

# The Legend

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North Gloucestershire Orienteering Club  
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[www.ngoc.org.uk](http://www.ngoc.org.uk)

# NGOC Committee

## **Chairman**

Tom Mills

[chairman@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:chairman@ngoc.org.uk)

## **Secretary**

Kim Liggett

[secretary@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:secretary@ngoc.org.uk)

## **Treasurer**

Carol Stewart

[treasurer@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:treasurer@ngoc.org.uk)

01242 514988

## **Membership Secretary**

Simon Denman

[membership@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:membership@ngoc.org.uk)

## **Mapping Officer**

Paul Taunton

[mapping@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:mapping@ngoc.org.uk)

01594 529455

## **Equipment & Development**

Pat MacLeod

[equipment@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:equipment@ngoc.org.uk)

01594 528128

## **Welfare Officer**

Ashleigh Denman

[welfare@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:welfare@ngoc.org.uk)

## **Volunteer Coordinator**

Rhiannon Fadeyibi

[pandrfadey@gmail.com](mailto:pandrfadey@gmail.com)

## **Fixtures Secretary**

Stephen Robinson

[fixtures@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:fixtures@ngoc.org.uk)

01594 841743

## **Permissions Officer**

Greg Best

[permissions@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:permissions@ngoc.org.uk)

## **Legend Editor**

Alan Brown

[alan@brizen.co.uk](mailto:alan@brizen.co.uk)

## **Captain**

Shirley Robinson

[Shirley.robinson18@gmail.com](mailto:Shirley.robinson18@gmail.com)

## **Vice Captain**

Hilary Nicholls

## **Committee Member**

John Fallows

[john@greyeye.co.uk](mailto:john@greyeye.co.uk)

07971 782729

## **Committee Member**

Steve Lee

## **Committee Member**

Caroline Craig

[caroline.craig4@gmail.com](mailto:caroline.craig4@gmail.com)

**Cover:** The Tauntons have been to the White Rose every year since 2000 and this is the result. Paul wonders why more NGOC don't go; there's always a lot to do - night score, middle, sprint, classic, trail-o, quiz, team race and bike event, altogether an excellent weekend. (Photograph: Paul Taunton)

# *Chairman's Chat*

Thankfully there have not been any major surprises since my last article, unpleasant ones at least. One piece of really good news is the willingness of the Forestry Commission to work with us in finding a solution to track parking. The recent email to all members gives some of the detail.

We have had some really good events on both street and traditional terrain and a big thank you goes to all of those who have given up their time to put on quality runs for the entertainment of all our members and other orienteers. For my own part I have enjoyed controlling Minchinhampton working with an excellent new planner Steve Lee and of course putting on our annual Chairman's Challenge at the Maze. In the latter case I am told that over 9km was available if all courses and respective controls were visited. Amazing what can be squeezed into a postage stamp.

One of the commitments for the club was to play the supporting role to BOK at the British Sprint Championships at Bath University. NGOC provided a substantial team of volunteers to run the starts both morning and afternoon plus help at the enquiries desk and not forgetting shoe inspection, no not a foot and mouth bath wash, just dirt. The way the team worked at the start was brilliant particularly when it came to initiative and getting stuck in. I hope the competitors appreciated the work involved.

This event was an extremely complex event from an organisational perspective and I must take this chance to congratulate BOK on a championship that seems to have put other similar champs in the shade. Together with the venue, planning and controlling (over 100 controls to get right) I did not hear anything but praise.

Anyway here is the big news - the medal ceremony was pretty much Olympic standard, big names, big flags, big arena, big crowd, modest podium and NGOC had someone on the podium. Congratulations to Ginny Hudson getting a bronze. OK it was not Amy Williams

(Olympian) on the Golds hanging the medal, it was almost as good - it was me! Sure I was not as thrilled as Ginny but I was very chuffed. What an achievement for her after such a short time in the sport.

So what is the other news? Well in chronological order we have a new club Captain and new club Vice Captain. Shirley Robinson and Hilary Nicholls respectively have both kindly stepped forward to take on this enviously enjoyable task. Even more news, we have had a Lazarus moment, Alan Brown has kindly rejoined our journalistic ranks and fought his way forward to take on, yet again, the role of Legend Editor. A big Hooray to them all!

On the downside we bid farewell to Judith Austerberry after an amazing tour as Legend Editor and wish her the very best for the future (see article within). We bid a further sad farewell to Richard Purkis who has done a sterling job as our unheralded communication guru. Richard, as most of you will know, is an outstanding orienteer competing in a class that demands the very best both physically and technically and is within the premier league of competitors. Even though he will shortly find himself in Edinburgh we hope he will continue to have links with NGOC; and, of course, thank him very much for his involvement in the club and wish him also the very best for the future. Better news is that at the AGM a few days ago, to loud hand claps and cheers Tom Cochrane jumped into the breach and will take on the role vacated by Richard. Well done Tom.

Finally, we have our 50th anniversary on the horizon. Outline ideas have already been discussed and we hope to put on at least 3 National events and one celebratory in our anniversary year of 2020. That is it for now,

*Tom*

# Legends past

From the front page of Legend 142, November 2009:



Taking part in the White Rose event means never needing to buy a coffee mug again. (*Mug shot: Paul Taunton*)

Eagle-eyed readers will notice from this edition's front cover that the Tauntons have now won 15 mugs (assuming no breakages and that Paul has emptied the dishwasher).

