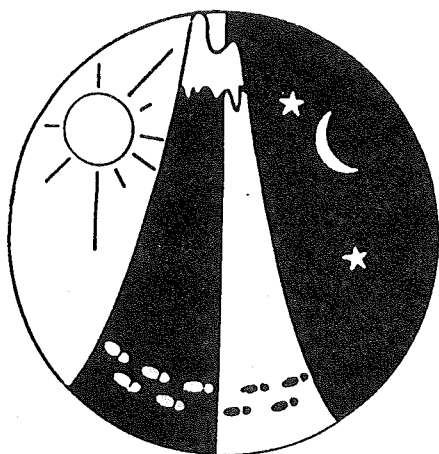


NSW ROGAINING NEWSLETTER

Number 30

September 1991



In this issue:

NSW Championships Snowed Out

Wambling On at Wambo - Full Results

With Alan and Sonia at the Australian Championships

The Great Food Debate

What it Takes to be a Rogaining Partner

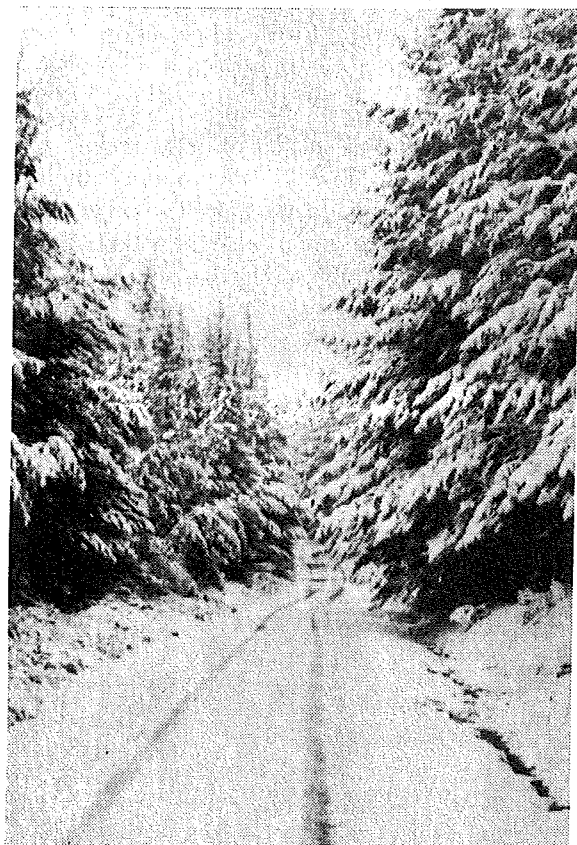
The Last Word on Paddy's

And entry forms for Queensland's first ever rogaine
and the re-run of the NSW Championships

WALKING IN THE WINTER WONDERLAND - the NSW Championships, 24th-25th August, 1991

There is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather..

John Ruskin 1819-1900



The NSW Championships at Jaunter have been postponed, now to be run on 19th-20th October, 1991.

Justifications - it wasn't just the 5-8cm of snow that fell on the Friday night or that the road to the Hash House required 4WD - we could have coped with all that. The major concern was a Saturday forecast as ominous as the snow squalls that passed through every 15-30 minutes.

Vindications - and a phone call to the farmer who owns the Hash House paddock on the Sunday confirmed the decision. Further snow and much colder conditions "... all the snow froze on the Saturday night." It would have been potentially life threatening and certainly unpleasant to rogain in such conditions, even in daylight, but especially at night.

Deliberations - we considered running a shortened contest for the 100+ people who had travelled long distances to participate, but decided that most people would have had enough after two hours and it seemed a waste of a good 24-hour course in an excellent area. The consensus view that I have received is that most people enjoyed visiting the snow but weren't prepared to walk in it for long times e.g. few rogainers wear boots.

Ramifications - we have commandeered October 19-20 to re-run the rogaine. That weekend was originally assigned to the ACTRA for a 12-hour rogaine but the planning for such was minimal. I hope plenty of ACT people join in. If you entered in August you will have to re-enter the October event (i.e. send in an entry form) but you won't pay the entry fee again. The re-entry will allow you to alter your team if you wish, and notify us of the number of attendees. I also hope that positive reports of the great area up there will entice many others along who didn't enter last time.

Interesting asides -

- We had as much snow a fortnight earlier when we were hanging up the controls. The weather quickly cleared and we were provided with glorious conditions.
- I was told of a car stuck in a snowdrift south of Porters Retreat but the occupants hitched a ride to Jaunter regardless. I, or our Editor, would like to hear more of that story.
- John Keats and his helpers were able to preserve most of the food that could be frozen, but a large amount of perishables was donated to the Salvos.
- I heard, on the Australia All Over radio program, Arthur from Oberon reporting a wind chill of -23° for that specific Saturday.

As a personal defense (and this is to negate the inevitable Phil Creaser jibe at NSWRA weather) I still claim the three rogaines I've organised to be no-rain rogaines. Murrumbo (Sept '89) was held in perfect conditions. Evans Crown (Aug '90) was somewhat wet underfoot, but nary a drop on the day. Jaunter (Aug '91) ... OK so it snowed a bit but no rain! Anyway, due to the cancellation I think it better be classed as a no-rogaine rogaine! I hope you all get to Jaunter in October.

Trevor Gollan

THE NSWRA's BEST EVER NON-EVENT

Now you'd think that the 100 or so people who drove all the way from Sydney, Newcastle, Armidale and Canberra to Oberon would have been pretty annoyed to get to the event only to be told that it had been postponed. Not so! I've spoken to or heard from more than half of those who made the trip and apart from those who would have liked to "get out there", not one has expressed regret at making the trip. We had Vivaldi playing as we passed from open fields covered with snow into the pine forest where snow was being whipped and swirled around by the gusts of icy wind. It was a truly memorable trip and when we arrived there was almost a carnival atmosphere.

Many of the boys from Worimi hadn't seen snow. An ex-rogaining partnership settled old scores with a snow fight, while others simply had a snow fight for no particular reason. The ACT boys opened their tinnies 24 hours before they'd planned and a port or two were produced from the NSW teams. Two big pots of soup/stew and a few loaves of bread were provided for those who lingered on. It was also a great chance to catch up with old rogaining friends and to meet those familiar faces who you've never had the time to get to know.

But let's spare a thought for Trevor Gollan and his dedicated band of helpers who braved the atrocious conditions on Friday night (Trev's tent buckled under the weight of the snow) and who had to make the difficult decision to abort the event. For those unfamiliar with recent rogaining history, Trevor's last event was at Evan's Crown last July. That coincided with record rainfall and floods but he still managed to have a six hour event using the northern half of the course. He swore after that never to hold another event west of the mountains in winter; a comment which also reflected the very cold and wet conditions experienced during the course setting.



But while Trevor, ever on the lookout for attractive and challenging areas, was looking for a site for the 1991 NSW Champs I was busily negotiating with the ACTRA and NSW orienteering groups as well as consulting the moon charts to come up with this year's dates. The ACT wanted an event in October and the full moon in September was very close to major orienteering events which left Trevor with August or July - and no chance to negotiate! He'd found an area west of the mountains set to delight those of us that love to rogain and so in spite of his pledge he agreed to use the area for an event in August.

