

The Legend

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North Gloucestershire Orienteering Club
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www.ngoc.org.uk

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Cover: Lucy was one of the stars of the show at the BOK Army Championship event at Blakeney Hill on 6 June. She won the Cup for an outstanding contribution to the 2012-13 season both out in the field and in the car park, and was duly promoted to be the BOK Army Regimental Mascot. See inside for Caption Competition. *(Photograph by Lucy's owner, Alan Richards)*

Chairman's Chat

It seems an age ago that the regular 2012/2013 season came to an end with John Coleman's event on Cleeve Common. It was wonderful, and rare, to see an NGOC name head the leader board in every class in the Mini-league. Very well done to all the winners. A special mention should go to Patrick Tate, who won Orange in convincing style in only his second season, and to Evie Hastings, W7, pipped to the Yellow course winning slot only by Patrick's Mum, who keeps herself occupied on the Yellow whilst waiting for Patrick to race round the Orange. Well done and thanks also to all of the event organisers and their helpers. As ever nothing would happen without the massive amount of work that club members put in voluntarily to run our events.

What is somewhat disappointing is that even allowing for having only 7 mini-leagues this season, rather than the usual 8, the number of competitors was down significantly on last season. A crude tally of individual result lines in the final standings for 2011/2012 shows 548 different runners/pairs, whilst the equivalent figure for 2012/2103 is 338. Likewise the number of scoring runs (i.e. excluding retirements and disqualifications) was down from 1023 last season, to 644 this season. An 8th mini-league this season would not account for more than a few additional or new competitors, and would add perhaps 100 or so additional runs, so for some reason participation this season has been much lower than in the last. As the mini-league generates most of our income this is a worrying trend.

We are, to some extent, compensating for this reduction in runs with our Summer Series, now well into its second season in its current format. Turnout for the Thursday evening events has been steady at just under 20 runners a week, and for the Saturday events has been around the 50 mark. The disappointment in this case is that we are seeing very few newcomers; most runners are well known faces looking for something to keep them going over the summer months. I suspect that this is due in large part to poor publicity, and we still struggle to understand how to attract people into orienteering.

Outside the forest (or street, in the summer), I recently attended the Forestry Commission's periodic Forest Forum, which is a gathering of parties interested in what is happening in the Forest of Dean. On this occasion we were treated to a visit to a working thinning contract, and to a working sawmill, as well as to the usual presentation and question/answer session with the Deputy Surveyor. There was little new to hear during the evening presentation – it was the usual story of trying to balance conflicting political, economic and community needs and doing so in straitened times.

One of the Commission's highlight stories this year has been the 're-branding' of the Forest, with new signage and a new corporate style which manifests itself in new signs on the edge of the Forest and at major attractions such as Mallard's Pike. I am sure there are marketing people who could argue that this is important as a first impression for visitors to the Forest, but many of us feel there are better ways to spend limited funds!

The other point of interest was a move to make the Forest Plan, which is the principal driver for ongoing forest management and operations, more accessible to the public. This would be of great interest to us, as it sets out what the Commission plan to do to each part of the forest over the next five years or so, and it's a surprise to me that it hasn't been published before.....it has in other districts, I believe.

For the thinning site visit we went to Abbots Wood, above Ruspidge, which is part of our old Soudley map. It was interesting to hear the financial and practical constraints under which the contractors work, and I discovered what the 'R' stands for that one sees sprayed on trees due for thinning or felling. It marks a new access 'rack', to be cut to allow access for heavy machinery into a plantation. Why it's called a rack I have no idea.

Alan Brown, Roger Coe and I walked through the old Soudley map a couple of weeks ago to assess possibilities for remapping it for the Caddihoe next year, and we spoke to the contractors then. They are thinning conifer plantations across about 80 hectares of the best parts of the old map, and due to goshawk nesting constraints are going to be there for some time. We concluded that the summer/early autumn vegetation and the thinning together rendered Soudley unsuitable for remapping at the moment. We still continue our search for new areas,

however, and it will probably be no surprise to many of you that like most clubs now we need, and indeed have started, to look at urban areas and creating proper ISSOM city maps.

Finally, my three year tenure as Chairman is coming to an end, and as our Club Constitution states, the Chair should change every three years. It is not an onerous task – we have an outstanding committee – and if anyone feels that they would like to put themselves forward for office I would be very happy to explain what is involved. It is important that we try to get new people onto the committee, bringing new ideas and new impetus, and these, together with enthusiasm for orienteering, are far important to the role than experience in committees!

Pat MacLeod



OUT OF SIGHT

The tale of a less usual sight impairment

Fortunately most of us make our little orienteering navigational errors out of sight or we would like to think so! For me this has a double meaning as I certainly make those mistakes out of the sight of others but I can also say that I am partly out of sight. Like a number of other orienteers I no longer have the advantage of full vision and certainly not 20:20.

I would like to share my experiences in the hope that I will help others.

The Medical Background

This all goes back some many years when my late mother was suffering from deteriorating eyesight and did not fully understand the nature of her problem. She thought that she had cataracts and that it was a matter of waiting for them to develop to the extent that they could be removed and her sight would be restored. Perhaps it was as well that she lived ever hopeful.

We discovered that she had Glaucoma, not cataracts. Unfortunately I inherited the problem and was treated at an early stage with drops working for 95% of people and in some cases surgery, which can in most cases slow down or prevent any further deterioration in sight. However early treatment is essential. Sadly I have not been so lucky, in spite of the Glaucoma being picked at the initial stage, and I continue to lose some sight though I am hopeful that I will not get as my mother did being registered blind. These days the specialists are really good at explaining and guiding one.

So it was over 20 years ago that my excellent optician, having been alerted to the possibility of me inheriting Glaucoma, was on the ball. He did the usual 'puff' test and referred me via the GP to the specialists. My original consultant was of the old school and did not

explain the treatments that were available. These were just farmed out and one accepted the outcome based upon his very good reputation. Nowadays it is very different. I am fortunate that my present consultant is very good at discussing and explaining matters and shows a great interest in the effects of my loss of vision on my orienteering.

The Orienteering Consequences

During my long 'O' career, as many folk may know, I have previously done quite well at our sport. Even on entering M70 four years ago I was still capable of gaining a Championship badge as in all classes up to M65. However my performance fell away but I did not understand why. I was still in a good physical state and could hold my own as a runner but something was not right. *(Cue laughter)*

Then about two years ago I had a number of quite serious falls. OK, we all trip up occasionally but these were more serious. Previously over the years I had run over rough terrain with relative ease. My brain-eye co-ordination had always been very good. But now something had changed.