# Judith moves to pastures new

I find that it is very hard to offer a very big thank you and bon voyage to someone without it sounding like an obituary. This of course is not intended and I will try and avoid any confusion whilst writing this article.

Judith deserves a very big thank you from members of the club for all the work she has put into Legend but since resting from orienteering she wishes to concentrate on other interests. As many of you will know she achieved the highest national achievement when she became the British National champion in the W40 class a few years ago. This was due absolute dedication and commitment to the sport underlined by the fact that she achieved this from a novice in under 2 years. Until then and even now I cannot think of another woman in NGOC who has reached this competition level. Judith remained close to the news surrounding orienteering during this competitive period but since having a break feels that she is no longer connecting with the action on the ground.

Legend has become a legend amongst other clubs and those who have seen the hard copies have poured endless praise on the magazine. This result has not been without a great deal of effort and a great deal of personal time. Judith is now making the most of the opportunity to pursue all the other activities which fell by the wayside when she was orienteering. She still enjoys running in the forests and hills with Allan and Teabag the Labrador, but has also renewed her interests in rock climbing, horse riding and playing classical music. She and Allan are currently engrossed in trying to move house and are hoping to find a new home "somewhere a bit more mountainous, though that might end up being Tintern!"

The committee and myself pass on our sincere thanks to Judith, wish her the very best in her new pursuits and very much hope to see her back orienteering sometime in the future.

Tom

## New **Legend** Editor



*Judith hands over the baton to Alan, the new Legend Editor*

Not really new - more recycled - as I was previously Editor 2005-2013. A big thank you to Judith for producing such a professional-looking magazine always packed with excellent articles and photographs. Please keep sending in plenty of these to [legend@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:legend@ngoc.org.uk) I have already signed up Mr B Wooster, our most distinguished member (distinguished for his ancestry, not for his navigating) to relate his orienteering adventures. Another thing I would like to include in each edition is a profile of a member (which was a regular feature about 20 years ago); I have enlisted Mr Wooster to start things off.

# **Ginny in Wonderland at the British Sprint Championships**



*On the podium, with the lovely Amy Williams, Skeleton Olympian, who tidied my hair for me! And Alan Honey, BOK organiser.*

My surreal day started very early in a friend's flat in Bristol, just by the zoo. I was woken by what I thought were exotic birds calling for breakfast: "whoOOP, whoOOP". But while making my flask of tea in the kitchen I could clearly make out a number of chimps messing about on their high ropes, getting more and more raucous: "whoop, whoop, whoop". How exciting! Who'd have thought it? And so it ended; 12 hours later I was back in the flat, doing my own crazy skipping and hollering, my medal flying around my neck, completely over-excited, grinning like the Cheshire Cat, with no chance of sleep. What a crazy day! The University of Bath is an impressive campus with a massive modern sports centre; a sense of excitement and purpose was tangible on entering the wide glass-sided corridor overlooking a pumping gym and leading out to what looked like a generous

ship's deck. This gave a fine view of the athletics track and final controls and lay above an awesome indoor 100m track – plenty of space for 1000-odd competitors to mill around, soak up the atmosphere and cheer on their club mates.

The compact running area had a great balance of terrain: accommodation blocks with multiple route options around the landscaped courtyards and connecting paths; more weighty academic blocks with hideous dead-ends; the mind-warping multi-level parade; a more open, leafy, undulating park and playing fields; and a final sprint for everyone into the centre of the arena.

The day was brilliantly planned and organised by a large BOK team, headed by Alan Honey and Chris Johnson, fantastically and efficiently supported by Pat MacLeod's team at the starting grids – more about this and the Middle Distance event elsewhere in The Legend.

My own day's success would seem to be a complete fluke and I certainly felt like an imposter on the podium, like Alice down the rabbit-hole. "And who do you think you are?!" Though it was particularly reassuring and special to be given my bronze medal for the W55 sprint by our own chairman, Tom Mills. But actually I did come 2<sup>nd</sup> in my heat and 3<sup>rd</sup> place in the final was strongly fought.

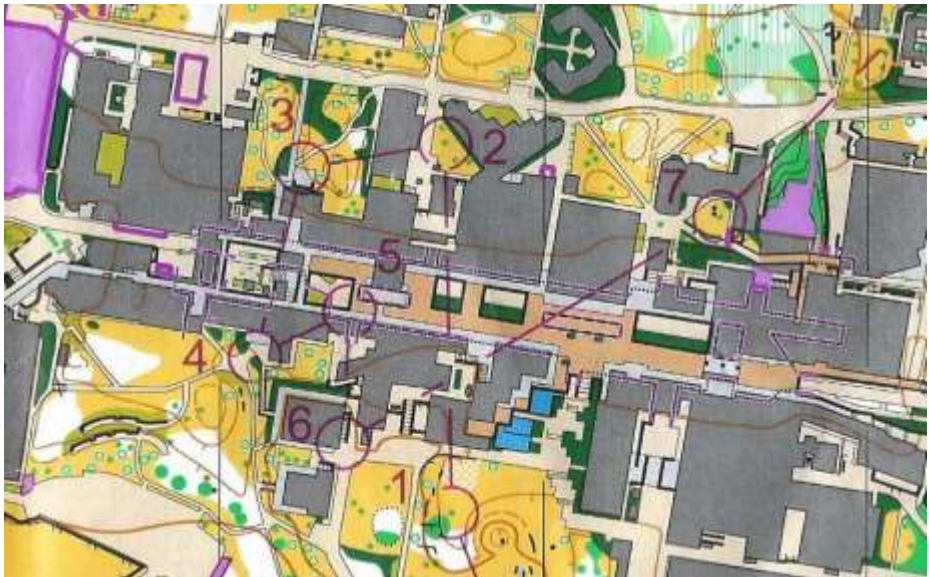
I put it down to three things: firstly, working at the start grids which were especially busy before the finals when many competitors had not thought to find their course number, 1 of 16, before approaching the start (?!). This was a tremendous distraction, giving me no opportunity to get nervous or worked up into a mind-fogging flap. I could approach the start calmly and with a clear head.

