

The Legend

September 2014

Number 173



Newsletter of
North Gloucestershire Orienteering Club
Date

www.ngoc.org.uk



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Chairman's Chat

Chairman's Chat September 2014



Well where do I start, at the top, I suppose. The Caddihoe Chase was a resounding success. Many factors made it so, but it was all pulled together by Pat Macleod. He has worked tirelessly since it was proposed last year, the Club will be able to bask in the limelight for many a month due to his efforts, thank you Pat. But any good organiser knows, he is only as good as his team, from able assistant Roger Coe, whose mastering of the loudspeaker system is second to none. Pete Ward and Paul Taunton planning the courses

and Paul with his secondary job map printing ,hadn't been seen for months and the search parties were looking for him. Thanks also must go to BOK for helping out, Mike Forrest for controlling, the First Aid team, organised by Katy Dyer, patched up the walking wounded and dispatched a few off to A & E, Dave Palmer for running the start. But lastly and the most importantly, you the Club members, who turned up for work, no matter what job and helped make this a highpoint for the Club, thank you.

I have a confession to make. With all the talk and emphasis on permissions, what did I do? I forgot to send my all controls map to the Forestry Commission.

John Coleman and Roger Coe are very efficient at getting permission for our events, months in advance. But it is prudent for organisers, where possible, to touch base with landowners nearer the day. The Forestry Commission do not issue final permission, until they have seen an all controls map.

We all make mistakes and I for one try to learn from them. But don't be put off from having a go at organising and planning as there is always someone to help and advise.

Please come to the AGM on the 13 October. We have a presentation before the meeting on the new league structure, developed by the fixtures sub-committee, followed by a finger buffet. I look forward to seeing you there.

P.S If you need someone to write a good letter of apology, I know just the man :)

AGM

The AGM is coming up, on Monday, 13th October, Oxtalls Campus, University of Gloucestershire, room TC218A.

If you arrive at 7pm, there will be a buffet waiting for you, before the meeting starts at 7:30pm. At 7.30 pm we will have a short review and discussion on our planned changes to the fixtures programme, and the meeting proper will start at about 8 pm.

Click [here](#) for a map showing the location of Oxstalls Campus. The nearest postcode is GL2 0JF, and the grid reference is SO847192.

The AGM offers an opportunity for you to put your ideas forward, to comment on the way the club is run, and to contribute to our future plans. It would be great to see as many of you as possible.

The Lakes Five Day 2014

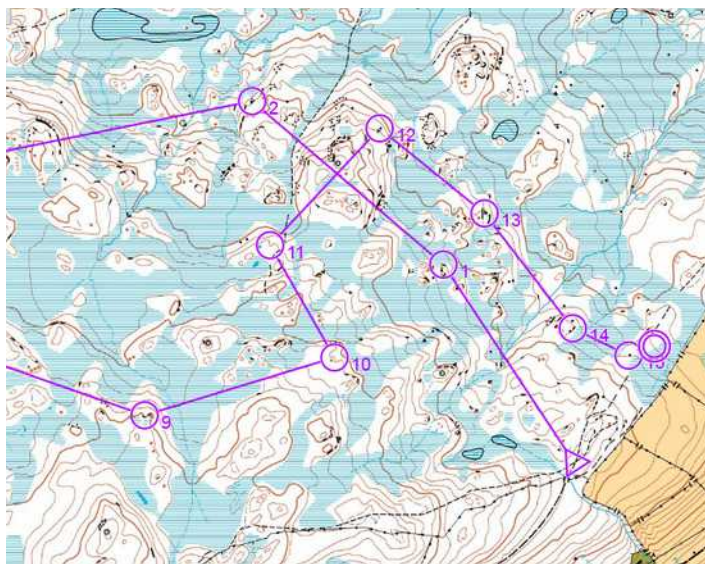
Our Regional Orienteering magazine, SINS, editor Susan Hatley asked me to find 5 NGOC members to write up our accounts of the Lakeland 5 days. Club members were happy to oblige, in fact we had six days worth of orienteering.

Here are the articles

Swindale – Day 1 by Andy Stott

The deafening rain showers on our campervan overnight were a prelude to a very wet day at

Swindale, more aptly named Wet Sleddale by the Ordnance Survey. As the heavy rain continued we decided to make an early exit from the camping field at Satterthwaite which was rapidly becoming a quagmire. The optimism created by a brief glimpse of brighter skies over Morecambe Bay was soon flushed away by the dark clouds which brushed low over Shap Fell. Amazingly the organiser had found some firm, level ground for parking just 2.6km from the start and finish. A solemn procession of orienteers tramped up the fell to the start. First sight of the map showed it was mostly covered by blue screen for marsh with the odd knoll emerging as a hilltop island. The start team pointed out the two bridges (one of which was missing) where we could safely cross the streams in spate.



Water and marsh, in many forms, seemed the best navigational aid, but running was very hard work. I made a couple of mistakes by losing contact with the map. I'm still not sure what happened on the way to 11 but I latched on to Steve Williams heading purposefully down a ridge, thinking he knew where he was! We both came to stop facing a sea of marsh merging with the clouds, as the rain renewed its onslaught and wind whipped around. Two breast like knolls peaking through the mire caught my roving eye and apparently matched two contour loops on my map a couple of hundred metres from where we should have been. Saved by the boobs and not too much time lost. This turned out to be one of my better runs of the week (15th in my class).