After the third serious fall – on two occasions I was lucky enough to fall at the feet of Rachel Dennis of BOK, she has my grateful thanks for all her help and consideration - I was forced to take stock of what was now happening to me. These days we joke about it but it had really got her worried at the time. I had missed my footing running fast down a long steep hill and fell on my back with such a force that I was severely winded. Many thanks also to others who helped too. Just sorry I was not able to help Rachel when she broke her finger at Mallards Pike.

Putting Two & Two Together

One of the main problems with a gradual loss of sight is that one does not realise the slow and subtle changes. We don't see what we don't see and in many cases we are unaware. If someone points out something, especially if smaller or in the distance, I may or may not have seen it. Folk say "You need new glasses!" I explain that my glasses are fine and up-to-date. If I stop and look more carefully then my picture is whole but it does not fully appear in an instant as it used to do. So anything that I could trip on may not appear instantly as I run

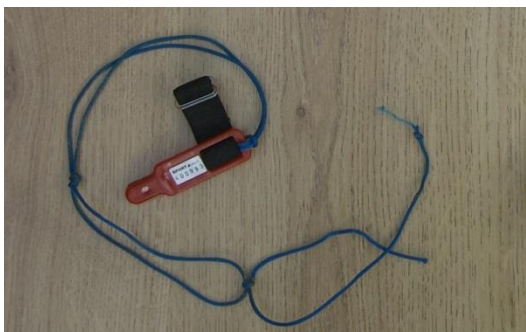
along. However if I walk then it appears in good time and I do not trip. It is like watching a negative develop in a fixing tank in the old days but obviously not quite as slowly!

There are many different things which might affect sight and reading orienteering maps. A surprising number are colour-blind. Another disease which we hear more of these days is macular degeneration, which also results in severe sight difficulties. In my personal case there is nothing that planners and organisers can do to help; I have now accepted my limitations and took some months, and gentle coaxing, to adjust to being nearer the bottom of the field rather than the top. I have now regained my enjoyment of finding the controls at a slower pace, even in the dark, wet woods where it is difficult to retain a line due to having to watch the ground so closely.

I have come to realise that whilst we wish to be able to include all in our great sport, it is really unfair to expect planners and organisers, who have so much else to do, to make special provisions, such as maps at a larger scale, for a very few competitors. There is a very difficult balance to strike between inclusiveness and expecting too much of hard pressed volunteers.

Make sure you have an eye test at the age of 40 as this is when Glaucoma may possibly be detected with early treatment available.

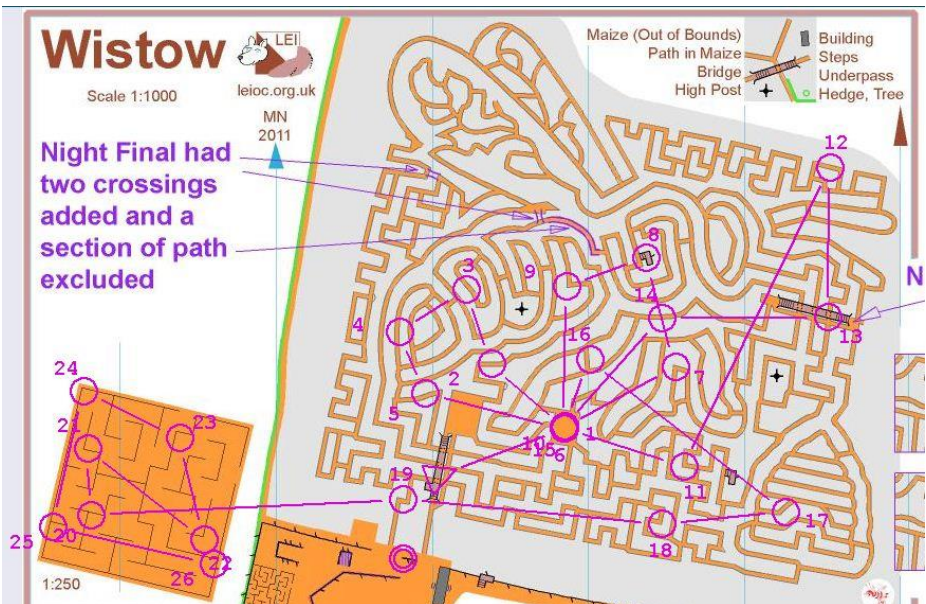
Chris James



(Will you be attending NGOC's Elton Maize Maze event on Saturday 20 July? Joe Taunton offers these tips from his previous experiences in maize mazes)

MAIZE MAZE 'O'

Maize orienteering is an interesting and somewhat unique addition to the ever expanding suite of orienteering disciplines. I have competed in four maize events over the past four years; two hosted by WCH in the National Forest Maize Maze near Burton-upon-Trent, and for the past two years in the Wistow Maize Maze, Leicester, organised by LEI.



This year members of NGOC will have an opportunity to compete in a similar event at the Elton Maize Maze. Here I summarise some of my experiences from the above events so that you may learn from my mistakes, although I accept no responsibility for results, good or bad, achieved following this guidance...



Lesson 1 *Know where you are at all times*

My first foray into the format (2009, Qualifier 2) started well enough, but all too soon I lost my precise position on the map. This was fatal. Relocation in a maize maze is usually very difficult given the absence of distinct landmarks and the similarity of one weaving path through the sweet corn to the next... An excellent crop of corn in the initial years meant there was no way of seeing adjacent paths over the corn and one was effectively in

an isolated corridor. I have painful memories of reappearing at the same junction on no less than 3 occasions (that I noticed!), seemingly being taunted by the music played over the loudspeakers. In that race I finished in 78th place out of 105 finishers, over 13 minutes behind the leading time!

Lesson 2 *Reverse plan your route*

Unlike normal (forest) orienteering, heading in the general direction of the next control (my standard technique) does not usually work in this 'discipline'. Creating new paths through the maze is obviously not allowed, but even initially heading off along the nearest path 'towards' the control will often take one further from, rather than nearer to, the next control. Working back from the next control to a position you know you can get to is usually a good strategy.

