

The Legend

Number 188



The start of the European Sauna Marathon, as reported on the BBC's Travel Show; this appears to be a sort of Sauna "O" with SI dibbers and "O" kites. No NGOC member has yet admitted to taking part in this event.

**Newsletter of
North Gloucestershire Orienteering Club
July 2019**

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Sauna "O"

Seen on the BBC's *The Travel Show*: the *European Sauna Marathon* in Estonia. (*I would have given the URL so that Legend readers could watch on iPlayer but the programme is no longer available.*)

The object is to visit all 19 saunas which are marked with blue dots on the map. Presumably a "score" event as it was a mass start and everyone seemed to be driving off in completely different directions.

Rules:

- Teams of four
- Travel by minibus
- Whole team must spend at least three minutes in each sauna
- Bonus: 10 minutes deducted from your overall time if one member braves the cold plunge (by climbing down a ladder outdoors through a hole in the ice in a pond)
- Another time bonus: using the hot tub
- Scoring system: SI ("controls" are marked with the usual "O" flag)

Could NGOC be the first to run such an event in the UK, Mr Chairman?

Screenshots follow:



Map with saunas marked in blue



The flag tells you that you have arrived at the correct sauna



Don't forget to dib here before warming up in the sauna



10 minute time bonus if one of your team braves the cold plunge



The run in



The Finish



BOK Army Championships 2019 -
NGOC dominates first two places!



*Mugshot of the usual suspects. NGOC outnumbered by BOK.
(photo: Pat MacLeod, though how Pat got himself in the
picture – bottom right – is more than Bertram can work out)*

What ho! You might have gathered by now that NGOC's "grand fromage", or more formally the Chairman, Tom, wants me to keep plugging away about how good BOK Army is for people with nothing better to do on Wednesdays. So, when an unbiased and accurate account of an event is needed the call goes out for Wooster. Well, this time it's not an Army event that is under review but one put on by BOK Army itself. Very exclusive, of course, no riffraff, just a select number of BOK Army chaps by invitation only. Not only is an excellent event guaranteed but it is followed by lunch and prizes and, if you're not already feeling sleepy, a speech by The Colonel himself at The Rising Sun in the Forest of Dean.

Bertram had RSVPed as soon as the invitation had dropped onto his electronic doormat but, hearing the weather forecast from Jeeves the day before, was beginning to regret his eagerness. It was with heavy heart and one eye on the skies that I left Jeeves on the doorstep on the Tuesday morning – The Colonel had decreed a Tuesday so that there was no clash with BAOC or BOK Wednesday events.

However, arriving at the car park of The Rising Sun the sun was indeed making a late appearance. After exchanging some what hos! and a bit of kidding back and forth all the chaps and chappesses donned their "O" gear and, by decree of The Colonel, posed for photographs.

Then we all surged round the planner, Peter Foster, to listen to his instructions for the event: one hour score, ten points lost for each minute or part thereof late back at the Finish, don't aggravate any wild boar that get in your way, don't fall over any cliffs – you get the idea.

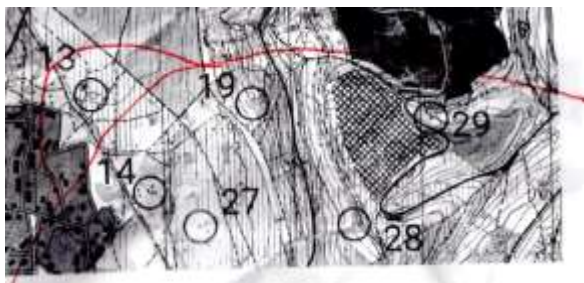
Then the mob (is that the correct collective noun for orienteers?) ankled over to the Start a few hundred yards away and began to biff off to all points of the compass. Jeeves is always telling me to study the map at score events for a minute or two to work out a

sensible route. It's all very well saying that but Bertram takes enough time to locate the Start Triangle, let alone work out a route. Go to the nearest easy control first is my motto - to get a feel for the map - and it seems that quite a few others thought the same as I followed a long line to number 5.

Perhaps I should have mentioned to my readers that not all controls had the same points value: there were ten 10s, twelve 20s, six 30s and two 40s. To make matters easy the higher the number of the control, the higher the number of points. So, after 9 and 5, I went round the outside of the map, where the higher points seemed to be situated. Unfortunately I had a spot of bother finding the furthest control, 29, and was nearly seven minutes late at the Finish.

