the queue behind gets longer and longer. But their email did say said that I had saved a load of dosh.

By the time the tickets had printed out at the station it was getting light and I was welcomed aboard the Cheltenham Flyer by the recording of a disembodied voice. As the train gathered speed I was able to sit back and enjoy the scenery; the rising sun was

starting to burn off the wreaths of mist in a beautiful and romantic way, especially the denser patches over bodies of water and the various sewage works.

My three trains were all on time and I strolled through Camberley town centre and on to the RDA. Having donned my new “O” shoes I toddled slowly over to the Start.

“What ho!” I said.

“What ho!” said the start official.

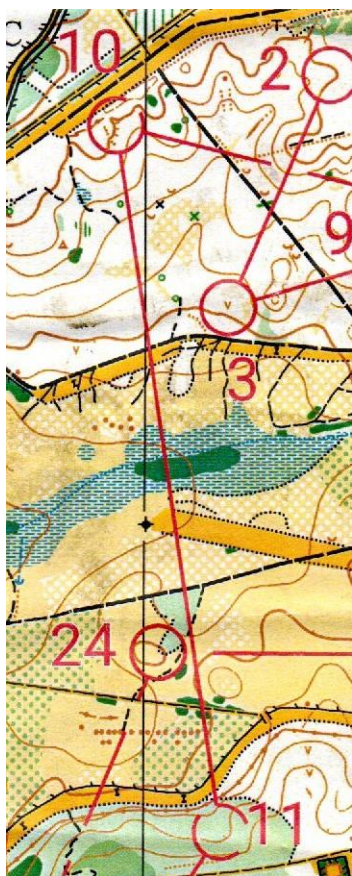
“What ho! What ho!”

“What ho! What ho! What ho!”

After that it seemed rather difficult to go on with the conversation so, as there was no one else waiting to start in the Brown lane, I dibbed and pressed down the mental accelerator. The old lemon throbbed fiercely, I picked up a map and surged off.

The first c. was a doddle but the rest weren’t. The problem was the roughness of the ground. I am a speedy runner on even ground but when there are brashings and small tree stumps that you can’t see until you are actually tripping over them, I slow considerably. In trying to find smoother patches of ground I veer about like a shopping trolley and waste even more time. As for the wide tracks and rides, these had been churned into deep ruts and muddy messes by vehicles; smaller tracks were a thing of faith rather than sight.

The planner, and I’m not complaining mind you, seems to have had the idea of not only placing each control well away from any path but also choosing locations where any path running always took the punter halfway to Timbuktu. I mean to say: look at 24 to 25.



Now I want to draw the readers' attention to another fiendish trick by the planner. Look to the side (to your left, I think) and see that the straight-line route from 10 to 11 goes across the bog. Bertie didn't fall – literally – for this and went round on the path. 15 minutes 32 seconds was cheap at the price as I heard afterwards that some fellow tried to go straight across and, of course, he got stuck. They only managed to extricate him with the help of powerful machinery. In the series of legs between controls, all of which had been a bit thick, this, in my opinion, achieved the maximum of thickness.

Now Jeeves has been trying to convince me that the planning for the course was excellent, but it is no use telling me there are good planners and bad planners. At the core, they are all alike. Sooner or later, out pops the cloven hoof.

I think I said earlier that it was turning into a beautiful sunny day and, as much as I like the sun, especially after the grey days we had seen in December, it was a bit of a bally problem when trying to see where one was going. In fact, the sun seemed to be

shining into my eyes whichever way I turned. Surely there's only one sun in the sky or were there also present some of those Chinese satellites with big mirrors? I must see if Jeeves can shed any light on it.

Errors. I like to think this is one of the shorter sections of my orienteering chronicles but I always try to include something to instruct and encourage my readers. Making my way from 12 to 13 I misidentified a track and wondered why the narrow open ride on the extreme left of the map was much wider than it was entitled to be. Yes, I was nearly off the map and alongside the firing range a bit to the east. I looked and listened carefully for any marksmen, but all was quiet, and I sprinted the fastest 50 yards I had ever sprinted until I was in the trees and dibbing 13.



