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8	Cumberland Trail Connection/ARMD	242.00
9	Tecnu	192.00
10	Bushwhacker	171.00

2012 USARA # 1 Ranked Team

Rev 3/Mountain Khakis







Contents

Articles

- 5 Why Bicycle Touring is The Best Way to See the World
- 8 Indian Himalayan Adventure
- 14 Racing the Sun
- 21 Cycling the Earth
- 25 Brisbane to Sydney Run
- 31 2012 USARA National Championships
- 51 Ocean Floor Race
- 55 Bamboo Bike Ride
- 63 Wandering Around the Wonders of the Catskills

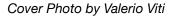


USARA

- 2 Final 2012 USARA National Rankings
- 70 USARA Adventure Race NationalChampionship













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Why Bicycle Touring is The Best Way to See the World

by Andrew Robinson

When I was 14 years old, my best friend Steve and I outlined a plan to drive from our hometown of Yorktown, VA to the Amazon rainforest in Brazil. It was mostly an exercise in fantasy. Our plan centered around building the ultimate jungle-jeep and neglected details like food. I put the idea down into my subconscious and focused on more immediate goals such as getting my driver's license and kissing a girl before I turned 16. (Barely made it.)

The trouble is that dreams like that one never really die. Now 12 years later here is that dream interrupting my life, career and everything else. Because Brazil is still down there, just waiting for anyone who leaves their house and heads South. Confronted with that reality there was only one thing to do. In September 2012 my friend Dom Smith and I are bicycling from Los Angeles to Rio De Janeiro, and here's why you should too.

In 2006 Dom and I got drunk at a college party and decided to bicycle across the United States. Neither of us had any bicycle camping experience, so we did some research, bought the Adventure Cycling Association maps, and hit the road.

I can unequivocally state that it was the best experience of my life. If you sit down with us for any period of time, we will inevitably start reminiscing about our adventures. That time we slept in the back of a cowboy bar, the women's softball team that woke us up to give us beer and the college kids who scanned us into their dining hall. Or maybe the couple in Colorado who made us breakfast burritos, the Harley riders





who gave us beer as we crossed the Rockies and countless other stories that may or may not have involved free beer.

What you might not realize from all of our ruminating is that while we were actually on the trip it probably sucked about 70% of the time.

Think about how boring it is to drive across Kansas and now imagine it at 10mph. How about the last time you got caught in the rain? Now imagine riding through it for 7 hours. Remember that trip you took with your best friend when you were both crabby and ready to hang out with other people? Now imagine it lasts for two months. Ever bicycled with diarrhea? And that's just crossing the United States. I can't even imagine the terrible things that may happen on a trip to Brazil. But you know what, I can't wait. Because the crappiest day of bicycling through freezing rain in the middle of nowhere with an upset stomach is better than a single hour of sitting in Los Angeles traffic on your way to a job in an office. Your office is not filled with new and interesting people who may be inclined to give you beer. The





shack at the end of the slog through the rain might not be either, but at least there's a chance.

If that isn't enough to convince you to drop everything and hop on two wheels then consider this, the bicycle is the ideal instrument to see the world. On a bike you are slow enough to immerse yourself in the character of new places, but fast enough that the experience is always fresh. You can carry everything you need comfortably but not enough to complicate things. When you tour by bicycle you occupy a special thread in the social fabric. You are at once homeless and hardworking, impressive yet non-threatening, extremely cool but very approachable. Complete strangers will want to talk to you and offer you their hospitality.

Did I mention you can eat whatever you want and you'll still lose weight? AW



Indian Himalayan Adventure

by Peter Hall

Trekkers in the Himalayas want big mountains, and Nepal delivers. But, what India doesn't make up for in size, it makes up for in solitude. Peter Hall attempts the Pindari Glacier trek to see if size really does matter....

After a 30 hour train from 'hell on earth', or Chennai as it is more commonly known, New Delhi was the last place I wanted to be. However the bustling metropolis is a useful base to plan a trek. Whilst purchasing a sleeping bag for two pounds, I got talking to a Dutch couple, who were leaving the following morning to do the seven day, 98km Pindari Glacier trek, north of Delhi in Uttarakhand province. As the name suggests, the focal point of the trek is Pindari Glacier, where at Zero Point you reach a maximum height of 3820m (12500ft). Talk about timing. We got along very well, went out for dinner, and I joined them the following morning on their gruelling trip north to Bageshwar.

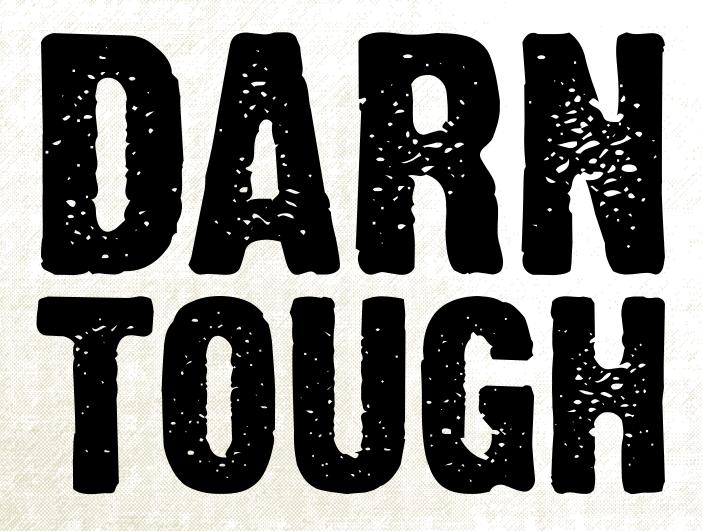
Transport hub of Northern Kumaon, Bageshwar is in the eastern side of the state. The KMVN co-ordinates all treks from here, and offers guides and portage services, which we politely declined. So, after a good night's sleep, Lars, Esther and I hired a jeep for the slow two hour climb to Loharket; the starting point of the trek.

Day one was all uphill. During the almost 1200m climb, the views became more spectacular the higher we ascended. Our heightened sense of isolation created an ambiance we wouldn't forget in a hurry. At the summit of our climb we passed through the gates of a very rural temple, under which a local man warned us not to enter, as it would mean bad luck for eternity. Better not then... After a short, but relieving descent, we reached the small village of Dhakori, and settled into one of the very basic tourist rest houses there. Just before it went dark we encountered an array of color, with the Himalayan landscape cutting eerie silhouettes in the distance, a sight to behold. Sat by the fire, the lovely mutton curry that Hati, our host for the evening, had rustled up for us and we fought off the biting cold. We felt a world away from the hustle and bustle of city life.

It was essential that we rose with the sun every day. At this altitude the clouds come in early, making visibility poor any time after late morning. This early start was made all the more glorious



knee support, but for 15 pounds, what did I expect. Lars and Esther were both getting ill, possibly from the altitude,



(ENOUGH SAID)



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or the Dhal and rice we were eating twice a day. We decided that we would only go as far as Phurkia on day three,

5km up the valley, and spend the morning in the sun trying to recuperate. This short journey turned out to be the most difficult leg of the journey. It was uphill for the whole of the 700 metre, five kilometre climb, which caused severe disillusionment from the rapid altitude change. A very nice noodle dish served by the welcoming workers at the KMVN in Phurkia around a roaring fire calmed our nerves, and prepared us for the main event the following day.



We rose sprightly enough on day four to begin the seven kilometre climb at 4:30am, determined to witness what we had travelled so far to see, clouds would not get in our way. We were not to be disappointed. The weather was fantastic, and as the sun burst through the cracks in the mountain ridge, a whole new world appeared before our eyes. Wild deer were roaming the meadows, eagles circled overhead and we were the only people for miles around. It felt like a fairytale land. Zero Point stands at the base of the phenomenal Pindari Glacier; a sheer wall of ice, slowly melting as the earth's temperature rises. Not many glaciers are still intact in the area, but this colossal vista is still going strong. Having never seen such a sight, we stood in awe of this wonder of the natural world, and marvelled at what many people would never get the opportunity to see. Depending on the weather you can go higher from here, however due to recent avalanches and landslides this was not possible, so we made the short descent back to Dharmanda Giri



Baba's Nanda Shiv Shaktipith Ashram, or Baba's place for short.

Living a stones-throw from Pindari Glacier, Babaji spends a large portion of his year up here to meditate in the almost complete silence this region offers. The rest of the year he travels around much of northern India fund-raising for the local mountain villages, to help build a better future. Feeling very humbled, we said our

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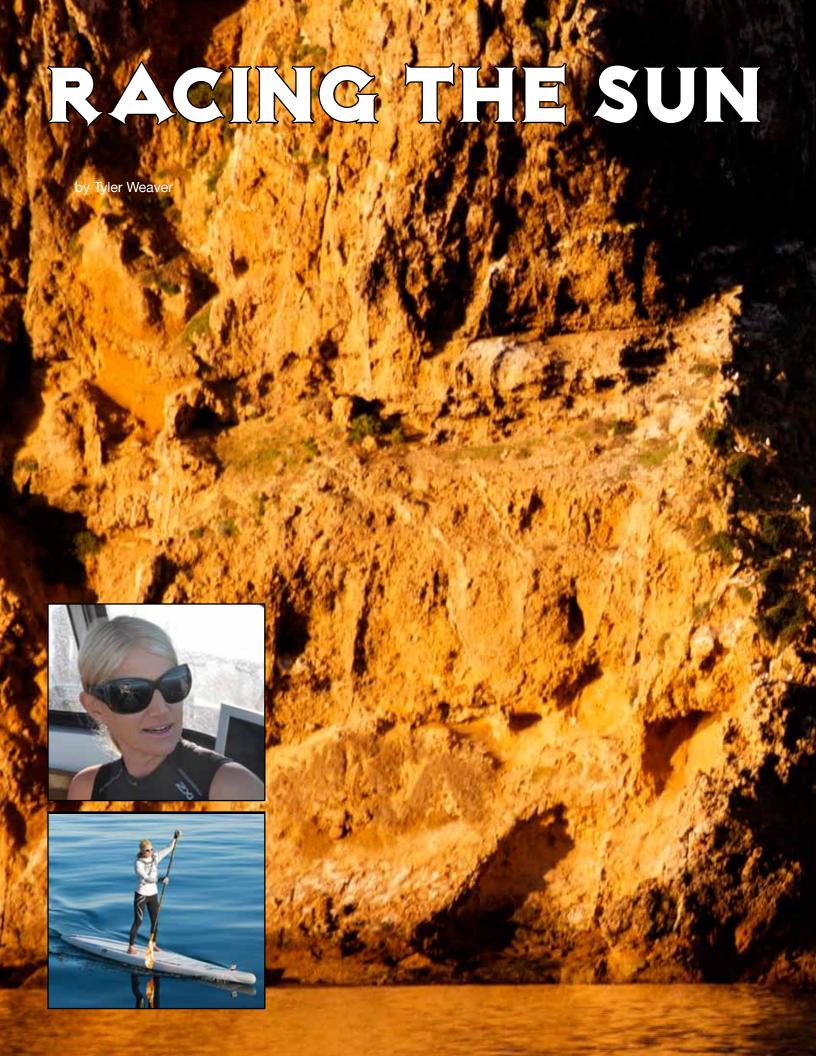
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goodbyes to the inspirational Baba, and descended back through Phurkia to Diwali, as downhill we could go twice the speed. After a recommendation from an Indian wildlife photographer we met at Diwali, we decided to challenge ourselves, and tackle the 22km 'off the beaten track' amble to Kafni Glacier, to touch a glacier!