Lesson 3 *Check your control* **number**

In 2009 I missed out on qualification for the A night final due to my poor performance in one of the qualifiers mentioned above and instead ran the B night final. The course as a whole went very well but despite finishing with the second fastest time I was informed that I had mispunched. How could that have happened? I had dutifully checked



all my codes... It transpired that my route choice from #18 to #19 took me 'past' number #20, but instead of carrying on to #19 I simply punched #20 and carried on, thus missing #19 out entirely. This lesson was evidently not well learnt as I repeated the trick in 2011 on the Right Heat when another fast time was on the cards...

Lesson 4 *Don't over-rely on memory*

I'm not sure whether the NGOC format will incorporate more than one race, but in the past the multi-race format has meant that familiarisation with how the maze links up in the qualifiers can assist route choice in the later races. In 2011 in the day final I lost a lot of time to the leaders



on a number of legs and I couldn't initially work out why. It transpired that the organisers had taped off some pathways for the qualifiers, some of which were then removed for day final, altering the optimum routes. My reliance on 'knowledge' of how the maze linked up from the qualifier was therefore no longer relevant! For the night finals the maze was 'redesigned' again, with more pathways opened up as well as new access routes introduced by physically cutting new paths in the maze! This was all clearly shown on the individual race maps and meant every race, although intrinsically in the same maze, was effectively unique.

Lesson 5 *Persevere and have fun!*

Below is a tabulated summary of my results: with experience have come better results, culminating in receiving a small trophy last year for winning the A Night Final, beating two GB internationals in the process!

But it is not all about the results; on every occasion I have thoroughly enjoyed the challenge and I strongly recommend that all members make the effort to attend the NGOC event on 20th July this year!

Year	Location	Q1	Q2	Day Final	A Night Final	B Night Final
2009	Burton	28:28 (78/109)	18:18 (13/111)	-	DNQ	18:14 (mp/28)
2010	Burton	16:04 (10/94)	14:42 (8/94)	-	14:28 (4/30)	-
2011	Wistow	3:43 (6/86)	14:25 (mp/86)	17:05 (10/69)	15:31 (2/30)	9:43 (1/24)
2012	Wistow	3:52 (9/65)	10:45 (1/66)	22:34 (5/59)	16:09 (1/24)	-

Joe Taunton

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Wild boar in the Forest of Dean

Joe Taunton recently encountered a small group of wild boar: there was a sow with around ten young piglets who promptly ran away, but three individuals (juvenile males?) were a little more inquisitive and he managed to get some shots with his phone. For those readers (like me) who have seen much evidence of wild boar but not an actual boar here are Joe's photographs. The boar blend in well with their background: they are fairly easily visible in the web version of Legend but may be a bit difficult to make out in the printed version.



Forestman 2013.

Forestman is a long distance triathlon, often (but incorrectly) referred to as an Ironman. Ironman is actually a trade name used by the Ironman company so only they are allowed to use it. All that aside the distances in a long distance triathlon are 2.4 mile swim, 112 mile bike and 26.6 mile run.

Training didn't go at all well, I kept waiting for spring and summer to arrive but this just didn't happen, it meant the open water swimming was delayed because the water was just too cold and the biking was sporadic due to the cold and wind; poor excuses I know but at the end of the day we do these things to enjoy ourselves and the prospect of an 80 mile training ride in a cold wind really doesn't press the right buttons.

The race was held on the 23rd June in The New Forest, a great venue. In the race briefing on the 22nd at Sandy Balls the organiser tried to stress the importance of pacing, it was going to be very windy and it was a long day, 10% too fast on the bike would mean being very slow on the run. I've done a few long distance triathlons so I know about the dangers of setting out too fast, these were wise words.

We all gathered at Ellingham water ski lake at 5am on Sunday morning ready for the 5:30am start, the lake was already showing signs of the wind but not too bad yet. At 5:30 we were off and after a fairly uneventful 75 minutes I was out of the water heading for the transition tent to change into cycling kit. A reasonable transition and I was on the road 7 minutes later.

Already it was windy but the strong WNW wind didn't really affect the first 20 miles or so, in fact it was more a case of trying to conserve energy and not go too fast. Soon, though, the 24mph wind became a problem either as a head wind making progress hard or a cross wind making the ride tiring as you are battered trying to keep the bike straight. I'm not that physically strong on the bike so made hard work of it. In the end my bike time was about 40 minutes longer than expected at 6:47:35. More of a concern, though, was just how much it had taken out of me before the run, it turned out to be a little more than ideal! In

the end my run time was a very poor 5:14:32 giving me a race time of 13:28:41. To put this into perspective this was 75 minutes longer than the last time I did the race in 2011. I was 55th overall out of 102 starters and 3rd M50.

Having just read the all that goes before I'm clearly disappointed with the result but if you don't do the training you can't expect to turn up and race well: I'm sure the readers of Legend understand this point very well.

Possibly the most unsettling point of the weekend was having it pointed out to me that I was the oldest person in the race. How in the name of all things did that happen? It seems like only five minutes ago that I was an M35 orienteer and now, all of a sudden, I discover I'm an M55 triathlete (if I'd stuck to orienteering maybe this wouldn't have happened?). Forestman actually only have 10 year age groups so I race in the M50 group; had there been an M55 category I would have been the only entrant so I would have been first. I wonder if I can keep the wheels on until I'm an M60?

The Forestman is a truly wonderful event. The organisation is second to none and the friendly, efficient way that people go about things makes for a great experience. It's not as daunting as you may think so go on, you know you want to.....

So, looking forwards, Victoria and I will be heading to Scotland for the 6 days; we both plan to compete in a half (Ironman) triathlon in Snowdonia in September. Yes it is hilly with the half marathon including running to the top of Snowdon and back, and then there is the small issue of a team event in the Forest of Dean in October where I desperately want to regain some honour after getting exceptional value for money on the Wrekin!

Chris Harrison

Adams Avery Relays, Blaise Castle, Bristol, Sunday 16 June



Daisy (back to camera), Joe Taunton, Alan Brown, Chris James, Gill James, Greg Best, Tony Noott (BOK pretending to be NGOC), Carol Stewart

The start (thanks to Paul Taunton for the photographs)





Joe Taunton

Paul Taunton



(Hi Alan and Ann, thought I'd let you have a few words which you might like to use in Legend. I'm not much of a club contributor, I tend to just turn up at some events so perhaps sending some material for the mag might be one way of giving something to the club. I have offered to make a cake as well!)