It was still raining when we stopped for very welcome hot showers at the leisure centre in Kendal – anxious about the conditions awaiting on our campsite....

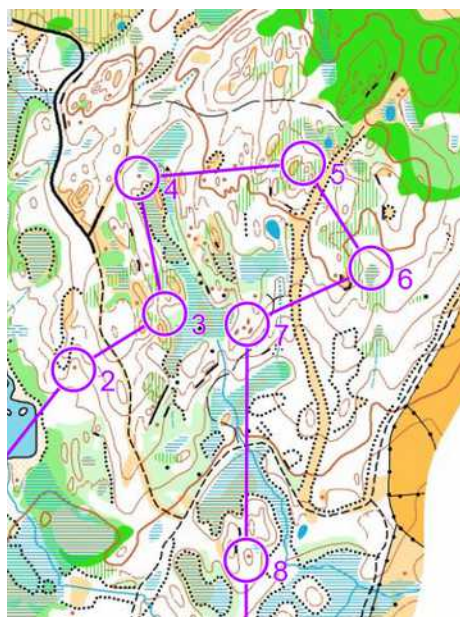
Day 2: Simpson Ground, 4th August by Judith Austeberry

Day 2 of the LD5 definitely did *not* look like it was going to be a pleasant trundle in the woods. The organiser's blurb warned of "large marshes, deep in places" and offered the slightly understated-sounding "some windblown ... fairly runnable". The fact that eye protection and arm cover were recommended made the "fairly runnable" bit look highly dubious. To back this up, Gill Stott had given dire warnings of the terrible man-eating areas of dark green, horrendous brashings and treacherous marshes in Simpson Ground. All in all, I was seriously questioning the likelihood of living long enough to complete the remaining three days of competition.

After Day 1's wet and windswept conditions the glorious warm sunshine on Day 2 belied the messy fate awaiting us. The walk-in from the event centre was seductively pleasant: a quiet lane through a secluded hamlet alongside a merry little stream, into sun-dappled mature deciduous woodland surrounding a picturesque reservoir. The courses were relatively short, too – only 2km and 10 controls on course 10 (W40S). Really, how bad could this be?

First impression on picking up the map was that it appeared to be covered in blue and green. Marshes and green screen abounded, interspersed with patches of white (after the foretellings of doom, I took these with a pinch of salt) and some microscopic dribbles of rough open. The only consolations were a couple of large ponds and a few tracks offering good potential for handrails and relocation features.

I set off to the first control along an inviting little path, but pretty much straightaway the line went right through an area of marsh with a couple of ominous-looking ponds mapped in the middle of it. It was a tough choice – across the marsh, or skirt around it through the suspiciously impenetrable-looking light green? At least the marsh made for good visibility, and it had the bonus of a nicely-defined angular edge giving a good attack point into the first control. Despite a relatively early start, a faint squelchy-looking trail of bent marsh grass showed that at least one previous competitor had crossed the marsh and survived, so I cautiously made my way across in reasonable confidence that I'd reach the safety of control 1 without drowning first.



Controls 2 to 4 were very representative of the general terrain in this area. Some nice runnable white – though with a bit of windblown and vegetation – interspersed with marshes and best-avoided, optimistically-mapped patches of light green. Using one of the large ponds and a linear marsh as handrails made for reasonably quick progress through this section of the course.

Things started to unravel in the complex contour detail around control 5: a north-facing re-entrant in a tricky little group of mounds and knolls, covered in green screen for good measure. The cluster of contours contained several re-entrants and a positive wealth of controls; not to mention a flock of bewildered-looking souls wandering vaguely around and dejectedly checking a control numbers. I wasted a good few minutes checking out the south

side of the knoll-group, thrashing through green screen and finding random “not yours, dear” controls before deciding to relocate off a ride twenty metres or so to the east. Back in and hey, straight round to the same (wrong) side of the feature to repeat the process almost exactly. (Why, I cannot explain.) After the third relocate-and-bounce-off-the-ride effort I finally got round to the north side of the feature and found my control nestled in a hollow between two boulders, like a small animal guarding its lair.

Luckily controls 6 and 7 were back to business as usual, staggering through possibly-bottomless (you won't know 'til you cross 'em!) marshes and the squint-inducing contour detail. Leg 8 was a bit of a treat in that it offered the possibility of using an actual, real *path* – this seemed so enthrallingly novel that I didn't even entertain the thought of taking the straight-line option across yet another marsh. Leg 9 was a short hop through a nice open stretch of forest to a knoll, but this pleasant gambolling-through-the-woods thing didn't last long. The course setter clearly wanted to make the final control memorable and placed it on the edge of a very boggy marsh with an unexpectedly deep stream running through it. Why there wasn't an event photographer located there I can't imagine – the number of stream dunkings and marsh faceplants would have made it totally worth their while. A final eyeballs-out sprint for the safety of the finish area rounded the experience off nicely.

All in all, it could've been a lot worse – well, I made it out alive for a start. But the unfamiliarity of orienteering in this kind of terrain made me very tentative and, despite only making one significant error, I was a good minute or two down on the leading times for most legs. Combined with the 7 minutes or so I lost on leg 5, I finished a slightly disappointing 7th in my class.