But don't get me wrong, it was a very good course and Peter Foster had done a jolly good planning job. Now, if one starts and finishes an orienteering course in exactly the same place it would appear logical to say that the metres run in climb and descent would be the same but Mr Foster had very cleverly designed his course so that the climb seemed about twice that of the descent. I am rather a deep thinker but how he did this had me stumped and I am rather inclined to think that Einstein or Aristotle and even the greatest thinker of all, the Emperor Nero, would have been similarly baffled.

Rather disconsolately, if that is the word I want, I began to trudge away from the Finish when I heard my name called. "Hi, Bertie, don't forget that you volunteered to collect some controls." It was Jeeves who persuaded me, in a moment of weakness, to let him put my name down for collecting controls; probably his way of getting his own back for my buying a thumb compass: "Gentlemen who orienteer, if I am permitted to say, sir, do not use a thumb compass."



So I was given a black and white map with six controls circled in red biro at one extremity. Five of these I had already visited when competing so I went round almost exactly the same way, including climbing over a fence in exactly the same place and even taking a wrong turn in exactly the same place. So why was it, then, that it took me longer to go round six controls than it had for the eleven controls that I visited during the actual event? Another one for Einstein and his chums.

Back at the car park I was surprised to learn that I was not the last of the collectors to reappear so I presented my offerings to Alan Honey and scuttled off to BOK Army's private room at The Rising Sun where most of the punters were already settled and pouring ginger beer down the abyss. After an excellent lunch we settled back for The Colonel's speech, most closing their eyes to concentrate better on The Colonel's words. Apart, that is, from those still at the computer working on the results.

The Colonel was only about half an hour into his speech when he was handed a piece of paper. He snatched it and started to proclaim triumphantly that he could now announce the winner. But then he stopped and tottered – but only momentarily for he is a tough egg – before grabbing a glass of something stronger than ginger beer from a nearby hand. I should add here that The Colonel is very much like a stick of Brighton Rock: if anyone were to cut him in half they would see “BOK” all the way through.

Having steadied himself by grinding his teeth a little, he then announced that the winner was Kim Liggett, not only NGOC but

also that club's Club Secretary. There followed some more tooth grinding before announcing in a hoarse whisper that second was Wooster, B. He then mumbled a few words and I didn't have to be a lip-reading expert to distinguish such words as "gumboil", "blighter" and "louse". The rest of his speech abandoned he slumped into a chair gazing into the distance.



Kim being presented with her well-deserved trophy by The Colonel with planner Peter Foster looking on (photo: Howard Thomas)

No one was more surprised than yours truly at my second place but it transpired that the result that counted was from a handicap being applied. This handicap derives from the BOF rankings list and my actual score was multiplied by an incredibly high number to beat Alice Bedwell into third place by 0.8 of a point. So it really does pay to have one's poor results fed into the BOF computer.

After Kim was presented with her well-deserved trophy, designed and made by Mr R. Teed, and the applause had died down I decided it was time to retire discreetly.

Commemorative trees

Whilst running at the Kidnalls, in the Forest of Dean, have you ever noticed this group of conifers set within an area of oak woodland?



Viewed from the other side of the valley, as above, they appear nothing special, but from viewed from above using Google it's clear that they were planted to form the letters G^VR.



At one time the letters G^VI R appeared in green on the Kidnalls O-map but they were removed, as the area is good running and the shape of the letters was not really visible at ground level, so it was confusing to see some odd text on the map! However, in winter the different trees are clearly visible, so perhaps I should have added a distinct vegetation boundary? I believe these trees must have been planted circa 1937, to celebrate the coronation of King George 6th, but can't find confirmation of this.



Left is the map with the G^VI R faintly in green from an event in 2000; right is a map from a 2016 event without the G^VI R and with many other changes: how many can you spot? Sorry, no prizes.

Paul Taunton

Bertie's "Go Below" adventure



“Good evening, sir, I trust that you had an enjoyable adventure in the abandoned slate mine near Blaenau Ffestiniog?”

“Yes, indeed, Jeeves, and I will relate all once I have spruced up.”

“I will get your brandy and soda, sir, whilst your bath is running.”

Having sluiced the person and donned fresh raiment I sat in the jolly old armchair with glass in one hand and feet on the mantelpiece; Jeeves stood in a respectful attitude, waiting for me to begin. I took a meditative gulp of b. and s. and began.

“You know, Jeeves, that a lot of orienteers think of nothing but orienteering and will not consider any other type of sporting or adventurous activity? Well, they’re taking the wrong attitude, just like that chappie you’ve quoted previously: ‘When a man is tired of orienteering, he is tired of life, for there is in orienteering all that life can afford.’ Pure mashed potato, Jeeves, and you can

tell your friend that the next time you see him. Trying something new and different is a Good Thing.”