I tried to think of a cool title, the best I could come up with is "Wre(a)kin(g) Havoc" but then I remembered, no, that was the last one!)

British Championships Relays

Greg has now asked me a few times to run for the club's team, I think the first was the CompassSport competition when we did really well as a club. I then ran at The Wrekin and did absolutely abysmally, getting my ones and sevens muddled up - the route to control no 7 was back in the direction of control no 1 and I didn't check carefully enough, just followed the pink line..... all the way back up the hill instead of down. Talk about making life difficult!

We then come to this year's British Championships. Greg had asked who was interested and initially we (boyfriend Chris Harrison and I) had other plans, having entered for the Neolithic marathon and half marathon respectively, which was the day before the relays. However, we pulled out of the Neolithic, having both picked up injuries after The Grizzly in early March. I'm probably not young enough and definitely not fit enough for The Grizzly anymore but hey, that's never stopped me from having a go! By the end of April, although not running enough to tackle a half-marathon, I had recovered sufficiently to be able to attempt orienteering, so volunteered to "make up a team" if needed.

I found myself in the mixed ad-hoc team, which seems to have had several changes of runners and on the day, was myself, Pat Cameron and a chap called Dave Funnell. Pat McLeod, our skipper for the day in Greg's absence, had positioned the NGOC camp on top of a little knoll, which he was standing on top of, so nice and easy to find.

It's a bad start to an orienteering event if you can't find even find the club camp, so thank you Pat for making it easy. Now Dave turned up and was what we described as a "bit of a livewire," with talk of disqualifications the day before and wanting to kiss the ladies. He suggested that I was fairly serious about the event, which I sort of was, which seemed to cause amusement. I'm now sure he was having me on! At the "debrief" afterwards, Dave had clearly had a good run and now seeing the photo of him in the last Legend, he looks a whole lot more "professional" than he pretended!

I was originally due to run the middle leg, the longest, but had told Greg that I'd run whatever was needed, so when our first runner had to drop out at short notice, Dave was drafted in but he didn't want to run the opener. I didn't mind at all - if I'm going to do badly it will happen no matter what leg I'm on! So off I set, at ease due to the assurances that it was a bit of fun, but fairly focussed. I'd looked at the spectator control, I'd nicked the sellotape on my map, I'd remembered my inhaler, I'd got my spectacles, it was even warm enough to run in just a T-shirt! Lovely.

I won't give a description of each control; suffice to say that the first three were fine and I was happy. No 4 went terribly wrong, when I went to No 5 instead. No panic at that stage, it was easy enough to run back along a track to no 4 and then at least I knew exactly where to find No 5. But I couldn't then find No 4 and ended up going almost all the way back to no 3 to start again. Bah.

Picked up again on the confidence though, after eventually getting no 4 and 5, running through the spectator control (I like to give the appearance that I'm pushing hard) then on to No 9, which was down that track and turn right. Now, I've never been very good with left and right, if I am navigating in the car I have to say "my side" or "your side" or point but never rely on simple left or right, 'cos I'll get it wrong. So why on why did I choose to think in terms of left or right rather than east or west? Anyway, I ran down the track and turned the wrong way. After the correct distance I found the control in the gully and continued on my way. Something made me double-check the number..... I really struggled to work out where I'd gone wrong, in part because the control I'd found was very similar in location to the one I should have gone to, just a slightly different part of the forest. Sigh. Eventually I managed to relocate and carried on my way, now quite demoralised.

I managed to hand over to Dave well enough, found my way back to the "camp" and apologised to the two Pats (skipper and leg 3 runner). I'd taken half an hour longer than anticipated and felt I'd let the team down. Everyone was very nice about it though and, when chewing it over later, Pat C reassured me that it was just a bit of fun on a nice day and that made me feel better. Pat herself had a good steady run to nicely round off the team performance. She was right as well, it HAD been a nice day and I HAD enjoyed myself bar the mistakes. It's always a privilege to be able to run at the British Championships so thank you NGOC for having me in a team, I don't do enough with the club so it was extra nice to meet other club members again and I promise to try to do better next time. CompassSport here we come!

Victoria Harvey



Chris and Victoria in cycling gear

Secret "O" Organisation Shocker!

(Legend's investigative reporter goes undercover to expose the man behind a secret fundamentalist orienteering club)

You won't find "BOK Army" anywhere in the BOF list of orienteering clubs and you won't find "BOK Army" putting on events in the BOF Events Listings. For several years now there have been whisperings of a secret "O" club: to discover the true facts our reporter went undercover to infiltrate this shadowy organisation. First of all **M** (not his real initial) had to take an intensive half-day course to learn about orienteering. Fortunately, a high standard of skill or knowledge was not required; in fact a good orienteer would have stood out like a sore thumb and looked very suspicious. After learning the basics of orienteering **M** joined NGOC. Outwardly a respectable club, laying on events for its own members and those of other clubs, **M** discovered that some members use NGOC as a cover for their BOK Army plotting.

Discovering the truth behind the secret army took patience, perseverance and iron nerve. After six months of taking part in orienteering events each weekend our reporter had learned exactly nothing; he began to doubt whether the organisation even existed – perhaps it was no more than rumour or the fevered imaginings of the conspiracy theorists at BOF HQ? Then, after many weekends of running through mud and brambles in remotest Gloucestershire there came the breakthrough. On a cold winter's day in the Forest of Dean our reporter was struggling round a Blue course and wondering if he would ever finish; the evening was drawing in and it was getting near course closing time. **M** had just found Control 13 in a deep pit on the loneliest and gloomiest part of the course; he had not seen another orienteer for at least a quarter of an hour. Just then he heard a twig crack behind him.

Spinning round he was confronted by a figure standing only a foot away. The figure's face was masked by an NGOC buff, dazzlingly bright in contrast to the surroundings. **M** could not place the voice although it seemed vaguely familiar. But he did not have time to consider this as the mystery figure was explaining that **M** had been under observation ever since joining NGOC and that he seemed ideal

for "the vital work" that was in progress. The fact that **M** had taken nearly 30 minutes to cover just 200 yards to Control 13 had clinched it. Rapidly the mysterious figure explained the aims of the organisation and **M** agreed to join.