I consoled myself with an excellent currywurst from the German Sausage Seller's van (highly recommended, by the way) and a good long window-shopping session in Compass Sport. I think they thought I was a slightly off-piste shoplifter.

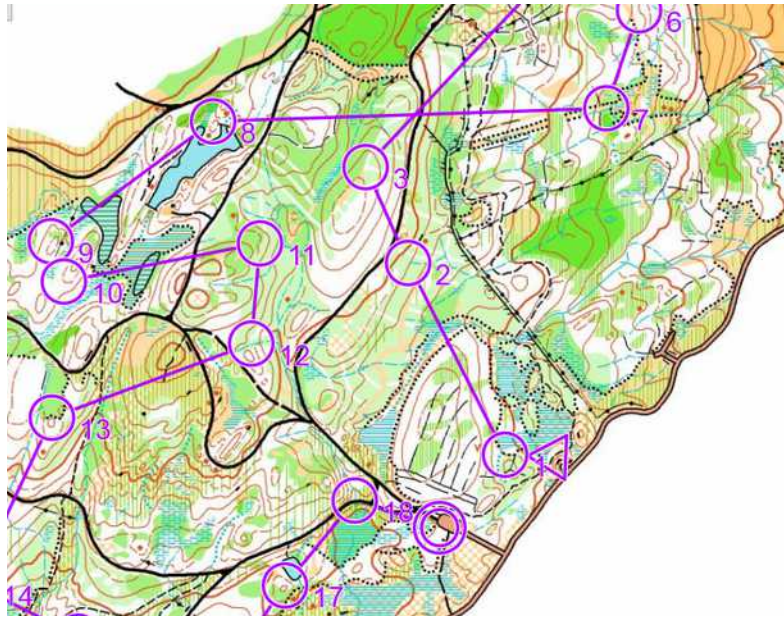
Day 3. Grizzly Grizedale by Gill Stott

We're all in gear now, especially after yesterday's middle distance on Simpson Ground. The event is up the road from our very basic Grizedale campsite with over flowing Border Loos, and accessible by bike. Steve Williams, NGOC, cycled to every event from the same campsite, putting us all to shame. Cycling orienteers may be aware of the smug feeling you get, when making the final stretch over to assembly by bike, past all the waiting-to-park cars who hopefully have considerably more distance to walk than you. This feeling evaporates rapidly when it starts to rain.

We luxuriate in the not over flowing toilets at assembly then off to the start. The planner has cunningly placed a control less than 100m from the start on my course 7. That seemed to catch a few out. You know what it's like...not wanting to appear sluggish from the start triangle..rushing off then wondering where you've gone. I was so pleased with self for navigating to it that I hadn't properly understood the intricacies of the map to #2!

Grizedale became quite grizzly soon after that. Windblown threw itself across my line of sight. Diffuse vegetation boundaries and at times, intricate contour detail slowed me down to, well erm walking speed.. There was good route choice but woe betide anybody who thought they could go straight! My most arduous leg looked innocent enough, until I met the blasted windblown again. I knew where I wanted to go but just couldn't get there. Eventually, after

climbing onto on fallen tree, then hopping across to the other, I made landfall and the control popped up.



Only 4.5k but I'd been out some time, with only minor navigational corrections (for me). How to be quicker? 1) look more carefully at the windblown areas and avoid 2) adopt gait of a gazelle.

Lakes Rest Day by Richard Cronin

8:30 am local weather forecast: "Last night's rain has now cleared and the sun is out..." Not in Grizedale. Best stay sat in the car for a bit. 9:30 comes and I don't need a weather forecast to see the rain is still torrential. 10am – wahoo, It's stopped! Wait a minute... I'm sure the river was 3 foot lower when I woke up... Should we move the tents? Other people now surface and there and many minutes are spent sucking through teeth and deciding nothing. A few minutes later and PANIC – the water's running down the campsite at a higher level than it is in the river! Cue a record breaking attempt for most number of tents dismantled in the shortest possible time. Then on to save the tents and belongings of people who'd already left for the day – before it was too late. And so began the rest day. So, with the morning's excitement over it was time to move on to the official rest day activity – an urban race around Ulverston – a town full of references to Stan Laurel, and of children armed with water pistols. The town itself was fairly typical urban terrain with an intricate town centre and more generic estates to the south. Maybe the courses would have been more interesting if they used the town centre a bit more, but it still made for a nice run. All courses finished with a rather vicious climb up Hoad Hill, giving stunning views across Morecambe Bay. Having run 11km by the end, the oversized pie for dinner was hard earned.

Day 4, Pike O'Blisco by Allan McColl

This area was in a stunning location high on Wrynose Fell, close to the summit of Pike O'Blisco. The open terrain made for excellent running, though with a lot of complex rock and contour features navigation was not straightforward.

We had largely been lucky with the weather during the week and our day on the high fells

was warm and sunny. Driving through Langdale on our way the hills looked stunning and the crags were drenched in morning sun. The event car park, which was just past the National Trust campsite, was soon being gatecrashed by hill-walkers keen to avoid the battle for parking spots near the Old Dungeon Ghyll – some of them were even trying to pay for parking.

The high fell area necessitated a long walk to the red, blue and green starts: 2km and 400m of ascent, firstly up the narrow road towards Blea Tarn and then following a footpath alongside a gill up onto the open fell. This made for a great warm-up and offered excellent opportunities to admire the surrounding fells, but made it very difficult to return to the car and retrieve any forgotten items of kit ...