Thanks Trev for a wonderful non-event and for those of you who missed it I'd recommend coming up for the real thing in October!

Warwick Marsden

LET'S HEAR IT AGAIN FOR WAMBO - Saturday 27th July, 1991

The recent 12 hour event at Wambo was a great one with something for everyone. In addition, never was a Rogaine rogain with the benefit of more explicit instructions from the course setters. In fact there were instructions on how to get up the cliff, how to get back down again or better still how to enjoy oneself without going up there at all.

My partner and I sleuthed out the most 'fence friendly' way to exit the charming and historic Wambo farmstead which made up the Hash House, complete with courtyard, sunny corners and deluxe accommodation for the first in. Come the start we were quickly on our way but then lots of other teams sped away from us. We think they may have been intimidated by our combined 25+ Rogaine experience.

The climb after the first four controls was sure enough very steep. There was a nice atmosphere of teams helping each other to find the route. An atmosphere which persisted throughout the event. Somebody had referred to the top as a plateau, it turned out to be a place full of steep hills, ridges and ravines. Then there was the question of the enticing #89 out there on its own. Off we went leaving our packs behind. At least we knew they would be safe from a competitor putting rocks in them - Bert was back in the Hash House! Congratulations to the winning team who resisted the #89 temptation and successfully took in another loop instead.

For our part, unnerved by dire warnings of coming down by dark, we managed to get to our exit route - Chalkers Creek - before 5pm. In that deep gorge it was already almost dark. We then spent some two hours scrambling down and down and down. It was one of those times that Rogaines are made of. It was also the first Rogaine I've been on where my shoulder muscles got as tired as my legs.

Once down we were temporarily geographically embarrassed. Nothing added up - bearings, features and that missing track. We should have known better - tracks are often missing on Bert's rogaines. In this case it seemed that the area had been under the auspices of Wambo mining for sufficient time for the original farm tracks to fade away. We did what every canny team would and held a mini conference with other teams in the area and shortly found ourselves in a small social gathering at the Pinegrove farm buildings where we stocked up on some tank water complete with wriggles.

From that point things looked up until we reached the vicinity of #46 and it wasn't there. We walked up and down and round about, we watched other torches come and go, we walked out and came in on a different bearing but it wasn't to be found. In the morning we went back and there in the bright light of day was the damn thing mocking us.

We did a neat loop around the north of the hilly area and 10.30 found us on a reasonable schedule to make it back to the hash house. But then there was another missing track and also a rather well maintained fence. OOPS! Are we sure we are not in the middle of the red shaded area? And what about that rumble of the coal conveyors and the grinding of the open cut pits. Those hills look awfully like slag heaps. Are we in the mine? We escaped by wading through muddy Wambo creek, missed #15 but found the power line and followed it home arriving in good time for a great feed courtesy of the cuisine of Sonia and Allan.

So thanks go to Ian and Bert who did a fine job finding a new and different area with some interesting features and setting a course with something for everyone. Plus everyone else who helped make it all happen so well.

Julian Ledger

WAMBO 12 HOUR ROGAINE

27 July, 1991

Team	Score	Time	O	M	W	X	V	N
54 George Collins, Trevor Gollan	980	11.47	1	1				
32 Anthony Maloney, Netta Holmes	890	11.59	2			1		
30 Sue Clark, John LeCarpentier	690	10.25	3			2		
36 Julian Ledger, Jennifer Borrell	690	11.51	4			3		
5 John Hodsdon, Val Hodsdon	670	11.34	5				1	
63 Andrew Wisniewski, Sheralee Bailey	640	6.59	6			4		
48 Stephen Keenlyside, Roy Adams	640	11.51	7					1
3 Vaughan Clayton, Anthony Clark	620	9.50	8	2				
44 Wil DeSain, Carol DeSain	610	11.50	9			5		
17 Don Barker, Harry Rose	600	9.37	10	3				
31 Rodger Austen, Rosemary Austen, Kevin Brennan, Ross Dates	560	10.22	11			6		
18 Andrew Black, Peter Black, Andrew Black	520	11.38	12	4				
11 Wal Mills, Graeme Robinson	500	10.05	13	5				
10 Peter Coventry, Ray Hansen, Phil Buchan, Kevin Tighe	490	10.53	14	6				
7 John Keats, Alan Hill (570)	470	12.10	15				2	
60 Adrian Hall, Wayne Cooper, Peter Brabant	440	10.16	16	7				
61 Peter Duguid, Keith Jay	440	10.32	17				3	
1 John Bishop, John Biddiscombe	430	9.45	18				4	
13 Stephen Harrison, Jim Meer	430	11.17	19	8				
24 Graeme Cooper, Richard Kerr	430	11.52	20	9				
51 Ian Carr, Kevin Rogers	420	7.44	21	10				
66 John Metzke, Henry Roberts, Tim O'Brien	420	10.37	22	11				
55 Geoff Morley, Bob Gilbert	420	11.16	23				5	
28 Rollin Burford, Jitka Kopriva	410	7.46	24				6	
35 A McLannan, Michelle McLennan	410	9.32	25			7		
46 Ian Neuhaus, Marguerite Neuhaus	410	9.54	26			8		
27 Sandra Chapman, Terry Wiles	410	10.26	27			9		
26 Roz Atkins, Kerry Gilmore	410	10.27	28		1			
4 Graham Payn, Steve Smith	390	10.27	29	12				
34 M English, A Francis	380	7.47	30			10		
9 Michael Hanratty, A Torrisini	380	9.12	31	13				
19 Anthony Dunk, Mark Dunk, Stephen Castle, Ian Hanks	370	10.14	32	14				
64 Rowan Campagnoni, Robert Coulson	360	8.33	33	15				
52 A Smith, E Lynch	360	10.08	34			11		
25 Regina Torrisini, Lucy Hanratty	350	9.12	35		2			
2 David Clayton, Narelle Clayton	350	9.32	36				7	
37 Jacqui Bridge, Ruth Richards, Danny Builth, Mike Hampshire	350	10.17	37			12		
70 J Roseberry, N Roseberry	340	7.04	38	16				
14 Ken Bright, Glen Taylor, Kevin Dent, Steve Hirst	340	10.00	39	17				
57 Mark Porter, George Liepens, Robert Redpath	320	6.02	40	18				
62 Margaret Duguid, Douglas Jay	320	9.09	41			13		
20 Peter Gray, Steve Cliffe, Geoff Sillourn, Ian Penboss	320	9.11	42	19				
12 Lynnda Hardy, Paul Murphy	310	9.03	43					2
56 Paul Morgan, Ian Griffiths, Karen Schulag, Kerry Rosewall	300	9.49	44			14		
33 David Sigley, Steve Holland	300	10.44	45			15		
23 Bill Tarlington, Leo Borkman	270	7.14	46	20				
59 Jim Seabrook, Thea Seabrook, Peter Plant	270	9.58	47				8	
58 John Eden, Adela Young	270	10.26	48			16		
47 Steven Inskip, John McConnell, Pam Campbell, Wendy Cusgance	270	10.49	49					3
72 Ben Christie, Richard Swaby, Ben Dunn	260	7.54	50					4
8 John Roberts, Bob Isles	250	10.39	51				9	
39 Jason Wenderoth, Daniel Moses, Elaine Lee, Cameron Hunt	250	11.20	52			17		
67 Cameron Barton, David Palmisano, Karen Isles (410)	250	12.16	53			18		
45 Russell Davis, Mark Edwards	240	9.32	54					5
42 Peter Beresford, Sharon Oxenbridge	240	11.59	55			19		
29 Clare Bellis, Connie McNamee	230	6.03	56					6
43 Jo-Anne Vanderstock, Ross Innes, Phillip Arnold	230	10.14	57			20		