I must point out that, as well as being rough underfoot, there was also much frost and dew and that my feet became very wet soon after I had started. And then cold. And quite quickly after that there was little feeling in the aforesaid appendages. That was quite welcome, in a rummy sort of way, until the words "trench"

and “foot” sprang into my mind from goodness knows where. The further I ran the more convinced I became that I was suffering from this trench foot malarky.

At long last I staggered into the Finish and the Download machine seemed to reflect the time I had taken out on the course. It thought about it for an eternity before printing out my slip, but I must say that I was gratified to see that I was not last. It later turned out that there was one each of DSQ/DNF/mp/injured, even if I was the last proper finisher. Two years ago, I had taken 2 hours 40 minutes but this time it was an unbelievable 3 hours 2 minutes.

If this wasn't bad enough, I must here talk about the points system. The longer the course one enters the more points are available towards the season's league total. For Brown the maximum is 100 points per run (although if the winner is well ahead of second place he might get a few more points – in this case the chappie winning Brown got 105, being over 6 mins in front of the geezer in second) and the maximum for the Blue is 70 and so on. With a possible 100 points available I had expected to be awarded more than a solitary one for three hours hard graft. Yes, one. But there were some coves running other courses who got “nul points” and they probably felt even more like the British entry in the Eurovision Song Contest than I did.

So, I took a despondent journey home, with a growing conviction about suffering from trench foot and feeling like Napoleon might have felt if somebody had met him in 1812 and said, "So, you're back from Moscow, eh?"

Running up the stairs in double quick time I tumbled into the flat to encounter Jeeves emerging from his lair with the drinks tray that would normally have been more than welcome.

“Good evening, sir, here is your brandy and . . .”

But I was in too much of a doodah to notice anything.

“Quick, Jeeves, tell me all you know about trench foot!”

“Trench foot? Well, sir, according to Wikipedia, trench foot occurs due to prolonged exposure of the feet to cold, damp, and often unsanitary conditions and surgery to remove damaged tissue or amputation may be necessary. May I be informed as to why you enquire, sir?”

“Do the extremities go black and blue? Do they cut those bits off? Hurry, Jeeves, have a look and give me your opinion.”

And I removed my shoes and socks. Jeeves took a step back and regarded them in an intense sort of way.

“Look at that hideous disfigurement, my feet are completely black and blue. Call the doctor immediately. This is an absolute disaster. I’ll be two inches shorter if they cut both my feet off and I’ll no longer be able to look down at blisters like Gussy Fink-Nottle.”

Jeeves maintained his customary calm. Cold and unfeeling I call it, callous even. Also, I think I might just have detected the glimmer of a smile.

“I have no personal experience of the condition, sir, but I think, in this case, the remedy is a good, relaxing hot bath.”

I goggled at the fellow.

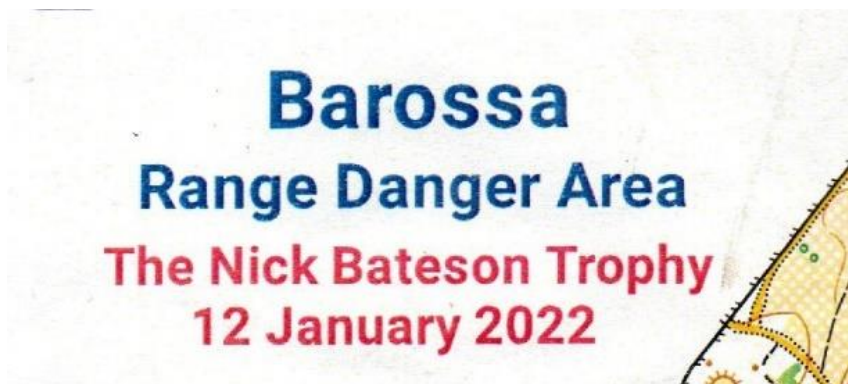
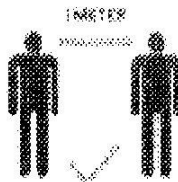
“You’re talking pure mashed potato, man, have you been at the cooking sherry?”

“Oh no, sir, but, with your permission, I will run your bath immediately. Will you take your brandy and soda whilst soaking

in the bath? I am sure that you will find your feet none the worse for their ordeal under that coating of mud."

