

Fabula

Numerus CLXVI



SODALITAS INSIGNE

Nuntius

**Sodalitas Navigabilis Glevi Septentrionalis
Mensis November MMXIII**

www.ngoc.org.uk

SNGS Delecti

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Inscriptio: Salve! Welcome to November's Legend with the title page, et cetera in schoolboy Latin. Apologies for any schoolboy howlers. (*Photograph of two young wild boar in the Forest of Dean by Pat MacLeod. See inside for a picture of their mum*)

Colloquium Magistri

I would like to thank Pat for all the hard work he has done as Chairman and also all the other jobs that seem to get done by him. I took over at a vibrant time for the Club, third place in the Compass Sport Trophy, wow, new heights to aspire to. But all this success would not occur without the Club Committee, the unsung few who make things happen. Having witnessed their work at first hand for a while now, I know the Club, and I as Chairman, are in safe hands.

I shall need time to find my feet and, as one of my priorities, I have the renewal of our Clubmark status to address. I am glad of the help of Chris James on this one though, having guided us through the initial process.

Other issues to be addressed are increased participation of younger members; tied to this is coaching and the development of beginners in the sport.

So my goals in the role of Chairman are to steer an already well run club into maintaining high standard events, whilst increasing participation and the Club Profile.

Should keep me off the streets for three years.

Gary Wakerley

CAPTAIN'S LOG

Compass Sport Trophy Final

For the second time in three years, we had won through to the final of the Compass Sport Trophy, the national club championship for smaller clubs. This was held on 20th October at Moseley Green and Danby Lodge in the Forest of Dean, giving us the advantage of being on home territory.

Being so close to home meant that it was much more difficult than usual for our club members to find excuses not to travel, and hence we had a magnificent 60 people in the team. Not only was this far more than we have managed previously in the 5 years I have been club captain, but we also had far more participants than all of the competing clubs. This contrasts very favourably with the small team of 17 for my first year in charge, and this situation has only improved each subsequent year. It is very pleasing that so many more people now take part.

The sheer number of us and the many good performances on the day led to us finishing third out of the ten clubs in the final. As the teams coming first and second were both from Scotland, this made us top English small club. A fantastic result for us!! Thanks to everybody who took part and for the great team spirit present on the day in the two club tents.

Although everybody's result is important in keeping down the scores of our opponents, well done to the 13 whose points eventually counted towards our score. These were:

Lin Callard	100 points
Eddie McLarnon	96
Caroline Craig	96
Joe Taunton	95
Pat Macleod	94
Ivan Teed	91

Chris Harrison	87
Heather Findlay	86
Carol Stewart	86
Andy Stott	85
Ceri Middleton	84
Gill Stott	82

Looking down this list, I notice that three of our scorers are also from north of the border, and leads me to wonder what is it about Scots and orienteering ability? Is it a diet of haggis and porridge oats, perhaps?

For coming third, we were presented with a tin of Quality Street which was shared at the Bixslade event, plus a goody bag of Compass Sport sweatbands, hand-warmers and whistles.

Some Changes for Next Year's Competition

The regional qualifiers for next year's competition are scheduled for Sunday 16th February, so please put this in your diaries now. It has not yet been announced whether we will remain in the Trophy competition with the small clubs, or whether we will be re-classified back with the big boys again. Either way, the decision for the coach trip will be between Dartmoor, The New Forest or Kinver Edge. The committee has decided that competitors will have to pay some of the entry fee from next year, rather than the club funding it all. The necessary contribution is likely to be the same fee as a mini-league entry.

It has been announced that there will be some changes to courses and age categories from next year. The new courses are Short Brown for M20- and M40+, Junior Men (Green) for M18-, Junior Women (Short Green) Women 18-. These 2 junior courses will replace the current Light Green. Blue Men will be for M50+ instead of current M45. Finally, M70's will be allowed to run the Short Green Vets course, rather than Green as previously.



Much Huffing and Puffing at Sheepscombe

I occasionally go for a training run in the woods at Sheepscombe, and did so a couple of weeks ago, with the dog. These are very quiet woods, an unknown secret place, so it is quite unusual to see another soul there. Hence, I was very surprised when, just as I jogged into the woods I heard somebody shout out, “Hello Greg”. A figure sped up to me, and I realised that it was Andy Munro of Harlequins. He is a HOC man, even though he works at Gloucester Hospital and lives in Cranham, on our land! Those of you who know Andy will be aware that he is a very fast runner and a very good orienteer. Hence, I was immediately afraid when he asked if I’d like to run together with him. Those of you who know me will also be aware that I am a somewhat less fast runner and a less competent orienteer – more of a plodder! Anyhow, I replied, “I’m not sure I can keep up with you, Andy”.

Andy was insistent with, “Oh, it’s okay – we’ll just run steady. This pace will be okay, won’t it?”

“Err, all right then”, I agreed, reluctantly. This was followed by 30 minutes of torment and peculiar conversation. Andy jogged gently along, talking happily as if he was sitting at home on his sofa, while I panted and gasped for air a few yards behind him, managing only to splutter out the odd word to try and keep the communication going.

Finally, and thankfully, it was time for Andy to turn off and head back towards Cranham, allowing me to return to my accustomed plod back to the car.

