

Adventure World

magazine

Along the Runway

Glacier Snowboard and
Ski Mountaineering Expedition

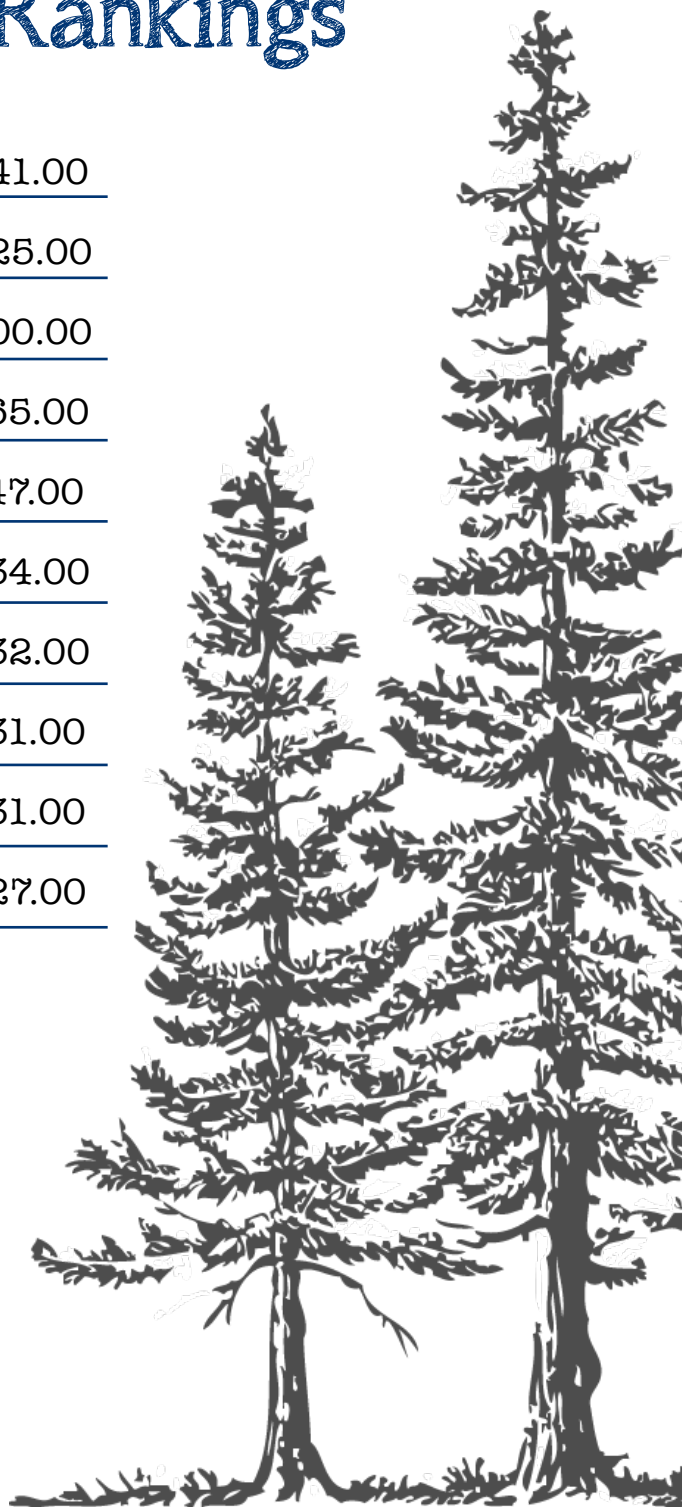
The Great White Continent
Amazing Maasai Ultra
It's Not the Shoes



2013 July

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2	Checkpoint Zero	225.00
3	Odyssey Adventure Racing	200.00
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7	GOALS ARA	132.00
8	Team SOG	131.00
9	Howler Monkeys	131.00
10	Rib Mountain Racing	127.00



articles:

- 04 Frozen boots in Patagonia
10 Amazing Maasai Ultra
14 It's Not the Shoes
17 The Rainforest of Guyana
24 Along the Runway
Glacier Snowboard and Ski Mountaineering Expedition
35 BC Bike Race Visits Jamaica
44 2013 USARA Adventure Race National Championship
47 The Great White Continent
And How it Made Me a "Cool Kid"
54 Gear Reviews
57 From Meek to Mighty
Adventures of the Linda O.



FROZEN BOOTS *in* PATAGONIA

by Jack Viney



Sharp and intimidating, the unearthly spires of the Cordillera del Paine pierce the skyline, jagged and black against a bright orange sunset.

We cast down our packs and dig out the head torches we'll need in a few minutes to pitch the tent. It's been a long afternoon trudging in deep snow to reach the Paine Grande campsite but before the work begins we take time to watch the sun drop behind the mountains and to feel the sudden chill of a southern Andes winter evening.

The famous national park of Torres del Paine in Patagonia is a mecca for summer walkers and rock climbers, with a network of trails fanning out from several vantage points making it possible to explore the glacial valleys, sub-Antarctic woodlands and alpine landscapes.

In winter, when deep snow closes many of the park facilities and sub-zero temperatures freeze the lakes and cover the tracks with a treacherous glazing of ice, the popular four-day "W" circuit becomes a challenging and rewarding experience.

I'm there with my Tasmanian cousin Meg and over the following five days, we discover that ambitious intentions and a tolerance for cold gives us a winter walk we will never forget.





The sun slowly rises, filtered by the frozen tent fly – it initiates our morning warm-up ritual. The nights are long and cold – 15 hours of darkness takes some getting used to and I discover that Meg snores louder when the temperature drops below -10 degrees Celsius. After a night like that, our boots are frozen, what's left in my drink bottle is frozen, in fact everything capable of freezing is frozen solid.

The roar of my MSR stove means hot coffee and a warm bowl of oats. Filling up

the thermos with hot water is essential for the day. We pack up and leave camp, only shared with the field mice that have a habit of making midnight raids on high-hanging food stashes in the tree above our tent – it means a frantic, bleary-eyed counter strike to save the all-important treats that are essential to our winter mission.

The day's walking is spectacular, following a route that takes us up the side of Valle del Francés, overlooking the twisted glacier snaking down from the headwalls. Standing on the ridge looking down at the glacier and up towards



the sheer cliff faces of cold blue ice and tortured granite, we hear a loud cracking that signals a large overhanging cornice is giving in to gravity.

There is a moment of silence before the huge, car-sized block of snow hits the glacier, triggering a large avalanche that roars down the valley below us, leaving a plume of powder swirling violently. The immense force of nature puts into perspective our small and insignificant presence in this environment.

“I think it’s time for some chocolate and coffee,” Meg chirps from behind me. It’s amazing how good instant coffee can taste in certain situations. Sitting on our packs for a break, we notice some large paw prints appearing out of thick alpine vegetation, meandering over the snow and down the track ahead.

Pumas are very rare in the park but these are no doubt from a puma on the move. As the kilometers count down we continue to follow the perfectly-placed animal tracks.

..... *Park Access*

Access to the Torres del Paine National Park boundary is around a 1 hour drive from Puerto Natales, local shuttle services can be arranged for both directions. Over the summer months people flock to the park to walk the “W” circuit. There are regular transport services and good infrastructure, with comfortable refugias for non-campers and ferry services on the lake. In winter all the park services shut down, the refugias close and getting a ride to the park boundary is a challenge in itself, but the park remains open. The mountains of the Cordillera are spectacular, glaciers are at their finest, the lake shores are covered in snow and the campgrounds are empty, so if you are prepared, a winter trip is well worth the extra effort.





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You can sense the ease with which the puma moves through the snowy landscape – it's a stark contrast to our tentative, slip-ready approach to winter travel.

Once you've seen the park in its winter glory, it's hard to imagine what things would look like in the summer. We have not shared a campsite since departing; in fact we haven't seen a single person since leaving civilization. But Meg, who has worked in the area in the high season, tells me that a summer experience includes campsites that become tent cities and ferries that tear up and down the lake, picking up day walkers and carrying trigger-happy, camera-toting tourists.

On our second last night, while laughing at Meg's polenta and rehydrated mushroom dinner creation, we are startled to hear voices coming towards us. For once I'm comforted to know we weren't the only group out here in the wilderness. The next few hours are spent drinking tea and eating fruitcake with four fellow adventurers, who had set out the day earlier and are tackling the circuit in the opposite direction.

In the morning, the Chilean guide leading the other party gives us some invaluable advice for the day's navigation and recommends a local micro-brewery back in Puerto Natales. He is amused and surprised to bump into us, declaring in his broken English that Meg and I definitely deserve cold beers and hot showers. We have no trouble agreeing with him, the thought motivates us to push on. **AW**



Amazing Maasai Ultra

Unique running adventure in
the Kenyan bush

by Bernhard Hagen



photos by Sarah Edson & Paul Ark

“The Amazing Maasai Ultra is a once-in-a-lifetime experience for runners of all standards looking for a unique African adventure.”

Kenya

Seventy nine international runners joined 190 Maasai, the world's most naturally talented endurance athletes, for Year 2 of Kenya's first and only ultra-marathon. Stretching 75km across north-west Kenya's open bush tracks, past grazing camels and zebras, and through Maasai villages standing at an altitude of 2,000m, The Amazing Maasai Ultra is a once-in-a-lifetime experience for runners of all standards looking for a unique African adventure.





In a dress and barefoot: raw running talent

In accurate reflection of the event's name, amazing achievements were seen from its runners this year. Kairuki Daniel blazed into first place in the hilly, high-altitude 42km marathon with a stunning time of 2:25:31, while Victor Wachira Miano completed the 75km ultra marathon in the record time of 4:57:07. The winner of the 21km race was Maasai local Lotarakwai Kekurusi, who stormed in at 1:15:24, and 15-year old Samina Lekilit, who ran in a dress and barefoot, won the women's half marathon in just 1:43:00. Amongst the international runners, 13-year-old American Winter Vinecki placed third in the women's marathon, a fantastic achievement undertaken to help spread awareness of prostate cancer, which took her father's life, and raise funds for its research.