Upon arrival it was abit of an anti-climax. The glacier was a peculiar grey colour, with water pouring off at a rate of knots, seemingly melting before our very eyes. However, much to our delight, the views back down the valley were something else. The path was due to close the following day, and ensconced on the rocks we felt very fortunate indeed.

Over the next two days we meandered our way back towards the relative civilization of Lohaket, to negotiate a jeep back down to Bageshwar a day early. After a hot shower, and a welcome non-Dahl and rice meal, we looked back over our surprisingly breathtaking pictures, and began to appreciate what we had witnessed. Yes, we couldn't tell our friends we had seen Everest, but we saw such a diverse landscape, some Himalayan giants in their own right, and there wasn't a soul in sight to steal any of our thunder.





When paddling on the ocean with no land in sight, it's hard to judge how far you have gone. Even with a support boat and a GPS watch, the sun is the only measure of distance and time, becoming an hour glass and compass as it moves across the sky.

Our brains process information in what psychologists describe as changing disparity signals. For example: an island gets "bigger" as we get closer. Our brains compute the growing retinal image of the island (normally an object of known size) and integrate the difference with the apparent trajectory as perceived by our left and right eyes. This is called motion in depth perception. However, for Karen Wrenn, elite stand up paddler and mother, there was no way of judging how big the islands in the distance were. It's was a bit like standing on a revolving earth without any idea anything is moving.

I'm just below California's Point Conception where eight mountains rise from some of the deepest seas in the Pacific, forming the Channel Islands. Currents tear at the islands shores. Local fishermen warn of prehistoric eating machines. Cyclone winds and monster waves travel the earth's surface ending their journey on desolate rocky beaches of these islands. Paddling with whales, dolphins, seals and great white sharks, I navigated 150 nautical miles, over 5 days, becoming the first stand up paddler to successfully cross all seven channels.

Crossing 1: My parents who are taking care of my kids have asked me a hundred times, "Why are you doing this?" I ask myself the same question on day one as the escort boat, our home for the trip, motors ahead, leaving me behind, to fix the prop. I feel incredibly small and the boat is only a mile away. Dolphins join me and, together, we complete the first crossing from Santa Barbara to Catalina Island.

Crossing 2: The wind whips across my shoulder and into my face. I feel like I am going nowhere fast. It's supposed to be an easy 17 miles ending San Clemente the Southern most of the Channel Islands. It is owned and operated by the United States Navy. There is commando training and a U.S. Navy rocket-test facility on the island. The Navy uses the island as an auxiliary naval airfield. The runway on the island is known for its high winds and the dangerous terrain that surrounds it. We had to get permission from a General in the Navy to get close to the island and about now I am wishing he would send Navy Seals to rescue me.

SOME CALL IT MISTREATMENT. YOU CALLIT LONE



umbrella. Muddied on the trail. Snagged on a branch. Shoved into backpacks, overhead

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Crossing 3: The only land in the horizon, as far as I can see, is 10 miles away, so I won't arrive at the Santa Barbara or San Nicolas Islands for a long stretch on today's paddle. I climb down the ladder to get on my board. Climbing down the ladder feels like I am being sent to walk the plank. Once I go down, I know I won't be coming back up for a long time. Your imagination goes wild when out at sea and you start to see things. Thankfully, I don't imagine the whales that join me today and I am glad I didn't see the great white shark spotted by the crew as we approach San Nicolas.

Crossing 4-6: The sunlight is glowing off the huge cliffs and it takes my breath away. I have a flood of emotion that overcomes me. This is it. This is why I am here, to experience a moment like this. It is magical. I feel an overwhelming sense of freedom, peace and calm. I feel extremely lucky to have this opportunity. I am paddling from San Miguel to Santa Rosa Island - three crossings today.

The first crossing seems to pass by quickly. I have made it to Santa Rosa and my spirits are high. During the second crossing, from Santa Rosa to Santa Cruz, the water is glassy. I turn my music on and decide to paddle this crossing at a quicker pace. It is the first time of the trip that I feel like I am really moving. It is also the first time that I haven't had to deal with a head or side wind. My music is blasting and I am not scared of anything today. My crew is impressed by my speed. I have made it to Santa Cruz Island.

The final crossing of the day: I am paddling from Santa Cruz to Anacapa. I am excited to get started because I finally have the wind at my back. The boat can tell from my body language that I am having fun. I look over at the boat and they are smiling at me, giving me a thumbs-up.

Crossing 7: The final crossing - the longest and most difficult channel. I will paddle 43 miles from Anacapa to Santa Barbara Island. I lie in bed and think about the day ahead and visualize how it needs to go. I know it's going to be long and challenging both physically and mentally. This is the last day. This is it. I feel good and know that I can do this. It's not an option to fail. The weather is starting to change and I have to make the crossing today or we risk running into bad weather in the days ahead. With side winds of 10-15 knots, rough seas and strong currents, it's going to be a battle.

I have been paddling for a while now. I look off in the distance and see a fog bank. It creeps in quickly and completely envelops us. We become almost completely invisible. It is eerie. We are concerned about nearby cargo ships. We slowly creep along using radar to guide us. As cargo ships pass in front and behind us, stress overcomes the crew. Despite the blind chaos, I stay in a rhythm. It is a relief when we break through the fog.





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Visit www.TED.com To view inventor, Michael Pritchard's, TED talk I've been paddling for about 5 hours now and boredom is setting in. I see the boat is hooking something up to the boom and so I paddle closer to get a look. They tell me they are going to hoist Shelly and Ryan, our camera crew, over the side of the boat in a harness on the boom. This is a great distraction. I start to laugh and ask if this is really a punishment from Captain Chris Wyman, of Kaenon Polarized, for stealing rations. He has been threatening to "keel haul" us the whole trip. To be "keel hauled" means to be tied to a rope that loops around underneath the boat. It drags you from one side of the boat and across the barnacle covered bottom, until, eventually, you pop up on the other side.

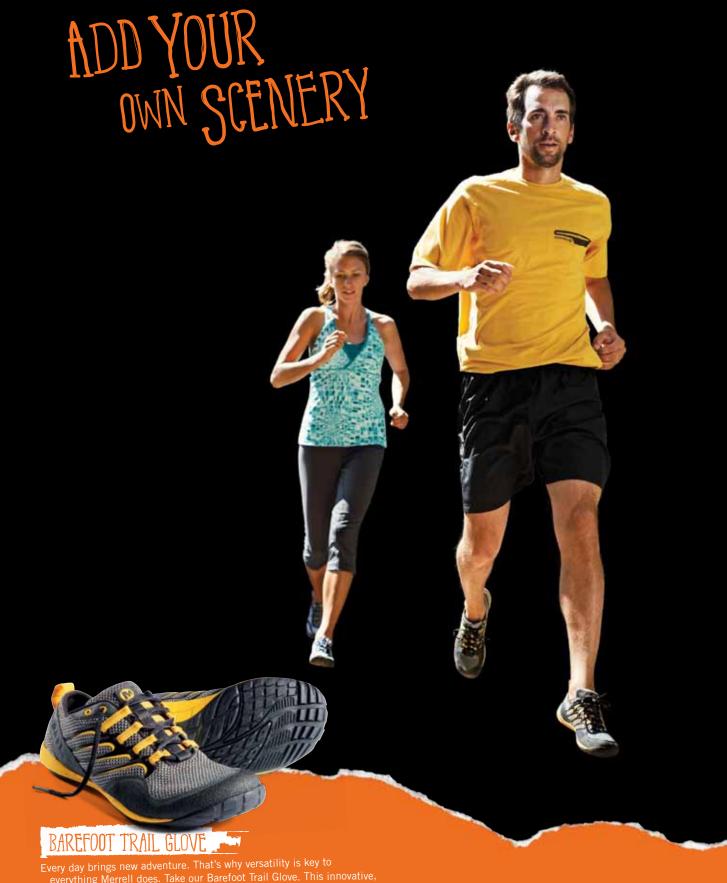
8 hours have now passed and I'm still paddling. Chris signals me to the boat. He tells me that only 3 hours of daylight remain. I need to speed up or I'm going to be paddling in the dark. The realization that I have another 3 hours of paddling shocks me. I thought I was closer. Chris tells me if I don't speed up there is a chance I won't make it. I need to keep my pace at about 5 mph for the rest of the day. I paddle away from the boat in tears. I stay away from the boat and try to get back into my head. This is it, make it or not.

I know deep down inside that nothing is going to stop me. The dark isn't going to stop me and I have gotten over my fear of sharks. If a shark messes with me now, I am ready to take it head on. I speed up knowing that I have to keep this pace for over 3 hours. I can see Santa Barbara Island getting closer but it is starting to be a fight against the setting sun.

The boat is worried about me as I paddle along in the dark. There are seals everywhere and I know this means that I am getting closer. The boat stops and I am worried that Chris is going to tell me that it's time to get in the boat and that it's too late and it's time to quit. I look over confused. Chris tells me to look up. I am still confused. He says, "You're here... you made it!" I don't believe him at first. I look ahead and can't believe it. I made it. I am at Santa Barbara Island. "I can stop paddling now?" I say. Everyone on the boat laughs. "Yes, you are done...unless you want to keep going?"

Still on my board, I drop to my knees. I can't believe it. After, eleven hours and twenty-two minutes and 43 miles of paddling in side and headwinds, I am done.





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Cycling the Earth

(Part 1)

by Sean Conway

It was a cold winters day and I was hanging my Penguin suit out to dry. No, not a tuxedo, an actual penguin suit. I should explain. I had just come back from climbing Kilimanjaro and to make it a bit more interesting I thought I would do the entire climb dressed as a penguin.

Anyway, that's another story.

So there I was, in my small freezing cold flat in London wandering what to do next? It had to be something BIG, I thought, something horrible, something long, something that will be the most challenging experience of my life, both mentally and physically.

The big three on my bucket list were to cycle the world, climb Mt. Everest and swim across the Channel. What next, decision time. Everest was too expensive. Swimming the channel could be done later in life.

It was then that the idea to go ahead and actually follow my dream of cycling around the world was born. Again just cycling around the world wasn't tough enough. In order to really challenge myself I would attempt to become the fastest person to cycle around the world, solo and unsupported. Unfortunately for me, I am not really a cyclist at all. I cycled 1,000 miles up Britain, which took a painfully slow 25 days in 2008, and haven't really cycled since until I started training for this round the world race.