Greg Best

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THE CADDIOE CHASE 2013

Virtuous Lady near Yelverton

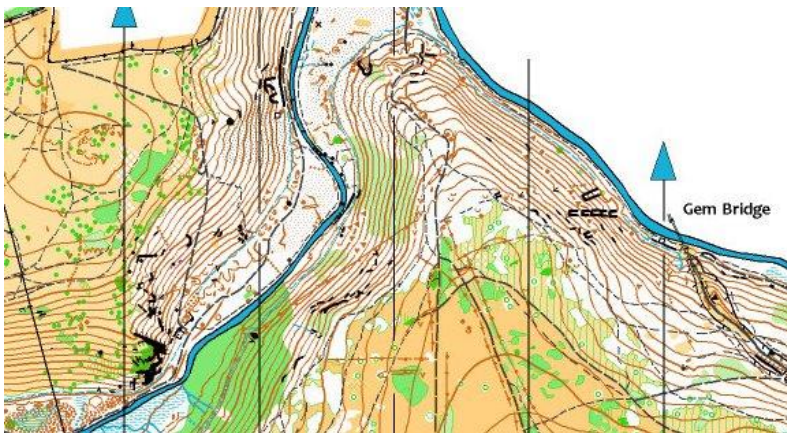
South West Championship time and as usual, looking through the entries, all the usual suspects and very top heavy on the age groups. Guess the age/gender group of the largest class...yes, correct. It is the M65 group.

It turned out that Our Virtuous Lady had a few vices hidden up her sleeve. You could say she was a bit of a minx at times:

She sprouted thick bracken in unsuspecting places which snarled and strangled as we tried to bash through.

To add insult to injury she sometimes intermingled this bracken with vicious brambles which sank their barbed teeth into legs and arms as they flailed through.

Her contours left much to be desired in places. For example, Gem Bridge lost its sparkle when it became clear that a slither down a precipitous slope was required to reach it.



Segment of map

Around her mine area she had developed sheer rock faces which towered over innocent orienteers as they tried to navigate past, though luckily my course (6) was deemed too namby-pamby to be sent there.

Because of her rocky features, it was deemed necessary for the mapper to draw her myriad of paths and tracks with a grey crayon rather than the usual black. For people like myself who failed to read this vital piece of information beforehand, this was alarming. The lines were difficult to see at times and some of us (I think it was an NGOCer who was running M40) mistook a wide track for a leat with disastrous consequences. The rest of us peered endlessly at vague crisscrossings of paths. Best to go on the compass then. Oops. Forgot the bracken and brambles though.

Whilst we're on the subject of misreading the map, another of our clan mistook a grid line for a power cable (well nearly right Mr M65, there is after all the National Grid)

Another peculiarity of the map (no doubt aided and abetted by Our not-quite-so Virtuous Lady) was the marking of trees. Big ones were mapped as usual, small green circles, whilst small'uns were green blobs. These blobs appeared littered all over the place and accounted for confusion at times – my excuse for 1-2 minutes wasted looking for a small gorse thicket.

Another departure from the norm was to write on the map 'Brian's Seat'. A rival of mine from BOK (clue – she won one of the Chairman's Challenge prizes), mistook the writing for a line of crags. In fact many of us felt like jumping in a car and driving down to Spec Savers after finishing. I have it on good authority by a normally rapid orienteer who decided to saunter up to the first control that there was no such writing on the seat. He should have put in a formal complaint...

Our Virtuous Lady's fringes of vegetation were marked with a continuous green line, i.e. a hedge. This also caused some vigorous comment.

So what happened then? Well Lin Callard flew round his course to snatch the M75 championship prize Day 1. Pete Ward picked up the M40 prize because the winner was not of the South West.

The parking field turned into a camping field at night and a quick nip through the glades of our Virtuous lady took us to a nice pub. Orienteers who insisted on visiting the loos in the middle of the night were greeted with an amazing starlit sky with no urban glare. Orienteers who wake up horribly early some days saw a fantastic sunrise and staggered out onto the heath clad in PJs and wellies to film it.



Dawn over Our Virtuous lady

Day 2 saw Lin Callard snatch the Chase trophy. The trophies, if you haven't seen them, are quite an eclectic mix. Cate, our Ed's girlfriend won the W35 just for being there and doing it. Even though I ran as fast as I could, even though I only wasted minute or so on one control, I was mortified to see myself last on Day 2. How can that be??!! Those blinking women on my course, they must endure some pretty harsh training programmes.

Other news . . . Mr Fallows insisted that Our now Naughty Lady moved one control to the wrong place. And she tended to hide her earth banks amongst the bracken.

Before I left home I was informed by a helpful neighbour that the lanes of Dartmoor are littered with ghosts at night. Allegedly they travel along the highways in stage coaches, picking up unsuspecting travellers as they go. It may be such an occurrence happened to our very own Gary. He appeared on the start list yet, mysteriously, was spirited away before the event began. Another rumour going round is that the fairies took him. I have some evidence of this, taken on our way down to the pub.



Hot off the press news . . . Rumour has it that the three NGOC lads who stayed in the nearby Youth Hostel found themselves in the company of some young Swedish women. Well, that's what they are claiming, anyway. I'm trying to find out more but information is scanty.

Gill Stott

CONTENTIO DESCRIPTIONIS - RESPONSA



Andy was beginning to get bored of waiting for the lightning to strike.

If Scotty didn't beam him up soon, those NGOC Klingons were going to get him.

With nobody else in the start blocks, he knew he didn't need to hold it in any more...

(All three from Nick Barrable, CompassSport)

I know it's meant to be an individual sport but this is ridiculous.

Maybe I should have washed my shirt.

(Both from Carol Stewart)

Haiku

*Orienteering
is a long way
to say
don't get lost!*

A Haiku in English is a short poem which uses an image to convey the essence of an experience of nature or the season, intuitively linked to the human condition. It is a development of the Japanese haiku poetic form in the English language.

*Orienteering:
the joy of
running
through the forest*

Some of the more common practices in English include:

- use of three lines of up to 17 syllables, traditionally in "5–7–5" form
- allusion to nature or the seasons

English haiku do not adhere to the strict syllable count found in Japanese haiku, and the typical length of an English haiku is 10–14 syllables.

*O is fun
outdoor
running
route-choosing
navigation*

One last example:

*Running with a map
Sensing the forest
Hearing the leaves*

Neil Cameron

(This was an idea for Legend that occurred when Neil & Pat Cameron were walking near Westward Ho! where a Haiku about the coastline was on display on a board: how about submitting your orienteering Haiku to Legend?)