23	118	2:25:39	03:49
24	131	2:39:14	13:35
25	133	2:46:05	06:51
26	109	2:52:09	06:04
27	113	2:58:32	06:23
28	125	3:01:01	02:29
Finish	249	3:02:52	01:51

You are 28 of 29
adverttime is 1:19:07, You are 1:43:45 be



Ghost of the long-lost orienteer



If long-lost orienteers become ghosts why have we heard of so few?

(Photo: Paul Taunton)

“O” birthday cake



(From Clive Caffall, British Orienteering archivist)

You might like to use the attached photo in the next Legend. I recently celebrated a significant birthday with a group of SPLOTs, delayed by a year due to lockdown. They commissioned this rather fine cake, complete with edible map and compass, and control flags around the side. Readers might like to guess the mapped area - my friends were mysterious about the example map they sent to the cake maker, but they do live only a few miles from this year's British Champs area!

Being such an old orienteer, I noted in the list of events from the NGOC early years in the January Legend was the first NGOC event that I ran at - in July 1973. I can add that the venue was Oakenhill Wood (now part of the Moseley Green map) but all I recall was being distracted from my course by the entrance to one of the old railway tunnels - more exciting for a 12-year-old!



Lego map tile

Lyme disease

Now that the days are getting longer and warmer perhaps it is time for a reminder about ticks and Lyme Disease. It is a good idea to check yourself for ticks after every run or outing into the countryside. To find out more visit the Lyme Disease Action website:

<https://www.lymediseaseaction.org.uk/>

MAPS IN WAR

(from Great Military Blunders by Geoffrey Regan, published 1991. ISBN 978 0 233 003511)

During the Crimean War there was such a shortage of adequate maps that one officer wrote home to his mother asking: 'Will you also be kind enough to send me a map of the Crimea with the forts, etc., well marked out in Sebastopol. I see them advertised at Wylds in the Strand. You can choose which you think best and send it by post.'

It is doubtful if the Russians were any better off themselves. Before the battle of Inkermann the Russian commanders had no maps and were very vague about the positions they were to occupy. Colonel Popov, of Prince Menshikov's staff, whose job it was to see that maps were made available, tried instead to talk to the various commanders before the battle but did not manage to reach all of them. One commander, General Soimonov, got totally lost through ignorance of the terrain and the heavy fog.

Even Frederick the Great was careless about maps, preferring to keep knowledge of terrain in his head. Unfortunately he had not devised a way of making his fellow commanders see things as he did. Before the battle of Kolin in 1757 he realized that he had no maps to issue. Assembling his generals he said that as many of them had been near Kolin in 1742, they ought to remember the lie of the land. 'I have a plan somewhere,' he admitted, 'but Major von Greise cannot find it.' At Kolin he was to suffer one of the worst defeats of his career at the hands of the Austrians under Marshal Daun.

Maps were a notable problem for commanders on both sides during the American Civil War. Nor should it be thought that a war fought on home ground made things any easier than a war

fought in unfamiliar territory. In 1862 Union general Henry Halleck campaigned in the West with a map he bought from a bookshop, while the following year the Army of the Potomac still had not got accurate maps of North Virginia, even though they had been campaigning there since the outbreak of hostilities eighteen months earlier.

(In the Spanish Civil War Mussolini had sent troops to fight on Franco's side. At the 1937 battle of Guadalajara General Roatta had a force of 35,000. Although this looked impressive on paper one division was partly made up of conscripted men and groups of labourers. The latter were under the impression that they were going to Africa to be used as extras in a film currently being made there, Scipio in Africa.)

Roatta's preparations for the battle belied his status as a professional soldier. Equipped with nothing better than a 1:400,000 Michelin Road Map of the area, the commander and the staff tried to make their troop dispersals without real knowledge of the lie of the land. As a rule battalion commanders in the pro-Fascist Italian divisions had no maps at all.



Lego map tile

from the . . . NGOC Archive

Legend for March 2006:

Double Trouble

I have always had trouble with spelling (or should that be "spelning"?). If you follow the rules yoo often find u are rong because there are so many exceptions to the rules. Our sport is doing its best to add to my confusion. Recently I have seen the following:

BOF fixture list:	"Galoppen"
NGOC fixture list:	"Gallopen"
December Legend:	"Galoppen"

Now I only need to see "Galopen" and "Galloppen" to drive me completely mad.