*What **M** learned about the organisation and its leader*

BOK Army is what is known in intelligence circles as a "FOO" – fundamentalist orienteering organisation. There are about 3 – 4 dozen active members, mainly from BOK and NGOC. Not all are extremists; some are completely unaware of the true aims of BOK Army: they think of the secrecy as part of the cachet of an exclusive club and see going to the Wednesday events as merely an enjoyable day in the forest. These members give "plausibility" to the club; additionally, if any of

them are picked up by the security services, BOK Army leaders know that they will be genuinely unable to give away any secrets and thus they hope that suspicions will be allayed. There is also an unknown number of members who only occasionally attend events. In intelligence jargon these are “sleepers”, waiting to become active on hearing “the long beep”.

The head of BOK Army, and its inspiration, is a shadowy figure known as “The Colonel” or, by his closest aides, as “Tony”. A master of disguise, the only known photograph of him, which was taken by our reporter, is reproduced here. **M** was able to get close enough to “The Colonel” at the Adams Avery Relays to obtain this picture and then only because he employed a specially devised “dibber-cam”. Although a paid-up member of BOK “Tony” is seen here cleverly disguised as a harmless NGOC team member fond of trendy “O” gear; the photo shows him playing the role to perfection. The innocuous-looking umbrella to the right of the picture is actually a secret “weapon of mass dibbing” (WMD) and never leaves his side. The pointy end can be equipped with several dibbers (SI or EMIT or a combination of both) and can clearly be used at extreme range.

The organisation’s aims are truly shocking. Instead of orienteering being an inclusive sport, as embodied in the BOF ethos, these people want orienteering to be restricted to those over the age of sixty and for clubs to be compelled to organise events to a BOK Army-devised rota so that its members can orienteer on a different area every single day of the week, including Sundays and Bank Holidays.

Having gleaned all this startling information the Legend editorial team felt it incumbent upon themselves to inform MI5. As a result the Cabinet Orienteering Briefing Room (COBR) was convened and the PM himself has asked to be kept up-to-date on developments. After the news broke and after our reporter had been extricated and delivered to a safe house our sports desk tried to obtain the views of BOK and NGOC officials: none were answering their phones. Rank and file members were not to be found at their usual haunts such as the Rose & Compass, Relocation Arms or the aptly-named Whistleblower.

For the latest developments watch out for the September edition of the newsletter or tune into your local “Radio Legend”.



Richard Cronin displaying his NGOC top at one of the Junior World Orienteering Championships "fringe events" at Hradec Kralove in the Czech Republic

SPRINGTIME IN SHROPSHIRE 2013

This is a 'must do' event. It is a time aged classic and if you are interested in orienteering at all, then don't miss this one – after all, it's only up the road.

This year the entries were swelled by people from all over contesting the Masters event on Spring Bank Holiday Monday. We got scared. Only because of bagging a space at the campsite at Monstay Farm, the designated campsite. The Stottmobile was in place by 8pm Friday, bagging a view of Wigmore Lake – only visible as a lake just after the last glacial maximum.....so we were a bit late for that. After cooking and eating we thought we'd find the washing up facility on the campsite. After circumnavigating the campsite the only sink we found appeared randomly placed in a muddy field with no water. We washed up in the van.

More Stotts arrived next day and Croft Castle was runnable and most controls turned up on time. Andy got very annoyed when a large campervan parked in front of Wigmore Lake which he was enjoying. I don't think they do campsites with just one pitch.

Sunday brought Hopton. Hopton was horrible. Some of us tramped through acres of brashing-filled forest in the hope of finding the odd control. I hate Hopton now. Afterwards we cheered ourselves up by going to view the meltwater channel of Wigmore Lake – a limestone gorge – amazing! Our Matt arrived but he'd been on a stag weekend and was a bit the worse for wear. He'd bought a new lightweight tent which looked very expensive. It cost 15 pounds from Lidl but I don't think it was waterproof though. We went off to compete in the Ludlow Urban. I love urbans. Andy is not a convert but his eldest son is. Matt hadn't got an entry and the entry limit was passed. What to do? Run as a woman. Matt ran in the women's open, as Zoe Harding, and I am proud to tell you that he won (the women's open). The rest of us got to run over the drawbridge of the castle and find controls hidden in rooms. Good eh?

Missed the quiz night. Rumour has it that NGOC won. We go from strength to strength.

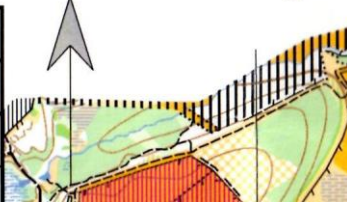
Monday was Brown Clee. I like Brown Clee as they had put the controls in nice positions. The problem is...there's always somebody faster and how do they manage to go so fast anyway?

So just less than two years to go to the next SINS. Get training now!

Gill Stott

Sandwell Valley

Sandwell Valley BAOC					
Long		7.1 km			
1	67	57	↗		
2	65		↘		



(Military League Central (MLC) event on Wednesday 22 May 2013)

Some of the BOK Army chums from NGOC were at the Bramshott Military League South (MLS) event on 15 May and were discussing what to do the next Wednesday as the MLS event was only a score event. It didn't even start until 2 o'clock, which was very late. Mr Mills and Mr Richards both thought that going such a long way just to run in a score event would be horrid and boring. Alan pointed out that there was going to be an MLC event at Sandwell Valley Country Park in Birmingham where his chums, including Lucy, could all run a blue course.

Alan had had a nice run there a couple of years ago and had brought the map along with him. At first glance it looked a very easy area with lots of open fields but Alan pointed to a very complicated wooded area in the top right-hand corner (where there were lots of tracks) and some other areas that he said were quite interesting. Mr Mills and Mr Richards were very impressed with how much Alan knew about the area and they all agreed to go. They would drive in Mr Richards' car as Lucy, who belonged to Mr Richards, might leave dog hairs all over Mr Mills' shiny new car.

Then they found out that Mr Budden had decided to put on a BOK Army pop-up event in Bristol the same day but they still thought they would like to go to Birmingham because they could have a longer run. Mr Mills and Mr Richards thought that they ought to ask Colonel Tony, who was in charge of BOK Army, if he minded them going to Birmingham instead. So they went off to find The Colonel. Alan said he would stay behind and look after Lucy. Actually, although Tony was a very kind man and always willing to give Alan a lift in his car, Alan was

a bit scared of him and thought he looked rather fierce. And Alan didn't want to be there if The Colonel got cross!