Team	Score	Time	O	M	W	X	V	N
40 Victor Poulos, Peter Diegutis, Jenny Allen	230	10.27	58				21	
49 Lindsay Young, Brendan Young	210	5.42	59	21				
22 Julie Gray, Derrilin Roberts	210	6.36	60			3		
69 Chris Rehnberg, Stewart Inman, Karl Schubert	170	10.55	61	22				
65 Jane Sherratt, Yannik LeGall, L Mendhan	130	7.11	62			4		
53 Heiko Scaeffler, Ken Schaeffer, Mark Schaeffer, Tim Schmidt	120	6.50	63	23				
50 Terry Collins, Wendy Davies	50	7.59	64				22	
71 Richard Stone, Bord Egglestone (370)	40	12.33	65	24				
16 Ken Skardon, Tom Cordingly, Ken Wells (570) (split up)								
15 Brad Maund, Ross Parker (250) (split up)								

O - Overall Placing M - Men's Division W - Women's Division X - Mixed Division V - Veterans Division
N - Novice Division

For teams who finished late their uncorrected score is given in brackets.

TREV'S TRIUMPH - How we won Wambo

I had intended to do the Wambo rogaine with Evelyn. After all she had missed out on the 1990 rogaining season by producing our third child but as the date drew closer she grew less keen and breathed a sigh of relief when Trev Gollan rang up a few weeks before the event and suggested we do it together.

Now Trev is one of the best navigators around and has many years more rogaining experience than me but our record of competing together has not been good. Our first was an ACT 12 hour with Maurice Ripley at Tallaganda in 1988. Trev's legs gave out around 7 pm and we had to drag him 15 km home along forest roads. Then there was the NSW Championships at Hampton where we walked off the map at 9 am on the Sunday morning necessitating a mad dash back to the Hash House missing a major road intersection! We tried again at the 1989 ACT Championships at Kiandra with Peter Watterson. When we got back to the Hash House at midnight, the weather was so awful that we slept to dawn. Trev wouldn't budge from his sleeping bag where he remained until we returned at noon.

In 1990 we attempted the 12 hour event at Mellong. Trev's innate sense of navigation failed him and he spent the first three hours of the event convincing me to add the magnetic deviation. I eventually gave in and this explains why we only found two controls after sunset! Even at the Australian Championships that year at Dingo Dell it was only after we made a real botch of the second control that Trev was finally convinced. Maurice was back with us and we won by a vote of two to one. To this day, Lindsay Young cannot understand why three supposedly gun rogainers asked him to adjudicate on whether the deviation should be added or subtracted. This time Trev's body packed it in around 6 pm but fortunately we were close to the Hash House and we parked him in the tent while Maurice and I completed the event. It was getting so bad that the Australian Rogaining Association introduced the Trevor Gollan Amendment whereby a team of more than two members may now leave a member at the Hash House and continue the event without having to lose their points!

So it was understandable that I might hesitate before agreeing to competing in the Wambo 12 hour with Trev. But, always willing to give things another go, we set off on the Saturday morning with the day promising perfect rogaining weather. We arrived at the Hash House with plenty of time to relax before spending a leisurely hour and half planning our route. Trev was confident. He reckoned we had a good chance. Our route plan looked good, there was just some doubt about our decision to leave out #89.

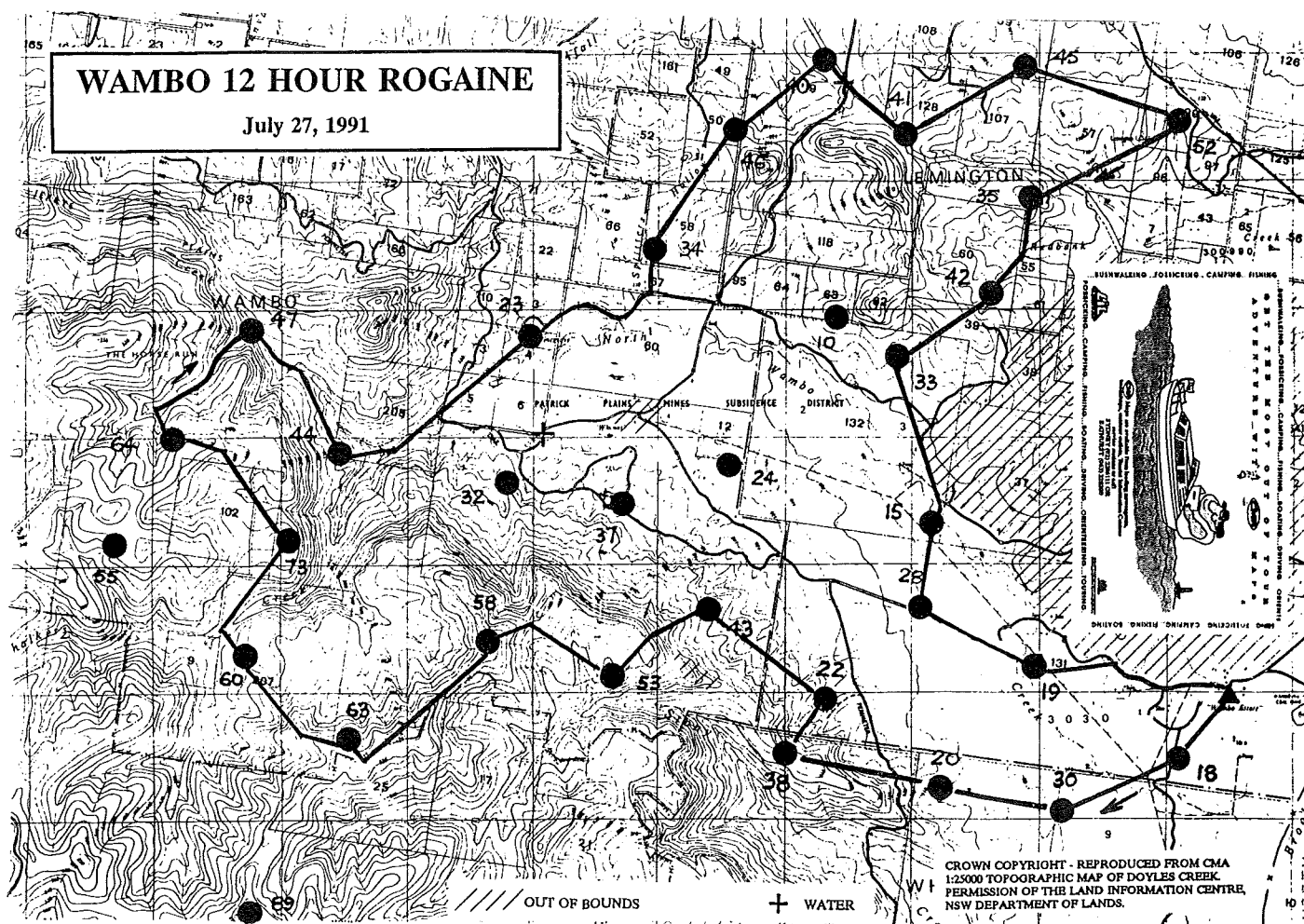
Noon and we were off with the main pack to #18, #30 and #20. The speedsters showed us the way to go and we settled down to a comfortable pace designed so that Trev could last the distance. Up the spur to #38 we were with two of our possible dangers, Andrew Wisniewski and Sheralee Bailey. Just as well they decided to stick to the low country because they looked strong and fast. Back down to #22, we went straight across to #43 and our first error as we started looking one spur too early. Then, when we hit the right one, we went downhill first. The hordes coming up soon told us that we should have gone up. We continued up the cliffs to the 400 m level where we joined five or six other teams resting and enjoying a most magnificent view of the Middle Hunter Valley. We checked the others out because we were sure our main competition would come from this lot.