We enjoyed the walk up and arrived in plenty of time for our late-ish starts. I had brought a bum-bag with some food, drink and a spare top, in fact everything I thought I might need ... except, as it turned out, my compass! There was no chance of going back to the car to get it and then make it back up the hill in time for my start, so I would just have to try and do the best I could relying on terrain features. My course (M45S) was 4.7km with 205m of height gain and 12 controls, so I thought I might be in for a long day out on the hill! Hopefully the heavily-featured and contoured hillside would help me out.

Controls 1 and 2 were quite straightforward: short legs leading to a crag and then a re-entrant in a detailed area of knolls and small tarns. However, as the legs started to get longer the absence of my compass started to take its toll. Control 3 was a spur after a moderately long descent in an area of fewer mapped features: I ended up on slightly the wrong line and overshot the control circle, then had to relocate on a stream to track my way back up the hillside. Legs 4 and 5 were also longer, in a marshy area with a lot of crag detail to the south of the Pike. Many of the control sites were boulders or knolls, but as there were so many of these it was hard to maintain accuracy without having a precise direction of travel to rely on. It was quite difficult to relocate in this area as the predominant features were indistinct marsh, small knolls and outcrops. Overall I found this section of the course quite difficult to navigate without being able to use compass bearings, and predictably enough I lost a lot of time here.



Leg 8 took the course past the eastern flanks of the Pike and back towards the northern slopes facing Langdale, and by this point I was starting to get more of a feel for relying on map features alone. I made reasonable time through the second half of the course but it couldn't make up for the time I'd lost on 3-6.

Overall I felt pretty daft for forgetting my compass but pleased that I'd managed to complete the course, and tried to look on it as a valuable training exercise! At least the glorious weather meant that I could enjoy the beautiful views of the Langdale fells and seek consolation in the ice-cream van back at the car park!

(All the pros train without a compass – Ed)

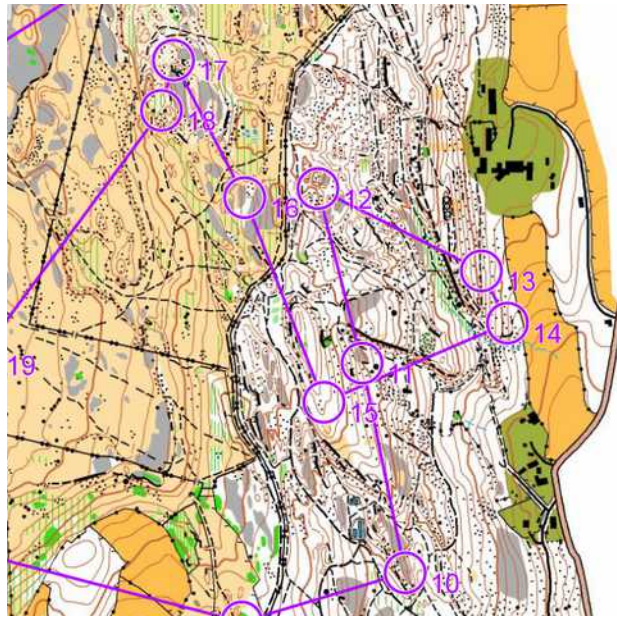
Day 5 Hampsfell and Eggerslack by Joe Gidley

Hampsfell and Eggerslack Woods sit above Grange-over-Sands at the southmost extent of the Lake district. Both woods and fell are home to large expanses of limestone pavement, some living up to their name by appearing flat with sharp curb-like edges and others mossed and sculpturally worn, broken in places to looser rock. This was day 5 for the Lakes 5 2014. The finale. The graceful bow-out of the week. Had they saved the best until last?

NGOC were in the last start block and I seemed to be truly bringing up the rear. Heavy rain was forecast and apprehensive glances and calculations were confirmed by a downpour that left many late starters huddled under trees, whilst drips counted up the minutes to their start time. For the less fortunate the rain swept across the hilltop as they navigated the slopes, making glasses mist up, maps flop and stick to themselves and the limestone become wet and slippery.

The adverse weather was short-lived and by the time I was on the hill, it was fast, (relatively) dry underfoot and in places advantageously tracked up. Whilst many courses descended into Eggerslack Woods earlier on, my course had 9 controls on the hill before the big pace change into the wood. The hill had many rocky features, but the uncrossable walls and overall contour shape made it easy to be at least roughly in the right area. The open landscape revealed grey layers mixed with summer grass, bracken, and some scattered wind-formed trees.

The wood however, was much more dense and complex. It seemed many detours were taken in the wooded area, some because it was harder to tell what was mapped as limestone pavement and what was rocky ground, and others mistook paths and crags for similar features. The woods seemed to hold a damp otherworldly atmosphere, full of mossy boulders and lichen covered branches, with controls tucked behind small crags or slight re-entrants. Reading a feature crowded map in low light and loose footing made for a marked change in the race pace. Opting to take paths in some cases and making sure map contact was carefully kept seemed like a sensible option.



After the wood was another blast on the hill top, passing by an unusual cube-like tower from which some hill walkers bemusedly followed my progress. The final part of my run was down through a rough, undergrowth heavy hillside (that I could have avoided, if I'd read my map) and into a small and less interesting piece of woodland to finish. Other courses finished in a northern area with plenty of undergrowth that obscured some features and caused some frustrating lost minutes.