Can someone ask the Swedes for the correct spelling and stick to it?

John Burrows

(Page 14 of the February issue of Punch, the newsletter of Cornwall Orienteering Club, has "Galloppen" and, in the next line, "Galoppen" - Ed.)

Mroe aoubt slplenig

I cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacly uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid. Aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn't mtttaer in waht oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoatnt tihng is taht the frist and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit a porbelm. This is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Amzaning, huh? Yaeh and I awlyas toughht slpeling was ipmorantt.

Legend for June 2006:



A number of intrepid NGOC members competed in the Welsh Championships in early March, the day after the league event at Minchinhampton. In spite of the conditions we *think* the mountain rescue teams and helicopter were only practising.

Photographs: Carol Stewart



"O"DDMENTS

No 1

The difference between the sexes manifests itself in many ways. Day 1 in last year's JK was on Ilkley Moor in Yorkshire. I was approaching control 6 on a boulder strewn open hillside when a sharp pain in my right calf caused me to yelp and collapse in a heap. Trying to get up resulted in a repeat of both yelping and collapsing.

Two M65s (or thereabouts) came over and enquired whether I was OK. Not wishing to spoil their runs, and not being in any pain except when I put weight on the leg, I said that I was OK but I would appreciate it if they would inform the Finish team that there was an injured runner by Control 6 on the M70 course.

I thought that they would take about 15 to 20 minutes to finish their courses and settled down with my back against a boulder watching runners criss-crossing the hillside. I was there for about an hour. During that hour I was approached by eight runners, the conversation going something like:

Runner: "Are you alright?"

Me (weakly): "OK thanks, although I...."

Runner (brightly): "Oh good, can you tell me where I am?"

All eight were Ws; not one M enquired. This was not because only Ws were lost; there were plenty of Ms running around like headless chickens. Ms wouldn't ask because their pride got in the way. Ws are by nature pragmatic.

No 2

Gaye and I were joined by a son and two grandsons at a recent BKO event near Newbury. They rarely orienteer but the elder grandson, 17 I think (years have a tendency to pass at an increasing rate and keeping pace with five grandchildren's ages is beyond me), decided that he would do the Green. This decision was made without taking my advice, which would have been for him to do the Light Green; but then what does an aging old grump know anyway.

However he went well until between controls 7 and 8, he got thoroughly lost and had no idea where he was on the map. Being, in old terminology, an M17, and being reluctant to ask for help, he found another solution. A Notice Board at one of the entrances to the wood had a very useful map with an arrow saying "You are here". He completed the rest of the course with no problems.

That's my boy!

Lin Callard (M70)