We remained part of a safari to #53 and up to #58 where the view was even better, although Bayswater Power Station dominated the middle foreground. Up along the ridge we started to fall behind the others. Was Trev tiring? He'd been a few metres behind me most of the way but I was trying not to push him. We continued to debate #89. Most of the other teams had said they were going for it but at #63 we decided to stick to our original plan and leave ourselves enough time to get over Chalkers Creek and down again before dark.

A steep scramble down to #60 and then decision again at Chalkers Creek. Should we play it safe and take this route out of the high country or go back up to #73 and #64? I waited for Trev's verdict. I was encouraged when he chose to continue with our plan, although we obviously had to leave #55 out. Lots of scratchy stuff between #73 and #64 but Trev was feeling fit and thinking straight as we tracked down the right gully for #64. It was then down the creek in the failing light to #47. It appeared that we'd chosen the easier of the two routes out of the high country because at no time did we have to leave the creek to get down cliffs as the organisers had warned.

Darkness and we had to pick the right spur for #44. There were lots of them hidden among the 20 m contours. Trev tried one while I went to the next one on. Again we stopped short and found it one further east. Then it was out into the open country with a rather reckless decision to bypass the nearby water drop even though we'd both run out of water an hour before. Luck was with us as we found water in the third tank at #23, an abandoned farm house. We also met up with Anthony Maloney and Netta Holmes as well as Julian Ledger and Jennifer Borrell. They had gone on to #89 and come down Chalkers Creek and by their stories it appeared that we'd made the right decision. We stopped for a 10 minute meal break while they pushed on. I felt that we'd just let our main opposition get the edge on us but Trev was cool and confident.

Off again, we picked up #34 and then took a direct bearing on #46 - a tricky one since the clue said 'A spur' while the map showed a gully! A brief moment of panic when my torch failed but running repairs (you've often got to stretch out those spring terminals on a 6 Volt battery) got us back on course and, despite Trev's scepticism, right on to the control. We saw a few torches on nearby spurs and hoped some of our opposition were wandering aimlessly out there. Trev was now like a man inspired and found #40 while I dithered about up the wrong gully. We helped a few lost souls and followed the fence to #41.



By this time (around 8 pm) I'd reached my low point but Trev told me to shut up and led us directly to #45. This encouraged me and we strode confidently down the expressway (not marked on the map) to #52. By this time, Trev was fired up like the 3801 and I had trouble keeping up, only catching him on the steep climb to #35, attached to an air pollution monitoring station. We hit a bit of scrub on the way into Redbank Creek but managed to pick the right gully to find #42, though I chose the wrong bank. Our plan was looking good and we stopped for a final bite and drink after #33. It was all open country from there and we found #15 by following the torches only to find the torches still looking for #15! We directed those folks back to where they'd just been and picked up #28, meeting another team homeward bound.

Only #19 remained and we were home with 15 minutes to spare. No mad rush at the end! Trev's navigation had been brilliant. Once the sun went down any tiredness had disappeared and it was me who had slowed us down. We checked the other point scores and our only danger was Netta and Tony who were still out. 11:55 and we'd won the event. It was congratulations all round and we joined the hardy few around a most welcome fire, enjoying the culinary delights that Sonia, Alan and their team had provided.

Well we finally got one right. And thanks must go to Bert and Ian for a great event. The course had just the right mix of forest and open countryside with lots of magnificent views. Even the 600 m climb wasn't too bad. At least we only had to do it once! The return home was in glory and the children of Pleasant Heights and Loftus Infant Schools were shown the trophies and told the tale of the day when Kristen's and Christopher's dads beat them all at Wambo!

George Collins

WARCOWIE WANDERINGS - Australian Championships, 25th-26th May, 1991

A rogaie in the Flinders Ranges. What a great excuse for a holiday! We spent a week walking in the Mount Remarkable and the Flinders Ranges National Parks to get acclimatised before the big event. Very rocky (will need my boots) and very dry (will need lots of water).

25-5-91. Woke to perfect weather - warm blue sky. Hash House site at 'Shaggy Ridge' was bustling with the usual pre-rogaie activity - packing, eating, taping feet, satisfying the bureaucracy, planning strategies. What a pleasure to have a 'dry feet' rogaie, but using a 1:50 000 scale map (contour interval 10 m) was a new experience. All those contour lines squashed in together, the map dotted with knolls and 'high point' numbers and creeks of the palest blue they were almost indistinct. This event would really put us to the test.

There are only three permanent residents on the map which covered 384 sq.km and one of them started the event. We located our first seven markers without any problems and were on target time-wise. Then on a beautiful wide sandy creek bed, lined with gum trees, we found ourselves lost! A closer look at the pre-marked map revealed that the marker circle had obscured a bend in the creek. We were soon following the right creek heading to #43. A painless, but frustrating experience. Headed off to #72.

#52. Lost again. Made the mistake of contouring around a knoll and guessing our attack point. It wasn't a smart idea! We back-tracked over a kilometre to relocate. Climbed to the top of a knoll. But which knoll? 625? 605? 618? There were so many! How did two hours go by? We finally came to an agreement, we were on 625. Decided to relax, plan our attack and enjoy the view of the Druid Ranges in the distance as the sun slowly started to disappear. How could we have made such a mistake? We set off and found the marker without too much trouble.

Our next decision - do we head to #91? It was so close to the edge of the map and Sonia was worried. We decided to go for it as originally planned. Located it with ease. Our confidence was restored. Relaxed and had something to eat. Located #42, #31, #80 and #70. Plenty of windmills (with water) marked on the map but would somebody please show us how to get fresh water from these Aussie icons? We set off without solving the mystery. It was very strange to be leaving clear powdery footprints on the road as we headed towards #70. We were glad to get back to the hills. It was so cold out in the open.

Decided to have a rest at the water drop north of #70. A gas stove had been set up in a cave (but why did it have to be uphill!) where we hoped to have a soothing cup of tea and a biscuit. Unfortunately, the water containers were empty and all the biscuits were gone. We used some precious water from our own limited supplies, made a cuppa and rubbed our aching feet. After a stop of nearly half an hour we were well and

truly on our way back to the Hash House with only 10 km to go and 4 markers to collect. We were looking forward to something to eat and a sleep. #60 and #51, OK.