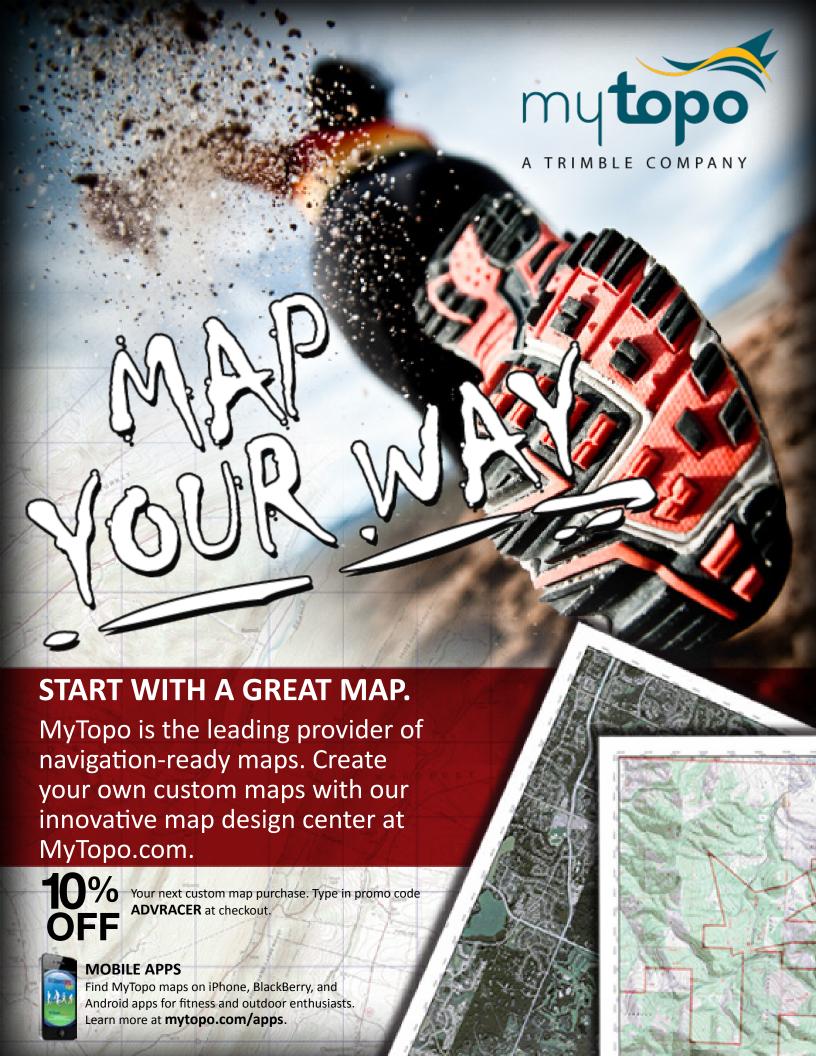
In order for me to become the new world record holder I need to cycle

18,000 miles in less than 96 days. That's an average of 190 miles (307 km) per day. That is the record set by Alan

Bates, who circumnavigated the world in a stunning 96 days, which blew the previous record (163 days) away. But,

a major difference is that I will be doing this without a support team.

To train, I've had to cycle upwards of 45-50 hours per week, 10, 12, and sometimes even 16 hours in one day to properly prepare and train for the amount of time I will be on the bike. I've even learned to eat while riding, to be able to not lose time once the race starts.



As if that's not hard enough, I will need to do this in some of the harshest conditions on the planet `whilst battling hunger, language barriers, loneliness and finding suitable places to sleep each night. Since I will be making this trip alone, it will be unsupported, I won't have a car or a team following me and setting up plans for where I should sleep or what roads to avoid, I must plan this all out myself whilst I am still cycling hundreds (hopefully) of miles each day.

Beyond trying to navigate the terrain and any sorts of unpredictable weather - keep in mind I will be riding through not only many different continents, but also topographies and weather patterns. I will need to go from the warm and arid north African roads, to climbing the Rockies of America, and everything in between!

All of this does make packing a bit of a challenge. Everything I bring with me must fit on the frame of my bike, so that means no tent, soap, casual clothes, or any clothes really besides my extra set of cycle clothing. Things that I am taking are all as light as possible - I even cut my toothbrush in half to make me feel like a proper



adventurer - and are back up parts like inner tubes, chain links, a tool kit and, of course, a first aid kit.

This truly does tick all the boxes in making this the most challenging experience of my life.

Read the exciting conclusion to Sean's journey in the next issue of Adventure World Magazine.



2013 USARA Adventure Race National Championship

The 2013 USARA Adventure Race

National Championship will be held in

Nashville, Indiana on October 4-5th.

Nashville was voted one of America's top 10 coolest small towns and is the perfect setting for the 2013 USARA National Championship. Nashville is located in Brown County which boasts top notch mountain biking. The trails are designed from scratch by mountain bikers for mountain bikers. With miles and miles of flowing trail, scenic vistas and amazing terrain Brown County has become a world-class mountain biking destination.

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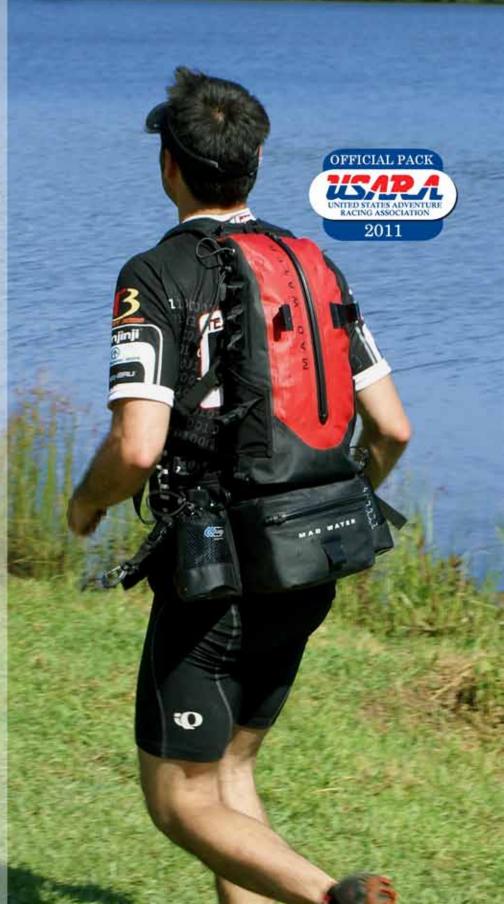
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Brisbane to Sydney Run

by Andrew Hedgman

From June 16th through June 30th of 2012, I spent every day running a little over one and a half marathons, covering a total distance of approximately 1000 km's! Some might call this strange or even crazy and they are probably right. Why on earth would somebody want to put their body through that kind of stress?

In 2010 I ran the length of New Zealand. It was a personal challenge to see how far I could push my body and mind. To this day it is still one of the hardest things I have ever done. I suffered from terrible shin splints and tore a muscle in my leg. The extreme terrain of New Zealand and unpredictable weather did not help a lot either! After the run I had an interview to talk about my experience, I said that I probably wouldn't do it again. I also thought I wouldn't do anything like it again!

Fast forward two years and I was preparing for another run. Not quite as long as the New Zealand run but



still quite a challenge. I was preparing to run 1000 km's from Brisbane to Sydney. The motivation behind the task at hand was that I wanted to raise funds and aware- ness for the animal welfare charity WSPA - The World Society for the Protection of Animals. I had fund-raised for them the year before with a 200 km run. Learning about how the helped suffering animals around the world made me want to do more. I was already thinking of doing the Brisbane to Sydney run so it seemed to be the perfect combination. I was anxious to get started but also quietly nervous at the same time. I was afraid it was going to be a repeat of my New Zealand run with injuries, bad weather, exhaustion and other problems.

One June 16th I started the first leg of the which was about 60 km's. I knew I could easily run this distance as I was managing to do back to back 60 km run's in my training. What I was more concerned about was how my body was going to cope after four or five day's of this. The first day went slowly but smoothly. Slow because we had to navigate our way out of Brisbane and the surrounding suburbs as well as stopping at intersection after intersection. Once out in the open I was able to get a

good pace going until reaching the Gold Coast. Neil would stop and wait every 10 km's so I could eat, refill my water and do anything else that was needed. It wasn't until the very end of the day when I had my first major problem. My phone had suddenly and unexpectedly died. I knew the street where Neil was waiting, however once I got there, he was nowhere to be found. I ran up and down the streets looking for him but to no avail! Stressed and not knowing what to do, I found a service station where they were able to charge my phone and I could finally call him. He had been asleep and had no idea that I had been searching for him. He asked if I had read the text he had sent me earlier in the day to let me know that he had moved up the street, as there was nowhere for him to park. At the time it was a horrible situation, but I guess it's funny to look back at now!

Every morning for breakfast I would usually have a bowl of cereal and toast, maybe a piece of fruit too. For dinner I would mix it up and have a combination of carbs and proteins, never any meat though as I am a vegetarian. It was a lot different during each day's run. I would eat a lot of processed food such as choc chip biscuits, snickers bars, salt and vinegar chips and muesli bars. I had to keep my calorie intake up throughout each day so it was essential to get these sorts of food into my system. I did find that at the end of each day, I was not fatigued at all. While running the length of New Zealand, I was usually quite fatigued by the last 10 - 20 km's of the day. I credit the change to my transition from an omnivore diet to a vegetarian diet, the difference was amazing!



issues at all. Neil however had a couple of minor problems on the road. He managed to bog the car in mud, eventually having to call a tow truck to get him out. He would often join me, running the last few kilometers of the day. One day I pointed out a snake that he was about to step on, he got a bit of a fright while I laughed! I did start to develop a few sore spots on my legs but the worst was my left thigh. During the final 20 or 30 km's it would start to get quite sore. The pain was bearable and not sore enough to slow me down, so I soldiered on. It was around day seven when my thigh actually did start to slow me down. I would usually just wrap anything that started to hurt and the pain would disappear.

However, I could not do this with my thigh as any pressure just made the pain increase. I eventually took a couple of anti-inflammatory tablets which helped a lot. The rest of the day was perfect and I managed to knock out 70 km's in about eight hours!

The rest of the run went off with little drama. On the second to last day I did manage to get off course at one point which added a couple of kilometers, but I was in good spirits so it didn't phase me too much. That day did however turn out to be the longest day on the road, ten hours in total. I had a fellow runner Rodger Hanney from Hoka One One shoes come out and join me for the last 50 km's of the day which made the time pass very quickly. For the last few kilometers of that day Roger really picked up the pace and we were running around five minute kilometers which isn't too had after 1040 km's of running!







ON THE ROAD TO ELDORADO SPRINGS, TIMMY O'NEILL JAMS OUT IN HIS NATIVE LODOS.

He doesn't know convention. He doesn't follow the rules. And he definitely doesn't take the beaten path. Timmy O'Neill is a modern-day pioneer... and he's got the scars to prove it. Scars earned setting speed records in Yosemite, exploring untouched terrain in Patagonia and getting kicked out of his makeshift cave-home in Joshua Tree. Before he's done, he'll have countless more scars – and if we had to guess, a slew of new stories to tell.

Timmy O'Neill is Built to Rock. What are you built for?