“I think, if you’ll permit me to say so, sir, you are referring to the late Dr Samuel Johnson who lived from 1709 to 1784; the gentleman in question was referring to London and not to orienteering. He is best known for compiling ‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ although I very much doubt that it contains a definition of orienteering. Also . . .”

“I think that we can return the dictionary to the bookshelf if you want to hear of my adventures underground,” I said severely. “Where was I? Ah, yes, we were a group of nine punters and two guides; we ankled uphill from the carpark along a rough track for twenty-five minutes to an old building said to have been the offices for the mine. There we were kitted out with Wellington boots, harness and a ghastly lid made of hard, bright blue plastic with a light attached; I’m glad no one from the Drones Club was there to see me looking so ridiculous.

“After entering the mine we practised clipping the harness onto the safety ropes, which we needed to use most of the time. Then we were taken on a bewildering succession of traverses, abseils, zip lines, ladders and bridges above yawning chasms; all this was interspersed with history lessons about slate mining. Did you know, Jeeves, that only 10% of the slate was good enough to be used for roof slates? All the rest was given the elbow. Every so often we came across old rail lines, rail trucks and whatnot. Can you imagine working down there for 12 hours a day with only candles to see what you’re doing? And they started there at eight years old.”

“I should imagine that such conditions were somewhat unpleasant, sir, and not conducive to a long and healthy life.”

“At one point, looking down a steep slope, we were told that this was the deepest publicly accessible point in the country; there

were many more levels below ours but they had all gradually flooded after the mine closed. At another spot we used the world's longest and deepest zip line; since it was so steep they attached another line to us to let us down slowly so that we did not end up embedded in the rocks at the bottom."

"Did you not experience any sensation of claustrophobia during your time underground, sir?"

"Not at all, Jeeves. Partly because we were kept too busy clipping on and off various safety ropes but also because the caverns were very large. I think it was more likely that someone would experience aggro something – whatever it is that skinheads suffer from."

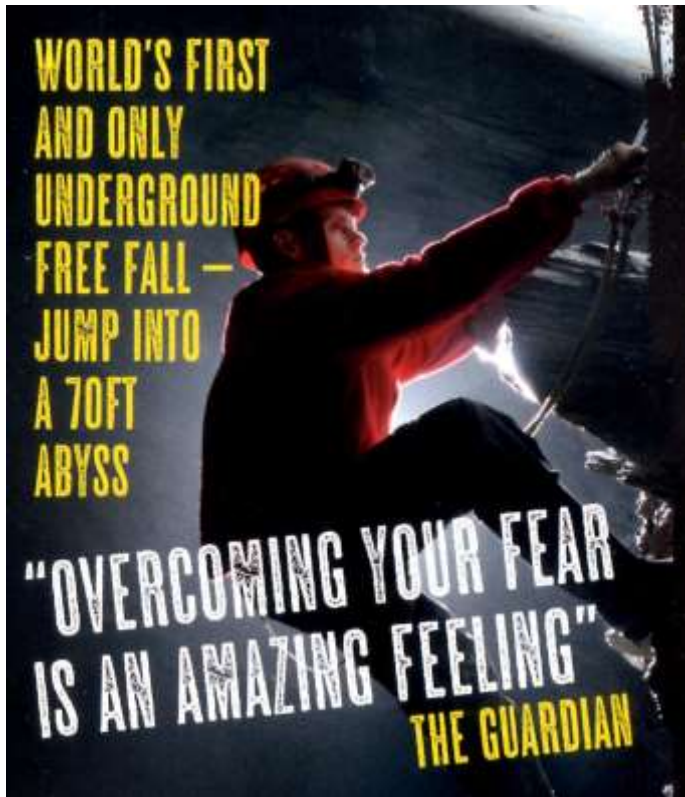
"I think that the word for which you are groping, sir, is agoraphobia. This is derived from two Greek words: agora, meaning marketplace – a large, light, airy and . . ."

"Thank you, Jeeves, we'll keep such explanations for those long, winter evenings, shall we?"



"The leaflet claims '100% genuine adventure, no gimmicks, no cheese, no frills' and I'm not disputing it: I didn't see any concrete

walkways or mains electric lights. One of the zip lines even went slightly uphill so we had to launch ourselves with considerable force and, when we stopped short, pull ourselves along with brute force.



“And now for the grand finale, the part I had been dreading: we stood in a queue and stepped forward one at a time. There was a cold feeling creeping over my lower regions and that was not just because my feet were a bit wet from a previous slight mishap. They did it like this: one guide was hanging over the edge in a sort of abseiling position and the victim whose turn it was climbed down a short ladder to a platform just large enough to stand on. The guide attached a rope to our harness and said “Take a big step over the edge.” And we did. No one hesitated. Amazing, we

must have learnt to trust the fellow after seven hours underground with him.