0410 hours. #81. Followed bearing directly from #51 checking map for contact. Within 100 m of marker we noticed a group on a southwards knoll having a picnic. They must be rogainers! Found two creek heads only 10 m apart. We first followed the southern creek looking for an indication of the gully. No sign. We then followed the northern creek and again, no sign. We felt very tired and disappointed about not being able to locate this marker. We were so close to the Hash House but we were not about to give up on an 80 pointer. There were at least 5 other teams in the area and we continued looking for an hour.

0500 hours. We were still looking for #81. The moon had set and we had no chance of finding it in total darkness. We decided to sleep for an hour until the sun came up. Is it possible to sleep while hyperventilating? As we huddled together in the cold we noticed a team confidently stride out of the nearby creek junction and head off up the slope behind us. Where were they off to? Surely the marker couldn't be over there? We decided to investigate after having a sleep. An hour later a new day was dawning and YES! There it was. #81 only 50 m from where we had slept. We felt really stupid but were no longer tired and we were ready for another day.

Now Sonia and I are not world-beating navigators and I accept that the marker was located at the correct co-ordinates but I do not know how you can recognise a gully no more than 3 m wide and at the most 50 cm deep. A gully that was also very short in length. The contour on the map indicated a far more substantial feature. I question the validity of the clue 'The gully' on a 1:50 000 map riddled with dry watercourses. It could also have been described as 'The fence and shallow gully junction' or '100 m W of creek junction'. I do not believe that it was a recognisable feature despite the marker's accurate placement. In hindsight, we should have used a better attack point and maintained map contact.

#32 - 'A lone stunted tree'. Navigation seemed so much easier in the daytime. We decided not to head straight back to the Hash but to do a small circuit and pick up 4 extra markers. #53 - 'A saddle'. One of those big, broad, sparsely tree-covered, 'no marker to be found' type saddles. And no marker was found. We had made a familiar mistake - not being precise with our attack point. We found ourselves wandering aimlessly all over the countryside. It was time to give up on this one. The only marker that truly had us beat but only because we didn't spend two hours looking for it!

Three markers to HH. On day 1 we strided zealously and on day 2 we plodded listlessly. We shuffled across two enormous (30 m) hills to get to #33, then off to #24. What was the best approach to the other side of the gully? Frontal assault or contour and plod? I plodded and contoured, or was it contoured and plodded, while Sonia frontally assaulted the gully. She beat me. It was a beautiful morning but there were no roses to stop and smell.

#23. Last one! 'The creek bend' but which one? Bend 3 or 33. With serious brain fade it was hard to rely on the 1:50 000 map for information. 1030 hours and home with half an hour to spare before the 1100 finish. In the end we were happy with our 1080 point total and pleased to know that we had the endurance to stay out all night.

We spent Sunday night in Port Pirie at Sampson's cottage, a butcher's shop restored by the National Trust. We had the run of the two bedroom premises, every room filled with antique furniture, a sunny porch and pleasant garden and all the ingredients for a country breakfast (farm fresh eggs and homemade jam). To top it off there was a huge bathroom complete with spa! What luxury and for only \$85. We recommend it to anyone passing through Port Pirie.

Thanks to the SA Rogaining Association for a tremendous course, a great learning experience and the opportunity for a memorable holiday.

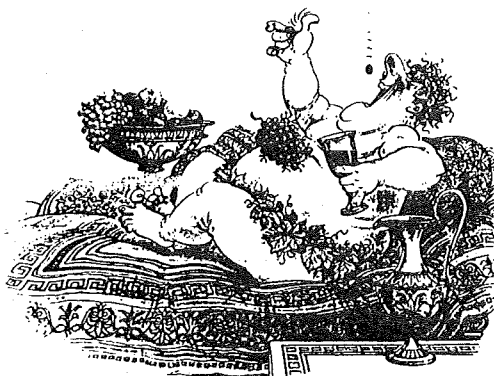
Alan Mansfield and Sonia Kupina



Editorial - FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD

I like to eat. Apparently not everyone shares this desire. For instance, at the ACT championships near Tumut last April, one competitor told me that he ate two oranges between noon and 4 am. Everyone obviously has a different metabolism. By 4 am I had eaten 6 sausages, 6 potatoes, 3 eggs, 900 gms of sweet milk rice, 2 apples, an orange, a packet of biscuits and most of a block of chocolate.

Energy to keep going for 24 hours has to come from somewhere. No-one has enough readily available energy to keep going for more than a few hours. After that, energy has to be drawn either from fat reserves or from eating. Everyone is different. I've found that I don't function well on a long walk if I'm relying on drawing from fat reserves. Perhaps others can do so without problem. If you are like me, and need to eat to keep going, then this is what happens when you don't eat enough. First you feel hungry. If you ignore your body's message then the feeling goes away and doesn't come back. Then you suddenly start to feel tired going up hills - even hills you would normally run up. You put this down to the effects of walking for 6 hours or so. Then when you decide you need to eat you find you can't face the thought. After a while if you keep pushing hard to get checkpoints you start to feel nauseous. When you sit down it feels so good that you don't really want to get up and start again. Your speed drops dramatically. Since this stage is often 3 am, tiredness combined with low blood sugar levels causes you to make some big navigational errors. Eventually, your second wind arrives, often around dawn. Speed picks up, as your body starts to efficiently metabolise fat reserves. But your energy levels are still low compared with starting levels. When you finish you say that you sort of enjoyed the event, but its often simply satisfaction that you didn't give up despite feeling so rotten at 3 am.



If your body functions like mine, then here are some suggestions. Take at least 3 kg of food if you plan to stay out all night, and plan to eat the lot. Eat a big breakfast and lunch before you go. Take moist food, and keep sugar to the minimum. I normally like sandwiches, but find them much too dry on a rogaie. I normally like chocolate and sweets, but rapidly acquire a dislike of sweet food on a rogaie. Drink lots of water, whether you feel thirsty or not. One rule is to drink enough that you need to urinate every few hours. The urine should be clear, not yellow. At the first feeling of hunger, eat something. Do not put it off. If you can eat often enough, you won't get to the point where your body's normal hunger warning switches off. And even if you don't feel hungry, aim to eat at least 100-150 gm every hour.

If you eat frequently and lots, your blood sugar won't fall to low levels. Your alertness will remain high, reducing the chances of a navigational error. You won't feel nauseous and fed up with walking. You may not even feel sleepy. And when dawn comes, your muscles might feel a little weary, but your energy levels will be the same as when you started. You may be ready for a final 5 hour burst, including running, in which you add 40% to your score.

The sort of food I like to eat is complex carbohydrate. Although fatty foods yield three times more energy per gram, they take too long to digest. The sweet milk rice I mentioned at the beginning of the article is made as follows: carefully simmer 1 cup of short grain rice in 4 cups of milk until soft; then remove from stove and add sugar and flavouring (vanilla, chocolate, dried fruit, jam etc) to taste. Cool, and store in sturdy plastic containers. Don't forget a spoon!