Overall, whilst Hampsfell and Eggerslack didn't have the natural drama of Pike O Blisco or the neat speed and accuracy of Simpson Ground, it combined two very distinct, but related terrains in an event that had all the twists and changes of a great race.

Twin Peak Bertie

"Another weekend of orienteering is on the cards, Jeeves."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, Twin Peak 2014, courtesy of MDOC. This weekend we will be travelling to the Peak District to stay with my old chum, Ian. Travel on Friday, sprint event on Saturday, urban on Sunday, return to the old homestead on Monday. Make haste to pack, Jeeves, and remember to leave room for any prizes or trophies that we may pick up. And when I say pick up I mean win, not slide into the rucksack when no one is looking."

"And where are these events, sir?"

"Manchester."

"Then I take it that you will be travelling alone, sir. In that case may I . . ."

"I need you to come along as well, Jeeves. I know that you would not wish to take part in any urban or sprint event so you can post yourself at various strategic points round the course to observe my performance and afterwards offer constructive criticism. It will be a warm weekend; I anticipate no brambles so make sure that you pack my best running shorts."

"May I point out, sir, that full body cover is stipulated under BOF Rule number . . ."

"The joining instructions specifically state that shorts are not only allowed but that they are to be preferred. As far as I am concerned that makes it all oojah-cum-spiff."

Regular readers of the Wooster memoirs may recall that Jeeves disapproves of shorts but I felt that I had won the point here.

“And don’t accidentally-on-purpose and inadvertently leave my thumb compass behind.”

“Very good, sir, I will ensure that the novelty item of equipment is included. May I enquire how you obtained that instrument? Was it, by any chance, from last year’s set of BOF Christmas crackers?” With this parting shot he biffed off to pack.

In the last Legend I described travelling north for orienteering in Grantham and Matlock Moor. One of my fans took me to task (if that is the expression I want), claiming that the area in question was in the Midlands. I hope no one disputes that Manchester is in the North, because if it isn’t I don’t know where the North is.

Saturday morning saw the three of us motor to Buxton and take a train to Levenshulme in the Manchester suburbs. There followed a mile’s walk to the event centre. Jeeves had observed a cycleway from the carriage window as we were drawing into the station and recommended this as a way of avoiding traffic. It was a mild, dry sort of day and a steady stroll loosened up the old muscles. I remarked to Jeeves that old railway tracks made very pleasant paths and hoped that some of his prejudices against Manchester had been allayed. The event centre was in a large room in a university building with a café next door. We took our numbers and pins and settled down in some very comfy armchairs until it was time for the start. Here my readers will be expecting me to say that the Wooster frame was clad in the latest NGOC man-made fabric cut in the latest NGOC style. However they will be disappointed to learn that this orienteer donned 20 year old running vest and shorts as it was mild and muggy.

I was pipped to discover that I was the only person representing NGOC. Joe Taunton was down to run for NOC although, as Jeeves observed, the G might have been lost in transit. After I had put my name down for the Men’s Open some weeks previously I noticed that nearly all the other entrants were M21s; I had hoped for a goodly number of M40s or even older old duffers whom I had a chance of beating, but there were hardly any. I suggested to Ian that I expected to be in the B Finals rather than the A Finals (for the first 10 finishers). But Ian, who had been cultivating a positive mental attitude from reading an improving American book on sporting achievement, reckoned that he had a good chance of making the A Final for his course.

Sprint qualification race – Platt Fields

The Start was across a busy main road and then a ten minute stroll through quiet streets. I enjoyed my run and, while out on the course, noticed Jeeves several times standing at different vantage points. I was running as fast as possible so how did Jeeves keep up with me? If a chap with an enormous brain like that made the effort to break into even a slow jog he could be a top orienteer. Naturally he was waiting for me at the Finish. I begged him to let me regain my breath before hearing his comments on my performance. Back at Assembly Ian and Jeeves mangled a spot of lunch but Bertram, after such a strenuous effort, could not bring himself to even open the old nosebag and just sucked down a spot of water. When Jeeves was replete he regaled me with his observations.



“At the northern end of the map, controls 9 to 12, we stopped several times to study map and compass. I was unable to ascertain a reason for this.”

“The 100 yards from the Start Line to the Start Triangle was run at a good steady pace, not too fast. However we ran straight past the first control. Admittedly this was rather concealed by foliage but had we been more observant we might have saved 15 or 20 seconds.

However, there is consolation in the fact that, whereas the fastest time was 31 seconds and ours was 72 seconds, the slowest was 133 seconds.

"We performed competently with the legs to Control 7, including the many changes in direction. However, where the control was not directly visible due to being behind a slight rise, compass direction was not sufficiently accurate. In line with previous comments I suggest that a baseplate compass would have been beneficial in these circumstances.

"Our route choice from 7 to 8 was rather a long way round. I appreciate that many orienteers prefer to "flow through" a control rather than dib and then retrace their steps. But in this instance a katabasis would have produced a shorter route."

"A cat what?"

"Katabasis - a retreat, sir. It comes from the Greek verb *katabainein*, to go down. It is used to describe the retreat, in 401-400 B.C., of the Greek mercenaries of . . ."

"Jeeves, there are times when one wishes to know all about Greek mercenaries and times when one does not. This is one of the latter."