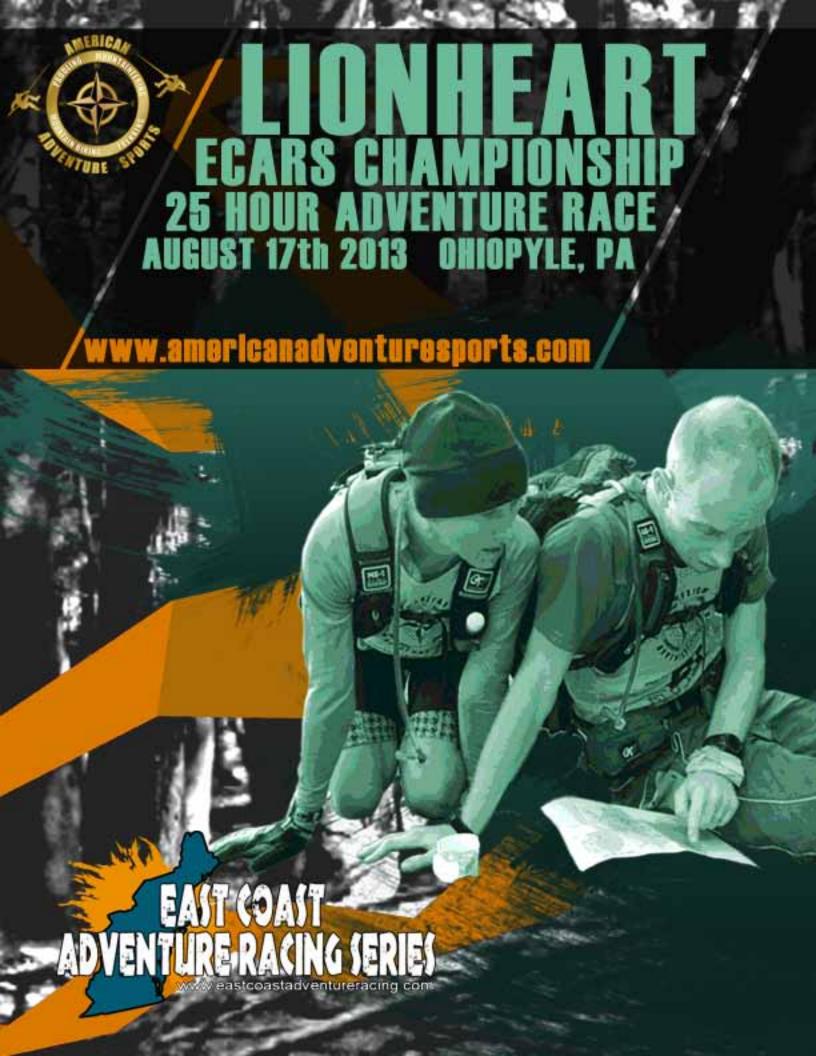
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The final day of the run was also the shortest at just under 50 km's. I set off at 8am giving myself more than enough time to finish up at the Opera House by 3pm. Along the way, I was almost attacked by a very angry dog. I tried to let him know I was running for WSPA but he was having none of it! He followed me up the road until I was far away from his place before he finally turned around, what a relief! I only had a couple of kilometers left as I was running over the Sydney Harbor Bridge when it really struck me that I had done it! I could see the Opera House over the water and just like when I finished my run of New Zealand the emotions of the whole journey started to pour through. I managed to dodge through the hundreds of people along the walkway towards the Opera House until I heard claps and cheers from a small group of friends - Neil, and WSPA workers holding a WSPA sign. A massive grin came across my face while completing the last few steps and then I was finally there. It wasn't until someone shouted happy birthday to me when I remembered that it was indeed my birthday, that will probably be one of the more memorable birthdays that I have had!

Running the length of New Zealand has been my biggest achievement. However, the Brisbane to Sydney run is by far the most enjoyable and satisfying run I have ever done. Enjoyable by being able to run every day with no injuries and no fatigue. Also enjoyable by having another fantastic support person, Neil, with me for the entire journey. Satisfying by being able to do it for such an amazing and worthy cause. We met some very kind and generous people and stayed in some of the most amazing places. Places I would have never visited if it was not for this run. I said I would probably never run the length of New Zealand again, would I run from Brisbane to Sydney again? I probably would, it was an amazing experience!



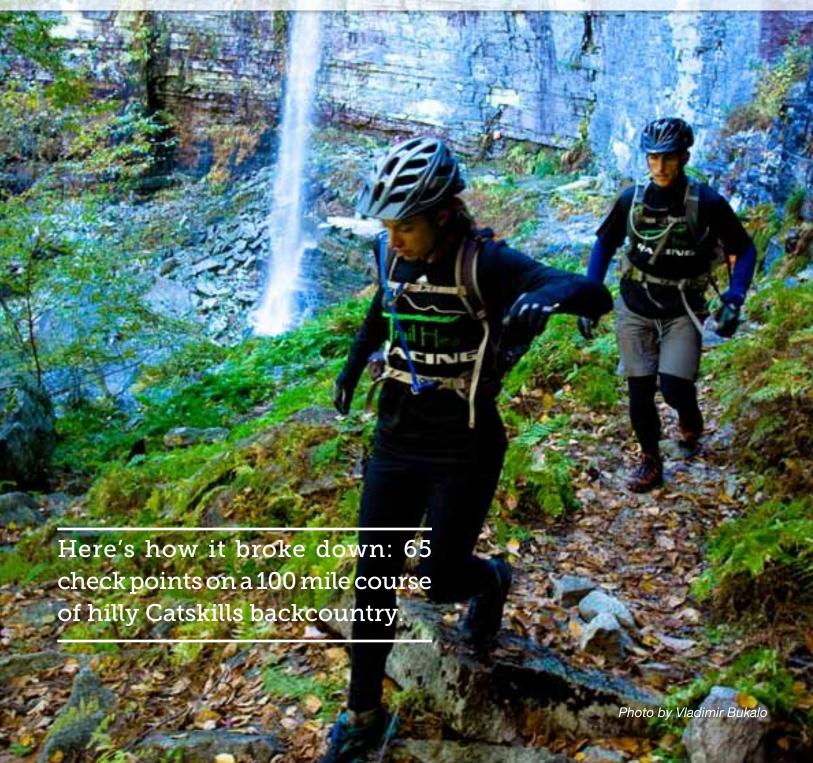


2012 USARA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

CATSKILLS, N.Y.

Nov. 12th and 13th Hudson Valley Resort, Kerhonkson N.Y.

by Tom Smith



The format for the 2012 Championships was one of my all time favorites. I love a linear course, you are going towards the finish from the moment it starts.

Here's how it broke down: 65 check points on a 100 mile course of hilly Catskills backcountry. Bus to the start and fire the gun. The points broke down like this:

Mandatory Check Points (CP's): 18

Optional Points (OP's): 47 Transition Areas (TA's): 7

Start: Friday morning at 8:30 a.m. Finish: Saturday 2:00 p.m. Total race time: 29 hours and 30 minutes.

The conversation at the host hotel the day before the race was focused on the weather. A cold front was rapidly moving in and the temperatures were expected to drop into the low 20's with the wind picking up to over 25 m.p.h. at night. Lots of rain with a chance of snow. Since it was a national championship most of the teams were experienced in severe weather. The drop out rate would be low but the misery index would be pegged.

Stage 1: Canoe Orienteering, Pepacton Reservoir.

Time: 8:30 a.m. Elapsed Time: 00:00

Team Dark Horse historically struggles with pacing at the start of a race. David bolts, Mary and I can barely stay with him and it takes me two hours to recover once we settle down.

We all loved the start of the 2012 National Championships though. We started in the boat.



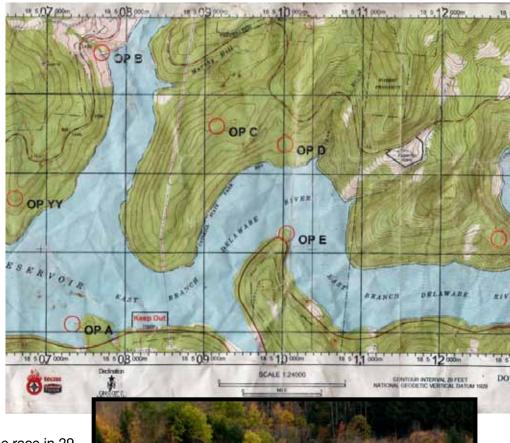


When the gun went off David paddled like it was a sprint, Mary paddled like it was a 30 hour a race and I sat in the back enjoying breakfast. There was something for everyone.

This stage had 7 checkpoints, you didn't need to get them in order and the team could split up (see map). The points were widely distributed, some near the shore, others on the hills around the lake. We opted to skip two points (B and C). We were pretty sure we wouldn't

acquire all of the 65 points available in the race in 29 hours so we decided to focus on the most efficient course right from the start.

There was a strong wind blowing across the lake and we had some exciting moments crossing to OP-A when the boat almost swamped in the white caps. It was barely above freezing and raining steadily. David was staying warm running up and down the hills getting checkpoints while Mary and I were freezing in the boat. Mary was shaking so badly she could hardly talk.





Man overboard!

It was clear that Mary was going hypothermic and it would be a short race if we didn't find a way to warm her up. I dropped her off on the shore and she ran down a dirt road while I paddled alongside until we met up with David again.

Leaving OP-F and heading across open water her seat broke and Mary almost went over the side. David pulled her back in when she was up to her shoulder in the lake. The boat was practically on it's side and I was recovering from cardiac arrest. Mary's comment:

"I was hoping for a calm and quiet death."



2012 NEMO Equipment, Inc.

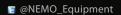
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We exited the boat at TA-1 so cold and wet that we could barely function. My hands and feet were like blocks of wood. We struggled into our bike gear while trying to get some food and water in. I managed to smear most of the food on my face and dump half the water down my front.

Stage 2: KOM Mountain Bike Time Trial

Time: 11:27 a.m.

Elapsed Time: 2 hours 57 minutes

Time trial. Yeah. Not really. This is a great idea that is poorly executed. No team in it's right mind is going to go anaerobic for 30 minutes in a 30 hour race without some really good motivation. Beyond some bragging rights and trinkets there is no reward. To make this a real contest, offer a hot pizza and watch the Dark Horse go...

We ascended the climb at a reasonable pace and punched into CP-2, the KOM finish. We ranked 15th of the 55 teams on this TT despite not pushing our pace... and changing clothes. Now if only we had a reason to get up that hill.

It was pouring rain. It let up briefly and Mary and I stripped our rain pants but then it started to sleet. Pants back on. Then it snowed. We had never really warmed up from our boating experience and I still had no feeling in my feet or hands. The fun-o-meter was stuck at 1.

We found CP 3 at a road/trail junction and began the process of locating OP's G,H,J,K,L and M. We were mountain biking on a series of poorly marked trails near Mongaup Pond. The OP's were located roughly 50 to 100 yards off the trail on knolls and streambeds (reentrants). The trails were rocky, hilly, poorly maintained snowmobile tracks. We didn't have our snowmobiles. I may have lost some teeth.





2012 USARA Adventure Race National Champions

The USARA would like to salute all of the teams that competed in the 2012 USARA Adventure Race National Championship in Kerhonkson, New York. Congratulations to the following teams who rose to the challenge and have earned the title of USARA Adventure Race National Champions.

Coed:

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Coed Masters:

Checkpoint Zero



Open:

NYARA Men



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Knee whack, bike whack.