For the international runners, the challenge was not to keep pace with their lightning fast Kenyan counterparts, but to complete this demanding, hilly course in the African wilderness during the 12-hours of daylight available



before the cut-off time. Military-trained scouts from Kenya Wildlife Service tracked local wildlife throughout the race, ensuring the complete safety of runners. As they acclimatized to the altitude in the days before the race, international runners visited local schools and Maasai villages, danced with Maasai warriors and experienced a game drive and guided safari walks.

Amazing Girls Project

The charity run raised \$36,000 USD for the Amazing Maasai Girls Project, founded by the race directors to support Maasai girls' education. "The girls who receive our 4-year scholarships from the charity will be selected over the next three months, with criteria based on their primary school exam results, a written application and interview. They will then start high school in January 2013", explained race directors, Molly Fitzpatrick and Sarah Edson.

Last year, \$25,000 USD was raised from the race, which covered scholarships for 20 bright but disadvantaged girls from the area of the race. "In many of the Maasai villages here, girls are forced to get married at a very early age – sometimes as young as 13 or 14. We want to give more girls the chance to get a secondary education, empowering them to find employment and independence as adults", said Edson.

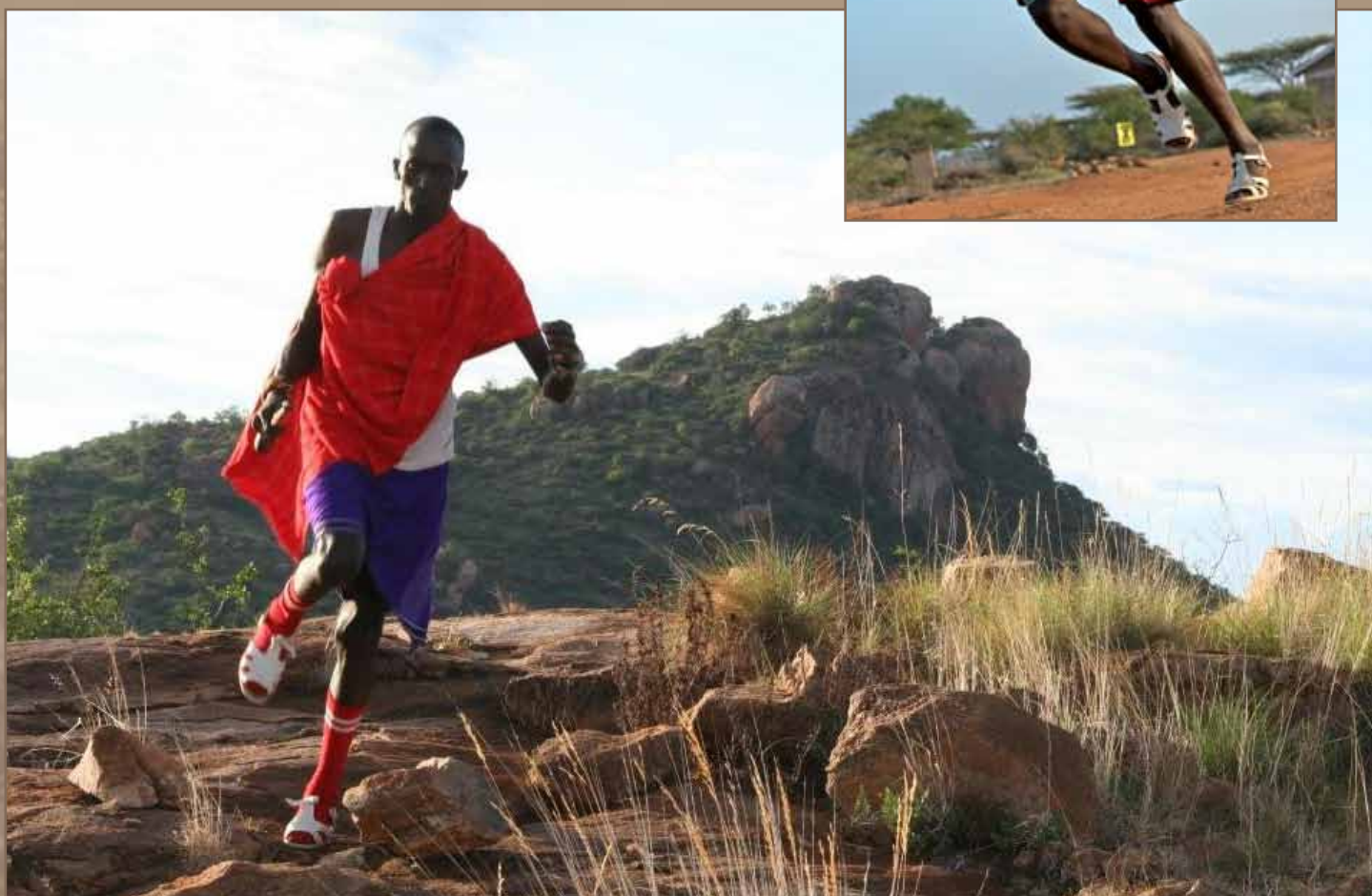
The third annual Amazing Maasai Ultra is scheduled to take place in the last week of September 2013. **AW**



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These runners have proven that hard work is the one true edge that technology cannot overcome - *it's not the shoes.* **AW**





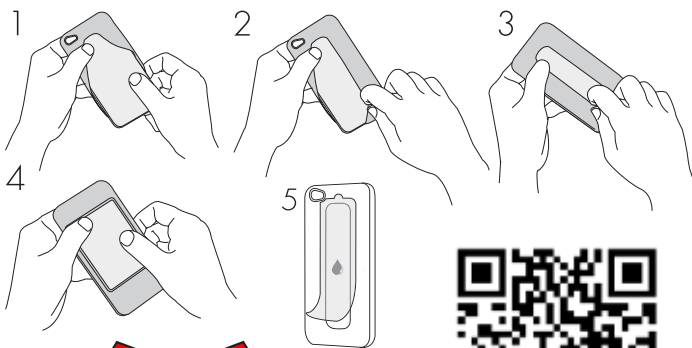
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THE RAINFOREST OF GUYANA

by B. Alison Richards

Welcome to the rainforest of Guyana, where you are greeted by lovely people who extend to you a warm, friendly and spontaneous energy, always eager to assist in any way possible. My recent travels to Guyana took me into the rainforest, where the Amerindian population is courteous and helpful and demonstrates a quality of shyness which is very magnetic to my outgoing spirit.

My experience was the epitome of rugged and adventurous travel. Like most other things in life, one has to relax and let go of any preconceptions when exploring the world in search of destination travel locations. Guyana's interior is not for the traveler who is a slave to the rhythm of designer luggage, umbrella drinks, the aqua colored beaches or the white sandy shorelines; the rainforest of Guyana is for the adventure tourist who can be just as comfortable in a pair of Wellies, courageous with the natural pull of the rapids, confident with the trickling sweat of a mountain hike,



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resilient with the bumpy Land Rover ride into the verdant environment, and relaxed with the natural woody smell of a wide assortment of indigenous trees emanating from the heart of a dense forest. It is a niche travel destination that offers the exposure to a simple authenticity which cannot be duplicated in any other part of the region.

Guyana is a small South American nation, nestled to the east by Suriname to the south and southwest by Brazil, to the west by Venezuela and the north by the Atlantic Ocean. It was previously a colony of the United Kingdom and

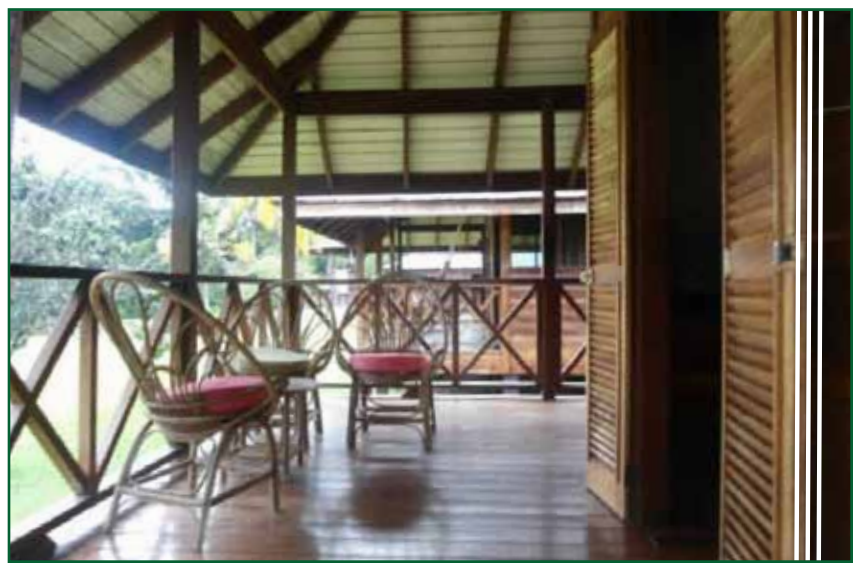


is currently a sovereign state on the northern coast of South America; it is the only South American country that is culturally a part of the Anglophone Caribbean, and one of the few Caribbean countries that is not an island. The population of Guyana is less than one million, comprised of six distinct ethnic groups and an interesting melting pot of mixed race people. Guyana is also famously known for the Kaieteur Falls, the

highest single drop waterfall in the world, which is five times higher than Niagara Falls.