"Very good, sir. To proceed, 8 to 9 was again not the best route choice. And then running straight towards the middle of a 150 metre long uncrossable hedge lying at right angles to our path was not a wise choice. Also, about halfway across this wide open space, when all that was required was hard running, we slowed down and our attention seemed to wander. This loss of concentration appeared to coincide with the appearance on the scene of a young lady orienteer running in the opposite direction."

"Ah, yes, I remember. Some well mapped contours."

"We should not lose concentration or be distracted by other orienteers, sir.

"At the northern end of the map, controls 9 to 12, we stopped several times to study map and compass. I was unable to ascertain a reason for this."

"Well, Jeeves, at that point north by the compass was not the same as north in my head. I don't know why I was confused but at least I stopped to work it out rather than running blindly on."

"Very true, sir. Running on blindly would indubitably have consumed more time than stopping to reassure ourselves. To continue, 15 was overshoot but the remaining controls were quite satisfactory. Overall I would say a creditable performance, sir, considering our relative inexperience. It is unfortunate that most competitors appeared to be better orienteers who had more experience, made better route choices and could run faster. Our final position was 29 out of 32. If we had saved an average of just 10 seconds per control over 21 controls, that is 210 seconds or three and a half minutes we would be placed 24 out of 32. Can we think of any one thing that would give an improvement?"

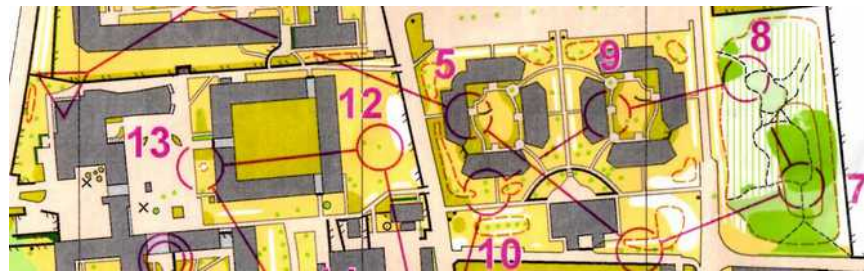
"Well, I had been checking very carefully the control number to make sure that I had arrived at the correct control; maybe I should check only on those where I am very doubtful."

"A very good idea, sir. Now, would Mr Parfitt like to know how he fared?"

I was stunned. "Jeeves! How did you manage to keep track of two runners? I know that Ian started off a few minutes before me but even so . . .?"

A Finals (first ten finishers in the morning) and B Finals (Bertram and the other also-rans) – Fallowfield Campus

Soon it was time to stagger off to the finals. Luckily it was only about ten seconds to a patch of grass between the Assembly building and the main road. Very convenient but a slightly cramped warm-up. We watched several A-listers start off and then jogged for 20 seconds to reach the spectator control. Some runners dibbing at this control seemed to move quite slowly and seemed to dither as much as I did. So how was it that I was nearly last in the qualifier?



... plenty of route choice and a variety of terrain ...

For the B Final we elbowed our way to the front of the queue and were soon running. The first few controls seemed to be the same for several courses and one fellow kept running in front of me and then slowing down; a most annoying habit that he should be told to avoid. I managed to reach Control 3 before him but then had to slow down myself to study the map. "Ey up!"

It was that same blister indicating that he wished to pass me on a narrow path. I had only previously heard "Ey up" in TV kitchen sink dramas – I never imagined for a moment that real people actually talked like that. I moved to one side and he flashed past and took a right turn. I had been wondering whether to take a long way round or to try my luck at a shortcut by turning right into the dark green. Expecting that he had local knowledge, I followed. He went into the dark green with me following and then we came out again and took my original long route. The moral of this is not to put one's trust in people who say "Ey up".

Jeeves is always telling me that a good orienteering course has frequent changes in direction and distance between controls and plenty of route choice and a variety of terrain. This course one was one of those courses. There was even a patch of woodland to one side of the campus with two controls and a selection of confusing paths. The confusing paths confused Bertram and he took a short cut through some brambles. The short cut was slower than the path would have been and resulted in some nasty scratches to the lower limbs. The straight line distance between 15 and 16 was quite short but there was an uncrossable fence in the way. In this case uncrossable meant "not allowed" rather than uncrossable and a very alert-looking lady had been inserted into a nearby chair to make sure there were no transgressors. I rather resented the particularly meaningful stare she gave me as I flashed past.

Near the end, from 21 to 22, I chose the easier route along a campus road rather than a complicated path route. Easier on paper but I had not taken into account that it was end of term and dutiful parents were driving in to pick up their blighted offspring. As soon as I reached said road I was overtaken by a large, expensive car, the driver of which seemed determined to sabotage Bertram's run. He slowed immediately after passing and then seemed to swerve from side to side to make sure that I couldn't overtake him. The grass verge was out of the question as it was lined with students trailing impossibly large suitcases with wheels.