Secondly, using a contactless dibber for the first time; how neat was that! It means you really have to plan the next leg ahead of

time, or at least your exit, no dawdling at the control, just flying on through, and every second counts in a sprint.

Thirdly, I had taken time to study the pre-event notes and small section of the elevated parade that was available. In particular noting the various stairways and passageways accessing the underground service area from the higher north side and the lower south side. My route choices weren't perfect, but I was confident about the layout and didn't hesitate.

Have a look at this extract and check out the dizzying routes from 1-7, the parallel purple/black dotted lines showing the ways in and out of the lower level.



*Extract from F-14*

The next day was the Middle Distance event at Stockhill Woods – more Mad-Haring around the course for me – no discipline, hopelessly circuitous, my inexperience fatally exposed, but still grinning. I was last seen (by the photographer) tripping and tumbling down into a hole, like Alice, to a control that wasn't even on my course! Heh ho!

All in all I had a great Adventure in Wonderland, but I really do need to pay more attention to where I'm going!



*Swiping the final control*

GINNY HUDSON



# Member profile



## Name

Wooster, Bertram

## Introduce yourself

What Ho! The new Legend editor (chap's an absolute blister and I refer to him as the Bearded Wonder) caught me off my guard when I was feeling particularly at peace with the world and I promised to fill in his blasted questionnaire. I usually avoid this sort of thing like the p., dash the fellow.

When did you first start orienteering? How did you learn about the sport?

Absolutely years ago. I was roped into an event at Totleigh Towers (see *Legend 159 of September 2012 – R. Jeeves*). Against my will, I must say, but I managed to get round the course with a lot of help from my man Jeeves. I didn't know what I was doing but I enjoyed the fresh air and exercise and I was hooked.

*Favourite area?*

Anywhere where there are next to no brambles.

*EMIT or SI?*

Oh yes, absolutely.

*Baseplate or thumb compass?*

Best ask Jeeves.

*Proudest or most enjoyable moment?*

The most enjoyable orienteering event I have ever done was due almost entirely to the weather – a species of monsoon at Tweseldown racecourse. I found it such a unique experience that I was moved to write about it: the editor is reproducing my account immediately after this. Before you chaps read it I need to explain that all the civvies from BOK and NGOC who go to these Wednesday Army events refer to themselves as BOK Army and the head honcho of BOK Army is a tough egg called The Colonel, when he's not called something stronger. Oh, and he's not a big fan of yours truly.

*Worst moment?*

There have been plenty of those but the most recent was entering a one hour score event and forgetting what time I started. This resulted in my finishing with 20 minutes to spare, but at least it gave the chappie at Download a good laugh. I have written an account of this event as well but the editor says he doesn't want two of my articles in one edition. What a nerve that cove has.

*Ambitions (for yourself or the sport)?*

To finish in the top half of competitors in an event, any event.

*Any other interesting facts you would like to share?*

Yes, the Bearded Wonder would like anyone in the club to send in their profile, with photo, for the next and subsequent editions of Legend. He says to answer the same questions as yours truly and you will earn his eternal gratitude.

**(Bertie's most enjoyable orienteering event):**



## **Bertie to the rescue**

The rain started to come down heavily when we were on the motorway, like that rain they get in hot places like India, a monsoon I think they call it. Going through Hartley Wintney there were large areas of water covering the road and at Tweseldown Racecourse cats and dogs were still the order of the day. In view of the conditions I wondered if we would be the only punters but there was a goodish number of cars and we were directed to a parking space by a man wielding a large umbrella. Bob switched off the engine and we sat and looked at each other – and the low, grey sky and the stair rods. And it was at this point that the decisiveness of the Woosters came to the fore: I got out, put on my “waterproof” and rushed to Registration with the sound of Bob, Pat and Tom, all trying to sound like Warden Hodges from Dad’s Army, ringing in my ears: “Close that door!”, “Don’t let that rain in!”, “Ruddy ‘ooligan Wooster!”

Registration was in some rather run-down buildings, but at least in the dry, and I paid cash on the nail for a Brown. I wondered whether I would survive Brown but I was pretty wet from running 50 yards from the car so even a short course wouldn’t keep me any drier. Visiting the facilities for gentlemen on the return journey I didn’t expect the porcelain to be gleaming but was taken aback at the amount of green slime. Back at the car my trainer-encased feet were already soaked so I took the bold decision to go as I was, just donning my gaiters. The other three were still just sitting there so, with an image of distant Wooster ancestors at Agincourt in my mind, I slammed the boot shut and set off for the start.

Now the Start was the other side of the actual race course, the bit where the horses do their stuff. To get there one had to use a subway. The more astute of my readers will link subway with monsoon and they will come up with the correct deduction: there were several inches of water to be sloshed through. Luckily it was too dark in the subway to see whether the colour of the water matched the porcelain of the gents.