***Don't forget your orienteering
board games this Christmas!***

Two to choose from. The new

urban-O photo-O maze-O string-O

Four orienteering board games in one pack. For 2-6 players

or the ever-popular

Forest Challenge!

For more details visit: <http://www.ngocweb.com/wpngoc-op/games/>



Uringa Orienteers

Have some fun!

We all agree orienteering is fun, but it is an outdoor sport and if it is raining, cold and dark, it is not that easy to get out and do some training. No-one minds horrible conditions for racing but for training, sometimes we need to get creative. Luckily for the closet couch potato amongst us, there are some things we can do. And of course many are Gen Y generated solutions based around the computer.

Computer game fun

Many of you already play with RouteGadget and WinSplits so I won't bore you with details on how to use those. However, have you tried any of the computer games which are proliferating out there in cyberspace? They all model, to greater and lesser degree, the orienteering experience, and I have used one in particular, to help me understand how to read contour details with great success.

Catching features is my personal favourite. A little tricky to get to grips with initially until you understand how to move the map, and read the contour details but has some natty capabilities such as being able to draw your own maps and courses, upload OCAD maps and draw on a course you have already done in real life. There is also a rather scary gorilla that will knock you down if you insist on going the wrong way. You can find it at: <http://www.catchingfeatures.com/>

WinOI Orientica is similar and fun. It has more limited graphics but does have the advantage of showing the compass on the screen, and also allows you to run looking at your map. It has a nifty tutorial to help you get started. Just make sure you press the English button unless you are fluent in Swedish! As with Catching Features, you can try a demo: <http://www.melin.nu/oriantica/index.html>

If you have an old computer you can try WinOI which is the older version and plays on pretty much any computer. Although the older version is more limited it does have the advantage of some rather funky electronic music to run to! You can download it from:

<http://www.melin.nu/winol/dloadeng.html>

Razor-X is a simulator of radio orienteering and a bit of fun, though clearly quite different to our own sport. Have a play at

http://www.pejla.se/ardf_games.htm

If you don't want to download things then you can print off a neat Sudoku-O puzzle from Jean O'Connor at

<http://www.dvoa.org/learn/puzzles/sudoku-o/sudoku-o.pdf>

She has also done a number of O related crossword puzzles for the Delaware Valley Orienteering Association but I think you have to be from there to understand the cryptic clues (or maybe I am just bad at crosswords!).

Video fun

If you just want to have a rest and watch the big kids doing it then you could do worse than look at the Thierry Georgieou 'Follow me' videos. Easily the best videos on orienteering on the web yet, you can relax, sit back with a cup of tea and enjoy admiring the current World Champion doing his thing through the forest.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YrNWVzdKGk>

For a bit of fun have a look at the South Down junior Alexander Lines aka Orienteeringboy who has recorded a beginners guide to orienteering starring his little brother Edward at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OZOI9kKuA4I>

World of O does have an orienteering TV station but the latest programme is dated 2008. There is some interesting footage of the JWOC 2007 (spot the Garingal banner!). And then, of course, you must have a look at the Pop star of orienteering, Nicola Manfredi, with his war anthem 'You and me'.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mmLHQZ9Op-E&feature=related>

The new WMOC 2011 champion song is a bit more modern but still keeps that eccentric tone going in the slightly obscure lyrics that only real orienteers will understand: "Sometimes I'll lose my way but finally find it, and I move away then follow the signs"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t9CuEbgpd4U&feature=related>

Website fun

Following discussion threads can also be fun. Attackpoint, the 'online performance and training tools website for orienteering athletes' has some great discussions on all sorts of subjects. My favourite starts

– You know you are an orienteer when....

- You can't drive past open woods without saying "Oooh nice woods...that would make a great orienteering area" (List item 20 from hammer)
- When someone tries to give you directions to their house, you totally ignore them and say "Just tell me the address, I have a map and I can find my own way there"(Item 22 from J\$)
- Your child believes the three primary colours are lakes, fields, and out of bounds areas... (Item 32 from hammer) Many more if you follow this link:

http://www.attackpoint.org/discussionthread.jsp/message_18630

And for the more traditional amongst us

...Board games

Of course, if you are an old style orienteer and like to sit around the dinner table rather than a computer after a long day's orienteering, then maybe a board game like the one 'Forest Challenge' produced by Alan Brown of NGOC might be the answer. Lots of fun and raising funds for The Woodland Trust, so all in all a good thing, I think. If you fancy a copy at £8-00 you can talk to him about ordering one at

legend@ngoc.org.uk

...and books

There are some recent book offerings. The first, "**Orienteering**" from stalwart Carol McNeill published in September 2010, essentially

updates her book **“Orienteering: Skills of the Game”** (1996) which was a solid read for both beginner and advanced orienteers. The second is Gregory Tilford’s **“Walking and Orienteering; How to cross hills, back country and rough terrain in safety and confidence”**. Not strictly speaking an orienteering manual but the online reviews say it has lovely pictures and some interesting insights from a professional backcountry enthusiast. I have copies of both on order so ask me if you want to know what they are really like and if you would like to borrow them.

Margaret Jones

Uringa Training Officer 2012



Some runners carry a small bottle of water to the start, but in Scotland the NGOC Captain was seen on the run in with a surprisingly large drink! (*Photograph and caption: Paul Taunton*)

Bertie goes to the Dogs

It had been a miserable few days. Jeeves, the bounder, had deserted me at very short notice to care for an aged relative; an aunt was cooped up at home after meeting with some kind of accident and needed looking after. She was calling piteously for Jeeves and so, being a selfless, kind-hearted soul, I had let him go. Fending for myself after being looked after so well was proving difficult but there was a silver lining to this little cloud – I could have my first go at urban orienteering. I can almost see question marks coming out of some of my readers' heads and go floating up towards the ceiling. What on earth, they are saying to themselves, has an accident to Jeeves's aunt to do with Bertram attempting urban-O?