Andrew Blakers

This Newsletter is produced by the NSW Rogaining Association. It is edited by George Collins and Andrew Blakers and printed by the University of Wollongong Printery. Contributions are always welcome and should be sent to 20 Viburnum Road, Loftus NSW 2232. Wordprocessor text files on diskette will save us retyping your article. Both IBM and Macintosh formats are acceptable. Alternatively, you could try electronic mail to gcz@photon.lhrl.oz.au.

And what does Andy's partner think? MORE FOOD FOR THOUGHT

How better to get to know someone than go walking together for 24 hours more or less non stop! At the ACT champs earlier this year my partner and I met on the morning of the event. Our previous telephone conversation in which we endeavoured to get the feel for each other was mainly about food. He said that he took about 3kg of various edibles including boiled potatoes, sausages, rice and plenty of fruit. I said I liked to keep my pack light but would concede some sandwiches, lollies and my very light weight stove for some brews of coffee and even noodles.

We set off along Oaks creek at a fast pace with some other teams. It became clear my partner was not in a mood for hanging about. Whilst I was disengaging myself from a blackberry bush in the pines a womens' team motored past us. 'It's OK', I said, 'they must be doing the 9 hour event.' Rule one of rogaining - don't get burnt off by these type of people. We caught them up. 'Oh no, we're in it for the 24 they said merrily'.



Heading north through a couple of controls on saddles we then found #51 in the middle of a clearfelled disaster zone. Back up the hill to the road and we had the place to ourselves until a mixed team appeared travelling at great speed with the female party looking weary. Some canny map reading and we more or less kept pace with them picking up our first 100 pointer. Down to Limestone Creek and our first bit of bother when we went the wrong way looking for the creek bend. Moral of story - trust compass. Soon after that it got dark. We had 470 points. I seemed to have sweated a lot and was continuously thirsty. My partner looked cool and was working his way through the potatoes.

Where to go next? So many controls. I concentrated on keeping up whilst my partner worked out that 60 controls totalling 2370 points meant an average of just under 40 each. We should ignore anything less. Climbing 1000ft up Mt Cromwell for a miserable 60 points and coming back the same way went against the grain. Back across the valley we struggled up the steep gully to #70. My partner disappeared into a bush, probably for a couple of mouthfulls and I reached the control first. This must have upset our rhythm because we forgot to punch the thing although we at least managed to write on the intention sheet.

We found a road track junction for a long distance attack point on #50, and then a long climb up the features to the 1260 metre high point of #46. It was a beautiful still night with the moon providing a lot of help. I wasn't feeling well. Was I hot or cold? My partner said eat, so I made some coffee, ate a bit of sweet rice and felt a bit better. But it was a long slow night. The traverse out to #71 was hard and we had trouble estimating distance. More time was spent climbing over, under and around the enormous trees on the ground than travelling forward. We started looking for the control too soon but eventually picked up the track. Then it was back into the bush and difficulties picking up the exit track from #71. One of the ironies of this rogaine was that we spent a good proportion of the daylight on tracks and the whole of the night in the bush.

Dawn found us counting gullies in the Fiery Range in the southeastern corner. No sign of anybody for hours. I fell asleep whilst walking on the track and a couple of good hallucinations later insisted on a morning nap by the quarry of #19. Much refreshed I couldn't face my fruit cake, but a muesli bar made the difference and reenergised faced the long hike up a misty Barnetts road. We recovered our daytime pace and had no troubles until the pine forest where those lines of trees proved out to trick us. Reorientated and with the countdown on, my partner knocked off his last few sausages, potatoes and pieces of fruit and suggested we make a run for #100 in Micalong Swamp. I managed to talk him out of it and we picked up #53 and #81 at a steady pace, avoiding trail bikes and even another team on the way home, arriving back with comfortable time to spare.

As an after thought on the food issue we thought we might write to the Institute of Sport to see if they could cast any wisdom on what the energetic rogainer ought to take along. More news when we get a response.

Julian Ledger

ROGAINING PARTNERS - Who needs them!

Why are rogaines run in pairs? The easy answer is, of course, for safety. However, there is considerable scientific evidence to show that safety is not the major reason for the great attachment that most rogainers have for their partner. After all, how safety conscious can anyone be if their idea of a good time is to spend hours of darkness combing remote corners of the bush for mine shafts, lone stunted trees and the top of a waterfall?

Before a rogaïne, a partner offers to hold the torch while you erect the tent, preferably some time after midnight in a howling gale. Rain also helps, but is not vital at this stage. Naturally, by the time your partner is ready to help, the tent is ready for occupation. Next, a partner suggests a route plan that you can shoot down and replace with your own superior plan. Even if your partner's plan appears at first (or even second) glance to be the only sensible way to go, remember that it is always possible to insist on taking the controls in the reverse order. This will ensure that minimum use is made of daylight, attack points or any other sneaky little tricks that he may have had.

At the start, a partner strides into the vast unknown leaving you to labour with both pencil and control card, so heavily overburdened that it is no wonder that the first control punch fails to make a mark! The discovery of this fact at the next control leads only to a silent accusation of your total incompetence and the forceful removal of the card from your care and protection.

Once away from the Hash House, a partner is someone in whom to place all your trust, following faithfully wheresoever he may wish to lead, be this to the ends of the earth or off the edge of the map. A reliable partner will then refuse to listen to all intelligent suggestions of relocation (so what if it is 15 km to the nearest identifiable feature!) and insist on climbing every available rise in the search for a tourist information 'You are here' sign. In an ideal partnership, this exercise should occupy most of the remaining daylight. As dusk falls, female common sense should eventually prevail and you will be able to lead him back to your last 'known for-sure' location. Hopefully it won't have moved much in the last four hours.

Many partners will be disheartened after such a setback and this will provide you with the perfect opportunity to practice your bush psychology ('Come along bush, it's not as bad as all that') and industrial relations ('I know it looks like a piddling little knoll, but it is dark and perhaps if you took your sunglasses off for just a brief moment you too would recognise that 500 m ridge to our left'). All but the most determined of partners should be won over by such diplomacy.

All good partners will have seen 'The Mission' at least six times and eagerly head for any control clued as 'The top of the waterfall'. Such controls should only be attempted in the dark so that your partner can then disappear into the night leaving you to risk life and limb abseiling down without a rope.

The trickiest part of a rogaïne is often the return to the Hash House but you can prevent your partner from dashing off in the right direction by your own great care and attention to irrelevant detail. If you make it back, a partner should continuously hassle you, demanding to know your aims and ambitions for the future. This will allow you to display your total control by replying along the lines of 'Bog off! I'm changing my socks' before presenting him with the ultimate CP (cunning plan) that combines maximum distance with minimum points. This CP should take you through to dawn, by which time any competent rogaïneer will have abandoned any artificial forms of light and be fumbling around in the half-light while your partner runs on ahead in a blaze of halogen radiance.

Once the sun has well and truly established itself, a partner should begin leaping around doing star jumps every time you fall a respectful three steps behind. This display is meant to show off his inexhaustible energy and to help you feel revitalised. When the final assault on the Hash House arrives, a partner must contrive to lead you directly home (Do not pass Go. Do not collect \$200) with at least one very large hill to climb on the way. Six would even be better.