Getting to the rainforest of Guyana overland is a long and challenging journey; we traveled for 10 hours by Land Rover into a lush environment that is still very intact with unique vegetation and exotic wildlife. A large percentage of this environment is preserved and managed by Iwokrama International Research Center, an eco-friendly facility which offers teaching seminars, biodiversity research and some nature lovers' tourist packages. The mission of the Iwokrama International Center is to promote the conservation, the sustainability and the equitable use of this tropical rain forest in a manner that will lead to lasting ecological, economic and social benefits to the people of Guyana and to the world in general, by undertaking research, training and the development and dissemination of technologies.

My first impression of the facility was a favorable one. I felt an innate curiosity as all the material



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trappings of a cosmopolitan environment melted from my state of mind. My spirit opened up to the challenges ahead and I was readily able to embrace whatever lay in store for me in this unfamiliar territory.

The environment is the perfect location for the outdoor nature lover types. There is river rafting, mountain climbing and walking high atop a canopy bridge that is 32 meters above the forest, and spans 150 meters in length. You will become fascinated by the loud roar of the howling monkeys, then an effortless transition to complete stillness of an open forest and then a sudden switch to the spiritual tranquility of a running stream. You find yourself captivated by all these different elements which seem to work in perfect harmony in this natural and organic environment of the rainforest.



The accommodations at Iwokrama International Center are comfortable and the meals are served in a timely fashion, three times daily. There are tours provided to visit some of the nearby Amerindian villages and a hike to the top of one of the many mountain ranges, Turtle Mountain, which stands at 985 feet high, for those who are able to rise to this rugged challenge. The view from above this mountain is breathtaking and spiritual.

My experience at Iwokrama International Research Center, was the ultimate eco-tourism adventure; it provided a unique perspective and a heightened spirituality like no other. For more information on how to enjoy this type of eco-adventure, please contact Dr. Raquel Thomas-Caesar at www.iwokrama.org.

We then stumbled upon the lovely Rockview Lodge, which is one of the eco-resorts in the Amerindian village of

Annai , in the northern Rupununi Savannahs of Guyana. This resort is owned and operated by Colin Edwards, an Englishman, who has had a long and professional relationship with Guyana since he visited Guyana as an agricultural volunteer in 1969, and decided to make Guyana his home. Rockview Lodge provides a relaxing atmosphere with lots of modern amenities that make for a very comfortable vacation stay. There is an airstrip on the premises which facilitates the convenience for air travel in and out of the area and the atmosphere is very inviting. Our stay at this location was very brief but I had a positive feeling about its surroundings. This lodge may be reached by air or road from Georgetown and Brazil (Boa Vista and Bon Fin). For more information visit www.rockviewlodge.com.

My sojourn also took me to some lovely river resorts along the majestic rivers in Guyana. The Essequibo River, which is the third longest river in South America, is home to many beautiful resorts dotted along its coastline.



Hurakabra River Resort is one of the beautiful resorts located on the Essequibo River. It has a wonderfully open and welcoming feeling. The guests are greeted with the sounds of Caribbean music, a tropical drink and gracious hospitality. This venue is delightful for a family vacation or a weekend jaunt with close friends. There are hammocks strung along the open verandah and a Jacuzzi for soaking after a hike to the nearby Barakara Falls, which is a part

of the tour package. The owner, Gem Madhoo, is a most gracious hostess who took the time out to prepare a fresh and delicious dinner, replete with fine wines and delectable dessert.

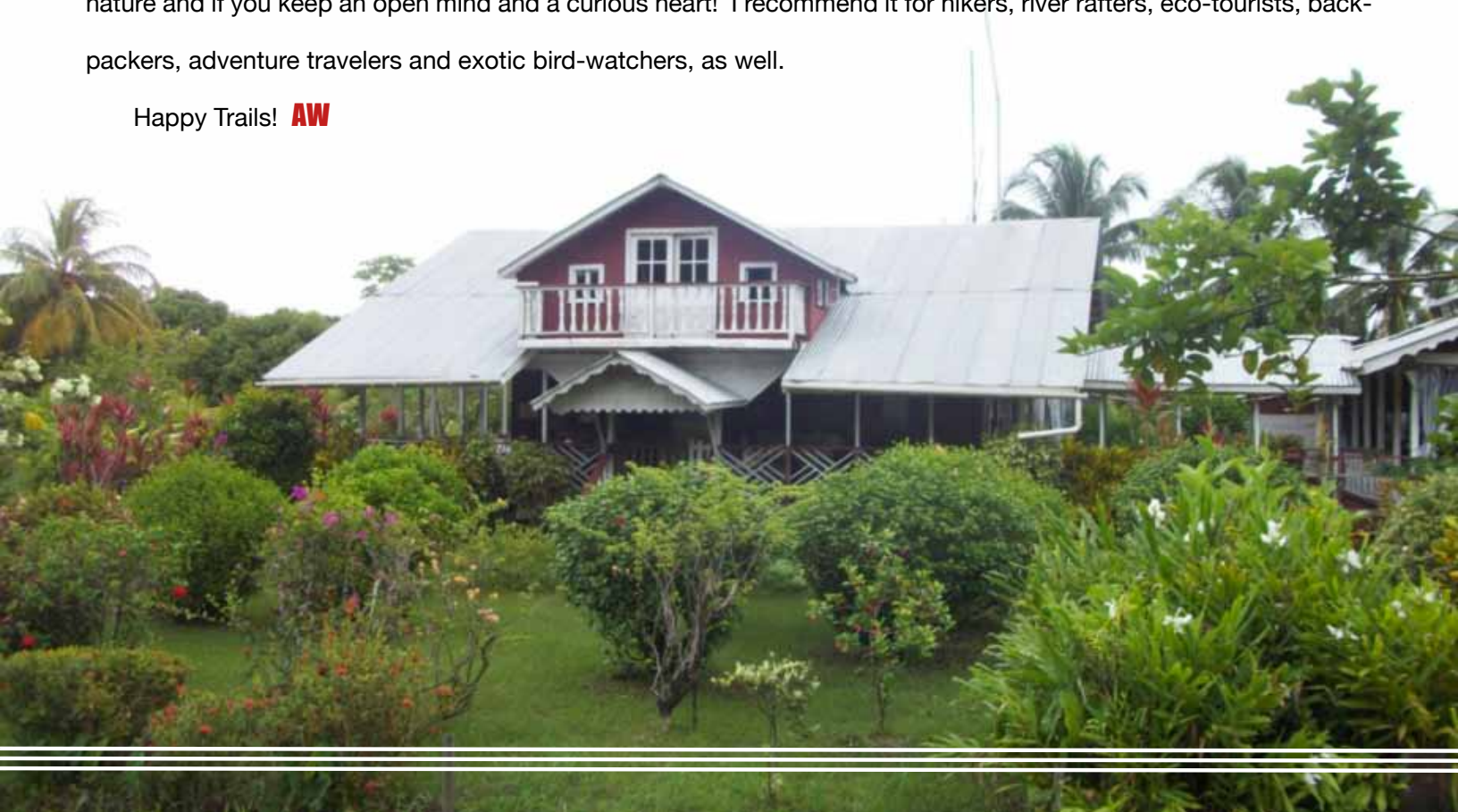
I then traveled along to the Pomeroon River, another magnificent waterway, where I was welcomed at Adel's Eco Resort, an enchanting oasis of botanical splendor. This resort is quite enchanting; it is a lovely and relaxing respite for a family getaway, a weekend get-together with close friends, or a place to just retreat for a quiet and meditative reprieve from the world. This lush and elegant ambiance gives way to a serenity and sense of peacefulness that is priceless.

The food at this location was very healthy, simple and delicious and the urge to suggest enjoying a breakfast on the outdoor boardwalk that overlooks the mysterious Akawani Creek was too much for me to resist. Adel's Eco Resort sits at the confluence of the Pomeroon River and Akawini Creek, which opens itself to a fascinating and alluring ambiance that captivates the visitor with a curious impulse to explore its surroundings. For more information contact the owner/manager, Zena Bone at www.adelresort.com.

Guyana is definitely the destination for niche travel; the backpacker, the adventure tourist and the eco-tourist will revel in its unspoiled and mostly unexplored terrain and the friendly tour operators are eager to do their best to attract the open-minded tourist.

The Government of Guyana has an obligation to become more involved and committed to enhancing an infrastructure that will encourage and support more ecotourism. This is a tourist destination like no other if you love nature and if you keep an open mind and a curious heart! I recommend it for hikers, river rafters, eco-tourists, backpackers, adventure travelers and exotic bird-watchers, as well.

Happy Trails! **AW**



Along the Runway

Glacier Snowboard and Ski Mountaineering Expedition

by Michaela Precourt



photos by Dylan Cembalski & KT Miller

“I need it to be 1000 feet by 20 feet, the longer the better” said Drake on the Satellite phone. Expeditions are about the most unpredictable means of adventure I am involved in quite frequently these days. Drake Olsen, our bush plane pilot, was explaining to me how long and wide we would have to engineer a runway for him to land on the glacier. Three of our group members were leaving us that day; we spent the day orchestrating the best escape for them.

Expeditions are indeed unpredictable, but they are also mentally and physically draining. I have been leading expeditions for the past five years and have been a part of them for past seven. They demanding in every way. Personal expeditions are especially difficult, because there fine line. While guiding there is a line with students and clients that they can't cross and as leader you have control over. But with friends it is really hard to negotiate that line, especially with friends that are not familiar with a new activity.