Well, it's like this. I may have mentioned before that some of Jeeves's attitudes can only be described as hidebound or what communists would call reactionary. In a nutshell Jeeves does not approve of urban-O. When I first floated the idea that I should have a go one could tell straight away that he didn't approve. He immediately started looking a bit like a stuffed frog and when he raised an eyebrow by an eighth of an inch I could tell that he was deeply moved.

“Do you realise, sir, that for many of these events the full body cover rule is relaxed and that many orienteers wear shorts for street-O and that on these occasions they actually mingle with the public? I submit, sir, that this is not for gentlemen.” He then disappeared into the kitchen and relations between us remained frosty for several days. I've never considered my knees more knobbly than anyone else's but perhaps Jeeves disapproves of knees in general.

I had first heard of urban-O from the newsletter editor, the Bearded Wonder, as I call him. After failing abysmally several times to sell me a copy of his blasted Forest Challenge! board game he then tried to sell me a copy of his new game Urban-O. I think he saw me as a challenge and invented the new one just to annoy me. I usually try to avoid him like the p. but he had bearded me when I couldn't escape. To divert his attention away from the game I started to ask him about real urban-O events. With my man-about-town charm and savoir-faire turned up to strength five the B.W. soon forgot about board games and started

talking non-stop about urban-O. He would even have out-talked Gussie Fink-Nottle in full flow about his newts and I got the distinct impression that he was all in favour of urban/street/sprint/ultra-sprint orienteering. By the time he had finished I was in favour of them as well.

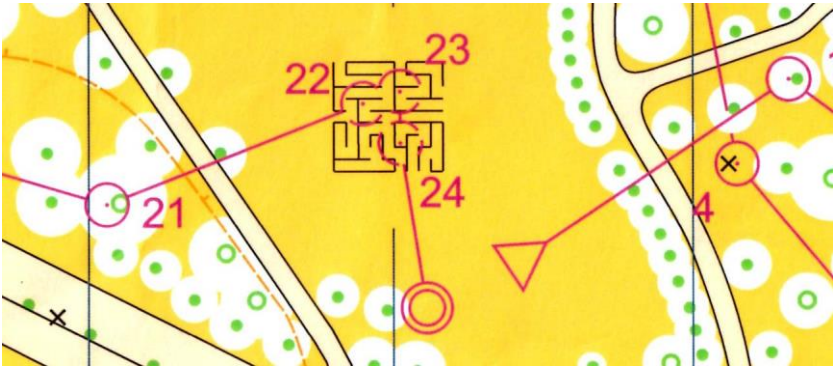
We Woosters don't do things by halves so, with Jeeves out of the way, I decided to make a weekend of it up in the smoke. I would get the train up on Saturday morning and move about the old metrop by Oyster. Jeeves had put me on to these Oystercards: one pays in advance online and swipes the card at the gates each time one enters or leaves a tube station. Saves a lot of time queuing to buy tickets each time one travels and it's cheaper, too. Trust Jeeves to know all about this type of wheeze. I had bought mine a while ago and was keen to try it out.



Day 1

I had allowed plenty of time for leaves on the line but there weren't any so I was rather early for LOK's Ultra Sprint in Victoria Park. This said park is in the Hackney/Mile End/Bethnal Green area, three names certain to make Jeeves raise an eyebrow. The A-Z showed Victoria Park to be of sizeable proportions but I arrived to discover that they were only using one very small part of it. Standing by Registration I could see controls all over the bally place; one line of trees seemed to have controls planted between every other tree. Some lone trees had

two controls each – one each side of the trunk. The other thing that caught my eye was a small maze constructed of canes and red and white tape in the middle of the open area.

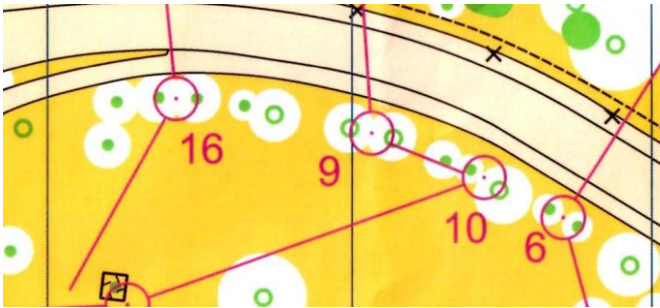


Start, Finish and the Maze

I was wondering what I had let myself in for or, as Jeeves would have it, “Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came”. Too late to worry. There were lots of punters changing outside the changing tent so I went inside the almost empty changing tent to change. There were three prologue courses (A, B, C) in the morning before the finals in afternoon. Maps were at 1,250 and showed every individual tree. And if that’s not enough they had classified the trees into two distinct types: big and small. Control circles had dots in the middle to help show which control was wanted. I joined the start queue and was given Course A and one of my fingers was marked with an indelible pen.

I started and the first few controls were easy (well, the instructions did say Yellow/Orange standard). Then it gang a bit agley: I may have mentioned lines of trees with lines of controls in between. Well, this was my undoing – after a couple of dibs I realised that I had dibbed in error and went back to put things right. Perhaps not one of Wooster’s best ideas as punters were not disqualified for mispunching, just given a 30-second penalty for each error. It probably took me more than 30 seconds to put each right. I almost forgot to mention: in these types of shindigs there are no control descriptions and no numbers on the controls to check if you’re at the right one.

And then the last three controls were in the maze. Instead of navigating all the time by using the map I had the bright idea of just using the map to locate the control on the ground and then going for the control visually, as it were. This way you didn't have to waste time by looking down at the map and you could also take account of who was in the maze at the time, viz. you could avoid a route where you might be flattened by running straight into a 15-stone, six-footer and could choose a route where one could run straight through any number of 6-stone schoolboys.