“You know they say that a drowning orienteer sees all his past triumphs flash through his mind as he goes down? Well, it’s true, but it was such a long way down that my triumphs went into repeat mode, a sort of loop. I expect some cynics will say that it is because my triumphs are few in number but anyway, with the accompaniment of a screaming sound as the rope paid out, I eventually found myself sprawling on an old mattress and the second guide was unclipping me and the rope was rewinding itself up the 70 feet in readiness to help slow the descent of the next mug.

“Well, after that, all that remained was to stagger out into daylight, hand in our kit and trickle off to the car park. Not surprisingly, I took a wrong turning and walked rather further than hoped for. But I’m here now, and ravenous.”

WWW.GO-BELOW.CO.UK

CAPTION COMPETITION



Two views of the orienteering-style floor in the Great Hall at the National Trust's Buckland Abbey in Devon, near Plymouth.

Send your captions to:
legend@ngoc.org.uk

Urban mapping: turning base into map

In September 2017's Legend, Pat Macleod described his process for creating detailed urban base maps from Ordnance Survey data. These give a great start to the urban mapping process, showing buildings, roads and paths in (mostly accurate) detail. But there are still a few steps to convert these base maps into orienteering maps suitable for an event.

Having produced a map for last year's Pittville event, and with a Tewkesbury map nearing completion, I thought I'd write up some of my observations of the process: maybe it'll inspire you to give it a go!

Mapping tools

There are a couple of tools commonly used for drawing maps: OpenOrienteeringMapper (free) and OCAD (paid). They're roughly equivalent, but I tend to use OCAD as it has some useful extra features and we have a set of club licences. Whichever you use, on opening the file you'll find a recognisable map: it's now a case of editing the map to make it more accurate and legible.

Surveying

Improving the map means surveying the area. I've used a mix of methods:

- Surveying on the ground. This gives the most up-to-date information, but it's time-consuming and involves visiting the area. So it's best to focus detailed surveys on the parts of the map where other methods can't be used.
- Aerial photos. Like the next few methods, these can be used from the comfort of home. But they're one-dimensional and sometimes out of date.

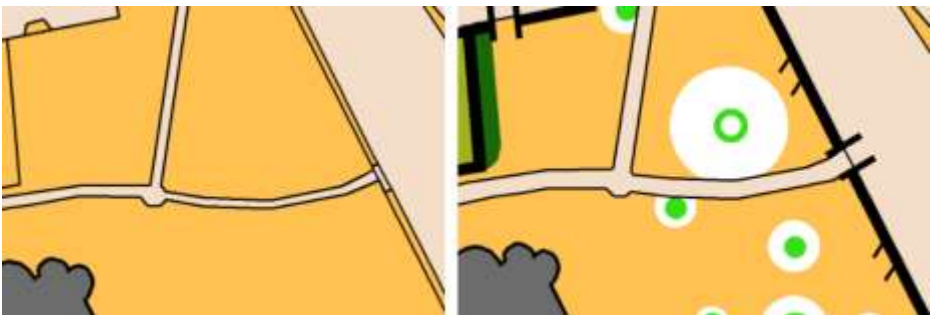
- Google Street View. This can be very useful to get into the streets, and determine which areas are accessible and where there are impassable walls. Generally Street View is restricted to roads, so it can't always reach the footpaths and alleyways.
- Google 3D view. In some areas Google Earth provides a 3D view of the scene, which can be zoomed in and rotated at will. Where this is available, it's an amazing way to explore the area! In Gloucestershire it currently only covers Cheltenham and Gloucester.

Editing the map

There are a few important types of changes to be made. You can see 'before' and 'after' examples in the excerpts below.

1. Determining impassable barriers

The most critical aspect of an urban event is knowing where you can and can't run. This entails clearly adding any impassable walls, fences and hedges, such as the edges of the park below:



2. Widening passable routes

On the other hand, if you can get through an alleyway or passage, it should be possible to see this without squinting at the map. On the base map, some footpaths appear very narrow, so

they must all be exaggerated. As a guide, they should be at least as wide as the symbol for an impassable wall:



3. Drawing missing details

Some things aren't shown on the base map: vegetation, canopies, fenced areas. These must be added, as in the estate below:



The results

Hopefully at the end of this process, you'll have a usable map.
Come along to Tewkesbury on Sunday 18 August to have a look!

Tom Cochrane

Strange happenings at the MLS



On the remote chance that my fiendishly inspiring article in the April edition did not get you out of the comfy chair and down to Salisbury Plain on Wednesdays here are some inspirational anecdotes about the Wooster experience of MLS.