And when it's all over and the fat lady has sung, all that remains is to count up the score. At this stage, having discovered how dangerously close he has been to winning, your partner will thank you most graciously for not having punched that first control and beg to be allowed to bring you cups of tea, pieces of cake and anything else you desire before wandering off in search of a good divorce lawyer.

But the real purpose of a rogaïne partner is so that nothing that goes wrong need ever be your fault and so that you can convince yourself that you really would have won if only ...

Sue Clarke

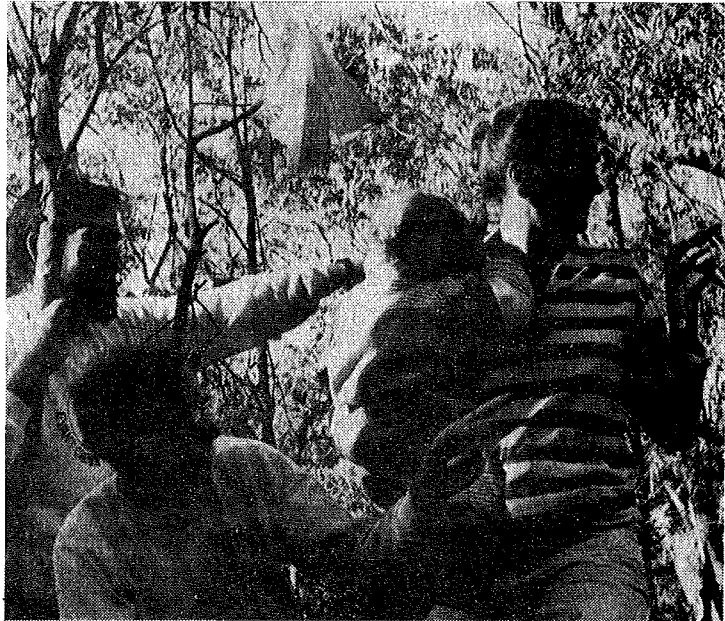
THE PADDY PALLIN ROGAINE - Notes from Warwick's mailbag

Trevor's photo shows us pointing to where #61 should have been, so I guess he wins the bet! The other photo shows Robert Pallin and myself at the presentation. I've also got a few bits and pieces I'd like to share.

Firstly, a thank-you note from David of Worimi -

I enjoyed the start but I didn't enjoyed the finish but it was terrific but I like to go again. And if we do go again I hope it is better then before. I enjoyed everything as well as you did and thanks again Mr Marder

John Waddell enclosed some clarification: *I didn't enjoyed the finish* meant "I was tired when I finished" and *If we go again I hope it is better than before* meant "I hope we do better than last time". We all do David! And thanks for the letter.



I sent the National Parks and Wildlife Service a thank-you letter and some entry forms. Their reply? *Thanks for the entry form, but NO THANKS. We get our fun from watching you guys!* Comments like those usually mean that they'll try rogaining one day! Ian Gibson, Managing Director of Paddy Pallin, wrote a glowing letter and has promised even more support and assistance in organising next year's event.

I discovered some course setting/checking notes left for me by Andy Simpson of Big Foot Orienteers. They make interesting reading. The comments in italics are mine.

I left Ironbarks at 9am went to #20, took a picture, and ran to #38 - well that was a bit of gratuitous abuse, but I found it OK, and #31; there is some runnable rock on the S side of the creek into #31. Back onto the road and dropped into #32, which I spiked - like inches away man!. Then things went from hunky dory to absolute bloody nightmare. I dare anyone to go from #32 to Z (*tip of the spur directly south*) with a smile on their face - IT'S MONSTROUS, almost as bad as the legendary #100 (1990 Paddy Pallin at Tianjara).

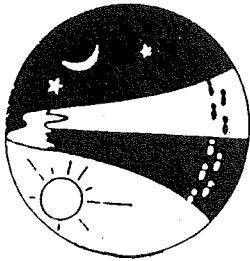
After almost an hour messing about on the side of the hill I decided to go home. No, I didn't find the ruddy control. (*Thank Andy for my decision to spare you that one!*) By this time I was pretty tired but I decided that I hadn't been much use so far so I decided to head off for #40 - that ridge is quite pleasant and there were a couple of what looked like large white-tailed black cockatoos, but size and implausable habitat means that they could have been yellow-tailed - even then they are interstate. On the way back I saw the cockatoos again and wished I'd taken picture. In a slightly better mood I ran back to the car, scaring a roo. I watched him hop out of sight before I realised I was being watched by four more about 10 metres away! They hopped off and stopped but once I took my eyes off them I couldn't pick them up again - a neat trick!



After some food I decided that I'd still feel guilty if I only taped one control, so I drove round to Red Hands and taped #22. Then I went to find #33; I saw a yabbie, big one, on the way and did a portrait. While I was on the other side of the creek near the Red Hands track junction this party of bushwalkers hit the track from the bush on the opposite side; there were about 15 of them and I'd heard them ages before. I sat and watched them for 15 minutes while they looked around and talked and looked around. I was as close as the roos had been to me (less than 10 metres) and was wearing a yellow long sleeved T-shirt and red track suit pants - NONE of them saw me! I think I'm getting too thin!

I think I saw a lyre bird run away from me on the track on the way back. By now I was very tired and sat in my car and flicked a large stripey snail off my knee. Snail? It was a humungous Rumanian Stripey leach and I'm lucky to have survived. Any way that's the story of why I didn't do too much and I'm sticking to it. Zzzzzz. (*The next day he taped #s 56, 57, 67 and 73 without significant literary comment. Thanks Andy; your "too much" was bloody fantastic!*)

Warwick Marsden



The "Jaunter Saunter" Rogaine - 19/20th October 1991

incorporating the NSW Championships, the ACTRA Spring 12-Hour & the NSW vs ACT Challenge

The 1991 NSW Championships (2nd Attempt) will be held in the Central Highlands at Jaunter, near Shooters Hill, about 2.5 hours drive west of Penrith, 2 hours drive north of Goulburn.

We have a wonderful area for a rogaïne; a mix of rugged bushland, clean forest, pastoral strolling if you prefer, pine forest, and a couple of topographical oddities. The course is appropriate for all standards of participation, as difficult or as easy as you choose.

A 16-hour and an 8-hour contest are offered in parallel with the 24-hour championship. In the 16-hour event you must take (at least) an 8 hour rest at the hash house, at any time that you choose. All events start at 12 noon on

the Saturday.

This rogaïne replaces the ACTRA 12-hour that was scheduled for October 19th. We won't be running the 12-hour, but then a 24-hour is much more inviting, isn't it?

The hash house will be a camp-out, beside a mountain stream.

We hope you join in.

FEES: \$22 per team member, \$11 if you are under 18 at the time of the event. If you paid for the August 24/25th weekend that was cancelled then you don't have to pay again.

Participants must (by legislation) be members of a Rogaining Association. If you are not currently a financial member, include the appropriate membership fee.

Membership Fees: Individual \$15; Household \$20; Group \$30; Associate (just for the event) \$8.

SEND: this entry form and cheque (payable to NSWRA) to Trevor Gollan, 39 Greenslopes Ave, Mt Ousley 2519.

LATE ENTRIES: Entries close 12th October. Late entries, postmarked after 12/10, add \$2 per person.