The line of trees where Bertram went wrong

At the end I had taken 8m28s, the leader had taken 6m31s and I was 7th out of 19 *so far*; not bad, Wooster, old lad! I was a bit puffed and perspirational by then so I decided on a short break before attempting another course. So I wiped the upper slopes with my handkerchief and lit a gasper. A large b and s would have been very welcome as well but there didn't seem to be any on offer so I rejoined the start queue. I even improved on the next two attempts, 10th out of 27 *so far* and 7th out of 31 *so far*.

I hadn't realised that orienteering could be a spectator sport but the Finals were. There were seven Finals, each of the fastest four in a class - starting at the same time. There was a lot of shouting and cheering; since I didn't know any of the runners I ignored the men and just cheered for the girls with the best contours. Then it was the turn of the also-rans to attempt the same courses and I joined a very long queue. The course was 1.5 km instead of the previous 1 km and yours truly came 12th out of 32 in 10m50s. What can I say to Jeeves but "Ha!"

Day 2

After the final I Oystered my way to the night's lodgings – London City Airport Travelodge. This establishment was in what appeared to be an industrial zone devoid of nightlife so I elected to dine in. Well, there was some nightlife; sitting in the window sipping my bottled beer I spotted an urban fox nosing about the car park. As you can imagine, Bertram by this time was pretty whacked and soon retired to his room to relax with a good detective story, “Blood on the Banisters”. And after eight hours of “Tired Nature’s sweet restorer”, as Jeeves would have it, Bertram was raring to speed round Canary Wharf and the Isle of Dogs.

I was soon on the Docklands Light Railway heading for Island Gardens, which sounded better than some DLR stations such as Mudchute, Pontoon Dock or Pudding Mill Lane. I like the DLR, it's a cross between a toy train set and a rollercoaster, all sharp curves and steep inclines. There's no driver as such, just some chappie to close the doors and press the “Go” button; it means one can sit up the front and get a good view – if the seats aren't taken by pimply trainspotters.

Anyway, at Island Gardens I followed a stream of obvious orienteers to the Event Centre in a school where there was plenty of room for changing and dumping of bags. I stayed just long enough to change, dump my bag and collect my race bib and then headed back to the DLR. If my readers have stayed with me this long surely some will have more question marks floating up from their heads towards the c? If Bertram has just alighted from the DLR why is he heading back to the station?

To digress, the B.W. once told me that he was planning an article on travelling to orienteering events by train, claiming that he even knew someone who had gone to an event on a narrow gauge steam train. Well, I was going to go one better; whilst the Event Centre and Finish were at the bottom part of the map on the Isle of Dogs the Start was up the top of the map at Canary Wharf. So the fiendishly clever organisers had printed not only the punter's name, number, course and start time on the race bib but also a DLR ticket to get to the Start.

Well, here I was, on the DLR, rubbing knees – literally – with fellow orienteers in shorts. I got talking to the chap opposite, even though we

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Bertram Wooster

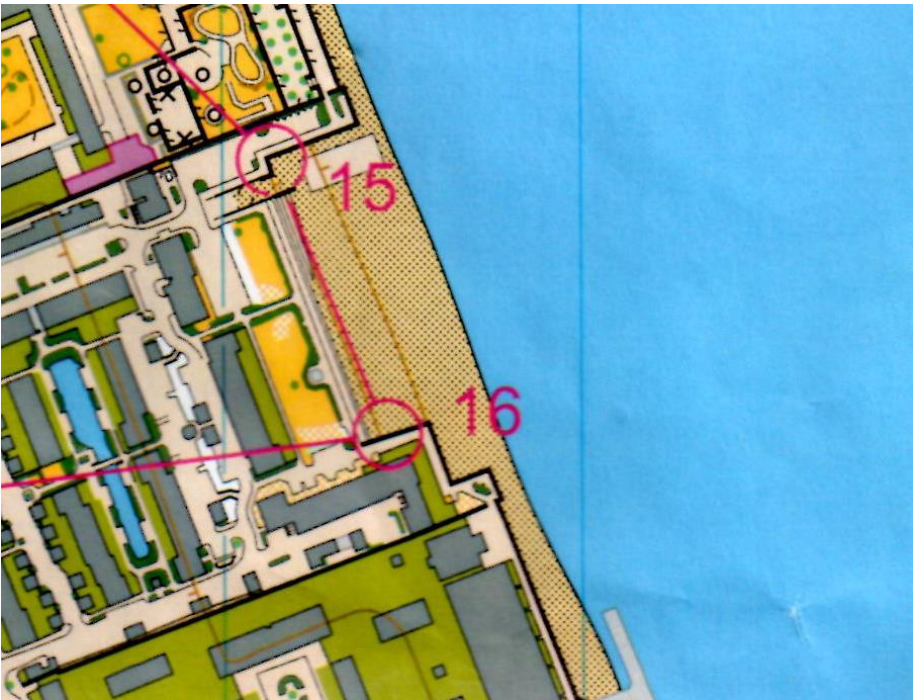
Men Open
10:03



Race bib with everything the urban orienteer needs: name, number, course, start time and even DLR train ticket - amazing, what?

hadn't been introduced. After exchanging "What ho's" we talked about what to expect round the course: mainly hard surfaces with small areas of grass. "And also possibly mud" I said. To my surprise he took it big and started to look round in an overwrought sort of way. "I don't remember reading that!" he said in a choking sort of voice. "Maybe they're taking us onto the foreshore of the Thames" I added. He continued to take it big and looked like he might make a grab at the communication cord. Not a good idea for making a quick escape since we were inside a tunnel at the time.

He had ceased conversing, presumably so that he could concentrate on worrying about the mud, and I fell into a sort of reverie myself and remembered what Jeeves had once told me about mudlarks. These were boys in Victorian times who earned their living by scavenging old bottles and other stuff from the muddy Thames foreshore and selling it. What a romantic life, I thought, what fun to live outdoors with all your chums, barefoot, half-starving, no schoolmasters and sleeping in a rude shelter made from driftwood, huddling together to keep warm. By now we had arrived at West India Quay and my erstwhile interlocutor was disembarking and looking round anxiously for signs of mud.