On one of the short, steep, muddy climbs I was tight on the wheel of another team when the rider directly in front of me bailed mid-climb. Caught off guard I came out of the saddle to power around but my rear wheel lost traction, spun suddenly, the bike shot backward and I shot forward. My le'ft knee went hard into the stem of the bike and I went down in a heap. It was excruciatingly painful but I assumed it would subside shortly. Wrong.

David blew through this section with only a few minor missteps. We engaged in a short elective bike whack, which got ugly and was spiraling downward when we located a trail and pulled out of it. We promise before and after every race we will never bike whack again. It never ends well. Then we bike whack anyway.

We nailed all 6 points in 2 hours 48 minutes.

Stage 3 Willowemec Creek Foot Orienteering Time: 5:02 p.m.

Elapsed Time: 8 hours 32 minutes

The format for this leg was interesting (see map, on next page). There were 10 points set up as 5 pairs, getting 4 pairs yielded the maximum score of 8. This meant you needed to determine what course would get you 4 matched pairs in the shortest time frame.

Renee (my wife) greeted us at this TA with a big smile and lots of enthusiasm. She had waited for us despite rapidly dropping temperatures and freezing rain. Thanks wife!

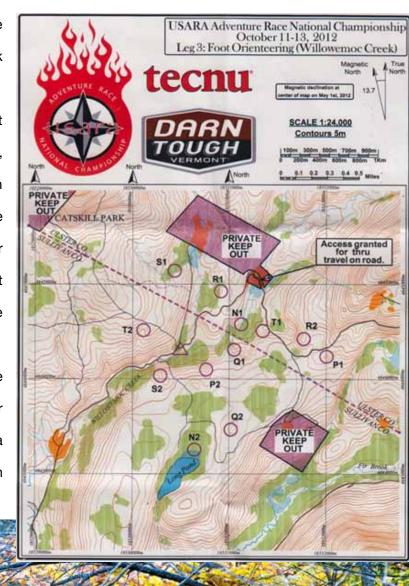
We quickly worked out a strategy for the 4 sets of points we would go after. Night was falling and finding



these points in the dark would be exponentially more difficult. At night terrain features become difficult to pick out and the headlamps tend to distort the topography.

Being off the bike allowed my feet to warm up but much of the O-course was bushwhacking in rough, sloping terrain and my knee was throbbing. We ran some of the road sections but darkness fell before we finished. We got the last two points in the dark after some confusing navigation around a set of trails that had been moved recently and no longer matched the mapping.

It was very cold when we returned to the TA. We stayed away from the fire, got back into our bike gear and were out of there in 11 minutes. It was going to be a long cold night and we needed to keep our momentum up and our internal furnace burning.





Stage 4 Biking, Denman Mountain

Time: 8:42 p.m.

Elapsed Time: 12 hours 12 minutes.

Based on the course map our next objective was locating CP's 7 through 10 but that's not what we were thinking about. According to the instructions we would be passing by the Blue Hill Café and would have a chance to stuff our faces in preparation for the 17 hours still to go. Unlike the meaningless KOM section this bike leg had some urgency. We were panicked that the café would close before we arrived. We were in giddy-up mode all the way to the café doors. Pizza motivates.

The course to the Blue Hill Café was a fast downhill on jeep track and pavement. Temperatures were now in the 20's. Our wet outer layers were frozen. When we dismounted a layer of ice shed from our coats and drifted to the ground. We were bikesicles.

Not many people get to be truly outside for long periods of time anymore. Even backpackers and campers have a tent. In a 30-hour race you are outside pretty much the whole time. That's what made the stop at the Blue Hill Café

Hunter Leninger- The 11 Year Old Adventurer -

We caught up with Hunter Leininger after the USARA Adventure Race National Championship. At the ripe old age of 11, Hunter had set a record as the youngest racer to ever compete in the USARA Nationals. Hunter was awarded the Dave Boyd Spirit Award at the event.

What is the longest race you had competed in before the USARA Adventure Race National Championship?

It was a 12 hour night race with a course that was all underwater due to heavy rain. Other adult teams said it was the hardest race ever. I just like all the mud and seeing gators at night.

How many 12 hour events had you competed in before the USARA nationals? Two 12 hour events

How did you feel after completing a 30 hour event?

I was ready for more, but sleeping was on my mind. My Dad was very sore, but with all the training leading up to the race I was not surprised.

Did the longer distance cause any problems for you during the event?

No. The race was broken-up very well, but the 65 miles of true mountain biking was a first.

Being from Florida, did the mountains pose a big challenge?

Just much more fun going downhill. I'm talking to my Dad about moving.

How about temperatures?

I have always not liked the cold because it is hard to breathe, but for some reason I had no problems until later in the race. You should try 100 degrees in August in Florida.



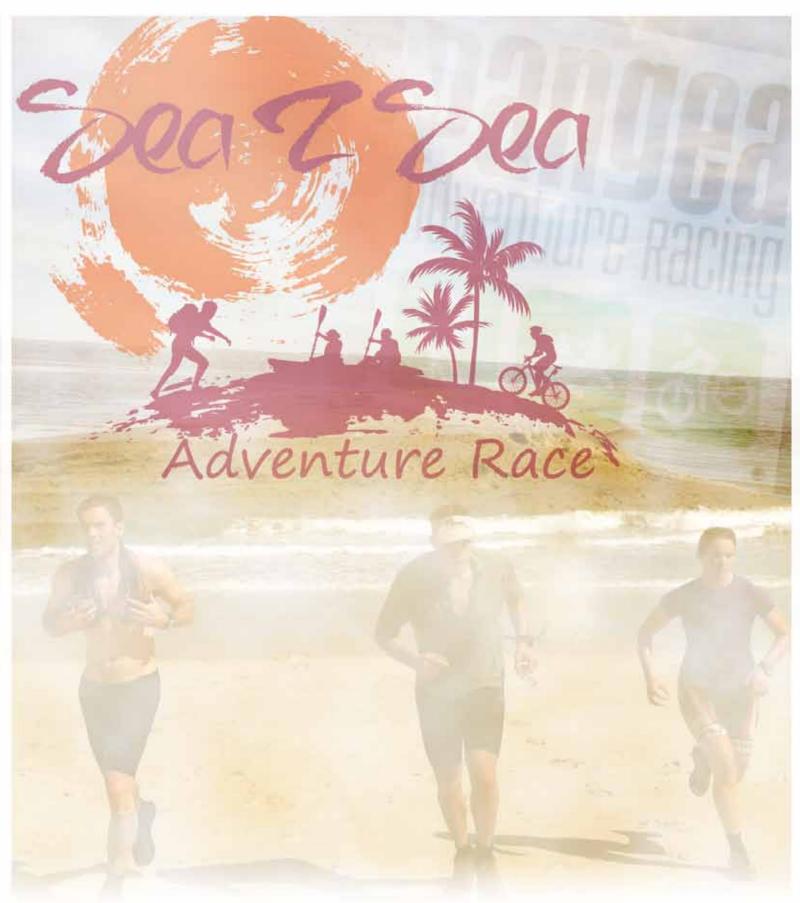


Photos by Vladimir Bukalo

Anything you would like to add?

My purpose for starting adventure racing at my age was to show other kids that adventure was cool and if you just put your mind to anything you can do it no matter how old you are. My Dad helped me by telling me that "the mind controls the body" and all I had to do is make up my mind. I love adventure racing and hope that someday, someone will break this record.

Well said. You have a great outlook and I am excited to see where your adventures will take you.



February 14-17 2013

72 Hour Race across Florida

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such a wonderful thing. For 25 minutes we were inside. Added bonus: David's wife, Theresa, popped in and cheered us up. It's great to see a friendly face and T always provides enthusiasm and positive energy

Pizza!

The café was full of smelly adventure racers in various states of undress. Some had been there for awhile, some

for a few minutes, but all had the same look of relief. For a few moments you could shed some wet layers, get warm and stuff your face with real food. The danger was getting sucked in and not leaving.

We gobbled a pizza, drank some Gatorade, a lot of coffee and hit the road. Going from the warm café back out into the dark, temperatures now below 25 degrees, was a shock. The mud on our bikes had frozen and our derailleurs were stuck in place.

The ascent to CP8 from the Café was a 1,000-foot grind up Denman Mountain, the grade exceeded 20% and we warmed up fast. The slow grinding climb put tremendous pressure on my kneecap. I was not enjoying this.



Photo by Vladimir Bukalo

We topped out, punched CP8 and descended 1700' in the next 3 miles on good roads. We went downhill like maniacs. We really like going downhill fast.

We crossed the Roundout Creek bridge and knocked out a few kilometers of pavement before heading up towards Yagerville on a steep climb looking for the turn to CP9. We somehow missed the turn and continued up the climb... came back down... and went back up. We liked this grinding ascent so much we climbed Yagerville Road twice.

When we did finally find the turn to CP9 we dropped down a short section of dirt road and discovered something no adventure racer wants to see. Lots of headlamps, all going in different directions, spread out all over the woods. A lot of bad things have started that way for the Dark Horse. We located CP9 in a creek bed by a waterfall and continued on to see what the problem was.

According to the map the dirt road we were on should have just continued to CP10. It didn't, it just ended in the ravine. From the looks of it the creek had taken the bridge out and the road with it. The teams in front of us were wandering around trying to figure out where the road started again. This meant an involuntary bike whack. There were

bikes lying around in the woods everywhere we went.

Teams were searching without the bikes because the brush was so thick.

We tried a couple of different ideas including one very bad one up a stream bed before we reoriented, focused on a compass heading and eventually popped out on the road to CP10. That could have gone a lot worse. As it was we carried our bikes around for 30 or 40 minutes, crossing streams, crashing through the vegetation. Cross training.

Stage 5: The Lundy Hike

Time: 1:22 a.m.

Elapsed Time: 16 hours 52 minutes

We checked into CP10/TA4 and got ready for a long orienteering foot section. It was 22 degrees and I can't say I was unhappy to be on foot. It was hard to stay warm on the bike. I had four layers on and Mary had five. We were still cold. We dropped the bikes, changed our headlamps and were out of the TA in 11 minutes.

There were 7 optional checkpoints on this section and one mandatory. Taking a quick look at the terrain,

the distance and the time left in the race (little over 12 hours) we decided to skip the first four points. We would have needed to bushwhack 3 kilometers east, climb a steep ridge and bushwhack 4 kilometers south to pick up these points. All in the dark. We stayed with the

into Team NYARA a little shy of the CP. That gave the two navigators a chance to convince each other to hike into a swamp. Chris Rice (Team NYARA) and I asked for a second opinion after wandering around in that swamp for 15 minutes. Wrong swamp.

I whine.

I'm not proud. I may have gotten a little whiny. OP-X was 250 meters down a steep embankment in a creek bed. There was no way to know if it was a little left or a little right when you got down there so we traversed the slope. It was a very steep, rough scramble. It was cold, dark and my knee ached.

OP-Z was another 250 meter journey off the jeep track, steeply uphill in nasty thick pine brush. Given the amount of bushwhacking we had done during the race I had been poked in the eye approximately 657 times. On this short section I was poked in the eye another 119 times. Seriously...

I was having trouble keeping pace because, well...