ENQUIRIES: to Trevor Gollan (042) 842 293

Team	Name	Address & Phone	Assoc- iation	No. of Rogaines
Contact	JULIAN GEDGER	108 CRESSY RD. EAST RYDE 2113	NSW	15
2.	SUE CLARKE	7/32 WARE RD. GLADESVILLE 2111	NSW	8
3.				
4.				
5.				

Event	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 24 Hour	<input type="checkbox"/> 16 Hour	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 Hour
Section	<input type="checkbox"/> Men	<input type="checkbox"/> Women	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Mixed
Sub-Section	<input type="checkbox"/> Junior	<input type="checkbox"/> Veteran	<input type="checkbox"/> Supervet

\$ 22

Total Fee

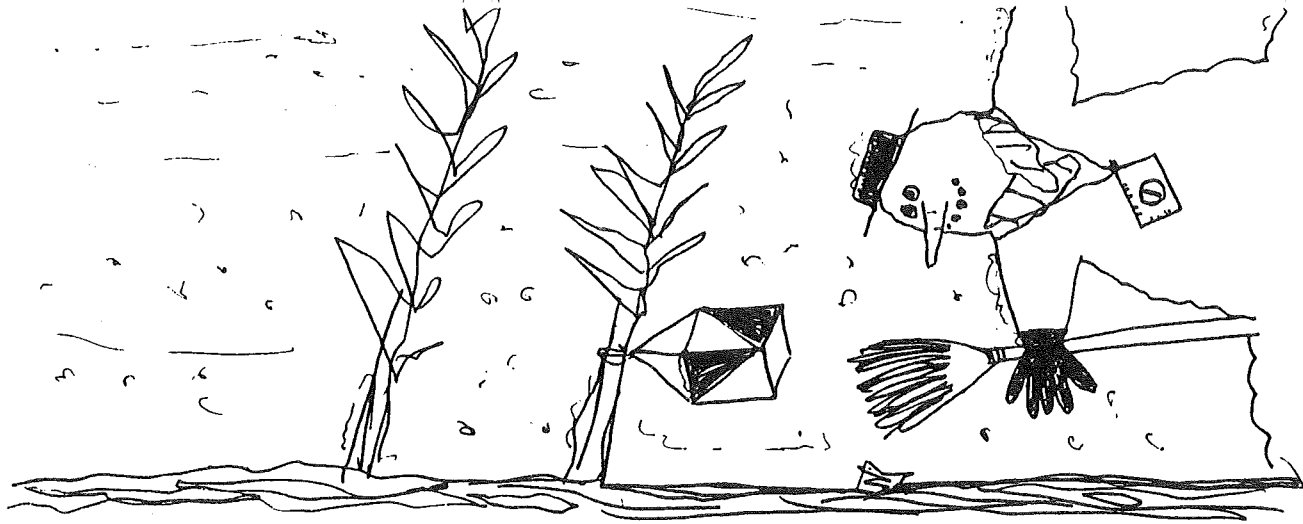
Notes: Association => your State Rogaining Association.

No. of Rogaines => that you've participated in (you can approximate if more than 10).

Junior => all team members <18.

Veteran => all team members >40.

Supervet => all team members >55.



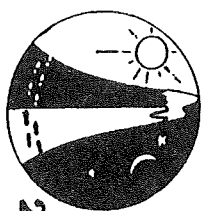
Typical course setter,
Jaunter, August 1991.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR 1992 !!!

Here is the proposed calendar for the NSW Rogaining Association events in 1992. As you can see there are lots of empty spaces. But don't just look at those blanks; make up your mind to be involved and give Trevor Gollan a call on (042) 84 2293 or drop him a line at:

39 Greenslopes Avenue,
MOUNT OUSLEY NSW 2519.

Event Date	NSW Champs March 21-22	Paddy Pallin June 14	Winter 12 hr July 18	Spring 12 hr Sept 19
Location	Wellington		North	Newcastle
Coordinator	Trevor Gollan		Graeme Cooper	Bert Van Netten
Course Setter	Netta Holmes		Graeme Cooper	
Administration		Julian Ledger		
Catering				



ROGAINE

26th Oct. 1991

The sport of long distance cross country navigation.

Be a part of history and participate in the first ever rogaine to be held in Queensland on **Saturday, 26th October, 1991.**

Location: approximately 70km south of Brisbane

Terrain: generally open, undulating to steep hills with some lightly timbered forest on longer courses. Views of the Scenic Rim are excellent from the higher points.

Map: 1:25,000 (provided at the event)

Events: a 6 hour and a 12 hour, with a mass start at noon Saturday, 26th October

Sections: Open (men, women, mixed); Junior (all under 19); Veteran (all over 40). Children under 14 MUST be accompanied by an adult and they can only enter the 6 hour event.

Team size: minimum of 2, maximum of 4

Hash House: will operate from 6pm Sat. to 10am Sun. to provide a 3 course evening meal (as much as you can eat). Vegetarians catered for (indicate your preference on entry form).

Facilities: toilets, water, limited hot showers, camp fire (bring your own bottle of port)

Camping: plenty of room for camping. The property owners have imposed a \$3 per person camping fee. For more luxurious accommodation, there is the nearby Koorabyn Hotel Resort (ph. 075-44 6222 to book).

Full Moon: Wednesday, 23rd October

Final

Instructions: will be posted to the team contact 8 days prior to the event and will include a check list of clothing and equipment required (including a whistle for safety AND a torch if entering the 12 hour event) as well as advice on how to prepare for a rogaine.

Further info: shown on the reverse side of entry form

Fees:

\$20 per team member; \$15 for juniors and full time students (includes map and food) \$8.50 for adult and \$4 for children under 10 non-competitors to cover evening meal. Plus \$3/head camping fee.

Entries to: "91 Rogaine", 59 Gordon St., Hendra, 4011.

Cheques payable:

Queensland Orienteering Association

Closing date:

Monday, 7th October

Late entries: postmarked after 7th October, add \$10

Organiser:

Eric Andrews (07 - 268 3338)

Course setter:

Bryan Coolahan

The organisers acknowledge the assistance of the Queensland Orienteering Association in helping to stage this inaugural rogaining event.

Team Entry Form "QUEENSLAND'S FIRST ROGAINE" 26th October, 1991

Team leader	Names		Year of Birth	Fees	
				Event	Camping
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					

TOTAL _____

* Teams of 3 or 4 can reduce their entry fee by \$5 or \$10 respectively if they only want 2 maps for their team

Address of team leader _____

Phone number _____

Has anyone in your team ever rogained/orienteered before? YES/NO

Event: 12 hour ☐

6 hour ☐

Section: Men ☐

Women ☐

Mixed ☐

Veteran ☐

Junior (all < 19) ☐

Vegetarian meal required ☐

Julian & Akiko Ledger
108 Cressy Rd
East Ryde 2113

3F

Change of address:

If the name and/or address on the label is incorrect, please fill in this form and return it to Trevor Gollan, 39 Greenslopes Ave, Mount Ousley 2519.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Old address: _____

PLEASE DON'T TEAR THE WRAPPER!

NSW ROGAINING ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Registered by Australia Post,

Publication No. NBH 7617

Return Address: P.O. Box 271,

Kensington 2033

**SURFACE
MAIL**

**POSTAGE PAID
KENSINGTON**