Alan's two friends were away for a long time. When they came back they said they couldn't find The Colonel. It was all very mysterious. It got even more mysterious that evening when Alan switched on his computer. There was an email from Tony saying that he expected everyone from BOK Army to attend all MLS events in future to get plenty of points and make sure they beat their nearest rivals. Alan didn't think a colonel would tell everyone to turn up and then not go himself. He checked the results lists for Bramshott (all the courses, not just the short easy ones) but The Colonel's name was not there. And the email mentioned three whips - what was that all about? Alan felt quite worried and confused and didn't sleep very well at all that night.

The next Wednesday Alan was very glad that he was going to Birmingham and not travelling south. The three pals and Lucy had at last got permission from The Colonel to go to Sandwell Valley but he had told them not to make a habit of it and to be on their best behaviour. Alan sat up straight in his newly-washed BOK Army sweatshirt and kept very quiet all the way there. They drove very fast up the motorway into Birmingham, getting off at Junction 1. Alan had brought along his O.S. map and gave directions to get to Registration. He only gave wrong directions once and Mr Richards didn't seem to notice, even though Alan's face had gone very red.

"Isn't this nice," said Alan, looking round at the proper asphalt car park. "It's much better than parking on a muddy forest track." But he soon changed his mind when he got out of the car and felt a strong, cold wind.

They all dashed off to Registration to hand over their pocket money. They got changed and were just about to set off for the Start when Alan realised he hadn't got his compass. He searched through his bag and his pockets but couldn't find it. "Never mind, Alan," said Mr Richards, "I have a spare compass that you can borrow." "Thank you very much, Mr Richards," said Alan, who was getting quite worried by this time. Alan was now all ready to start so off he went while the other two and Lucy carried on warming up. "I expect I'll need longer to warm up when I'm old," thought Alan as he rushed towards the first control.

Alan thought he had a very good run. He didn't make any really bad mistakes although there were lots of times he could have saved time by taking a slightly different route or by making up his mind more quickly what to do. The complicated wooded area in the top right-hand corner where there were lots of tracks proved to be even more difficult than last time. There was a brand new mountain bike track going all over the place and it was impossible to say whether the track was completely new or had been laid on top of tracks already there. There were four controls in this area and Alan took the easiest routes between them, even if they seemed a long way round.



Towards the end he found he was slowing down quite a bit and dithering over which patches of brambles to run through. However, Alan kept going and eventually finished. He then chatted to the organiser and other orienteers while he waited a dreadfully long time for Mr Mills and Mr Richards to finish.

Alan had been waiting absolutely ages before Mr Mills and Mr Richards (with Lucy) appeared. Straight away they both started moaning. The map was out-of-date, some of it was wrong, they didn't like the siting of some of the controls and they even complained that the stinging nettles had made their knees itchy. Lucy hadn't liked the stinging nettles either. But they felt better when Alan explained what he had learnt from the organiser. He had said that the area was being remapped because of all the changes and that the courses had been planned for last winter when there were no stingers. The event had then been cancelled because of too much snow so they were using the courses now so that all that planning wasn't wasted.

Before they set off home Mr Mills, who is very fond of ginger beer, said that perhaps they could stop at a pub on the way home to have a little drink and compare routes and split times.

“Smashing idea!” said Alan.

“Wizard!” said Mr Richards.

“Woof,” said Lucy, thumping her tail on the ground.

They all pored over the O.S. map and decided to leave Birmingham along the motorway and then take to country roads. There were lots of PH signs on the map and they would stop at a nice-looking pub. The very first one they saw looked nice so they went in and sat in a cosy corner round a dear little table. The only problem was that they had to leave Lucy in the car and she looked very sad.

While they sipped their ginger beer the three chums got their maps and results slips out and compared routes and times. Alan was very pleased with himself because he had the fastest overall time. “It’s all because of your long legs,” said Mr Mills. Alan had to agree. He couldn’t run very well over rough country because he kept tripping over things but when there were lots of paths he could go quite fast. But Alan didn’t think he would have beaten Mr Richards if he had had to take Lucy round with him.

Mr Richards and Mr Mills were now saying that they had really enjoyed the course, in spite of what they had said as soon as they had finished. Alan noticed that the more ginger beer they drank the more they said they had enjoyed the course. On the way home they discussed their secret plan for NGOC to get more MLS points and beat BOK next season. They all had to promise not to tell anyone about the secret plan, not even that there was a secret plan.

When he got home, what with running hard and drinking lashings of ginger beer, Alan felt very tired. He sat down in his favourite armchair and soon fell asleep. He was still asleep when Ann came home. She was very cross and wanted to know why Alan wasn’t cooking her tea. “It’s horrid of you,” she complained. “You’d better make me a very nice tea indeed if you want to go orienteering next week!” As he struggled out of his chair and into the kitchen Alan decided that tomorrow would be a better time to tell Ann that he had lost his best compass and that he wanted extra pocket money to buy a new one.

The Harvester



Last-minute team briefing before going over the top. From left to right: Joe Gidley, Colin Parsons, Greg Best, Richard Cronin, Alan Brown, Joe Taunton, Ros Taunton, Steve Williams (Photo: Paul Taunton)
(Andy, Gill and Tim Stott made up NGOC's 12 runners)

This year The Harvester was staged by BAOC at Longmoor Camp, near Bordon in Hampshire, on the night of 29-30 June. We entered one team in the A race (7 runners, starting at 0001) and one team in the B race (5 runners starting at 0200). No disqualifications this year – but no prizes either. The terrain was an enjoyable mixture of heathland, forest and, towards the end of the courses, some urban round the barracks. Alan Brown was last away in a mini mass start of two runners at 0740 and got back to the finish just in time to watch the prize-giving. A big thank you to Club Captain Greg Best for organising and entering the NGOC teams and for driving four of us to Hampshire and back (and for researching a good pub for the evening). Also a big thank you to Colin Dickson of BAOC for all his work not only on The Harvester but also on the many Wednesday BAOC events.