Map memory at an old barracks. When I say “old barracks” what I mean is that there were no buildings – presumably they had been knocked down – and all that was left were some tarmac roads and a couple of parade squares. Judging from the good condition of the tarmac and the nicely painted road markings the joint was used for driver training.

Anyway we fetched up at this dump to find that there was a map memory course. Woosters like a challenge and for me it was the work of an instant to enter the said course. At some of these map memory binges they give you a copy of the whole map to keep in your back pocket and you are on your word of honour only to whip it out in case of dire emergency, but this event wasn't one of those events, if I remember correctly. Maybe they had some chaps all ready to form a search party but, then again, maybe not.

Setting off with just a control description sheet I came to a post with a small piece of map attached to it, about three inches square. The idea was to memorise the salient (I think that's the mot juste) details and then biff off to find the control. The planner had kindly given us what looked like a straightforward first leg, something that you could do on a compass bearing, just mentally ticking off a few features as you passed them. However, I soon discovered that my thumb compass did not have a swivelly bit so it was a bit difficult to set the bally thing. Of course when I was recounting my adventures to Jeeves this set him off again running down thumb compasses, “not a piece of equipment that should be used by a gentleman” etc. Really, I mean to say.

To my surprise and delight I managed to find my way round the entire course. But not without the odd hiccup: at one control I did not spend enough time studying the map square and forgot where I was going. “Just go back, Wooster, to that last control and have another look - simples!” Not so “simples” old man, apart from taking up a lot of time, if you're not sure where you are how

do you get back to somewhere where you do know? But, somehow, I managed it

Of course the problem with this event is that there is no map at the end to argue about, I mean discuss, with your car-sharing colleagues.

And now we have Roger, wearing a . . . sweatshirt splattered with coffee in a rather becoming pattern. Being unaccountably late back on my course, ah, I know, I fell over or rather was tripped up by a stone; I joined Sheila, Tom and Roger who were already browsing and sluicing.

“Don’t lean on the table, Bertie, it’s not safe!” There was a damp patch on the ground and, the Wooster brain, still firing on all cylinders, immediately deduced that there had been an accident involving a table and a wobbly cup of coffee. Indeed, that is what the other three told me. But I did wonder if the inevitable argument on the best route between 12 and 13 had become more heated than the coffee and had turned physical. Roger’s sweatshirt, previously a delicate shade of pure light grey, now had a delicate light brown camouflage pattern superimposed. I have been very careful to keep on the right side of Sheila ever since.



Scene of the coffee incident

In it up to the neck at Greenham. Being an old airfield perhaps one would not expect there to be anything much in the way of mud but such is not the case. There are several patches of quite picturesque woodland to the south of the old runway but these do have some very muddy patches after heavy rain. In fact, Wooster came to a standstill in some of the blighted stuff and, trying to get out got further in: trying to lift my left foot only made my right foot sink in deeper.

It was a dark and lonely spot with no one else around; it would be deceiving the customers to deny that I had visions of the Wooster skeleton being dug up by an archaeologist in the twenty-second century with my thumb compass still attached to my thumb bones.

Then, all of a flash, I remembered what Jeeves had told me to do if ever stuck in quicksand: lie on my back and free my feet one at a time. If ever there was an occasion for lying on my back in the mud this occasion was that occasion – and it worked a treat. So I set off determined to make up for lost time but after ten yards I slipped in another patch of mud and landed on my front; not only was I now covered in mud front and back but so was my map, which I had to wash in a puddle.

When I eventually reached the end the comedian at Download made the comment “A bit muddy out there, isn’t it?”

Lucy takes fright. I can’t remember where the event was but driving into the parking area we passed a group of ten chaps in camouflage trousers and dark blue tops with “Royal Engineers” in large letters on the back. They were standing round a load of hay bales built up round something or other. I did wonder what was going on and I found out as soon as I emerged from the car: there was a series of very loud explosions from inside the hay bales. I was glad I wasn’t still inside the car because I would have done a very high jump from the sitting position and cracked

the Wooster skull on the roof. As it was I achieved quite a creditable height from the standing position.

But what about Lucy? Lucy is Alan Richards' dog and usually goes round the course with him but at the first bang she retreated into the car and refused to come out. So Alan had to go round by himself. This probably improved his time no end but by the time he finished Lucy had recovered and was raring to go. However, Alan did not fancy going round again so Lucy had a rather disappointing day.