The Thames foreshore: orienteering for mudlarks

The start was only yards away and we had plenty of time to warm up. Soon we were off and I picked up my map, A3 size and 1,5000 scale. If you like bright blue and strong pink colour schemes this was the map for you. The pink meant either OOB building sites or restaurant tables and since I thought that they must have finished building round Canary Wharf years ago I concluded that there must be plenty of places for *al fresco* browsing and sluicing. I was trying to remember what the B.W.

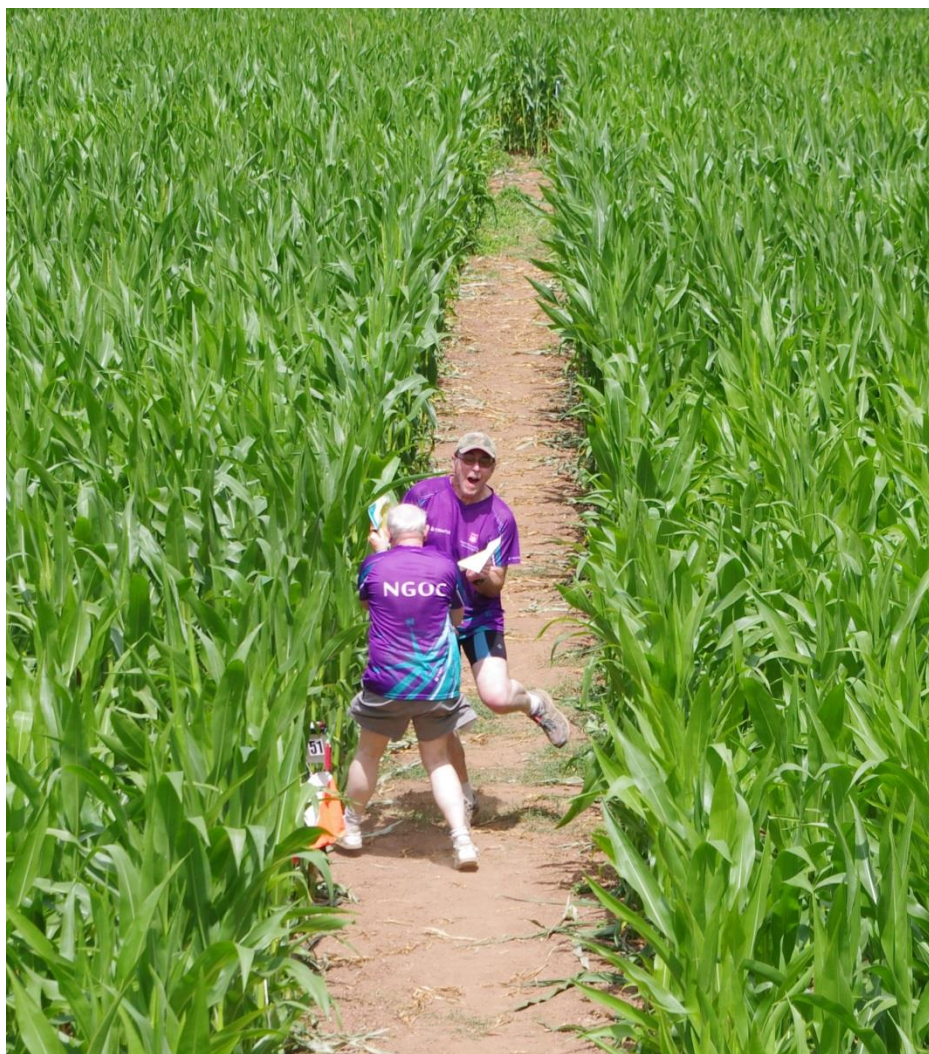
had told me; route choice was the thing, together with looking out for thick black lines showing uncrossable walls and fences. Oh yes, and looking closely to see on which side of the thick black line the centre of the control circle was situated.

Things seemed to be going swimmingly. I reached Control 11 without serious mishap and turned over the map from “Limehouse & Canary Wharf” to “Isle of Dogs”. I carried on until 15 where my muddy prediction was proved correct. 15 was just on the foreshore and the quickest way to 16, also just on the foreshore, was along a line of thin mud. A few controls later, to my amazement, I came to a farm where there were sheep and cows and other such noisy, smelly things. A few long route-choice type legs and then it was 23, set amongst lots of rotting wooden beams. Close to the river it seemed to be some kind of ancient slipway. Very quiet here, no traffic or even pedestrians except for one man shouting into a mobile phone. With a voice that loud did he need a mobile phone? Not far to go and there was a park with views across to the old naval college at Greenwich and the Cutty Sark. I bounded up a few flights of steps and there was the Finish and my weekend bag just a few yards away.

It was a rather fruity weekend that I would recommend to anyone, as long as they're not prejudiced against knobbly knees. I'll concede that there weren't many gentlemen around but I always find orienteers quite a decent lot. I had overheard Jeeves once saying to one of his valeting chums that “Although Mr Wooster is a very amiable young gentleman he is definitely navigationally challenged.” But, coming 85th out of 116 in the Men's' Open, all I can say to Jeeves again is “Ha!”



CAPTION COMPETITION - 1



Get your name (and amusing caption) published in the next Legend by emailing your entry to legend@ngoc.org.uk
(Photograph of Roger Coe and Paul Taunton taken by Sam Taunton at the "Maize Maze" at Elton on 20 July)

CAPTION COMPETITION – 2



This beauty was spotted by Pat MacLeod in the Forest in late September. Get your name (and amusing caption) published in the next Legend by emailing your entry to legend@ngoc.org.uk



I had my first taste of sprint-O a few years back when an event was tacked on to the JK at the University of the West of England. It was good, the navigation was different (OK, easier) and you can run without spending one half of the time being ripped by brambles and the other half being tripped by brushings. The things on the map, like buildings, are nicely cut and dried - not like vegetation in the Forest, where it can be a matter of opinion or season.