Crickley Hill Summer Event, 8 June



(Above) Registration (thanks to Hannah Bradley for all four photographs)

(Below) On the Nifty Numbers Course



(Overleaf) Ross Bradley (7) and Hayden Bradley (9) enjoying the action





FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Enquiries to Organiser or Fixtures Secretary – John Coleman 01594 582151
fixtures@ngoc.org.uk

For latest details check the NGOC website at www.ngoc.org.uk

2013 SUMMER PROGRAMME

Sat 6 July 1200- 1300	Summer Saturday	Cleeve Hill <i>Coaching available</i>	SO989275 GL52 3PP	Neil Cameron 01684 294791
Thu 11 July 1800- 1900	Summer evening	Tewkesbury	SO901329 GL20 8AB	John Fallows 01684 290256
Thu18 July 1800- 1900	Summer evening	Park Campus and surrounds, Cheltenham	SO938209 GL50 2RZ	Caroline Craig 01242 528326
Sat 20 July 1200- 1400	Summer Saturday	Elton Maize Maze	SO703138 GL14 1JG SO694138 GL14 1JN	Pat MacLeod 01594 528128
Sat 10 August 1200- 1300	Summer Saturday	Painswick Beacon	SO870117 GL6 6TW	Dave Hartley 01452 863805
Thu 15 August 1800- 1900	Summer evening	Minchinhampton	SO858012 GL5 2PN	(tbc)
Sat 24 August 1200- 1300	Summer Saturday	Cranham	SO913122 GL4 8HG	Roger Edwards 01684 566552

Summer Saturday courses on offer are:

Easy (Yellow)

Moderate (Orange)

Hard (Green)

Fees: Seniors £3 plus £1 dibber hire if required; Juniors £1, dibber hire free

Summer weekday evening events are normally 1 hour or 70 minute score events around the streets and parks of Gloucester, Cheltenham and Tewkesbury, though we may also go a little further afield. They sometimes include a short sprint section in a park or campus, followed by the normal street score event. The more control sites you get to, the more points you get. Registration and starts are between 18.00 and 19.00
 Fees: Seniors: £3 plus £1 SI dibber hire if required. Juniors £1, dibber hire free

2013 - 2014 SEASON

Date	Event	Location	Signposted / Forest Entry	Organiser
31 Aug Sat	Chairman's Challenge	Ninewells	tbc	Pat MacLeod 01594 528128
21 Sep Sat	League 1	Sheepscombe	tbc	Caroline Craig 01242 528326



Wooster goes Yellow

Those readers who have been following my orienteering career will know that Bertram Wilberforce Wooster is not one who shirks a challenge. So they might be forgiven for looking askance (if that is the word I want) at the title my editor has chosen. But he said that it would grab the reader's attention and I was forced to nod the bean in agreement.

Like a lot of things in my life I got into orienteering by accident when I was press-ganged into it at Totleigh Towers by Honoria Glossop. A short while later I orienteered again in the vain hope of avoiding the company of the ghastly Madeline Bassett. Jeeves had suggested a previous engagement, viz. orienteering, as a way of getting out of mixed doubles at the tennis club with MB but she had called my bluff and invited herself along to the Chairman's Challenge. Worse, she had enjoyed herself and was pressurising me to take her to a night event. I blamed Jeeves for this state of affairs and I feared that he was losing his touch – people with enormous brains do go off the rails from time to time – and I ordered him to eat more fish to nourish the little grey cells.

The thought of getting lost in the darkness of the Forest of Dean with MB cast a gloom of despond over me but the pall was suddenly lifted when Sir Watkyn Bassett whisked his family off to the south of France for an indefinite period. So here I was, taking the morning air along Piccadilly and thinking about this and that and how jolly nice it was to have a completely free weekend, when I was struck by a sudden pang.

If you have ever been struck by a sudden pang you will know how it is, one minute you are happy as a sandboy and then, Bob's your uncle, you've got this pang. I suddenly thought how spiffing it was out in the woods, smelling the jolly old pine trees and suchlike, although I'm sure Jeeves could express it much better with a quote from W. Shakespeare. I hurried home to find Jeeves messing about cleaning the silver and I bearded him straight away. And I was looking forward to seeing a different Jeeves again – one who wore a baseball cap and a green, white and violet "O" suit with "Reggie" emblazoned on it.

“What ho, Jeeves. Cleaning the silver, eh?”

“Yes, sir. I trust you had a pleasant stroll?”

“Oh, er, yes, thank you. I say, Jeeves!”

“Sir?”

“This orienteering lark – I’m, don’t you know, I think I’ve been hit by the bug and wouldn’t mind another shot at it.”

“I am very gratified to hear it, sir.”

“Well, to cut a long story short is there a course that I could manage all by myself?”

I didn’t like the way he hesitated before giving a discreet cough.

“The League event this Saturday does include a Yellow course, eminently suitable for beginners and the less experienced. Most controls are at path junctions and the point to bear in mind is that the control is always placed a short way along the path that should be taken. May I also suggest, sir, now that we are on the verge of becoming a regular orienteer, that we acquire some club kit? I fear that plus fours, a Norfolk jacket and a flat cap are not what the well-dressed orienteer wears.”

“Jeeves, you don’t expect me to prance around the forest in green, white and violet like a suffragette, do you? Oh no, the Woosters do have standards to maintain.”

“I was merely thinking, sir, that your present outfit is so different from that worn by the majority of orienteers that some junior elements might be moved to make opprobrious remarks. I urge you to at least wear your tracksuit. ”

“No, Jeeves, I stand firm on this point, if I was to wear such kit I would never be able to show my face at the Drones Club again.”

With two men of iron wills disputing a point one has to make a stand sometimes and I had put my foot down with a firm hand. Feeling that I had won the point I retired to the sitting room and took up a copy of Legend, thinking that I might find some useful tips. There was an improving article about “relocation”, which apparently means finding where you are when you are lost. I’m sure that Jeeves would have declared it erudite and derived great benefit from it but I remained well and truly lost. I next tried an article describing an event from a supposedly humorous point of view; it was by the editor himself – the “bearded wonder” – and was the most awful bilge. I threw it down and took up The Racing Post whilst I sunk the mid-morning cuppa.

“Cometh the hour, cometh the man” and on Saturday afternoon this man was standing near the start with the map for the Yellow course. I was rather glad that they let the Yellow people have the map beforehand as Jeeves was able to orientate (I think that’s the right word) it for me and suggest ways of getting between controls. Near me was a young lad, about M12 I would have thought, who was getting some last minute advice from his doting father. How jolly, I thought, this young lad going on a character-building experience, setting him up well for the rocky road of life ahead. Then the little blighter turned round, gave me a dirty look and said “The Yellow course, you know, it’s for juniors.”

“And beginners – that’s me,” I said in a conciliatory manner.

“Ha!” he said.