On the subject of cases with wheels I must admit that I am on a par with Jeeves about them. If I have nearly broken my neck once tripping over these things I have nearly broken it a dozen times. There ought to be a law against them and the lazy people who use them. Cases are for carrying. Dash it all, what are porters, luggage handlers and cabbies for? At last I got to 22 and thought that I was free from this vehicular menace. It was a straight line of only about 50 yards to 23 but halfway along the straight line route was an area of tarmac. And who was attempting a ten-point turn when Bertram wanted to utilise this space himself? However, I was soon finished and downloaded. I had enjoyed myself in spite of a rather discouraging message at the bottom of the printout: *"You are currently 16 out of 17. You took 22.19. Current leader took only 13.32. That's less than two thirds of your time! And don't forget, the ten best runners aren't even in this race."*

Urban

Sunday again saw us take the train into Manchester, this time to Piccadilly station. From there we ankled over to Assembly at the Castlefield Hotel, a decent sort of joint with loos, bar, reception area and several rooms at our disposal. Quite how the hotel benefited from this arrangement I am at a loss to say, apart from selling a few coffees and getting their carpets wet and muddy.

We could have taken the train to Castlefields Station, almost next door to the hotel but we elected to walk the longer distance as a warm-up. I would have thought that most of the natives would be safely tucked up in bed after a late Saturday night but we encountered several groups who had obviously stayed up the whole night and were only then staggering home. Jeeves was not with us. It did not seem fair to inflict two doses of Manchester on him and he had gone for a bracing ramble in the Peak District.

Start and Finish were just outside the hotel, alongside a canal basin and overlooked by the Castlefield Arena. Brilliant for spectating if it had not been cold, grey, damp and raining. Someone had once told me that this was typical Manchester weather and I think he may have been right. Again I had entered an enthusiastic Men's Open: 8.7km, 0m climb, 29 controls, 1:5,000 A4 map printed on two sides.



The curved bridge was labelled "walk"

Again I enjoyed my run. There were many route choices and I'm not sure that I always chose wisely. We were taken along and over canals, including a curved bridge where we were not allowed to run as it would make the bridge bounce. Again someone was acting as beadle to ensure there were no transgressors but even my fast walk made it bounce. My main problem was that my legs were feeling a bit stiff after the previous day's efforts and I felt that if I ran hard my hamstring might go. After going backwards and forwards all over the city centre I was feeling very tired. For the last few controls I found myself just following others and hoping they led me to the right control.

The organisation was top-hole: they had even combined the busy road crossing, where you were allowed up to two minutes for a breather, with turning over the map. And what put the butter on the spinach was printing the helpful **"Turn Over Map"** at the end of the first set of control descriptions.

Tottering back inside the hotel I was able to open the nosebag and feed the Wooster face. Even the download slip telling me that I was currently 26 out of 26 did not lower the spirits. In all a very good weekend and I must remember to get Jeeves to send an email giving MDOC the Wooster seal of approval.

The Mad Runner – Dave Austin's Experience of the Caddihoe

Dave keeps a blog of all his running and orienteering escapades. He has quite a few followers as it is an entertaining read. He has agreed for me to reproduce his Caddihoe entries here. If you want to read more then his web address is <http://dna100.blogspot.co.uk/>

September 13th 2014

Title a bit unpublishable but something on the lines of

Seriously I am getting too old for this malarky!

It was day 1 of the Caddihoe Chase weekend orienteering and despite feeling somewhat knackered by the end I did enjoy the run. In fact I think it probably was my best run on a brown category course. The plan said 8.7km. My GPS said 11.7km. I didn't really go too far off route so I don't know where the extra three kilometres came from!

I do know where I lost some time though! I lost a few too many minutes struggling to find my nemesis, the dreaded control features that is the known as the 'platform' – or 'flipping annoying flat bit that doesn't really look like anything different from the rest of the forest' as I like to call it.

Referring to my GPS again, I wasn't far away from any of them - 'cept the last one and I put my hands up to that for being put off by a much faster runner who messed it up and I stupidly followed where he came from thinking he'd just come from it when in fact had I kept going for another 25m on my original line I would have come straight on it. The other ones though, I was close but no cigar and then fuffed till I found them. I am now full on mentally scarred by platforms and every time I see one on the control sheet my heart sinks a little...

Anyway, not sure I will fare as well tomorrow on yet another brown category course. It's certainly going to be hard work. I shall give it a good crack though but I suspect I may run out of steam. Should be a good day though and it will have been three good days of training. Onwards and upwards...



Wish I'd stayed in Bed

Hell that was rubbish. So rubbish I didn't even finish. I knew it was going to be a bad day when I navigated direct to control one - and yes, it was a platform. There was no faffing, just straight to it. In fact I almost ran past because my brain shielded out the possibility that I could actually have got a platform right for once.

I was equally direct to two. I began to get a deep sense of foreboding. I needn't have worried though. I cocked three right up. I did recover from there to eight where I then had a disaster. A wrong choice to nine put me in a bramble fest. I knew I was close to the path but just couldn't get there. In the end I had to head in completely the wrong direction to extract myself. Nightmare.

Having lost so much time, cut and bleeding, the wrong side of the bramble field, I decided to call it quits. Although I did have a little go on the string course on the way back - even then I missed Mr Bump, although I got the one that looks like a purple raspberry - so the day wasn't a total waste....



How to avoid Strictly and X-Factor on Saturday nights.... by Greg Best

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 20 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. 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. There is now a baffling array of different options, but for value for money (i.e. £s per lumen) I would recommend the type that I use – a T6 CREE LED bike light, which has about 1000 lumens of light, meaning it is extremely bright. It effectively turns night into day! It can be mounted either on a bike or on the supplied head strap. This kind of light is used by many in my cycling club and by many night orienteers, too. The website 7dayshop.com is reliable and sells it for only £24, although the same or similar light can be found even cheaper on some other sites.