Several remarkably cheerful rain-lashed individuals were at the start to give instructions. As it was a very small area one ran a loop on Map A, exchanged it to run another loop on Map B and so on. Green was two loops, Blue three and Brown four. Some controls appeared on three different maps but were approached from different directions. One punched the start, ran the loop, punched the Finish, dropped the map, picked up the next map and carried on. One did NOT punch the Start again as this would wipe out the previous lap(s).

On my way round I saw Bob and Pat once each – so at least they had left the car. I can't remember exactly when, but it couldn't have been very long after the start, that the thunder and lightning, obviously seeing such a splendid display by the rain, decided to join in. Actually it was quite warm and rather exhilarating to run in such a downpour along paths several inches deep in water.

It was towards the end of my third lap that a most amazing thing happened. There was a familiar figure ahead of me, the one that makes my feet grow cold and my spine to lose its firmness. Obviously we were both heading for the same control and I thought I would keep my distance until he had dibbed; I would then perform my dibbing operation and rush as quickly as possible to the next control via a different route and hope that he would not spot me. But I had no chance to put this plan into operation as he suddenly disappeared up to his neck in what was shown as a small stream on the map. Almost before I knew what was happening I found myself kneeling down at the edge and helping him to clamber out.

"Thank you very much, young man, you saved my life! I thought that was my end and – Wooster! You!"

"Well, er, yes, it's me." He was right and there wasn't really much to add to his statement.



*The innocuous-looking ditch that claimed several orienteers*

"I owe you my life, Wooster. I see that I have been very much mistaken in my view of you. I must apologise for all the bad things I have said about you. Obviously, you are still a consummate ass and completely hopeless at orienteering but it's the enthusiasm and taking part that counts, isn't it? Well, Woos, er Bertie, may I call you Bertie? Call me Tony, please. All those people who say you are a complete nincompoop, well, I'll have to tell them you are only half as bad as you appear.

"Do you realise what a service you have done for BOK Army? Without me the organisation would fall apart. All the chaps absolutely rely on me. Who could replace me? Mr Palmer, I hear you say? Ha! Blackstone? Don't make my sides ache. MacKenzie? My dear chap! Look, you must come and dine with me at my club. Come and see me when you have Finished and Downloaded so that I can thank you properly. Toodle pip!"

All the while he had been shaking my hand so much that it is still aching as I write. He biffed off and I carried on round the course in a daze, a sort of reverie, don't you know. Fate is the most amazing thing: many is the time I have tried to engineer such an incident to help some chum and it has always gone awry. I have pushed innumerable snotty-nosed little boys into lakes so that friends of mine could rescue the kid and earn the love and undying gratitude of the little horror's big sister. These well-planned strategies have invariably failed and earned Bertie much disapprobation (one of Jeeves's words). Not only that but I have then had to turn the problem over to Jeeves who has always come up with a simple solution that did not need anyone to get wet. And now, without any planning, I was regarded as the heroic saviour of the big

cheese of BOK Army – and, best of all – my life and limb were no longer in danger.

Back at the car the rain had stopped and we were able to change into dry kit. We held what, as I understand it, is called a wash-up in the military (or is it a wash-out?) or post mortem or debriefing. Comments were made about the map, courses and organisation. Bob reckoned the North lines weren't. Tom said he had wasted a lot of time at the Start because they hadn't told him that the Start kite was hung on a bush about 100 yards from the maps. Bob said that it shouldn't have mattered as the Start maps were next to the Finish and the Finish had a big banner to advertise itself; anyway, on Bob's course, he started off in a completely different direction to reach the first control and didn't need to go anywhere near the Start kite. Tom maintained they should have told him where the Start kite was.



*Try not to pick up a map that has already been used 57 times (the one on the right, don't you know)*

I noticed that Tweseldown was spelt incorrectly (Jeeves has taught me to be very particular about this sort of thing). We all agreed that the map needed updating and that a lot of man-made features – horse jumps of various descriptions – needed adding. I also pointed out that, although the maps were on waterproof paper, there was some doubt about the ink. Picking up the only map in the C box I was halfway to the

first control when I realised that the map had been used by about 57 other punters before me and the ink had been rubbing off. It was only the indomitable Wooster spirit that made me carry on.

“What Ho!” It was Sheila, who had travelled separately and had just finished the Green. A bit of a disaster apparently as, after completing one lap, she had punched the Start again and this had wiped all the details of the first lap. Claimed to have been distracted by wondering what to do about the dog as she didn’t want to get him wet. The poor dog looked a bit sheepish, if that makes sense, but I thought it a bit thick to blame the pooch. The results were not properly checked and they wrote down the time for just the one lap as if it were for the whole course. This meant that Sheila was recorded as being in third place. And did she contact the organisers to point out their error? All I can say is that I was shocked – shocked and disappointed.

“Good evening, sir, I was becoming somewhat concerned at the lateness of your return.”

“I was detained by The Colonel, Jeeves.”

“I trust that you are not badly hurt, sir.”

“Goodness, no. No, no, no. We are now the best of chums. I saw him disappear up to his neck in ditchwater and fished him out. He thanked me in broken tones and with tears in his eyes – unless it was the rain – for such a long time that it must have cost me quite a few places in the results. He’s now going round telling everyone what a decent chap I am for rallying round during his darkest hour.”

“A remarkable and very gratifying occurrence, sir. The results are already on the web and you were 22 out of 23. Even worse than normal, if I may say so, but well worth it in terms of your personal safety and peace of mind.”