I suck at that. Combined with being poked in the eye

repeatedly, being frozen like a Popsicle, no sleep and a shattered kneecap and I might have...whined. At least that's what my teammates recall. I don't remember it that way. I quite clearly remember carrying on in silent fortitude.

We moved on to CP12 and bushwhacked out to the Pavilion





Photo by Valerio Viti

at Lippman Park. It was almost dawn and we were looking forward to the sun coming up. The trek had taken 4 hours and 57 minutes. I was looking forward to getting back on my bike.

Stage 6: Lippman Bike Park Orienteering.

Time: 6:32 a.m.

Elapsed Time: 22 hours and 2 minutes.

TA5/CP13. The Pavilion had a roaring fire going and a dedicated crew of volunteers manning a full blown barbecue. As fantastic as this was I still don't think it should be part of adventure racing. It's one thing to make use of what you find on the course its another to set up a mid race buffet. Of course that didn't stop me from eating two cheeseburgers...

David goes to the men's room.

Mary and I were ready to go, bikes in hand, rapidly turning blue, but we couldn't find David. I located him in the cinder block bathroom with his bike. It was nasty but heated. He didn't want to come out because his shoes had frozen solid and his bike seat had a layer of ice on

it. I explained this to Mary, who was standing around outside in sub freezing temperatures and a stiff breeze. She went in after him. He was burrowed in there like a tick but Mary shamed him out after a few minutes. Despite frozen gears and frosty bike seats we punched out and started the bike -O. Personally I think David smelled funny the rest of the race.

The kids rip it up.

I can honestly say this was the most fun I have ever had in an adventure race. For the next hour we pretty much forgot we were racing and just ripped it up. It was single track trails designed for mountain bikes. There were banked turns, jumps, narrow bike bridges, stone walls and steep drops with twisty turns. The maps they handed out for the six optional points in the park were terrible, very little detail. David blew through all six points without tapping the brakes. Only 13 teams got all the points and David set the third fastest time. We were having so much fun Mary complained when David bushwhacked a few short sections. She didn't care if it was longer she wanted to ride the trails. Mary announced she was coming back as soon as we were done.

We checked back into the Pavilion, stuffed our faces (I maintain that I am a conscientious objector but I ate two more cheeseburgers), and jumped the bikes, firing our pistols wildly into the air and popping some wheelies as we rode out, chunks of grass flying everywhere. Yeah, just like that.



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SECOND HAND FUNCTIONS AS COMPASS NEEDLE





Photo by Vladimir Bukalo

Bike race

There's never a bad time to engage in a senseless bike race and so when we caught up with Team GOALS Masters and good friend Jen Shultis on the short road ride to CP15/TA6 we promptly engaged in a spirited sprint that ended in a virtual dead heat but left us both exhausted just before the start of the final leg. Sound judgement is not the hallmark of the adventure racer.

Stage 8: Minnewaska State Park

Time: 8:34 a.m

Elapsed Time: 24 hours 4 minutes.

The final trek of the race would be an 1800' ascent and bushwhack with 13 available optional points. It was laid out so you would collect most of them while ascending the Shawangunk Ridge and the rest of them while descending a narrow ravine through a rappel over a waterfall. We knew we did not have time to collect all the points. We laid out a course that would collect 7 or 8 points and get us to the exit with enough time to bike to the finish.

This started out well enough but as soon as we went off trail and began the difficult side slope work in steep, rough terrain to get OP-HH and OP-JJ my knee went on strike. It was grindingly unpleasant. These points were not easy to locate and the topography was rock ledge and steep narrow ravines covered in thick vegetation. David was dead on through these two point but it was slow going.

Can of Coke

We had worked our way up onto a slightly more gentle slope of exposed granite out cropping, interspersed by rhododendron and low brush. We would fight through the vegetation and then run over the bare rock, repeating this process again and again.

At one point Mary and David called a halt and suggested I drink the can of Coke I had thrown in my pack at TA5. The thinking was if I drank that can of Coke I would feel energized and we could go back to bushwhacking uphill through dense vegetation at a significantly increased pace.

I said: "You think a can of Coke is going help?"

Team mates: "Yes"

What I was thinking was that it seemed unlikely that a can of Coke was going to erase 25 hours of continuous racing and a knee swollen up like a cantaloupe. But I'm no doctor so I drank the can of Coke.



I felt better almost immediately. We continued thrashing uphill with renewed vigor.

At some point we realized we had passed OP-KK without seeing it. We knew this when we stumbled onto OP-LL which was a good 750 meters further south and 100 meters uphill. It was 11:00 a.m. With 3 hours to get to the finish line it was time to plot a route to the exit. We bush- whacked 1,000 meters along the slope and headed for the ravine, Stony Kill, that would take us to the rappel at CP16.

When we hit the ravine at 12:20 p.m. We did a time check and we decided to go up the ravine and try to locate OP- UU before descending back to Stony Kill Falls. We scrambled up the 10 meter wide granite stream bed, up a few small waterfalls, before locating OP-TT. We had gone further and faster than we thought and passed OP-UU. We found that on the way back. I am glad we went after these two points. The stream bed was beautiful, cutting a path over the underlying granite face we had been ascending most of the day in a series of pools and falls.

"Not happening"

We dashed back down the Stony Kill to the rappel site. Mary took one look over the 87' falls where the rappel was set up and said:

"That's not going to happen"

I immediately began working on Plan B while

David continued trying to make Plan A happen.

You don't change Mary's mind. While it would have







been a cool rappel I'm not sure we could have done it and made the cutoff. There was a backup of teams waiting to get on the ropes. We found the trail around and took the 15-minute penalty.

At the bottom of the falls we punched CP17 and caught up with both Theresa and Renee who had been staring up at the falls for over two hours waiting for us to come over it. They both needed a chiropractor. Sorry about that.

Stage 9 Bike to Finish

Time: 1:18 p.m.

Elapsed Time: 28 hours 48 minutes

We hiked out to a gravel pit, punched CP18, grabbed the bikes and bolted for the finish. While I had expected this to be an uneventful 4 mile ride back to the event hotel the first 2 1/2 miles were steeply downhill on gently curving pavement and we had a blast letting the wheels run.

We rolled into the Hudson Valley Resort 16 minutes and 47 seconds later, crossing the downhill finish in the grass with a couple of rude doughnuts ripping up the lawn. Hey, it wasn't my lawn.

Our official finish time was 29 hours 21 minutes and 33 seconds (with the 15 min- ute penalty) leaving 8 minutes and 27 seconds to spare. You lost a point for every minute you were late, one team lost all their points, so this was cutting it close. We finished with 51 points, ranked 5th in the Masters division, squeaking on to the podium, and 15th overall. Great results for us.

This was a great course and a well run race. We really enjoyed the navigational challenge and it suited our team well. Using electronic punches to force teams to stay together was brilliant and the variety of stages was well planned and executed. This was a great race.





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OCEAN FLOOR by Keith Gray

The Ocean Floor Race is a nonstop 160 miles footrace through one of the most beautiful and unusual landscapes on earth.

With a time limit of 4 days to complete this ultra marathon event, entrants will be directed through the Egyptian Western Desert - specifically the Egyptian White Desert to check-points every 15 miles where they will have access to water and their drop bags filled with food. This is a true test of courage and determination, and undoubtedly one of the most challenging events on the planet.

A race of this nature would attract (you would think) some of the most elite and naturally gifted athletes on the planet. Well a gentleman by the name of Colin Edwards (56) is changing preconceptions of who can achieve success with enough determination. Colin has entered The Ocean Floor Race. What is remarkable about this entry is that Colin has only one leg. So what is a 56 year old man with only one leg doing entering one of the toughest races on the planet?

We caught up with Colin to ask him a few questions.

So Colin, tell us a bit about yourself. I live in Devon on the edge of Dartmoor in the UK with my partner Heidi, in a timber framed house I built myself. I have 2 children Tom 18 and Emily 21, Heidi has 2 children Hannah 13 and Elliot 9 the house can be quite busy sometimes! I am a farmer / contractor. Hobbies, guess what, running! Tag rugby, swimming. Last year I ran 630











miles around the south west Coastal path in Cornwall in aid of the charity "Porter".

you to enter? It's a race of 160 miles through the White Desert in Egypt. I found the event on the Internet and was attracted by the amazing landscape. It sounded like a real adventure so thought I'd give it a go.

What even more remarkable about your entry is that you are an amputee, could you explain how it happened? I had a motor cycle accident at 18. I had chronic problems over the years and as a result I had an amputation in my 40's.

Do you anticipate any problems during the race related to your disability and how will you combat these problems? My stump does get sore and blisters if it is not conditioned. The only way to minimize this is to toughen it up with distance training. The socket that my stump sits in does create alot of sweat. I do use anti perspirant but this can cause problems as well. It will be a case of regular wiping of the socket which will be a pain but I'm sure it will be fine.

Are you or will you be raising money for a charity doing this event? I have raised money in the past for PORTER who aid mobility for amputees so I may do the same again.

How will you train for this and will you need any specialist equipment to aid you in the event? Distance training and more distance training and hopefully a new C sprint with off road adaption. This is basically one of those hi tech prosthetic limbs that many sprinters in the paralympics have.

What do your friends and family think to you entering the event? Worried!

What would you say to someone who is fully able bodied

who thinks that completing an event like this is near on impossible? Think again! Every mile done is one mile less. When I under took a 630mile run it was all about targets. After 100miles you are a 1/6 of the way, after 200 you are 1/3 of the way, only another 100 and your half way, and so on, easy peasy.

We hear that you are having an operation this coming January. Could you go into more detail about the operation and how will this affect your participation / training for the event? My coastal run (S W coastal path Minehead to Poole 630miles) caused an abscess and I've grown a bone spur which has to be removed. Training will be broken and I will have to be very careful of scar tissue but hopefully it shouldn't affect my participation

Do you need any special equipment to aid your participation in the race? Just the prosthetic limb and a gps watch which I've been told is very easy to use.

Race organizer Keith Gray who has run through this desert twice previously commented,

"I was really amazed when I heard Colin wanted to do the race but after speaking with him I realized that this was a man who was clearly driven and determined - I thought he would be a perfect participant. The location is really amazing. It really does feel like you're running on another planet. Running at night is even more surreal with an unbelievable number of shooting stars zipping through the sky and the rock formations taking on a subtle blue glow in the moonlight. It is a very tough event but very achievable if the person has their head prepared for it. It stands to be an awe inspiring race with fantastic appeal for a range of abilities."

For more details visit www.oceanfloorrace.com.









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BAMBOO BIKE RIDE

by Giorgia Marchitelli

A lifetime dream became reality when the Lusaka-London on a Bamboo Bike ride was finally setting off. An adventure through Africa and Europe which was to carry the motto 'Sport can change your life' from the most remote villages to the British 2012 Paralympics capital.

The Bamboo Bike became the symbol of the Sport2build ride which took us from Lusaka in Zambia to London in the UK. A solo ride through seven African countries and three European ones, more than 8300 km pedaled by Matteo Sametti the protagonist of this adventure in 74 days on the road. A journey across Africa, a journey of people, of nature, following the very rhythm of the dusty African roads and of the people living there, a journey on a bicycle made in bamboo to spread a message of peace, equality and sustainable development through an innovative and at the same time fundamental tool, sport.