Summer events. In the summer, MLS events tend to be a bit different. Sometimes only a very small area of land is used and therefore the map is about the size of a postage stamp. Chaps running the short green course use just Map 'A' but chaps running the Brown use Maps 'A', 'B', 'C' and 'D'; these four maps cover exactly the same area but with a different course on each. Once you've run the course on Map 'A' you visit an ingenious line of cardboard boxes to place your map in the box marked 'A' and pick up Map 'B' in the box marked 'B'. If you manage to follow all this without getting too confused you end up at the Finish clutching a Map 'D'.

Did I say that there was a different course on each map? Yes – but that doesn't mean that all the controls are different. Some controls are used on more than one course but this doesn't always make it easier as you might approach from a different direction. At one event I'm sure that I visited one control four times and it began to feel like an old friend.

What you mustn't do is punch the Start box between the end of leg 'A' and the beginning of leg 'B' as all your hard work will be wiped. Sometimes a fiend in human shape organises the event with contactless punching so don't go within several yards of the Start box. If you don't believe Bertram ask Sheila.

If you're one of those coves who likes to collect maps don't go early to this type of show as they jealously hold on to the maps. Towards course closing time they relent a bit and let you take one of each map – but only the dirty, creased and sweaty ones – not the nice, clean, pristine ones. Once I picked up an unused map and in the look I got I seemed to read a hundred unspoken expletives. Make do with a tatty one is my advice.

Is that the time? I must call it a day now as Jeeves has just brought in my evening snifter. But before I go don't forget that the BAOC website is at: <http://www.baoc.info/>

Toodle pip.

Bertie

Codeword puzzle no. 3

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13

14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
					Q					

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

NGOC's latest orienteering challenge. You may already have seen this type of puzzle in newspapers and the Radio Times. The idea is to fill in each square with one letter; the number already printed in the square always represents the same letter.

The words on the grid are all orienteering club names or their initials – you may wish to consult the British Orienteering list of clubs:

https://www.britishorienteering.org.uk/find_a_club

I found this very useful in compiling the puzzle and found several clubs that I had never heard of!

Once you think you have identified a letter (say 19 stands for U) write in U in each box on the grid with the number 19, cross off U in the A-Z bar above and write U next to 19 in the box above that. This helps you keep track of how far you have got.

To start you off you have been given one letter, Q, and this has been added to the grid. The letters J and Z have not been used.

The answer is at the end of the newsletter in Brashings

1						3		Q	9	8	1	3	2	15	12	11
5	7	8	14	13	21	8	1			9						8
2			8			16			6	10	2					17
15			11			11				4		10			6	
	2	15	3	8	18	21	8	1	4	7	2	2	22	6	7	11
			6			4				6		1			16	
			7			6				6		4			7	7
11			13					22	2	12		2			21	
2		15	10	8	7	2		10		21		1				12
9			8							6				15		21
3		21	1	3				20				10	6	21		1
20			8					8						3		5
10	6	6	4	11	9	1	21	18	6	7	11	21	3	16		4
2			18					6		9		1		2		2
1			6					7		1		18		24		14
4	7	2	1	5	2			21		1		6		22	12	2
2			3					1		6		7		21		24
1	1		9			10	2	5		7		1	2	7		24
			7							11		6		14		21
22		4	6	6	11	21	4	6		2		11		21		24
2		6		8						24		11		1		6
7		7		11	22	2	15			6				5		
4		23		3						17				20		23
6		6		13						6			23	8	2	15
7		1		6			3	21	1	3	2			14		2
10		3		1						6						15
21		18		1				14	2	7	8	18	21	8	1	
1		8		21												
6		10		1									11			10
7		10		6	8	?	3	10	2	3	20	21	8	1		9
11		6											7			9
		16											9			2
			10	8	12	6	10	8	1	4			14	4	2	15

David King

Longstanding members may well remember David King, planner, mapper and author of many an intriguing article or puzzle for Legend in the past. David died early this year at the age of 82.



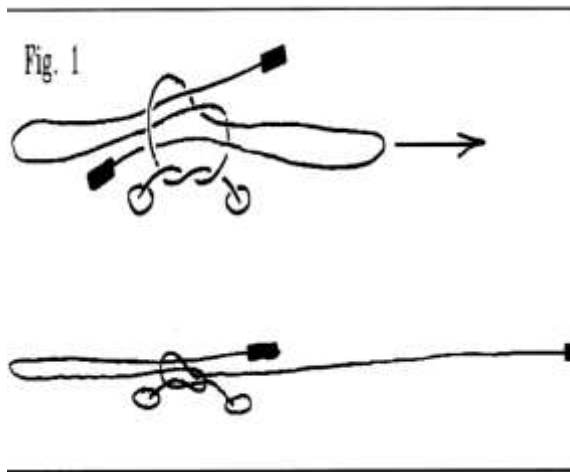
David king (centre) from the cover of the April 1992 Legend. Bill Budden is on the left and David Lee on the right

David was a work colleague of our Treasurer, Carol, and the person who got her interested in orienteering way back in the early 80's. Carol still ties her shoelaces with his fellrunner's knot!