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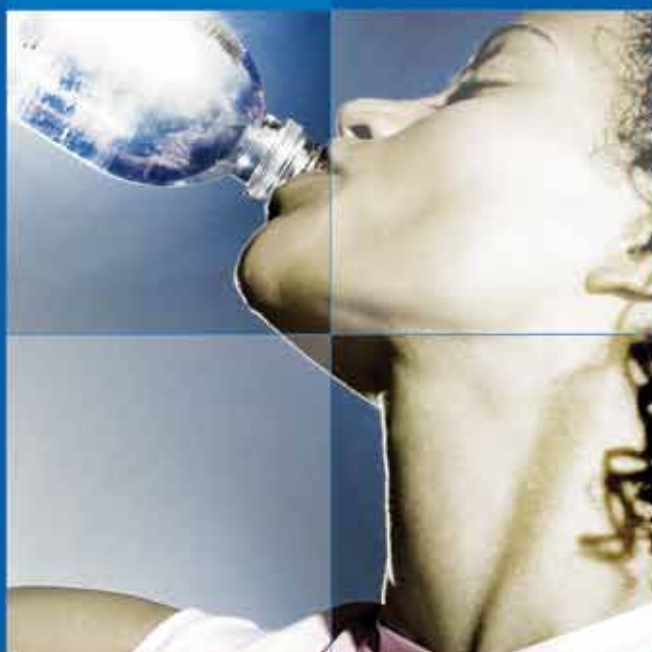
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In the backcountry you are constantly battling with the balance of pushing yourself and staying “safe”. The challenge with expeditions is that you are not alone, typically. You are no longer balancing just your own goals and safety, you are also managing your teammates; and coming up with common ground among everyone.



I am not from Alaska, but for the past few winter seasons it has been home to me. I have wanted to venture to southeast Alaska for the past three years to snowboard; I told myself this year that I was going to go no matter what. As I was driving back from work a couple summers ago with Austin Gibney, I mentioned this pipe dream to him. He seemed intrigued. This trip would be one of my first personal big risk expeditions I was to put together alone, and I had my work cut out for me.

Along the way I was really lucky to have help from past sponsors and family, to ease the stress of planning an expedition on my own. Many times throughout the winter I thought this trip was never going to happen, but somehow on April 2, 2012 I was flying to Alaska. The food was packed and shipped. I did not own all the gear needed for the trip so I reached out to Mountain Hardware, Spark R&D, Wild Alpine, and friends. Over the winter the team had grown and shrunk many times, but now the team was to be assembled of a mix of guides, athletes, filmmakers, photographers, and friends. This sounded just right.

I arrived in Juneau Alaska approximately a week later on April 11, 2012. I took a short side trip to Valdez and Girdwood to say hi to some friends, check off some snowboarding goals, and whip my body into shape. It was a good

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homecoming and put me in a good mindset for the trip in Haines. I met Austin Gibney, Iris Lazz, Dylan Cembalski, and Ben Furimsky at the ferry terminal at 5am. We would meet the other two women; Laura Hadar and Lexi Dupont in Haines. The scenery we passed on the ferry was beautiful, full of peaks coming straight out of the water, white polished spines, and crevasses big enough to eat you alive, and flat calm waters to ease our way into the harbor. Upon our arrival we lost and gained a new member within hours; Lexi was no longer able to come with us, but we were fortunate to meet KT Miller who was able to join the expedition.

Logistics and preparations always seem to be the hardest part of expeditions. I knew once I was out on the glacier my mind would be at peace. The days prior to departure were filled with watching the weather, compiling gear, and selecting the right zone. A scout day with the plane was important to determine the right zone due to our lack of knowledge to this area. I needed to pick a zone that was appropriate to the skill level of my group and the spring melt that was occurring in Haines.

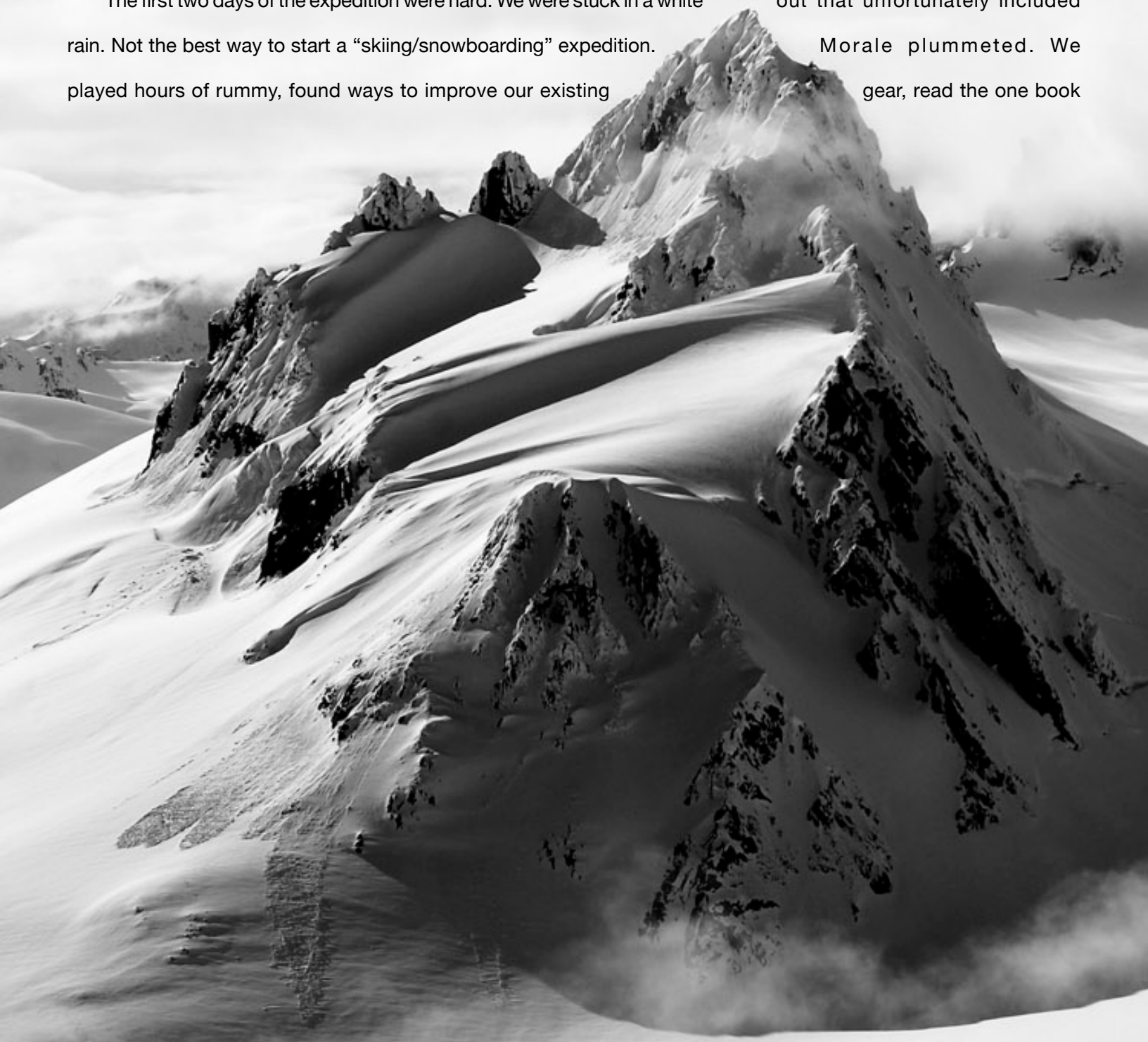
It was fly day, I was the first to fly out to the zone we had selected. “Is that really the ice? There is no way the snow is only two meters deep” said Drake and me. We had landed on the Muir Glacier, where I was figuring out where it was appropriate to set up camp. We were trying to determine the depth of the snow, by using a probe. Drake and I kept hitting a sticky layer within the snowpack, which was extremely stubborn. If that layer was the blue ice beneath the winter snowpack that would mean the snow above the blue ice



was only two meters deep. This is extremely thin. Drake and I were puzzled by this theory; we dug a pit down to that layer. To our discovery, it was just a stubborn ice layer with more snow beneath it. “Thank goodness” I stated. Drake decided this glacier would be okay for landing and take-off. As soon as I said I agreed he was in the sky flying away.

I was left on the glacier by myself, nothing but glacier, mountains, and endless blue sky surrounding me. In one direction I could see the sea in the other endless mountains. I have never had this sensation of complete silence and peace. I was 26 miles away from Haines, about a 35 minute plane ride. I literally only had the satellite phone and the group gear. This moment brought tears to my eyes, I was here. All the logistics and preparations to get here; was completely worth it.

The first two days of the expedition were hard. We were stuck in a white out that unfortunately included rain. Not the best way to start a “skiing/snowboarding” expedition. Morale plummeted. We played hours of rummy, found ways to improve our existing gear, read the one book



we brought, ate, drank bottomless cups of tea and slept. Being tent-bound is pretty typical on expeditions in Alaska, and I was already accustomed to that. However, I was hoping it would happen later in the trip.

“Is it blue? Iris asked as I peered out of tent, “YES!” It was our first blue bird day and what a great present as it happened to be my birthday too! After a lesson on glacier travel, we roped up and left camp. We wanted to scope potential ski runs and finally move our legs. “I am so glad that Iris, Laura, and Ben are showing competency in glacier travel and safety, it is putting my mind to ease. Today I was surrounded by beautiful peaks, blue skies, and ear to ear smiles.”(Journal entry) Unfortunately the ski down was far from good. Due to the warm weather and time of day, the ski was horrible. “I swear I know how to ski” became the phrase of the decent. But in spite of the conditions we kept a positive attitude throughout the day, it was nice to see a change of attitude. Morale had lifted.

A day later we were back on the snow skinning to our next objective. That day we split the group into women and men. KT Miller put the skin track up to the base of the couloir. This woman is amazing; at a mere 21 years old she is already on her way to being one of the next best women mountaineers of her time. We decided to ski this north facing couloir off one of the main peaks. We strapped our skis and snowboards to our packs and I started boot packing up this couloir. KT shouted out “its 58 degrees, woohoo!” it was definitely steep. The snow was firm, I was able to get good foot placement as I ascended. The snow didn’t really improve as we climbed, so the ascent became the excitement. We got to the top of our peak, which was the size of a small kitchen table, with 360 degree views. Everyone was completely high on life, full of smiles, and wedged onto this small platform.