With little if any logistical arrangements, just a clear idea in mind, Matteo set off from Chongwe on the 15th of June. The choice to have a departure ceremony in Chongwe was based on the desire to honor our relationship with her Royal Highness Senior Chieftness Nkomesha Mukamambo II. Mukamambo is an iconic figure, beloved by her people, who is very close to us and who granted us the land where the school will be built. Yes! The ride will raise funds for the construction of an innovative school which will use sport as a fundamental part of the curriculum. In Chongwe the Senior Chieftenss has her royal palace and Matteo started off cycling the first few kilometers on a rocky gravel road accompanied by traditional headmen on the bicycle.



As we say in Italy, curiosity is female! At a street market of Katete Matteo was assailed by the questions of the fruit sellers, 'Bamboo?', 'How are the pipes joined?', 'Is it strong?'. The ladies were really interested, not like a couple of husbands who were looking at the bicycle dazed. Like many others met on the road they did not believe it was made in Zambia! There is a bit of the idea that a beautiful thing has to come from Europe and the United States. A woman said, 'ok it is made in Zambia but the bamboo was brought by you from Italy!'

The only thing more effective for fighting dehydration is an IV.*





SERIOUS HYDRATION FOR SERIOUS ATHLETES

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Cramps, headaches, muscle fatigue and light-headedness are just some of the symptoms caused by dehydration. Exertion, sun exposure, humidity and high altitude all can contribute to the body's loss of water and electrolytes.

Numerous studies show, this NASA-developed formula is far superior for:

- Increasing athletic endurance over 20% more than any other NASA-tested formula
- Improving core thermoregulation; protecting the body from overheating in times of high exertion and in high heat settings
- Fighting cramps, headaches, muscle fatigue, etc. due to sweating and electrolyte loss

The Right Stuff® helps optimize your performance in whatever your sport; from football to golf, from water sports to motor sports, from running to cycling to name just a few!

Technology exclusively licensed from NASA US Patent # 5,447,730

* THE RIGHT STUFF® IS NOT A SUBSTITUTE OR REPLACEMENT FOR IV THERAPY

In the bush you orient yourself a bit following the schools. Many have beautiful and demanding mottos such as, 'Education is an investment', 'Where you start learning successfully', ... but in the government schools children start reading and writing on average from the third grade. Yet the United Nations have recognized the Millennium Development Goal on primary education for all they have achieved already.

The last Zambian stage to Lundazi was short and on bumpy terrain. Bumpy is a euphemism. Gravel roads which have always been gravel even when battered have a sweetness of their own after all. Following the tracks of bicycles which have passed before, you can cycle with continuity, if you enter a pothole you come out elastically. On a downhill you can dare and have fun without fear of getting sandpapered too much. Gravel roads which once were tarred, like the rich who becomes poor, cannot get used to the new situation. They are prickly mischievous. When you enter a pothole, or you pass where there are only strips of the original tar, you are jolted and jerked, arms, back and bottom suffer unpleasant rebounds. On a downhill you have to go slowly and stay often on the pedals. The road to Lundazi belongs to the second category!

After the last goodbyes to Zambia, Matteo left along the small gravel road. Measuring a maximum of 3 meters

wide, the road to Mzimba seemed to be on a belt-way used only by bicycles. The attention needed is the same of the Milan belt-way because the road is sandy and if you leave the tracks of those who passed before you end up sanded. You miss each other by a hair's breadth, and nobody gives way to others happily. In general on a ride like this there is no chance to slipstream other cyclists because those who move from village to village go fast and see Matteo, the bwana, as an adversary to outdistance. Those who cover long distances are usually overloaded and go slowly. On the way to Mzimba for some kilometers he was behind three girls who had overtaken him at a good speed. The first one, with a bottom which occupied the same space of my side panniers, pedaled with energy and you could see she knew the road well. The third one pedaled very agile pushing her pumps on the crank arms because the pedals were no longer there. She transported a basket full of big fried pancakes which she was going to sell







somewhere. Then they stopped to drink from one of the many hand water pumps on the way.

Towards the end of the gravel the uphill became demanding, because of the gradient and the rocks which infested it. On one of these uphills of an impossible gradient, a child ran after the bamboo bike to greet Matteo and take a picture. On the following downhill, while engaging a harder gear, a sudden and deadly noise broke the quietness of the forest. Immediately the bicycle halted abruptly and the pedals were stuck. The chain was entangled like a crazy elastic, with the gear broken in two. After a couple of tries of impossible repair Matteo started to walk on the uphill pushing the bicycle to then go down on the bicycle without pedaling as far as the force of inertia allowed him.

The bicycle was fixed thanks to technical solutions born from Italian creativity and the Malawian improvisation of the mechanic from the market. The bike also needed to be washed because the sand sneaked and clung everywhere. A taxi-cyclist, Aondwani, took Matteo to the most incredible bicycle wash in the world, a creek in the compound of Chiputura! First you have to buy soap. Then you go down to the river just after a small bridge where the bicycles are lowered in the water with the wheels immerged for 15 cm. Next the soap wash starts. The rinse is one using the force of the water from the river. When the bicycle is clean it is taken back to the road and accurately dried with a cloth different from the one used to wash it. During the wash some children went to see the bike and were saying 'ona ginga a panga', (look a bicycle made out of wood) and Matteo would tell them 'not panga - bamboo'. Every new child coming was saying 'ginga a panga', and the others told him 'noo, not panga, bamboo!' and they all laughed.

Tanzania will be remembered for the 'gravel orgy'. From Iringa to Dodoma the road is bad. From Dodoma it is almost impracticable. It goes from places with stones all over the ground to others where it seems to be on a white beach of Sardinia. On this road with dermatitis, the most amazing gesture happened! An old man bent down and picked up a stone from the road in front of Matteo. He then threw it away on the ground away from the road, to make the cycling easier. When the old man's and Matteo's eyes met, he smiled and said 'safari njema', have a safe journey. A similar gesture is difficult to forget ...

After many technical problems with the bicycle in Tanzania, Matteo met David Kinjah in Nairobi, who diagnosed a problem with the fork or more accurately the handlebars. There were some kind of bearings which had worn out. Moreover one had been mounted the wrong way and we had to change all the crowns in front and behind.

It may be that the bamboo bike seemed very solid but it was incredible what they have tried to sell Matteo on the way. Ok, so maybe the Masai blanket could be compressed, but a bag of oranges and of sweet potatoes of 20 kg ... really no. 'Look there is still space' the lady at the market was saying while pointing on top of the wrapper which holds the tent, sleeping bag and mat. A child who ran after bike on top of a uphill said 'Please carry me at home.' 'Where should I put you?' 'There!' he said, pointing with his straight arm and the forefinger the tent again. Maybe from the





High Profile Adventure Camp

&

Lightning Strikes Adventure Race

March 22 - 24, 2013

YMCA Camp Benson, Mount Carroll, Illinois

Professional instruction and extensive practice on rappelling, ascending, and traversing fixed ropes, mountain biking, rock climbing, land navigation, canoe paddling, and other workshops. Adventure racing legend and Best Selling Author, Robyn Benincasa will be attending and instructing! The camp concludes with the Lightning Strikes 8 hour sprint adventure race.

The cost is only \$225.00/adult or \$112.50/child for the full camp or \$150.00/person for the race only. Full camp cost includes all instruction and practice, 2 night accommodations in ALL NEW CABINS, 3 meals, ropes and rigging, Robyn's award winning keynote presentation, and a 4 or 8 hour sprint adventure race.

Interested? Go to: www.thethunderrolls.org/camp.html for more information.

The camp is presented by:



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outside it seems a comfortable saddle.

The first Ethiopian uphill together with its 'curious' children were welcomed with a smile. Many had warned us against these children who throw stones at cyclists and cars too, but our first impressions were positive. Ethiopian children are the most curious. Whilst a Kenyan or Tanzanian child would have never thought to come touch the bicycle, these children had no problem and they touched the gear, the speedometer, and the panniers. Luckily the rock throwers were a minority. Groups of children encouraged Matteo, others clapped their hands, almost all ran after bike

with an irresistible curiosity for the panniers. Unfortunately many of these children work, and often they run after the bike cheerfully with the utensils of their jobs. Sickles, sticks, ropes, and two who were nailing some planks with hammers - luckily they did not throw them!

Goodbye Ethiopia, welcome Ramadan! The bamboo bike entered Sudan during the religious day of fasting and the welcoming of the Sudanese people was



unforgettable. They do their best for the guest, who was Matteo in this case. He was always invited to join the end of Ramadan meal on long carpets with lime juice to drink, carcadè and ilu mur o abre, which means 'sweet not sweet.' A tea prepared with seven local spices which convey this 'sweet not sweet' taste and was very thirst quenching. Then dates and lentils, quiches with milk creams and legumes. Despite what you may imagine, the people did not stuff themselves. They ate fast but soberly, prayed and moved on to the coffee and narghilé. The Sudanese nights on the desert were spent under a glorious sky. After a day of cycling in the terrible heat with the wind blowing in our face like a hairdryer, these were probably the best nights of the ride.

Egypt was a fast ride, the Paralympics were just days away, so up along the West bank of the Nile went the bamboo bike and Matteo, 979 km in eight days!

Once in Europe ... at the end it was Torino, Val di Susa, Moncenisio, Albertville, Calais to take Matteo to the final destination: London!



Wandering Around the Wonders of the Catskills

by Troy Farrar

We spent a week wandering around the Catskill region of New York and were able to find enough activities to rank this area as a perfect spot for a family adventure. The week was filled with stunning sights and fantastic options for daily outings. We highly recommend the following local attractions.

Kerhonkson

Kelder's Farm

Enjoy a great day at Kelder's Farm which has been in operation since 1836. The farm offers a host of attractions such as pick your own fruits & vegetables, hay rides, corn



maze, animal feeding area, mini golf, a jumping pillow, a playground and you can even milk a cow at the farm. The store has drinks, produce, jellies and a variety of other products to choose from. Don't forget to take a picture with the world's largest garden gnome before you leave! www.