As a tribute to David we are reprinting some Legend articles from the early 1990s:

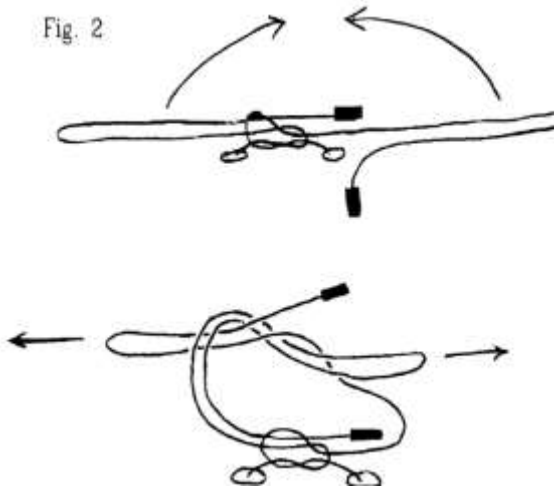
A knotty solution

One occasionally sees even experienced orienteers pausing to refasten a shoe lace. Perhaps it is a good excuse for a rest but, for the competitive runners, precious seconds are being lost. It is possible, of course, to tie laces very tightly, and to seal the knot with sticky tape. That will solve the problem, but untying the knot later can be a nightmare. If you do not know it already may I introduce you to the Runner's Knot.



The knot is started in the usual way, but instead of producing and maintaining 2 loops, the second loop is pulled right through (Figure 1).

Fig. 2



The loop is then reformed in the free end and the 2 loops are tied together (Figure 2).

The tighter one now pulls the loops, the firmer the knot becomes yet, to release it, all one has to do is to pull the free ends. The knot is effectively a double slip-knot. It works, try it.

David King

The article drew this riposte from Lin Callard:

David King **Puzzle Setter Extraordinaire**

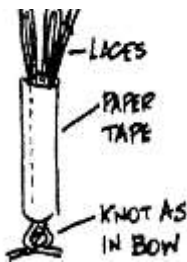
Lin Callard issues a warning to unsuspecting readers

At regular intervals, Dave King subscribes articles to Legend, varying from puzzles requiring deep knowledge of the latest chaos theory, (many of us are excellent practitioners, but not so hot on the theory), to clear and concise descriptions of improved navigating techniques.

Or that's what they appear to be. I'm getting suspicious.

Some time ago, Dave gave a very clear description of taking back-bearings to aid accurate navigation over a featureless area. At least I thought they were clear when I read them in the comfort of my armchair. On one occasion that I tried the method in the forest, turning around to look behind and trying at the same time to decide whether my left was now my right or vice versa, neither or both, I ran backwards into a very large gorse bush.

Back bearings have now been banished.



In the October Legend, there was a description of a method of tying shoelaces guaranteed not to come undone, except when given the mildest of tugs in the correct direction. I think the metal end of the shoelace had to be aligned along the local magnetic meridian or something, I forget. For years I have been using a single bow and paper tape in the following way and never had a problem. (See diagram)

Two wraps of tape keep them together under the severest of treatment, and yet the tape can easily be cut by a sharp tug of the free end downwards. However, I thought I would give Dave's new method a try, forgetting my back bearing experience.

My first attempt ended halfway from the car to the start, both bows coming undone simultaneously. Not having the time to return to the car to read the instructions, I tried to remember them. This time I fell flat on my face after two paces as I had tied the left lace of my left shoe to the right lace of my right shoe.

My third attempt lasted until halfway round the course when the knot worked away from my shoes, slackening off to the point when the slightest mud on the ground would remove my shoe; and there was no way I could undo the lace. On return to the car I had to cut them off.

And my trousers kept falling down.

Now I don't quite see how Dave's shoe lace instructions resulted in my 'O' trousers elastic weakening but I am now so suspicious of his suggestions that I'll believe anything.

So be warned!

Lin's riposte drew this counter riposte from David

'Be sure, Legend* will find you out'

DAVID KING admits to having been found out, yet offers more tips for intrepid volunteers.

Rats!

Rumbled at last!