The next morning we called Drake on our daily call. He informed us there was a major storm system moving into our zone. Based on this information three members decided to leave, and over the duration of the day we became runway engineers. Gasps and “Oh No” was the expression as Drake landed on our runway, the snow had soften so much it didn’t matter how flat our runway was. Drake being an experienced pilot was able to make do with what we created. Dylan Cembalski, KT Miller, and Laura Hadar had left. And then there were four.

I looked towards the sea; a huge storm was rolling in fast. We did everything we could to improve our tent site that afternoon. Two hours later we already had six inches of snow on the ground, I have never seen snowflakes that big. It was a full on white out, but this time with snow. That day became a constant battle of keeping the tents brushed off and staying dry. At times it was snowing two inches and hour; the trip had changed once again. We were supposed to get picked up in four days; we were starting to think that wasn’t going to happen. The following morning we awoke to two feet of snow on the ground. That day we had our hands full of uncovering tents and remaking our campsite. The snow continued to fall, until that evening. The next day the clouds parted and the sun started to shine through. We were eager to see how the snow was behaving with this new load. Based on our extended column test and how the

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snow was reacting; we decided to ski a small north facing shot. It was the first powder turns of the trip.

We were able to snowboard and ski one last time, early the next morning before we got picked up by Drake. We were fortunate to have decent snow on the runway and no improvements needed to be made. Iris and I were the first to leave, as we took off the memories of the trip flashed back through my head and new ideas for the future ones. As we flew through the last mountain pass into town, Drake turned to me and through the radio asked “Was it worth it?” I didn’t really have to think about it. I answered him a resounding and predictable “Oh yeah!” **AW**





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JAMAICA

by Connor MacLeod & Andreas Hestler

Jamaica is an amazing place to escape to while the rain and snow hammer Vancouver and the trails at home in BC. In the spring of 2012 a posse of riders: Dean Payne, Andreas Hestler, Darren Butler and Connor Macleod signed up for the Jamaica Fat Tire Festival, a guided tour that would take them deep into the lesser known parts of an amazing destination.

This crew of riders collected under the BC Bike Race banner rolled out for an amazing bike adventure. It was as much about camaraderie and experiencing another culture as it was about escaping the foul weather of our dark BC winters.

The chance to be guided on the ground by locals and explore off the beaten path in a destination like Jamaica was simply too much of a good offer, so while the weather did it's thing at home we journeyed south and east to the amazing island of Jamaica.

Mountain biking is an amazing connector – it brings people together and unites different cultures under one experience. We all share the same passion for exploration whether our backyard or abroad, mountain bikes are our vehicle of choice to take us into the wild and beyond.



Welcome to Jamaica. As we waited in the open night air at the airport for our bus to Ocho Rios on the West side of the island, we bucked down to our flip flops and shorts and met our new friend Red Stripe. A few short hours later we awoke to our first daylight views of Jamaica and bright colors were what greeted our eyes. From dreary BC rain to the vibrant colors of a Caribbean nation the contrast was shocking.

The Bike Bash. We rode our bikes out of Ocho Rios and over to James Bond beach, a small-enclosed park on a little finger of land completely surrounded by crystal clear blue water. Here on the green grass spit a running track would host numerous bike events: a criterium, the Rambo Olympics, the bunny hop competition and a skills relay course.



Many different types of bikes were present some with two wheels and some with only one but everyone was equally enthusiastic and the pool of talent was deep. These people were celebrating all things bike in their very own way. The heat of the Jamaica sun was building and so was the excitement of a critical mass of bikers sharing their unique style.





Hanging out on the grass with the awesome people and watching Darren go for it in the Rambo Olympics highlighted a perfect bike festival. Later there were trophies for the Champions and bragging rights given out for another year.



Sunburns, coconuts, Red Stripe, bright colors, bikes and great people with big smiles would be the norm for the next seven days.



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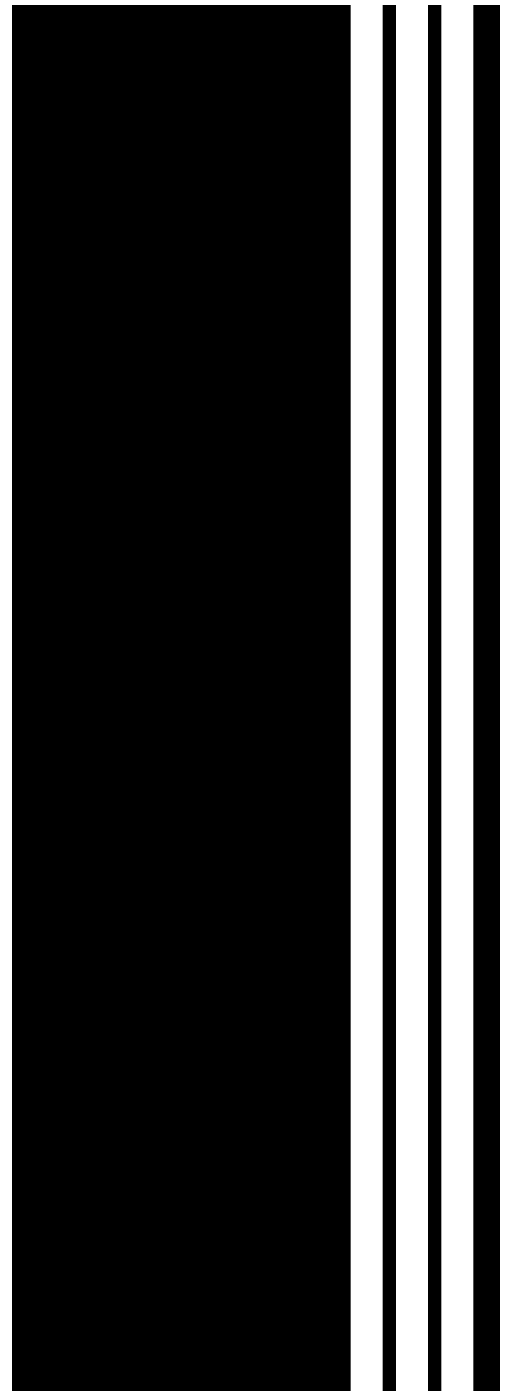
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Moving around the island we were taken to places that few tourists frequent, this is the beauty of adventure and working with local guides. We began to truly understand what Island life is like outside of the main thoroughfares.





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Jamaica is warm and friendly, and the green jungle gives and it takes. The people who we crossed paths with live with the land and the ocean, they were open and inviting and as inquisitive about us as we were of them.



Much of Jamaica is undeveloped and quiet, a perfect retreat and we felt right at home – escaping the urban jungle and the tourist compounds we found the true roots of Jamaica. It was not hard to think about Bob Marley and his Reggae and compare that to the modern Reggae that comes out of Kingston one of the toughest cities in the world.



Biking and Jamaica seemed like a perfect fit, the hot sun beat down on our sweat stained shoulders and the tour rolled on. One of those trips that you just don't want to stop, so easy to settle into the their relaxed lifestyle and so different to our North American ways. Getting there was as easy as Mexico or Hawaii and being amazed or astounded would not adequately describe our feelings.



Away from the cities, away from the rain we all found a little Jamaica in ourselves and set about getting 'Irie Man'. The Jamaican dialect was in and of itself a spectacular puzzle and led to many bouts of laughter as we tried to interpret what was being bandied about between the locals.



Strange monoliths of wealth sat in the most unusual places and beside them always bright colorful murals and the jungle reclaiming all that was left behind.

Back to Kingston via the back alleys and the grey meshing of rural and urban interfaces. Chickens everywhere remind us that our routine fare of Jerk Chicken from very spicy to just spicy, tossed in Scotch Bonnet sauce or not is something that rounds out the whole travel experience. From Jungles to beaches, smiles and murals, to endless potholes and the flavor of street smoked Jerk Chicken – Jamaica is an all encompassing experience that will take more than one visit to understand! **AW**



2013 USARA Adventure Race National Championship Nashville, Indiana – Brown County



The USARA is excited to announce that the 2013 USARA Adventure Race National Championship will be hosted in Nashville, Indiana which is located in Brown County.

Nashville was voted one of the top 10 coolest small towns in America and the mountain biking in Brown County has received numerous awards. Brown County features over 170,000 acres of forested land. With year-round recreation activities such as mountain biking, hiking, camping, canoeing, horseback riding, and more!

FAST, FUN, FLOW, Three words that describe one of the best-kept secrets of United States mountain biking. Designed from scratch by mountain bikers for mountain bikers, the Hoosier Mountain Bike Association has been hard at work building the best single track trails through some of the most beautiful back country in southern Indiana. With miles and miles of flowing trail, scenic vistas and amazing terrain Brown County has become a world-class mountain biking destination. Over twenty-five miles of pristine, winding single track, these trails have something for every level of rider. Whether you're a hiker, biker, or cross country runner you'll enjoy these expertly built, well maintained trails.

Bike Magazine named Brown County State Park one of the 33 best trail systems in North American. Bike Magazine also said that Brown County has "flowed-out berms, tight switchbacks and hand-built rock features that will leave you thinking you landed in Tsali or Canaan. Switchbacks? Plenty. Steep climbs? Just like the East Coast. Natural beauty? It's at an all-time high in the fall."



Brown County was recently named as part of the 2011 class of International Mountain Biking Association (IMBA) “Epic” mountain biking destinations. IMBA has only given the Epic trail designation to 57 different trail systems around the world. This 100-percent single track system travels through a beautiful Eastern hardwood forest with rolling hills, natural rock outcroppings, log crossing, creek crossing, hand-built bridges, and roller-coaster whoop-de-dooos. Put on your helmet, grab your hydration pack, hop on your bike and bike Brown County!