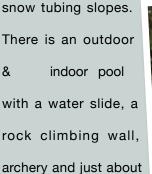


Pine Grove Ranch & Family Resort

Pinegrove Ranch is a family wonderland where you can make memories that will last a lifetime. They have just about any activity you can imagine including

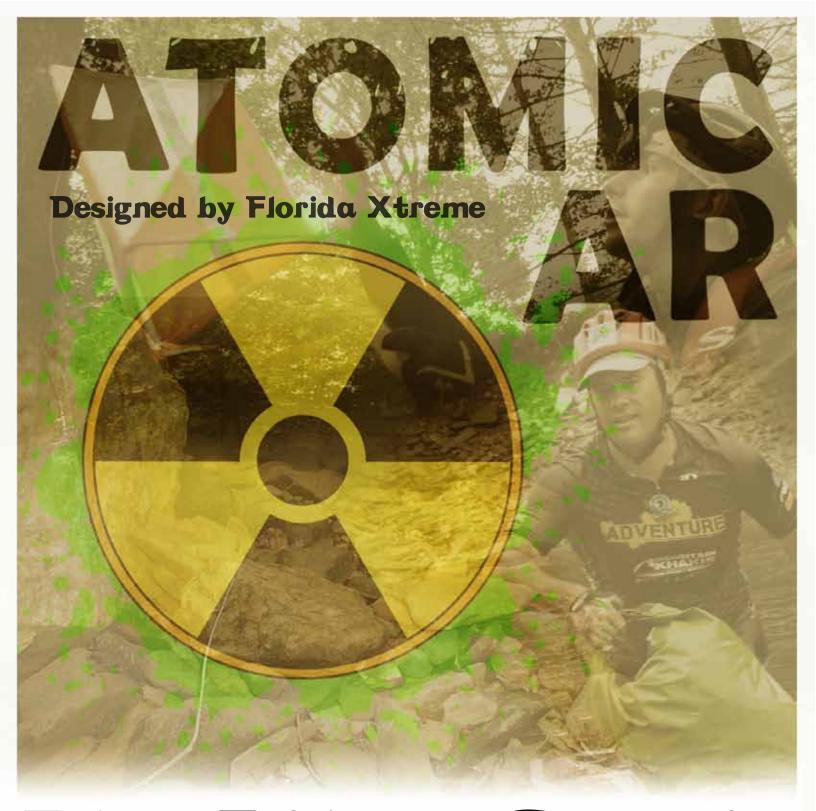
horseback riding, hay rides, a petting zoo, fishing & paddle

boats and even ski & snow tubing slopes. indoor pool





any tradition ball sport court or field you can imagine. The biggest problem you will have is packing all of the activities you want to do into the time you have at the ranch. www. pinegroveranch.com



Blue Ridge, Georgia

May 18-19 2013

30 Hour Elite - 5 Hour Sport

www.PangeaAdventureRacing.com/atomic



New Paltz

Water Street Market

WoodStock

Woodstock



The town of Woodstock has an eclectic collection of shops, galleries and fine dining. Spend the day wandering through the shops or sipping coffee at an outdoor café. There is an ever changing selection of festivals, plays, and art openings as well as many outdoor activities including excellent hiking.

www.woodstockguide.com

The Water Street Market features over 20 unique shops ranging from antiques, toys, arts and crafts, fashions, food and gifts. There are several restaurants, a candy shop and a coffee shop in the market. The open air shopping village is a great place to relax for a cup of Joe while perusing the shops for that special treasure.

www.waterstreetmarket.com



New York

Statue Cruises

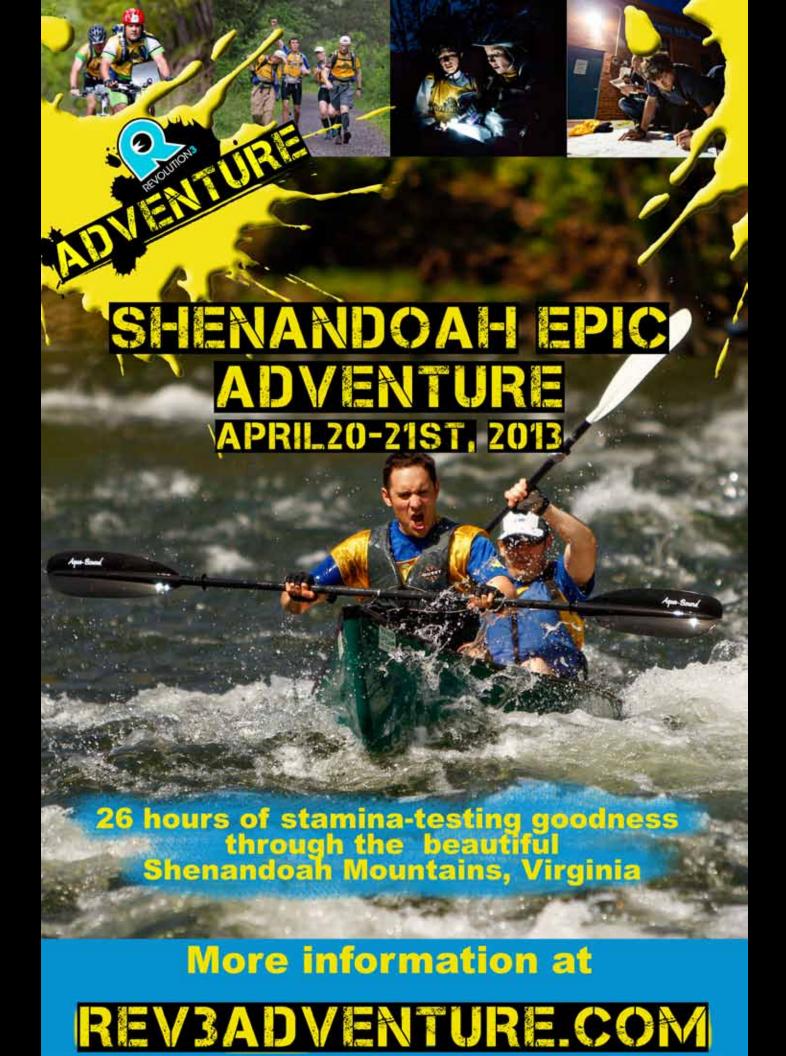
No visit to the New York City area is complete without a trip to two of the world's most famous historical landmarks — the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. Take a trip back in time as you go through the exhibits at the Ellis Island Immigration Museum, the entry point for a majority of the original US immigrants. From there, climb aboard the



ferry to Liberty Island and the Statue of Liberty. The crown has just been reopened so you can actually go into the crown and experience the amazing views. Statue Cruises offers departures throughout the day from both New York and New Jersey and a free audio tour is included in the ticket price.

www.statuecruises.com





Hoboken, New Jersey

Washington Street

Washington Street is Hoboken's historic hub of community activity. They have done a great job of preserving the street's



the Carlos Bakery from the reality show

www.visitnj.org/hoboken

Cake Boss.

historic character and it was named one of the 10 great streets in America. Washington Street is a continuous string of Unique, independently-owned shops, outdoor cafés, world-class restaurants, and street fairs that attract a crowd who create a vibrant urban mix of activity and street life. Get up early if you want to visit



You can change the lives of children.

Many kids never leave their own neighborhood to enjoy the beauty of nature. That's why we started Trips for Kids, a national non-profit organization that provides mountain bike rides and environmental education for disadvantaged youth. You can start

a Trips for Kids chapter in your area. We'll assist you,

at no charge, by supplying bikes, helmets and support ... based on 20+ years of experience.

www.tripsforkids.org | info: 415.458.2986 | national@tripsforkids.org

Start or Fund a "Trips For Kids" Program!

Make a Difference: www.tripsforkids.org

"Trips For Kids has changed kids. I saw it over and over again — every trip I took with my students."























Kingston

Suite Dreams

Suite Dreams is a fantastic boutique hotel located in the heart of the historic uptown stockade district. The spacious rooms are nicely decorated and there is even a rooftop

balcony. There are tons of shops and restaurants all within walking

distance, including Dominicks's which is just downstairs. Take a walking tour through

the stockade district and visit the Old Dutch Church, the Senate House and several pre-revolutionary houses and cemeteries.

www.suitedreamskingstonny.com

Dominicks

Dominick's is a cozy café that just gives you that comfortable



feeling of being at home the instant you walk through the door.They serve fabulous, made from

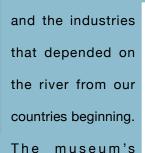
scratch baked goods, soups and sandwiches all borrowed

from their grandmother's kitchen. This is the place for a wonderful home cooked breakfast or for an afternoon latte. www.dominickscafe.com

Hudson River Maritime

Museum

The Hudson River Maritime Museum is a fascinating place to spend the afternoon. Learn the history of the Hudson River



collection contains historic photographs, ship models, artifacts and lots of actual boats. There are several interactive activities for

www.hrmm.org

sized tug boat.







Forsyth Nature Center

The Forsyth Nature Center is a perfect place to spend the day. The Nature Center has been a fixture in the Kingston

Community since 1936 and continues to grow and expand.



The center features 24 animal exhibits and a dozen gardens that contain a variety of native flora. Be sure to visit the playground which has one of the

largest wooden play forts in New York.

www.forsythnaturecenter.org

Dutch Reformed Church

The Old Dutch Church was founded in 1659 and is

by many architectural authorities





to be one of the most beautiful in the country. It is a stunning cathedral with roots back to our countries origin. The cemetery is the last resting place for George

Clinton and over 70 revolutionary war veterans.

www.olddutchchurch.org

Ellensville

Honor's Haven Resort & Spa

Honor's Haven is a luxurious resort & spa tucked away on the 250 acres between



the Catskill and Shawangunk

Mountains. There are a lot of activities you can choose while staying at Honor's Haven such as golf, indoor & outdoor pools, indoor & outdoor tennis, basketball, hiking, boating & fishing, and even a synthetic ice skating rink. At the end of the day enjoy a trip to the spa or the movie room and a fantastic meal.

www.honorshaven.com AW

USARA Adventure Race National Championship

Nashville, Indiana October 4-5, 2013

Sunshine Sea to Sea	2/14/13	Crystal River, FL
Eco Lonestar	3/09/13	Dallas, TX
Lightning Strikes	3/24/13	Mt. Carroll, IL
Backpacker Bushwhacker AR	TBA	Ville Platte, LA
Blue Ridge Mountain AR	4/13/13	Blue Ridge, GA
The Breakdown	4/13/13	The Breaks, VA
Rev3 Epic AR	4/20/13	Front Royal, VA
The Boonecrusher	4/27/13	Boone, IA
May Day at Wayway	TBA	Way Way, NY
Yough Xtreme Adventure Race	4/27/13	Ohiopyle, PA
MISSION AR	5/11/13	Brownstown, IN
Wild Wonderful AR	5/18/13	Oak Hill, WV
Atomic AR	5/19/13	Blue Ridge, GA
Longest Day and Night AR	6/01/13	New Paltz, New York
Crux and Crucible	6/08/13	Couer d Alene, ID
24 Hours of Untamed New England	6/21/13	Laurel River Lake, KY
Sheltowee Extreme 5	July	South Central, KY
Equinox Traverse Adventure Race	7/12/13	Hidden Valley, PA
Alaska AR Regional Championship	7/13/13	Anchorage, AK
Rev3 Cowboy Tough	7/18/13	Casper, WY
Greenridge Adventure Challenge	7/20/13	Flintstone, MD
Odyssey One Day AR	7/20/13	VA
Krista Griesacker	TBA	Hamburg, PA
The Bitter Pill	August	Vermont
Tahoe Big Blue	August	Lake Tahoe, CA
Expedition Idaho	8/11/13	Kellogg, Idaho
Lionhart/ECARS Championship	8/17/13	Ohiopyle, PA
Thunder Rolls	8/24/13	Mt. Carroll, IL
The Shag	TBA	New Jersey
Terra Firma	Sept	Burnet, TX
Wilderness Challenge	10/10/13	Yorktown, VA
Red River Gorge/The Fig	11/02/13	Slade, Kentucky







PRESENTED BY:







Regional Sponsorship

The first place coed team from each regional qualifying race will receive a \$400.00 sponsorship, provided by the regional qualifying race, to be applied to the team's entry fee for the 2013 USARA Adventure Race National Championship™.