The Western Night League runs from November until March and consists of about 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, give it a go!

Greg Best

Results Corner:

Lakes 5 Day, August 2014.

Overall positions

M21 Joe Gidley 23rd, Richard Cronin 39th
M40 Pete Ward 13th
M45 Simon Denman 16th, Allan McColl 28th
M55 Andy Stott 18th
M60 Paul Taunton 58th
M75 Bob Teed 12th, David Lee 24th
W40 Judith Austerberry 5th
W55 Gill Stott 18th
W60 Ros Taunton 32nd

Caddihoe Chase September 2014

M21 Richard Cronin 8th, Joe Gidley 9th
M35 Scott Johnson 6th
M40 Steve Green 6th, Anders Johansen 8th
M40S Paul Hobby 1st
M45S Allan McColl 2nd
M50 Greg Best 12th, Joe Parkinson 15th
M55 Andy Stott 7th
M55S Alan Starling 6th, Gary Wakerley 7th
M60 Gerry Ashton 14th, Dave Hartley 20th
M65 Rodney Archard 18th
M75 Bob Teed 1st, Lin Callard 8th, David Lee 11th
W12 Rebecca Ward 1st
W21 Caroline Craig 1st
W40 Vanessa Lawson 3rd
W40S Judith Austerberry 1st
W50 Kim Liggett 6th
W55 Gill Stott 3rd, Ellen Starling 11th
W75 Gaye Callard 2nd
Light Green: Roger Hardiman 2nd
Orange: Ashley Denman 1st
White: Rueben Lawson (two entries) 1st

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

For latest details check the NGOC website at www.ngoc.org.uk
O'Brien's all encompassing orienteering fixtures map of the UK – just type in your postcode
<http://oobrien.com/map/?p=GL15TE&d=on&c=All>

Deadlines....closing dates..

TVOC Regional Event, Kingswood, 19th October,
<http://www.tvoc.org.uk/application/documents/events/Event%20Details/events%202014/Kings%20Wood%202014%20flyer-1.pdf>

Closing date 12th October Winchester Urban (teamed up with November Classic) 1st
November. <http://www.baoc.info/sites/default/files/2014/11/01/BAOC-Event/Winchester-City->

[Urban-Race/20141101-Winchester-Urban-Flyer.pdf](#)

Closing date 27th October.

November Classic - 2nd November, SOC, closing date 26th October – www.Fabian4.co.uk

Or why not treat yourselves to an urban event in Barcelona?

<http://ticbcn.clubcoc.cat/>

4.10.14	SWOC Welsh League	Pwll Du
5.10.14	Sarum Galoppen	Everleigh
5.10.14	QO Long O	Princetown
5.10.14	BOK/ASO Score	Headless Hill
11.10.14	NGOC Training	Minchinhampton
12.10.14	QO FL 1	Buckland Wood
12.10.14	WSX Dorset Delight	Bisterne Close
18.10.14	NGOC ML 2/14	Parkend
19.10.14	Devon Galoppen	Virtuous Lady
19.10.14	HOC Regional	Dudmarston Estate
25.10.14	BOK Sat Winter Series	Leigh Woods
26.10.14	DVO Midland Champs	Longshaw
26.10.14	N W O YOGB	West Woods
2.11.14	November Classic	Kings Garn Gutter
8.11.14	BOK WNL	Stoke Park Estate
9.11.14	QO FL 2	Cockercombe
15.11.14	Southern Night Champs	Silchester Common
15.11.14	BOK Sat Winter Series	Oldbury Court
15.11.14	NGOC Training	Parkend
22.11.14	NGOC ML 3/14	Woodchester
23.11.14	BOK Galoppen	Moseley Green
29.11.14	NGOC WNL	Painswick
30.11.14	N W O YOGB	Cherhill
30.11.14	QO FL 3	Staple Hill
30.11.14	SLOW OK Nuts Trophy	Wisley Common
6.12.14	NGOC Training	Woodchester
7.12.14	Kerno Galoppen	Lanhydrock
7.12.14	BOK Local/ASO	Blaize Castle
14.12.14	Compass Sport Final	Long Valley North
14.12.14	NGOC WNL	Crickley Hill
20.12.14	NGOC ML4/14	Bixlade

with thanks to Tony Noot, BOK, for this list.

Brashings

Caption Competition



"The Committee came up with a novel way of boosting membership numbers"

"The Committee decided unanimously that the average age of the membership was too high"

"Some of the Committee had been in post for far too long - some fresh blood was needed"

"Most of the NGOC Committee went off to The Lakes 5 Days, leaving behind only a skeleton staff."

NGOC Orienteering Training

The informal events are being developed to include specific orienteering skills training activities.

At the same time I am in the process of developing an advanced skills training day in conjunction with Mark Saunders (BOK/SWOC). If you are interested in taking part, please send me a note :

apg.stott@btinternet.com and I'll add you to the list. This is for those orienteers who can compete on TD5 (green/blue/black courses) but would like to...well win!

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 June 9th at 1930.

Articles for Legend

We are always looking for articles on anything to do with orienteering; digital photos are especially welcome. Send your article/pictures to legend@ngoc.org.uk or Gill Stott 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.