Dirt Rag Magazine wrote, “Hills, rocks, trees, roots. A place that reminds you why wheels turn. A place that reminds you that the grass isn’t always greener two states over.”

With one of the coolest towns in America as the back drop fantastic mountain bike trails as the star and fabulous terrain and waterways as the supporting cast we believe this will be a truly epic national championship course.

For more information visit USARANationals.com **AW**



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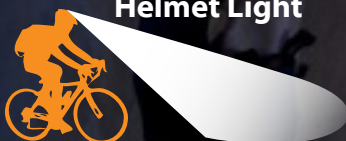
The Solite



The Solite proves that not all headlamps are created equal. Capturing the spirit of innovation and industrial design; the Solite effectively functions as a headlamp, a flashlight, a lantern, a bike light, and even a helmet light. At a mere 112 grams with up to 40 hours run time, the Solite offers more performance and features than any light on the market: regulated output, battery status indicator, Micro-USB rechargeable - this is the go-to light for your next adventure.



Headlamp



Helmet Light



Flashlight



Bike Light

The Great White Continent

AND HOW IT MADE ME A “COOL KID”

by Beth Conway

Antarctica's remote and rugged landscape has been tempting me for years. Working for an adventure travel company, this is an ongoing problem – temptation. Eat, sleep, breath incredible trips, people and places; it can get hard to stay focused on the daily to-do list and easy to daydream. Regarding the famous white continent, temptation came in all forms from its isolated landscape to its infamous history. But it was a video my co-worker, Jonathan, returned with from his Antarctica expedition that made me finally cave and book a trip--- a Minke whale nudging his zodiac in a maze of ice floes. Ok Antarctica, I get it. You win.

Antarctica holds the title of coolest, driest and windiest destination on earth. This is a place that has conquered history's most intrepid explorers, yet boasts a vulnerable environment that nurtures incredibly delicate wildlife. The contrast between the continent's cute, plush penguins and the precarious environment is thrilling. It is truly remarkable to be in the middle of this dynamic.

During our very first day on the Antarctic Peninsula, I was casually taking in the brilliance of Neko Harbor, when a mere 20 feet from me, a leopard seal snatched a swimming Gentoo Penguin in its teeth and thrashed it in the water.





A few disapproving squawks came from other Gentoos onshore, but by the time the leopard seal was moving along to his next endeavor, so had the alarmed penguins.

I quickly learned to expect the unexpected in Antarctica. There isn't time to let your guard down, because without a moment's notice a whale will breach. Or an albatross might decide to join you on deck and ride the ship-winds for a while. Or a house-size piece of ice will calve from a glacier, sending a rolling thunder of water to the shoreline.

You can, however, expect to take your time getting to and from the actual continent. My route took me from Missoula, MT to Denver to Atlanta to Buenos Aires to embarkation in Ushuaia, Argentina to 2-3 days at sea crossing the Drake Passage. I split up the journey with an extra few days in Ushuaia to do a little side trip to Tierra del Fuego National Park (just a hop-skip-and-jump away from Ushuaia) before getting my sea legs.

I opted for some extra excursions on my trip, like sea kayaking and onshore camping. Penguins – whose internal clocks seemed as confused as



our own by Antarctica's consistent summer sun – provided a noisy night sleep as I tried to hunker in for a night of camping on the great white continent. I've camped in the snow before, but the squawking penguins were definitely a new sensation.

A total of 10 passengers opted to do some exploring by sea kayak, and at least one was able to bring a lucky charm through customs. In one afternoon, the kayakers had up-close encounters with a humpback whale, her calf and a leopard seal, watched an iceberg break in two, and dodged a compression wave. Wow!

But it was a visit to a place called the Iceberg Graveyard that I continually reflect back on. Influenced by currents from the Ross Sea, this particular region consists of an abundance of the most alien, monstrous and mystical icebergs that seemed to have lost their way and accepted this lonesome inlet as their final resting place. I'm not quite sure exactly what it was about that day – something about the biting weather and the way it seemed to perform perfectly for exploring a place called the Iceberg Graveyard. The wind whipped over the water, distorting everything with

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an icy-mist. It was the kind of cold where it's hard to catch your breath. Carrying a handful of travelers, our zodiac navigated through this labyrinth of ice and water. We were in arms-reach of giant icebergs that boasted infinite shades of blues. I had lost sight of our ship long ago – consumed by the fog and blowing snow. I still have no idea how our guide was able to find the way back to the ship. I fidgeted with my cameras, but quickly gave up. This was a moment to enjoy in the now, not from behind a lens. I was cold, wet, vulnerable and totally exposed. Ah ha – so this is Antarctica. It was truly awesome. Back on the ship, dinner and whiskey warmed things up. That night, I slept hard and happy.

Antarctica is a place where it isn't about earning some adventurous bragging rights. Yes, I returned feeling a bit like one of the "cool" kids – after the polar plunge on Deception Island you can't help but do a little boasting. But for me the lasting impression was this trip, this experience, this remote place on the planet is a privilege to explore. I cannot wait to return.

*Antarctica travel reveals the dramatic extremes of a frozen continent. It holds the title of coldest, driest, windiest, and highest elevation on earth. A number of ships ply the Antarctic waters, from Russian icebreakers to luxury expedition ships with strengthened hulls. For more information on booking Antarctic cruises, visit Adventure Life at www.adventure-life.com. **AW***



Gear Reviews



Mio Alpha

The Mio Alpha is a heart rate monitor without the chest strap – that's right no cumbersome chest strap! We had to snug the watch down fairly tightly, but it worked well. The Mio is water proof, rechargeable with a timer and blue tooth capability. The charge life on the battery is 8-10 hours which is great for most activities. Overall a great basic heart rate monitor with no chest strap!

www.mioglobal.com

ENO Lounger

The ENO Lounger is one part function, one part quality and a whole lot parts cool. Built to last the ENO Lounger is an uber comfortable chair with a few nice bells and whistles. Featuring a headrest, cup holder and the ability to make just about anyone look cool, the Lounger is perfect for the front porch or the back woods. The lounger packs down to a 5 inch x 18 inch tube and weighs in at 54 oz. Grab a good book, a cool glass of lemonade and get yourself into a Lounger!

www.eaglesnestoutfittersinc.com



Overland Equipment Urban Pack

As always the Overland Equipment Urban Pack is built with the quality we have come to expect from OE. Perfect for those little excursions, the pack easily converts from a backpack to a shoulder bag. This small bag (9.5" x 11.5") has a bundle of big features starting with a large zippered main compartment. Look inside the main compartment and you will find a tablet sleeve, a zippered pocket and lots of other small slots for all your goodies. Up front there is a magnetic pocket and out back there is a second zippered pocket along with a cell phone pocket. This small versatile pack is a great size for the young pioneer as well as the seasoned urban explorer.

www.overlandequipment.com

Gear Reviews

Summer 2013

Hobo Roll

The Hobo Roll is a unique and efficient travel organizer for adventure junkies of all levels. It offers item separation and volume reduction in a lightweight design. Simply open, stuff compartments to desired fullness and tighten the roll using the expandable straps and you are ready to go! The Hobo Roll also features a unique tool loop for extra, awkwardly shaped, or quick use items such as your water bottle. www.mygobigear.com



Aquapac Waterproof Duffle

The Aquapac waterproof duffle is amazingly light yet made from strong & sturdy material. Packed full of functional features such as 4 compression straps, multiple attachment points, 2 back pack straps and a valve to release any trapped air this duffle has it all. The Aquapac duffle can handle whatever demands you can come up in your adventurous desires and is a must have for the adventure traveler. www.aquapac.net

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Stuffitts

Stuffitts are the one piece of gear all athletes need for the rest of their gear. Tired of having your car smell like a wet dog or worse? Stuffitts are the answer. Great for shoes, helmets, gloves, really any gear that gets wet, sweaty and smelly. Stuffitts are light weight, reusable drying inserts which kill odor producing bacteria. Stop putting on wet stinky gear, get yourself some Stuffitts. www.stuffitts.com



Gear Reviews

Rand McNally RVGPS (RV7715 LM)

The first thing you notice when you open the box is the awesome 7 inch screen – this is the big screen of all GPS units and the screen is crisp & clear. The beefy rugged case looks like it could take a few accidental droppings. Packed with tons of features the RV7715 just makes life a lot easier while RVing. The screen provides a ton of information, but still leaves plenty of room for the map. The RV campground data base provides specific information about each site including a Woodall's review. The point of interest database contains over 14 million POI's! There are other very useful features such as RV routing which is customizable for your rig. For you techies the RV7715 can provide weather, including wind speed which can be overlaid on the map if you have Wifi access while traveling. We found the exit and junction 3D view to be very helpful in navigating those complex spaghetti bowl interchanges. The loud & clear speaker combined with the video input for cameras round out the features and make this unit is hard to beat. The RV7715 is an all-around champion and a must have for the RV enthusiast. You can switch it to car mode and now you have a great big easy to read every day GPS unit. www.randmcnally.com



Waka Waka

The Waka Waka solar powered lamp and mobile phone charger is small light and effective. The Waka Waka will charge up in 8 hours via solar and 4 hours via micro USB. Once charged the Waka Waka will provide between 20 – 200 hours of light depending on which of the light levels is chosen. The Waka Waka features battery status indicator lights, solar charging indicator light and a charging USB device indicator light. A built in SOS signal makes this the perfect device for the back country traveler. www.getwakawaka.com



Splash Shields

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iPhone 5



Splash Shields
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From *Meek* to **Mighty** *Adventures of the Linda O.*

by Captain John King

The lunchtime office escapee had been enjoying a beautiful fall day at the Wahoo Cut Public Boat Ramp in Charleston, SC when he came upon two unlikely characters launching a very different looking boat. “So, you’re going to the Turks and Caicos Islands, huh?”, asked the man in apparent disbelief as he inspected our Linda O., a 2001 Corsair F-28 trimaran. Weighing in at only 2690 pounds empty, she is anything but the typical 30,000 pound, 40-foot cruiser you would expect to see departing for far off shores. As the man watched, we pushed the Linda O. off the trailer and extended her two outer hulls. Figuring we must be pulling his leg, the man asked again as he helped cast off lines, “So, where are you REALLY going?” Chuckling, my best friend Tyler said, “No kidding mister, we are off to the islands!”