“It’s funny, Jeeves, but I keep getting this warm, pink and fluffy feeling about the old buffer. It makes me want to do something more than going about saying what a good egg he is.”

“Would something tangible answer, sir? May I suggest a generous donation to his recent appeal?”

“Appeal, what appeal?”

“The BOK Army Gun Carriage Appeal, sir. It used to be the practice in the British Army, in former times, to tie miscreants to a gun carriage to have them flogged. The Colonel noticed one or two raised eyebrows amongst non-orienteeing customers at The Rising Sun during the flogging part of the post-prandial ceremonies at the recent BOK Army championships. It seemed to him that using a public house picnic table did not strike the right note. However, a genuine gun carriage for floggings would help project the desired BOK Army corporate image.”

“A jolly good idea, Jeeves, you’ve hit the spot once again. A gun carriage would look well on his driveway too. Dig out the chequebook and I’ll post him an offering straight away.”

“If you will forgive me saying so, sir, I think a bank transfer and an email informing The Colonel of the donation would be a more expeditious method; it would also save the cost of an envelope and stamp.”



## *Christmas is coming . . .*



. . . so don't forget that NGOC's orienteering board game for 2 - 6 players **Forest Challenge!** is still available to while away those hours between the meals at Christmas or even to give as a present.

- ✓ *The game includes everything you need - laminated map, kites, punch cards, "Control" cards, "Advantage" cards, instructions, dice, tokens etc.;*
- ✓ *Design a different course each time you play by using the moveable control stickers;*
- ✓ *The map sections can be fitted together in different combinations for more variety;*
- ✓ *Choose score or line orienteering;*
- ✓ *Add even more variety by drawing your favourite terrain on the blank map grids supplied.*

Cost of the game is £11-00 (including postage) from Alan Brown, 10 Brizen Lane, Cheltenham, GL53 0NG. Cheques payable to NGOC (or pay by PayPal or bank transfer). Email Alan Brown for further information at

[alan@brizen.co.uk](mailto:alan@brizen.co.uk)

## *British Championships*



Kim Liggett and Richard Purkis in action



## Planning an NGOC League Event

The new six-course NGOC League has been running since the beginning of 2018, and at the time of writing there have been six events in this new format. I think that it's time to review the events so far, and offer some guidance for those who have volunteered to plan League events later this year, and in 2019.

Total runner numbers at our League Events are broadly the same as last year, although they are spread over six courses, rather than four. Hopefully provision of a Brown course means we are providing a better physical challenge for our younger members, and the Short Green provides a technical challenge of a more appropriate length for our oldest members. I think there have been sufficient numbers on each of the courses at all six events to date to justify our providing them, but the number of runners on each course has varied widely. There is always a reasonable turnout on Blue and Green, but the shortest and longest courses have been very variable, with on occasion as few as eight runners on Yellow and five on Brown. If your event is registered as a Regional event, then it's necessary to plan the best courses you can, but for those registered as Local events some compromises, such as more shared controls (or legs) than usual may be acceptable, (particularly on the Brown) to reduce the amount of work necessary for the planner/organiser.

It's worthwhile spending a little extra time at the planning stage to minimise the number of controls, as this reduces the time-consuming fieldwork (fewer sites to check, controls to hang, and collect!)

If you are planning a League event and didn't come to the training session last April, or need a refresher, please look at the presentation on the NGOC website for tips before you start your planning:

<http://www.ngocweb.com/documents/events/PlanningRev2018.pdf>

Remember:

- The presentation suggests that use of about 35 controls should be sufficient for a Local League event. If a competitor is at a control, they know exactly where they are, so don't have too many!

- It is recognised that some areas, and events, will have constraints that necessitate using some additional controls (e.g. Regional events, open areas with high visibility, and oddly-shaped areas) but try to keep numbers down.
- Most League events are “Classic” races, not “Middle” races, so all courses should include a couple of long route-choice legs.
- A single route choice leg should not be >20% of course length, as one bad decision could determine the result of the race, but two long legs totalling 33% of course is good: plan long legs first, then fit rest of course around.
- There is no need for a spread of controls in every part of the map. The Brown course could have long legs to/from a distant but interesting area (maybe even one you can drive to for hanging/collection?).
- To avoid concentrating runners in the forest it has been the practice to date to have one start lane for Green and Short Green, with only one runner allowed to start per minute, and one start lane for Blue and Brown, again with only one runner allowed to start per minute. Thus these courses (of similar technical difficulty) can be made up of different combinations of loops or sections to give appropriate lengths, but even with identical sections on two courses should not be excessively overcrowded.

A final plea from the mapping officer – please do not update the OCAD map that you are given for the event yourself, unless you have agreed this in advance with the mapping officer. This has in the past led to a map which could not be printed, and also to multiple versions of a map, each with some, but not all, the required updates.

If you are interested in attending a future re-run of the planning course please e-mail [mapping@ngoc.org](mailto:mapping@ngoc.org) and state your preference for an evening or weekend session, and which days you would be most likely to be able to attend.

*Paul Taunton*

# The Computer Swallowed Grandma

The computer swallowed grandma.  
Yes, honestly its true!  
She pressed 'control' and 'enter'  
And disappeared from view.

It devoured her completely,  
The thought just makes me squirm.  
She must have caught a virus  
Or been eaten by a worm.

I've searched through the recycle bin  
And files of every kind;  
I've even used the Internet,  
But nothing did I find.