Brashings

Word search locations

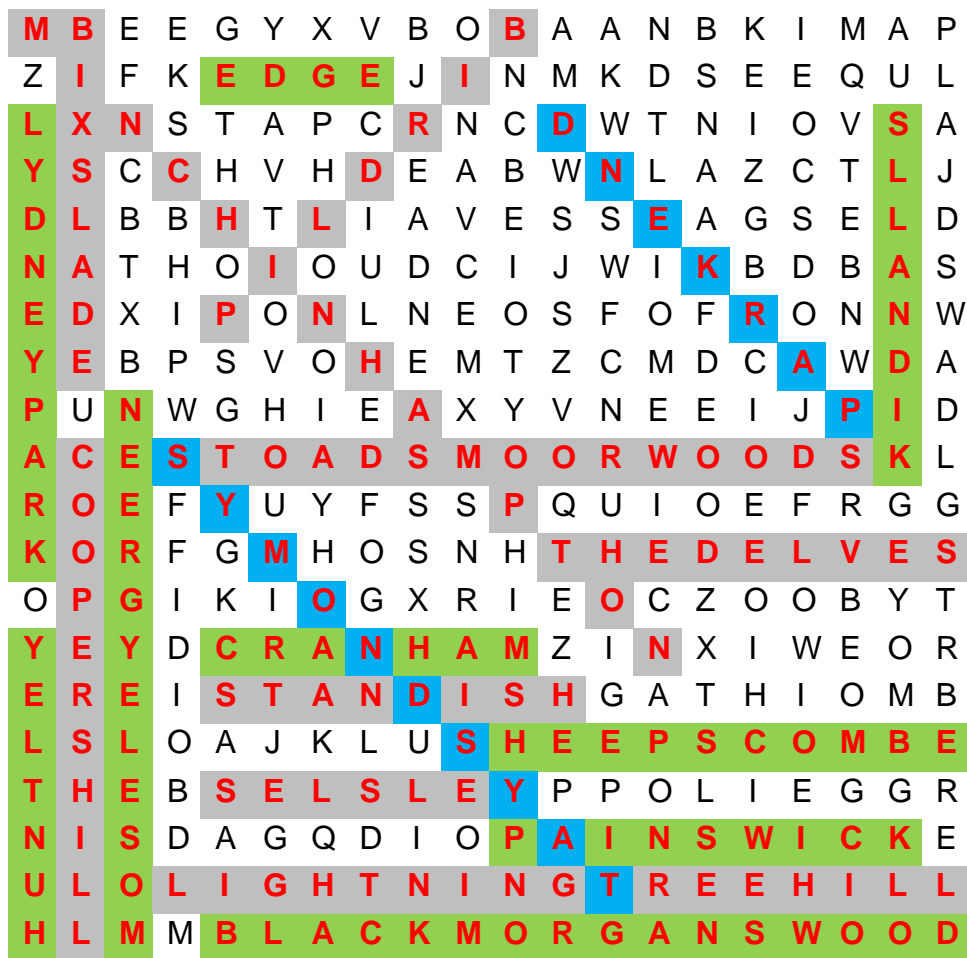
The places you are looking for are: *Birdlip, Bixslade, Black Morgans Wood, Coopers Hill, Cranham, Edge, Huntley, Kidnalls, Lightning Tree Hill, Lydney Park, Minchinhampton, Moseley Green, Painswick, Parkend, Selsley, Sheepscombe, Standish, Symonds Yat, The Delves, Toadsmoor Woods.*

John Buchan

... of *The 39 Steps* fame wrote many books, including *The Free Fishers*. In it, one of the good guys has escaped from being imprisoned by the villain and his approach should be an example to all orienteers:

"My resolution was so white-hot that it made me calm. Not a minute could be wasted, for I had a sense that whatever evil was coming would come soon. I must get away from this glen to some place where Christians dwelt. I knew nothing of the countryside, but I remembered that the Yonder flowed east to the sea, and by the sea there must be towns and civilization. Being a Scotsman I had the points of the compass in my head, so I turned east and doubled across the grass to ..."

Word search answers:



Apologies . . .

. . . for omitting to add to the reproduction of the page from
"The Orienteer" in the January Legend: "*The Orienteer* is
Copyright of CompassSport Magazine. Reproduced here with kind
permission."

British Orienteering incentive scheme Awards

Congratulations to the following members who have been awarded incentive scheme certificates for their performances at orienteering events.

Thomas Simpson	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award ***
Seth Lawson	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award ***** Racing Challenge: Silver Award *****
Ivan Teed	Racing Challenge: Gold Award *****
Rosie Watson	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award ***** Navigation Challenge *****
Sarah Bryce	Navigation Challenge *****
Tom Agombar	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award ***** Navigation Challenge *****
Matthew Fautley	Racing Challenge: Silver Award *****
Claire Horsfall	Racing Challenge: Silver Award *****
Eddie McLarnon	Racing Challenge: Gold Award *****
Alec Linton	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award ***** Navigation Challenge *****
Alex Agombar	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award *****
Roger Edwards	Racing Challenge: Gold Award *****

Have your say!

Are there any matters that you would like the Committee to consider? Contact the Club Secretary or any member of the Committee.

Articles for Legend

We are always looking for articles and photographs on anything to do with orienteering. Send your article/pictures to legend@ngoc.org.uk. Thanks to everyone who contributed to this edition of Legend.

Disclaimer

Views expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the North Gloucestershire Orienteering Club.



(More Lego in the next edition of Legend)