I had been steadily working my way up the NGOC Blue mini league "O" rankings, bypassing rivals busy re-tying shoelaces, or trapping themselves in gorse bushes when their back bearings were turned. Now Lin Callard, taking unfair advantage of his enforced R & R, has exposed my cunning-running technique. As I have said in another context: planners should not give orienteers too much time to think.

Mind you it cannot be said that I have been giving misleading advice; I was merely trying to be ecumenical [sic] with the truth. I expected the more perspicacious readers would already have

been aware that to take a back bearing properly all you have to do is align your spriggle with the tandometer reading on a special compass adaptor (which I can supply privately, if you call my ex-directory number: 10% off every 29 February). As for tying shoelaces, every 5 year old should have noticed the printing error. The diagram as shown was upside down, and back to front. So, if you stand on your head and study the drawing through the back of the page (using an ultra-violet night-orienteeing lamp), all will become clear. Then, of course, in practice you will have to pull each leg, of the slip knot, as tight as a Tyke (Tadcaster Ales are recommended), or wrap them in stamp edging if you wish.

While I've hooked you, perhaps a little more gratuitous advice would not be out of place. I once suggested reading the terrain, as well as the map. A few people have asked what I was getting at, so a couple of examples may help to explain:-

Contouring

One of the difficulties of contouring is staying level. Then having failed, determining whether one had gained or lost height. Because the general tendency is to lose height, you are advised to compensate by taking a deliberate step uphill from time to time. That is a sound idea, but sometimes the terrain itself can help. In a deer, or sheep, forest their habitual tracks often form distinct, but unmapped, paths along the sides of valleys. Not only is it easier to run along such tracks, but it is clearer whether they are going up or down.

Vegetation boundary "paths"

At a vegetation boundary one form of vegetation can be dominant, to the extent that the other's undergrowth is almost non-existent at the margin. Thus even between two areas of fight there may be a way through. On the other hand be suspicious of narrow "open" passages with no path mapped. In high summer

and early autumn they can be filled with impenetrable bracken and brambles, yet a few yards into the woods on the shady side of such a channel there may be a readily passable route where the undergrowth has been unable to compete.

Well, that's a couple more ways of getting yourself entangled up in the forest. So I can improve my relative performance. I regret to say you'll have plenty of time to practice, in my absence. I was "reading the terrain" so well at Cleeve Hill mini league (the Control placing for which I thought was excellent; virtually you always had to commit yourself to a particular feature before seeing the flag), that I put my foot into a rabbit-hole, tearing a ligament in my left ankle.

I am now thinking of writing an article recommending that (other) people take short cuts through briar patches. How about that, Brer Lin?

*SINS didn't!

Brashings

Codeword answer

Across (from top left): Quantocks, Grampian, ELO, Octavian Droobers, RR, BOK, CLARO, INT, LEI, Leeds University, DRONGO, BKO, NN, LOG, NOR, Deeside, SBOC, WAOC, TINTO, Moravian, East Lothian, Lakeland, MDOC.

Down (from top left): NGOC, Tayside, Auld Reekie, SAX, Masterplan Adventure, London, ERYRI, South London, BL, Kingdom of Fife, City of Birmingham, Havering, Runners of Exeter, Inverness, Borderliners, Derwent Valley, East Pennine, WCOC, SARUM, LUUOC.

SI-air dibber: a warning

Have you got an SI-air dibber? If so, you need to remember that to conserve the life of its battery it must be turned off after each event. Normally this is done automatically by punching the finish control, but if you retire without passing through the finish, and then return to download the process of downloading does NOT turn off your dibber. The small green light within the dibber will continue to flash for about 24 hours, using up battery power, until the dibber finally turns itself off. It would be useful if the NGOC download team had a spare finish unit available to turn off dibbers. And at the end of each event the NGOC download team should probably check that all hired SI-air dibbers have been correctly turned off, before they are put away.

Paul Taunton

Pat MacLeod adds: "Quickest solution for the club ones is to pass the Finish box over them when they are all in, just in case!"

British Orienteering incentive scheme Awards

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

Alex Evans	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award *****
Philip Bostock	Racing Challenge: Gold Award *****
Roger Coe	Racing Challenge: Gold Award *****
Tom Johansson	Navigation Challenge ***
Max Johansson	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award *** Navigation Challenge ***

Judith Taylor	Racing Challenge: Gold Award *****
Tom Agombar	Navigation Challenge **
Jessica Ward	Racing Challenge: Bronze Award ***** Navigation Challenge *****
Seth Lawson	Racing Challenge: Silver Award *** Racing Challenge: Bronze Award ***
Stephen Lee	Racing Challenge: Silver Award *****

Have your say!

Are there any matters that you would like the Committee to consider? Contact the Club Secretary, Kim Liggett, 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.