In desperation, I asked Jeeves  
My searches to refine.  
The reply from him was negative,  
Not a thing was found 'online.'

So, if inside your 'Inbox,'  
My Grandma you should see,  
Please 'Copy,' 'Scan' and 'Paste' her  
In an email back to me.

By Sinead of the Loch

*(Thanks to Gill James)*

# Lancaster urban weekend: a trip down memory lane

While browsing through Compass Sport magazine a while back, I spotted a small ad for the Lancaster Urban Weekend, organised by SROC (South Ribble). Apparently, this would involve two sprint races around the university campus on the Saturday, followed by an urban race in the town centre on the Sunday morning. A recent JK had also included a sprint on the campus, but I had not been able to attend that one, and it was to be the first time ever that an urban race would be held in the town, and this was to use a new map made by Peel Land Surveys.

I left Lancaster University 35 long years ago and had never been back since, despite zooming past it on the motorway on numerous occasions headed for the Lakes or for Scotland. I have very fond memories of my three years in Lancaster, so for some time had been seeking an opportunity to return, in order to reminisce, to see what has changed and whether any bits still look as I remember them. A weekend of urban O seemed like the perfect excuse, so after agreement from the missus, a last-minute train ticket for one was booked, together with a B&B room and entry to the races.

It is a three hour train journey to Lancaster from Cheltenham, so this meant a very early start on the Saturday morning. I arrived in Lancaster in good time, and then took the bus from the town centre out to the campus which is set on the top of a wind-swept hill amid green fields a couple of miles beyond the edge of the town. The bus arrived in the Underpass below the main Alexandra Square in the middle of the campus – this much had not changed. I had been a member of the university's orienteering club and on most Sundays there would be a trip to an event, often somewhere in the Lakes, the Dales or the Pennines. These would always start from this same underpass, where a 50-seater coach would collect us.

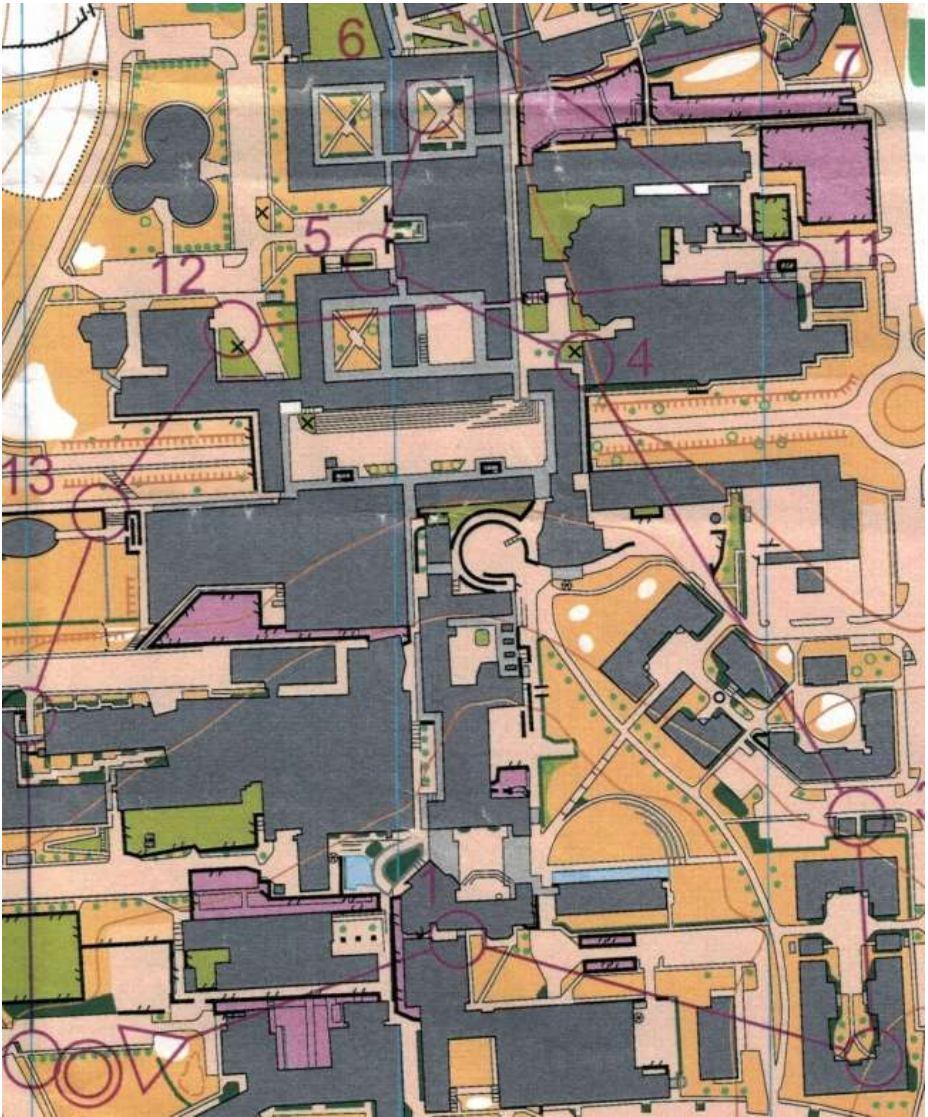
From the Underpass, I picked my way through the jungle of buildings, using location maps which were conveniently placed around the campus. I managed to locate The Spine, the central walkway that still runs through the campus from one end to the other, but otherwise virtually nothing else looked the same! The assembly area was at the southern extremity of the campus, so I had to pass through much of the competition area to get there – not sure if that was actually allowed?! I bumped into Richard Purkis, who was hanging about at the assembly, resplendent in our club's kit. Who says that NGOC members never travel outside of the county?