Later that evening on the north side of the harbor, the world started to turn under our hull. A year of preparations, testing and trials came to an end as the adventure truly started. To port, we watched Sullivan’s Island glide by as we raised the jib and reached southeast



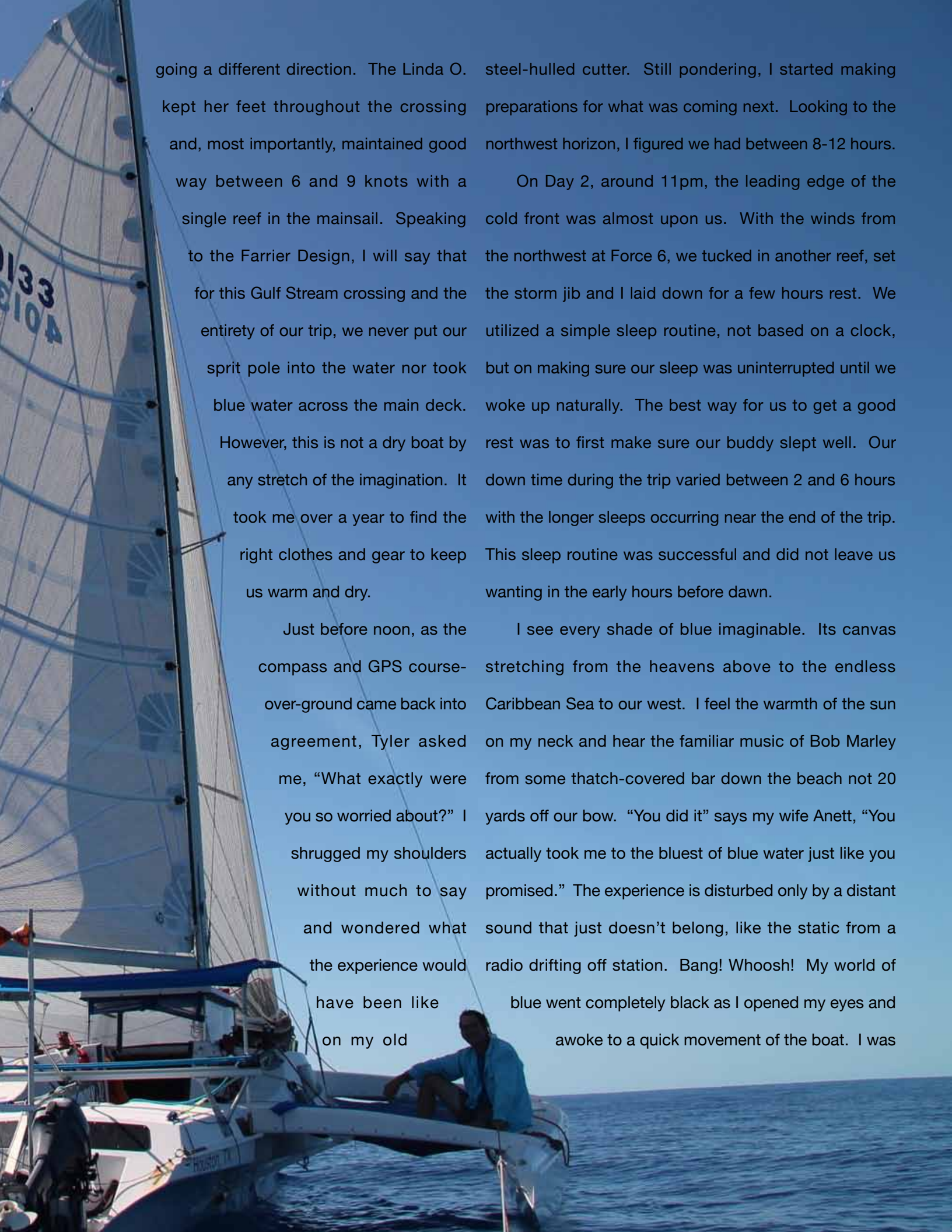
out of Charleston Harbor towards open sea. Fort Sumter, still guarding the channel entrance, was backlighted to starboard by the last glow of a fading sunset. Before us to the southeast, Sirius the Dog Star looked down on forces we could not yet see, the Gulf Stream and Tropical Storm Sean, and beckoned to us, "Come hither." To the northwest, a strong cold front was barreling towards us and sending her ominous warning, "If I catch you, I'm going to..." Tyler and I both agreed, the conditions were perfect.

Departing the East Coast for the Caribbean presents the ultimate weather catch-22. Normally, to reach southeast, sailors look for the north winds of winter. At the same time, to avoid dangerous counter-current wind effects and safely cross the Gulf Stream, sailors typically look for the south or southeast winds of summer. To overcome this deadlock, we decided that a northwest wind and a northeast flowing current (90 degrees offset) would be acceptable as long as we were across the Gulf Stream before a north or northeast wind could develop and ruin our day. We decided to link our departure to a coming cold front as this was the only weather event with northwest winds that we felt comfortable in predicting its likely movement up to 36 hours in advance. We would cross the Gulf Stream using the proverbial "calm before the storm", endure the passing of the front and then go for easting as long as northerly winds prevailed. It

was a simple plan, a good plan and for once in my life it seemed the weather was going to cooperate. Well, only if you consider a bully giving you a good whipping on demand as somehow cooperating with you. But you would have to admit, it is a rare occurrence that a sailor gets to choose and prepare for his own personal storm. This storm behind us had no name but it was ours.

On Day 2 around 4am, we had been underway for 11 hours. Most Gulf Stream crossing stories tell of either a miserable, gut-wrenching experience or one of perfect calm waters, no wind and lots of motoring. As captain of a small boat with 6 gallons fuel capacity, neither scenario appealed much to me. We needed to sail across with authority doing no damage to boat or crew. What we found 60 nm offshore were north winds at Beaufort Force 4 and very confused seas. 6 to 8 foot wind waves from the northeast, north and northwest were mixing it up with a 10 foot swell rolling in from Tropical Storm Sean, which was still hibernating a couple hundred miles to our east. Expecting a maelstrom, we found instead our Xanadu. The waves moved in every conceivable direction in peaceful coexistence. I watched one wave disappear into the depths only to lumber up from the basement and live again some distance away





going a different direction. The Linda O. kept her feet throughout the crossing and, most importantly, maintained good way between 6 and 9 knots with a single reef in the mainsail. Speaking to the Farrier Design, I will say that for this Gulf Stream crossing and the entirety of our trip, we never put our sprit pole into the water nor took blue water across the main deck. However, this is not a dry boat by any stretch of the imagination. It took me over a year to find the right clothes and gear to keep us warm and dry.

Just before noon, as the compass and GPS course-over-ground came back into agreement, Tyler asked me, "What exactly were you so worried about?" I shrugged my shoulders without much to say and wondered what the experience would have been like on my old

steel-hulled cutter. Still pondering, I started making preparations for what was coming next. Looking to the northwest horizon, I figured we had between 8-12 hours.

On Day 2, around 11pm, the leading edge of the cold front was almost upon us. With the winds from the northwest at Force 6, we tucked in another reef, set the storm jib and I laid down for a few hours rest. We utilized a simple sleep routine, not based on a clock, but on making sure our sleep was uninterrupted until we woke up naturally. The best way for us to get a good rest was to first make sure our buddy slept well. Our down time during the trip varied between 2 and 6 hours with the longer sleeps occurring near the end of the trip. This sleep routine was successful and did not leave us wanting in the early hours before dawn.

I see every shade of blue imaginable. Its canvas stretching from the heavens above to the endless Caribbean Sea to our west. I feel the warmth of the sun on my neck and hear the familiar music of Bob Marley from some thatch-covered bar down the beach not 20 yards off our bow. "You did it" says my wife Anett, "You actually took me to the bluest of blue water just like you promised." The experience is disturbed only by a distant sound that just doesn't belong, like the static from a radio drifting off station. Bang! Whoosh! My world of blue went completely black as I opened my eyes and awoke to a quick movement of the boat. I was



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in the contortionist's Yoga fetal position with my back to the settee and my shins pressed against the dagger board case. I felt the warmth of an old army wool blanket wrapped tightly around me. Our two sleeping bags were

stored within easy reach, but were never used. The inner cabin was filled with the deafening sound of a heavy Mississippi rainfall. The kind of downpour where you could fill a drinking glass with every drop. I had not fixed



.. SMS Weather Messages ..

Our SMS solution for getting offshore weather reports worked great and gave our shore support crew (read our wives) a way to participate and contribute to our safety and offshore decision making. We chose to rent an Iridium 9555 satellite phone with DC charger. It required one hour of charging per day and had clear reception below decks. With a SMS limitation of 160 characters, we crafted a condensed message format that was sent to us twice a day containing wind forecast and potential gale conditions tailored to our location and direction of motion. The most valuable thing to consider is that upon reading the message, we did not need to consult any other reference to fully understand any implications to our trip. We found that using GMT times and Beaufort force numbers minimized miscommunication and eased the burden of transcribing Internet weather resources into transmittable data. We practiced sending these messages for 10 days prior to the underway, which was key for the reader to understand the intended message. If you use this system on your own voyage, you will likely come up with your own format, but below we present an example message (116 characters) that we received. If GMT times hurt the brain, think of 1200Z as sunrise and 2400Z as sunset for this message.