BOK Blast Day 1 was again at the UWE, meaning a train to Parkway and a walk to the campus, a good way of warming up. At the campus entrance I followed the O-signs; this was OK until a roundabout where the O-signs pointed down a road with no pavement. I managed to suss out a safer way and found myself in the car park. I then retraced my steps, following the mandatory red and white tapes, and reached Registration. This was a big gym with plenty of room for people and bags and changing and officials and the officials' kit. I was in plenty of time so talked to some friends and then set out for the start. I must have been going fast as the walk, advertised as 20 minutes, only took me ten.

Most of the course was round Stoke Park housing estate with the last few controls back on the campus. To allow orienteers back onto the campus some security guy was supposed to unlock a gate. The only trouble was that he had unlocked the wrong one. The error was corrected but early runners found the gate locked while later runners found the gate open, which meant that part of the course had to be voided.

Before the start I had doubts about the “estate” part of the course; “estate” can conjure up a picture of delinquents running into the distance with the very control you want to dib. But it wasn’t like that, it was a very up-market area full of smart, new houses. Any danger was not from groups of recidivists looking for bowver but from accelerating Range Rovers. I got round sort of OK: punters were spoilt for route choice and I certainly spoilt some of my route choices. But it was a good course and a good map.

The afternoon race was solely round the campus and start times were due to be based on the morning’s run. I reckoned to warm up once I knew my afternoon start time but it was approaching the time for the first starts and no list had appeared. Should I go and warm up and risk losing my slot or just wait? I waited but when the lists eventually appeared my name was not there. Another runner whose name was also missing kindly volunteered to get us some start times. I had an early start time so couldn’t warm up and had to go round very carefully. I didn’t want to do myself a mischief; I would never hear the end of it from the girl although, to be fair, she would never hear the end of it from me.

Mainly we were not allowed in buildings but in some places we were allowed to take shortcuts through covered in corridors. Not such good shortcuts as might be supposed as the doors were very slow in opening. It was another good course with plenty of route choice and speed at reading the map was vital.



The girl was coming along today – not for orienteering but to have a look round Cabot Circus. It didn't take me too long to figure out that Cabot Circus must be a kinda shopping mall. The joining instructions had suggested a train to Temple Meads but the trains from Cheltenham like a lie-in on Sunday mornings - the first train from Cheltenham into Temple Meads was cutting it too fine even for the last start time.

So we went by car. The joining instructions gave a choice of parking lots but the girl doesn't like to pay for parking and went straight for the internet. "Hey, there's free on-street parking on Sunday mornings." she yelled after thirty seconds.

The girl was revving up so I jumped in the car, closed the door and we were on the outskirts of Bristol; I blinked and we were skidding to a stop in a free parking space. I pulled my feet out of the floor and got out; we were early. A short stroll took us to the Event Centre which was in the Refectory of the university's College Green campus. "What's a Refectory?" whined the girl and I explained that it was like a diner for students. I nearly added a smart remark about politicians but decide that it would be wasted.

BOK had done themselves proud with the Refectory – it was a large, bright, airy joint with large windows overlooking a main drag. There was a mezzanine level, plenty of tables and chairs and loads of soft, squashy sofas. After briefly testing a squashy sofa like she was in a sofa shop the girl announced she was off to Cabot Circus. But first we had the usual Spanish Inquisition.

“What course you doing?”

“Men’s Open.”

“You gotta be kidding. The longest one? You’re an M60 and dopey enough to think you’re still an M21. No fool like an old fool.”

“Well, er . . .”

“You won’t beat a single one of them. You’re just mush. They’ll eat you alive; they’ll only need a teaspoon.”

“Hey, look . . .”

“Just mush, soft in the head. Phone me when you finish. *If* you finish.”

I slumped onto a sofa and watched her go out the door. I was still doing my goldfish impression when I realised that I was sitting next to David Lee. I don’t know how we got onto the subject but he was telling me about his National Service in the RAF. The day David joined he reported to some camp and was told to go to a certain hut and wait. There were a load of other guys in the hut, also waiting. At lunchtime no one from the training staff had turned up to so they set off to find the cookhouse, had lunch and returned to the hut. At teatime no one from the training staff had turned up to so they set off to the cookhouse, had tea and returned to the hut.

A week passed in a similar manner until, one day, some voices were heard outside. "There's no one in this hut," said a voice, the door opened and in came a couple of training NCOs. After a double take the senior one found his voice and that was the end of the young lads' waiting for orders. For the next few weeks their feet hardly had time to touch the ground.

Talking about time it was getting near to start time so we walked out the back door and followed the red and white tapes up to Brandon Hill. All the controls had been set out early and checked early and the start was also ready early and, if we wanted, we could start early. I started early. But I made sure there was one guy in front of me and I watched carefully which way he went. When I picked up my map his choice seemed good, and he was still in sight, so I went the same way.

Thirty-nine controls. Two main things to look out for on the map: thick black (uncrossable) lines and the centres of the control circles – which side of the black line? Easy to get wrong and lose a lot of time.

After a few controls in the park it was off down a street and a couple of controls in a churchyard. On the church steps there was a ginormous statue of Gromit. Round the city I was to pass several families seeking out some of the dozens of Gromit statues. It was called Gromit Unleashed but I reckon BOK missed a trick there – they should have taken it over and called it Gromit-O. Think of all the young new members they coulda signed up.