I was delighted to find the start being manned by Dick Collins, who used to be a Lancaster lecturer and was very involved in the university O club during my time. We enjoyed a good chat talking about the old days and new developments. Dick used to be a very good orienteer and runner, and was always close to the top of the leader board.

The 2 sprint courses used different parts of the campus and the planner had made full use of the complex jumble of squares, narrow alleyways and undercover passages to give us multiple route choices and to confuse the unwary. Clearly, my three years at Lancaster had not helped me in the slightest and nor did my recce by walking from the bus stop - I managed to get totally confused and lost on the 5<sup>th</sup> control in the first race, losing lots of time. Eventually, I came across one of the campus location maps with a helpful "You Are Here" pointer that allowed me to get back on track!!

After running in both of the races, I had time for a more thorough walk about the campus and another vain attempt to find places I recognised. My accommodation block, which was brand-new when I lived there, had disappeared altogether and my college (Fylde) had been rebuilt in a quite different place. The campus was pretty quiet, as the bulk of the students had not yet returned. There is now three times the number of students compared to my days, so the campus had been much expanded to cope and largely re-built. Even our fish & chip shop had been replaced by a Costa – a sign of the branded times we live in!

The bus took me back into the town centre and I had plenty of time to explore and try to find old haunts. It is still a lovely grey-stone town with some beautiful Georgian buildings and the streets were very lively on



the Saturday. Again a lot had changed from the way I remember it and it seemed perhaps more prosperous now than it was in the early 80s. I took the opportunity to visit things I had never cared about as a young student, like the city museum, the castle, a walk along the canal and across the beautiful aqueduct that I hadn't even known existed. In some ways, education and university life really are wasted on the young!!



Lancaster is a hilly place, and Day 2 made full use of this! However, it was lovely experience to run through the streets, alleys, squares and canals of my old university town. The views of the Lake District fells in the distance were fabulous. It is always fun in an urban race to see the bemused and surprised expressions as you burst from an alleyway onto a main street.

On the train journey home, I felt extremely happy that I had made the decision to travel such a long way. My performances had won no medals (of course), but it had been lovely to re-acquaint myself with a place that will always be very special to me.

**Greg Best**

# Have a go . . .

***With the new Western Night League orienteering season about to begin, here is a re-print of the article that first appeared in Legend four years ago that will hopefully entice you. The opening event of the series will be at Sheepscombe on Saturday 3rd November, organised by Andrew and Dave Hartley.....***

## **How to avoid Strictly and X-Factor on Saturday nights....**

Some people look forward to the onset of autumn with its dark Saturday evenings slumped on the sofa watching Strictly and X-Factor. Well, I am not among them. Instead, I look forward to the dark evenings because it means the start of the night orienteering season. Those precious extra hours of darkness are beloved of that rare breed: night orienteers.

Why sit cosily indoors, when you could be out doing battle with the elements and hostile terrain? Surely, it's much more fun to dash around a forest trying to find control flags in the blackness of night? It is a very special feeling to be alone in a dark forest with just the moon for company in your pursuit. It is exciting, too, when your lamp lights up the eyes of a nocturnal creature. Is it me or the animal that is more startled? The thrill and relief of successfully finding a control is always much greater at night. After your run, it is off to the nominated "pub of the night" for a sociable discussion of route choice and failings over a pint and a pie. What's not to like?

In spite of all this, night O is very much a niche activity amongst orienteers. A typical event will attract between 30 and 40 hardy souls. I really don't understand why others don't try it.

Night O offers extra challenges not found in the daytime. These begin even before you start your run. Spotting O signs to direct you to the dark parking area and then identifying the right Registration car is harder. Getting ready in the dark and strapping on your lamp can be a struggle, too. Of course, navigation is a little trickier at night and mistakes are more costly, so it's important to keep good track of where you are, and this often means sticking to safe routes and safe attack points.



There is one essential piece of kit required for night orienteering, and that, of course, is a decent light. Although it is possible to compete and have fun even with a relatively dim torch, you would struggle to find many controls away from the paths. It really helps to have a proper bright light. In recent years, super-powerful LED lights have become available and the cost of these had dropped dramatically. 1000 lumens will turn night into day! There is now a

baffling array of different options, but the website [brightbikelights.com](http://brightbikelights.com) has a good orienteering selection. However, it is possible to find cheaper ones on sites like ebay and Amazon, where some very bright lights can be found for as little as £20.

The Western Night League runs from November until March and consists of around 8-10 events, all relatively close to our area. NGOC organise 3 of these events, and the others are put on by BOK, NWO and HOC. Each event is a one hour score, which starts once it is properly dark. This is the perfect format for night time, as it does not matter if you cannot find a control; just continue and find a different one. Also, it means that the organiser is not kept waiting too long before he can also adjourn to the pub. For beginners, there is always a simple loop following paths. Take a look at the WNL website for more details.

When eventually I return home from my night adventure, covered in scratches, mud and sweat, the wife and kids glance up from the X-Factor and stare at me in their usual bemused way. "Why do you do it?" Because I love it.

Come on, go nocturnal, give it a try!