RpLastSpot1106Z @GC! @CloseMovSE @TSNE2NMmovNE @WD @rpAndP3nwF7 @Settle @1122ZnwF5 @1206nF4 @ThenStable @Spot111035Z

Decoded: Using a reference position of your last SPOT report and the 11 November 0600Z NOAA weather information, here is your weather report – Break- Gale Warning from an approaching Cold Front. Since no predicted arrival time is mentioned, it is assumed to be arriving in the next 6 hours – Break- The front is moving SE – Break- Tropical Storm Sean is 200 nm NE of the reference position and is moving NE – Break- Wind forecast follows –Break- 12 hr forecast (1800Z) winds between your last SPOT location and route way point number 3 are NW Force 7 –Break- Winds should eventually settle down after the front passes –Break- By 11 November at 2200Z the winds should be NW Force 5 –Break- By 12 November at 0600Z winds should be N at Force 4 –Break – Winds should be stable for awhile –Break- . Your last received SPOT position was dated 11 November1035Z.

our position in a while, but was pretty sure this was not Mississippi and definitely not Kansas. We should have been about 200 nm offshore heading east. I felt the impact of another large wave and heard the water racing down the hull just a few inches from my head. Waking up at sea from a very deep sleep must be similar to the experience of a newborn first opening his eyes to a world of motion and new perceptions. I moved to the companionway hatch, stood on top of our bagged emergency drogue and called out to Tyler, “HOW IS IT GOING OUT THERE?” From just four feet away, Tyler yelled back over the wind noise, “THE BOAT IS DOING FINE -pause- BUT THE SEAS FEEL BIGGER THAN BEFORE.” I donned another layer of polar-tech and fleece over long johns (no cotton allowed) and my commercial fisherman’s foul weather gear. After completing my ensemble with boots, ski-gloves and a pair of motorcycle goggles, I climbed into the cockpit blasted by wind and rain. It was pitch black. I could see Tyler’s outline, the reflection of the compass in his workman’s face-shield but nothing else. No sky, no ocean, no boat outside the cockpit, nothing. I felt like two actors on stage with a spotlight on us from above. We knew there was an audience and world beyond, but could not see them. I was mostly awake, but disoriented and uncomfortably disconnected from the boat. So I sat back for a moment and watched Tyler steer. He was sitting in one of our watch seats fashioned from outdoor plastic patio furniture with the legs cut off. This simple chair, with back and arm support, would facilitate our continuous hand-steering for 3 days. Confused when

I saw little connection between his exaggerated arm motions and the movement of the boat, I asked, "How are you steering?" As the rainfall intensified into a continuous stream of water, Tyler smiled behind his face-shield and said, "I think I'm getting the hang of it. It is all by the feel of the tiller." Though our world seemed mounted to a high speed elevator, cycling up and then down, the pitch and yaw motion of the boat was fairly controlled. It felt, well, like we were on rails. I glanced at the depth/speed instrument and saw 8.6 knots, which was pretty good, I thought. I blinked my eyes and read it again. It now read 18.6 knots. No wonder it felt like we were on rails, we were moving fast! We had three reefs in the mainsail and storm jib flying. We were in the storm.

Never having been a natural judge of the elements, I have to make do. I judge wave height against two mast fixtures located 10 and 20 feet above the waterline. I read wind direction from the vane and find that my only consistency in judging wind speed comes when using

the Beaufort Force scale which, for good reason, was adopted by England back in the early 17th century to help standardize weather observations. For this trip, our reefing tripwires were based on boat speed, not wind speed, and required us to down shift the sail plan in any of three conditions: (1) a reaching boat speed greater than 12 knots, (2) a close-hauled boat speed greater than 9 knots or (3) strong heeling of the boat in response to a wind gust without a corresponding increase in boat speed.

The winds were now Force 8, gusting maybe Force 9 and, in different wave conditions, I might have been tempted to keep the hull planing and just let the horses run. But this was not the time to try and win a race, but to prevent a capsize or pitch-pole in big ocean. It was time to reduce sail even further. Tyler and I had a quick evolution brief about what we were going to do, who goes where and exactly what words we would use to synchronize our actions. Tyler turned the boat close to



the wind without tacking and, at my command, released the main halyard. The mainsail slid easily down the Tides Track System and came to rest in the general vicinity of the boom. Religiously attached to the boat with harness, lanyard and jack-line, I moved out into the black void surrounding the boom and lashed down the sail. Tyler eased pressure on the tiller allowing the solitary 70 ft² storm jib to pull us back onto an easterly course with the seas again on our port quarter. I inspected the fore deck, mast and rigging to make sure nothing was amiss before returning to the cockpit and a very disappointed crew mate. He had actually been enjoying the high speed ride! Compared to the previous excitement, everything was now moving in relative slow motion. We were making 6 to 9 knots with little tendency to surf. Nothing to do then but let Tyler get some sleep and for me to relax and just sail the boat. In the next hours, the rain stopped abruptly and a brilliant full moon appeared to show us our world. I kept a close eye to our port quarter, adjusting course to an endless column of shadowy monsters rolling by.

At first light of Day 3, with north winds still blowing between Force 7 and 8, Tyler awoke and returned to the cockpit with a warm wash cloth and two cups of café mocha. After looking around, he said, "Wow, this is just like the Crab Fishers on TV." We sipped our coffee and just took in the beauty and power of it all.

The next three days were fantastic and blurred to where we could hardly tell one day from the next. We improved our quality of life by rigging the Lexan dodger, the Bimini and installing our beloved Mr. Otto (pilot).

We studied the progression of heavenly bodies across the sky and dolphins across our bow. We lost 3 fishing lures, were slapped in the face by flying fish and gave safe harbor to a solitary exhausted blackbird who, after a nights rest, demanded to continue his perilous journey, risking all to seek out a new life across the ocean. We focused on paying close attention to the world around us and sought harmony with forces much bigger than ourselves. If materialism were a sickness, then the experience of sailing across an ocean must be the cure. Finally just east of 70W Longitude, we turned south onto our final leg. All our efforts to this point were rewarded with two days of beam reaching -Ocean Sailing as good as it gets.

On Day 6 in the early afternoon, Tyler sighted land first, a tower jutting just above the horizon. Soon thereafter my wife smiled and shared the news with her work mates after reading my simple Satellite Phone SMS message, "Land Ho". As the water changed color to a spectacular shade of light blue near shore, I released the dagger board down-haul and rigged the rudder to "kick-back". The boat was then in shallow water "Jeep" mode with a sailing draft of 2.5 feet. Where the Linda O. needed to prove herself in deep ocean, there was no need to prove herself here. She was made to explore every inch of these shallow coral-strewn waters. We dropped anchor directly off the beach by South Dock Grand Turk to find good soft sand under us. Tyler and I swam in the crystal clear water, charged our batteries (still at 50%) for the first time and took a shower from our four-star

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2013 USARA Regional Qualifiers

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Sheltowee Extreme 5	7/13/13	South Central, KY
Alaska AR Regional Championship	7/13/13	Anchorage, AK
Rev3 Cowboy Tough	7/18/13	Casper, WY
Odyssey One Day AR	7/20/13	Fincastle, VA
Krista Griesacker	7/27/13	Hamburg, PA
DAS Series Championship	8/09/13	Laurel, DE
Lionhart/ECARS Championship	8/17/13	Ohiopyle, PA
Thunder Rolls	8/24/13	Mt. Carroll, IL
Warrior Challenge	8/31/13	Louisville, NE
The Muster Sprint Adventure Race	9/14/13	Bridgewater, CT
Backpacker Bushwhacker AR	9/22/13	Ville Platte, LA
San Juan Island Quest	9/28/13	San Juan Islands, WA
The Bitter Pill	10/12/13	Bolton, VT
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Unbridled AR - The Fig	11/02/13	Slade, KY



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facilities: a hand-pressurized sprayer, hot water from the thermos and a shower curtain fashioned from the tropical air itself. With the beach absolutely devoid of human life, we waited for morning to clear in with immigrations and complete formalities. No worries as I thought we both could use a bit of rest. About 9 pm that evening, my mind was swirling with images of our trip mixed with mental attempts to plan the days ahead when... Whoosh! My world of blue went completely black. I fell into a deep sleep without dreams... any dreams at all. I was living them now.

Three weeks and an eternity later, I sat confined to a small seat. I felt the engines power up as the jet accelerated down the runway until the foiled surfaces freed us from the ground. The small window by my

wife framed the island of Providenciales below us. We watched places, now familiar to us, dance across our view: the northern shore, the distinctive Turtle Cove Marina, several breaks in the fringing reef, endless white beaches and outlying cays. As the plane leveled out, I pressed my cheek to the glass and strained to catch a glimpse of our Linda O. sitting on the hard at Caicos Marina and Shipyard, but alas I could not. We would not see her again for almost 5 months, not until the last of the winter storms would fade away. From there, our plan would be simple, to meander 750 nm back to the Florida coast, with the wind, and in no particular hurry at all. It will be the evening star Vega who beckons to us then, "Come hither." **AW**

... The Safe Catching of Seawater While Underway ...

Early in our planning process, we identified the catching of seawater as one of the most dangerous underway evolutions. The normal catching of seawater with a typical 5 gallon bucket is accomplished in a straight forward manner. You throw the bucket in the direction of motion and NEVER let the bucket get astern of you or at best, it is good-bye bucket. For our trip, we had two additional challenges. The Corsair F-28 does not have an installed lifeline system and lastly, there is a big difference between catching water at 5 knots and 12 knots. Our solution was to construct a smaller diameter bucket from a 4 inch PVC pipe with a Plexiglas lens mounted to one end. The pipe length was sized to capture 1 gallon of water per throw and was routine deployed astern and retrieved from the cockpit without danger at speeds up to 14 knots. The Plexiglas lens also allowed the device to double as poor man's underwater window when viewing our anchor from above.