Then it was round the College Green area and Control 9 was right next to our car. If my arm had been a bit longer I could have sat in the car and leaned out to dib. The best way to get to 10 was under a bridge and past that Banksy mural. You know the one: there's a guy hanging from the windowsill by his fingertips while the jealous husband, home early from work, is looking the wrong way out of the window and the wife is hurriedly getting dressed in the background.

A few more controls and then a timed-out road crossing: dib before you cross and then you have up to two “free” minutes before you dib on the other side to study the map and draw your breath before the clock starts ticking again. And I needed the time to study the next leg: the distance by the red line was about an inch but the actual route more like two and a half inches because of the many thick black lines.

The next area was round some university buildings at the north end of the map. The buildings had originally been substantial homes and it felt like intruding by running down side passages between houses.

The map was intricate and even at 1:4,000 I had to concentrate hard the whole time, sometimes too hard. I was going slowly and carefully counting off the houses down one street when I realised that the house I wanted was exactly opposite the first side road joining it. Doh!

Another timed-out road crossing and I was back in Brandon Park for the last two controls and an easy downhill run to the Finish. I phoned the girl straight away and made my way back to the Event Centre. I had been changed and ready some time before she showed up. I waved the results slip at her: it stated that there was at least one person slower than me but all she wanted to talk about was Cabot Circus and the great coffee they served there. We made our way slowly to Clifton for lunch and I slipped in the mental earplugs as I pondered over a great course on a great map. And the many ways I could have done better.



FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Date	Event	Location	Signposted / Forest Entry	Organiser
16 Nov Sat 1230-1400	Informal	Ninewells	SO593131 GL16 7HB	The Jameses 01989 720122
7 Dec Sat 1200-1300	League 3	Woodchester Park	SO800006 GL10 3TU SO813006 GL10 + 3UL	Simon Denman 01452 863833
14 Dec Sat 1800-1900	Western Night League	Crickley Hill	SO935161 GL4 8JY	Greg Best 01242 516053
2014				
1 Jan Wed Mass start 1100	New Year's Day Score	Highmeadow	SO571128 GL16 7DU	Pat MacLeod 01594 528128
4 Jan Sat 1800-1900	Western Night League	Bixslade	SO608115 GL16 7EQ	Joe Taunton 01594 529455
18 Jan Sat 1200-1300	League 4	Danby Lodge	SO666066 GL15 4DA	Tom Mills 01452 760451
1 Feb Sat 1230-1400	Informal	Flaxley	SO675159 GL17 0EA	Joe Parkinson 01432 358939
8 Feb Sat 1800-1900	Western Night League	Cleeve Hill	SO989275 GL52 3PP	Dave Hartley 01452 863805
23 Feb Sun 1000-1400	Galoppen	Knockalls	SO537124	The Jameses 01989 720122
8 Mar Sat 1200-1300	League 5	Cranham	SO913122 GL4 8HG	Greg Best 01242 516053

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

Brashings

New Editor

Gill Stott is taking over as Editor from the January 2014 issue of Legend. Please show your support by sending in plenty of articles and photographs!

Congratulations to Bob Teed . . .

. . . on winning the Welsh M70 Championship at Newborough Warren on 13 October.

How to find a stolen control

At the recent Bixslade event a couple of controls were found to be missing when collecting in. Luckily they went missing after the last competitors had passed and did not affect anyone's results. But with the high price of replacement control boxes it was worth a good look for them. One box was soon found but the other remained elusive. But by studying the psychology (as Jeeves would have it) of the vandal Pat MacLeod found the second box. It had been stolen from a track junction and Pat guessed that the vandal couldn't be bothered to carry it too far and would then just chuck it into some undergrowth. So he walked a few yards away from, but parallel to, the track and went about 50 yards. No success so he started to return on the other side of the track and soon found the missing box. That means well over £50 saved for the club.

Can you think of a better name for "Orienteering"?

The only suggestion was: "Map Racing" - Neil Cameron

Yet another competition

By late September David Lee had taken part in well over 50 orienteering events since the beginning of the year. How many do you think he will have run by 31 December? Send your entry to apgstott@btinternet.com

Anyone found approaching David for "inside information" will be disqualified and have their name published in Legend under a new heading, the "**List of Shame**". This does not mean that you have to send him to Coventry, though.

Change in Mini League entrance fees

From January 2014 Mini League fees will increase to £5 for seniors (£6 for independents) and £2 for juniors. The Informal and WNL fees will remain at £4/£1. This is due to changes in the BOF levy system.

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 9 December 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 apgstott@btinternet.com 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.

FOR SALE

A pair of Adidas Swoop 2 fell running shoes. They are nominally size 11, but a small size 11 so may fit someone who normally takes 10 or 10.5 shoes. These are the yellow ones, which are quite popular with orienteers. In perfect condition, as only worn 3 or 4 times (they do not fit my odd-shaped feet). £20. If interested, contact Greg Best at captain@ngoc.org.uk



The Orienteering Foundation

The 'O' Foundation is an independent Charity established to support Orienteers and Orienteering.

It makes grants at the discretion of the Trustees to encourage

- ❖ the enhancement of events
- ❖ innovation
- ❖ or the alleviation of hardship.

In the recent past it has made grants to support

- National Schools teams to attend The World Schools' Championships
- The Ward Junior Home Internationals
- Junior Inter-regional competition
- Junior regional squad training overseas and in the British Isles.

The Trustees are committed to widening the support they can give to the Orienteering community beyond junior participation.

To sustain the present level of activity and to widen the scope of the Foundation's support requires money.

The Orienteering Foundation fund-raising campaigns is gradually accumulating much needed capital to make increasing grants possible.

CAN YOU, WILL YOU HELP US?

For further information contact:

The 'O' Foundation administrator, Viv Macdonald c/o the British Orienteering National Office, 8a Stancliffe House, Whitworth Road, Darley Dale, Matlock, Derbyshire, DE4 2HJ (email viv.macdonald@btinternet.com)

or visit the British Orienteering Website (www.britishorienteering.org.uk)