**Greg Best**

Date	Venue	Club
3 November 2018	Sheepscombe	NGOC
10 November 2018	Oldbury Court	BOK
1 December 2018	Leckhampton Hill	NGOC
15 December 2018	British Camp	HOC
2 February 2019	Worcestershire Beacon	HOC
9 February 2019	Leigh Woods	BOK
16 February 2018	Standish Wood	NGOC
2 March 2019	Cherhill	NWO
9 March 2019	Pen Hill, Wells	BOK

# *Congratulations!*



*(Photo: Sam Taunton)*

Joe Taunton and Clare Sanders (both NOC) were married at Pudding Pie Hill, in the Peak District near Chesterfield, on 23 September. It was a perfect bright but windy day. Guests included Joe's family (NGOC) and the table plans and place markers were all map-based. After their honeymoon touring Skye and the Western Isles, Joe and Clare have returned to their home in Carter Knowle, Sheffield.



## They tamed the Beast!

Yes they really did! First fell race ever!

John and Bobby, sporting NGOC colours, along with my nephew Jenkin, ran the Beast Bach and came in within 2 hours: John 44/100 in 102 minutes, Jenkin 50/100 in 104 and Bobby 80/100 in 124 on the Beast Bach course on 12 May.

It was a fantastic event, lovely atmosphere, dramatic area and a glorious May Day. As they crossed the finish line, I was a very proud Mum and Aunt.

The three of them ran the Beast Bach which is a tough, scenic fell running race across the Preseli Mountains and only(!) 11 miles with 1,700ft of climb taking the Boggy Beast's Lair as a final challenge.

The boys said it was amazing and so very varied: leaving the village start amid cheers of encouragement and across the fields ... sheep of course ... through the quarry, past the wild Welsh mountain ponies, through a forest, up to the peaks, views towards Cardigan Bay, down and up many times before finally crossing the treacherous Beast's Lair in the extensively boggy bog and on to the finish cheered and drummed in by friends, family and villagers. Into the village hall for Welsh cawl, cheese, bread and the prize giving. Truly amazing.



Next year with a lot of training maybe the Beast but then again, perhaps not yet.

The Preseli Beast is 24 Miles with 4,700ft of climb across the Gwaun Valley, Carn Ingli Peak and, of course, across the Beast's Boggy Lair. Ultra Beast is the ultimate run of 32 miles with a climb of 6,000 feet. It is a fabulous challenge for some ... you?

So NGOC Legenders ... do you fancy a run next year and wave the NGOC flag on those Legendary Preseli bluestones? The Beast website almost tempts me out for a stroll!



Details on: [www.preselibeast.com](http://www.preselibeast.com)

Sheila Miklausic

# The Orienteering Foundation

*One of our members, Neil Cameron, is Chair of the Board of Trustees of the Orienteering Foundation and asked me if I could include a short article about the Foundation. It is shown below.*

The Orienteering Foundation is a registered charity independent of British Orienteering. We promote and support orienteering, to bring all the benefits our amazing sport has to offer the people of the UK, and to ensure that our sport is here for the enjoyment of generations to come.

Some recent examples of our support include grants to:

- ✧ British Schools Orienteering Association (BSOA) for English schools participation in the World Schools Championships 2019 in Estonia
- ✧ 5 individuals for support with expenses for competing for GBR at the European Orienteering Championships 2018 [in Switzerland](#)
- ✧ Junior Regional Orienteering Squads (JROS) for development of junior coaches at Lagganlia camp in July 2018
- ✧ Oliver O'Brien for Enhancements to Open Orienteering Map V3

We rely on donations to provide funds for these grants and recently announced an exciting new legacy programme designed to encourage people to leave 1% of their estate to the Orienteering Foundation. 1% means that the effect on the other beneficiaries in a will (e.g. spouse or children) is minimal.

You can find details of the legacy programme and other ways to donate, and of how to apply for grants on our website [www.orienteeringfoundation.org](http://www.orienteeringfoundation.org)

## CAPTION ANSWERS



*Andy and Gill at the Chairman's Challenge.*

Orienteers Gill and Andy compete for a place in the Invictus Games  
(Tom Mills)

Two Terminators race for the time machine (Tom Mills)

A 'Boot and Braces' approach to making certain of winning (Tom Mills)

Hop along NGOCers win the day (Sheila Miklausic)

Iron man eat your heart out....we WIN! (Sheila Miklausic)

# CAPTION COMPETITION



Paul Taunton at the British Championships. Can you think of a good caption for this picture? Get your caption published in the next edition of Legend [legend@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:legend@ngoc.org.uk) . Ginny Hudson suggests: *"Surely not sloping off for an early cup of tea?"*



# Brashings

## **International Specification for Control Descriptions:**

Paul Taunton suggests we keep up to date with the revised pictorial control descriptions by downloading and printing off this leaflet:

[https://orienteering.org/wp-content/uploads/2010/12/control-description-a5-pages\\_copy.pdf](https://orienteering.org/wp-content/uploads/2010/12/control-description-a5-pages_copy.pdf)

## **International Specification for Orienteering Maps ISOM 2017**

Paul also suggests having a look at this document; there are many changes aimed at simplifying maps and making them easier to read:

<https://orienteering.org/resources/mapping/international-specification-for-orienteering-maps-isom-2017/>

## **Have your say!**

Are there any matters that you would like the Committee to consider? Contact the Club Secretary, Kim Liggett, [secretary@ngoc.org.uk](mailto:secretary@ngoc.org.uk) or any member of the Committee. The next Committee meeting will be in December.

## **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](mailto: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.