“Ha!” said his father, who rather reminded me of my nemesis, Roderick Spode, being about seven feet tall and broad to match.

It’s rather difficult to know what to say in reply to “Ha!” but Jeeves was whispering in my ear. “The young gentleman has recently won the Yellow on several occasions. It is suspected that his father, instead of shadowing him and then pointing out where he went wrong afterwards, has given him help when actually going round the course.”

“I say, Jeeves, that’s hardly cricket, getting an unfair advantage; he’s not in NGOC, is he?”

“Oh no, sir, one of our neighbours.”

“Yes, and I can guess which one. Applied to join us but got blackballed?”

“Very possibly, sir, NGOC is quite particular about who is allowed to join. I rather think that if you start immediately after the young man it will discourage his father from providing unfair assistance.”

The officials were now ready to get competitors underway and I lined up behind the young gumboil who looked appealingly at his dad who said “I won’t shadow you today, Horatio, see how you get on without me breathing down your neck.” Then the father just stood there, glaring at me and grinding his teeth.

I set off one minute after the young blot and went quite fast at first to catch him up a bit. I was trying to read the map and use the little toerag as a check that I was going in the right direction. My presence was obviously disconcerting him as he kept looking round at me, which caused him to take a tumble at least twice. I was beginning to enjoy myself immensely. All of a sudden I was at the last control and was just about to set off to try and overtake the little blister when I realised that I could see the Finish from the control. And it was not along the route that the young son of a bachelor had taken. We Woosters are pretty sharp at times and in a twinkling I realised that he had gone the wrong way. I waited until he wasn’t looking and started to sprint to the Finish. I was over halfway there before I heard a youthful, anguished cry from behind. “Ha!” I thought and redoubled my efforts.

I dibbed the Finish and looked back to see a small, weebegone figure, spattered in mud, trying to run. The father kept alternately glaring at me and looking at the forlorn figure staggering towards us. He dibbed, his dial meanwhile registering grief, anguish, rage, despair and resentment.

“Have something to restore your energy levels, son,” said the father. The boy swallowed an emotional chocolate bar and the pair walked off to Download and then straight to the car park, the younger one taking a petulant kick at a passing beetle on the way.

“Well done, sir, I fancy that the young gentleman learnt a useful lesson today, even if he does not appreciate it at the moment.”

“‘Into each life some rain must fall.’ That’s one of your gags, isn’t it Jeeves?”

“Longfellow, sir. Or possibly even more apt is an observation by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. He said: ‘Does aught befall you? It is good. It is part of the destiny of the Universe ordained for you from the beginning. All that befalls you is part of the great web.’”

“He said that, did he?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, you can tell him from me he’s an ass.”

“Very good, sir.”

“Are you competing yourself, Jeeves?”

“After such a satisfactory result, sir, I feel no inclination to orienteer.”

After receiving some congrats. from The Committee, who had moved from loafing round Registration to loafing round the Finish, we set off for home in the two-seater.

“A very good day in the woods, Jeeves. Perhaps you could get me some of the club kit after all, eh?”

“I have already done so, sir, it is in the bag under your seat.”



Caption Competition



Can you think of a good caption? (See inside front cover for the story behind the photo). Please send all captions to legend@ngoc.org.uk for inclusion in the next Legend. We already have:

"I take it she's waiting for Alan to throw it for her"

(Trevor Griffiths, BOK / BOK Army)

Brashings

Ticks and Lyme disease

Don't forget to check for ticks if you are running at the Scottish Six Days. In fact, check after a run down south anyway - a member recently found a tick whilst having a shower after one of the Wednesday Army events and then found a further three on his dog. For more information visit: <http://www.lymediseaseaction.org.uk/>

UK Orienteering League

Are you following the results of the UK Orienteering League? Points are automatically awarded to all members of British Orienteering at a selection of major events (11 so far this year, including the JK, British Champs and SINS) on the basis of 50 points for first place, down to 1 point for 50th place. You can find out your score to date on the UKOL website. The club's score is based on selecting 15 individual scores of club members in a complicated spread of age classes. At present, NGOC is placed 52nd (of 109 clubs) with a score of 1,320 points, far behind the leaders, SYO, on 4,888! We need some good results on Days 1 & 3 of Moray 2013 to improve our placing. *(from Paul Taunton)*

Slowly Goes Orienteering - a Slowly the Snail Story

Paul Johnson has created a fantastic range of Children's Orienteering Books. They are brilliantly written and beautifully illustrated. My three year old daughter has loved reading 'Slowly Goes Orienteering!' and would sincerely recommend the books to parents and grandparents. *(from Caroline Povey on the British Orienteering website)*

MURDER at the 14th Control

By Wilf Holloway. As well as the main story giving the book its title there are other orienteering short stories, including the true story of a top Czechoslovakian orienteer who took his wife and daughter through the mountains from Yugoslavia to Italy and then on to West Germany to start a new life. Originally published in 1986 this book is available from

Orienteering Service of Australia (www.com.au or info@osoa.com.au) for \$19.95

(For a full review see the June 2013 edition of The Australian Orienteer; this can be borrowed from the Legend editor)

Porridge "O"

Also from *The Australian Orienteer* is an idea for teaching contours to juniors. Cook some thick porridge, let it cool and then make a simple landscape of two knolls, a saddle and a creek in a deep baking tray. Fill the tray with milk until there is just one island. Each pupil, armed with a pen and sheet of paper, draws the small island with one contour. Gradually remove the milk and draw a new contour each time a new island is revealed!

(See the June 2013 edition of The Australian Orienteer for Knuckle Orienteering, Memory Card Game and Directional Dash; this can be borrowed from the Legend editor)

Orienteering themed blog

By Rachel Dennis: <http://rachel4848.wordpress.com/> Scroll down a few pages to see accounts and pictures of NGOC's Crickley Hill and Cleeve Common events. *(from Gary Wakerley)*

Have your say!

Are there any matters that you would like the Committee to consider? Contact the Club Secretary, Caroline Craig, or any member of the Committee. The next Committee meeting is on Monday 22 July at 1930.

Articles for Legend

We are always looking for articles on anything to do with orienteering; digital photos are especially welcome. Send your article/pictures to legend@ngoc.org.uk or Alan and Ann Brown, 10 Brizen Lane, Cheltenham, GL53 0NG. 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.

Another orienteering top dog



Introducing Daisy Best - it is not only BOK Army that has a mascot.
Note her lead in NGOC colours.