

NSW ROGAINING NEWSLETTER

Number 72

October 1998

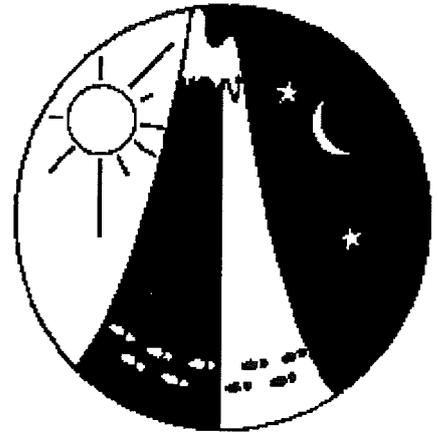
Presidents Piece

Later in this issue see my piece about the World Rogaining Championships held recently in Canada. It was certainly worth going and congratulations go to NSW Rogainers Marnie and Netta Holmes who came 2nd in the Womens. If you never thought you would take part in a World Championships now is your chance. In 15 months time the 4th World Champs will be held in the South Island of NZ on 15/16 Jan 2000. The scenery will be great and anyway who needs an excuse go to this fantastic country right on our doorstep. Not to mention NO snakes and NO bears! Whilst the best Rogainers in the world will be there, so can you be and because of the unique nature of our sport you can be at the same spot on the course at the same time as the winner!

Enclosed with this newsletter is a registration of interest form which includes email/website details.

Another Championship event for those interested is the 1999 Aussie Champs to be held in Victoria but near the NSW border on 23/24 Oct 1999. NSW RA will be running a coach down to the event which will be very reasonably price

Thanks, big big thanks go to all those associated with the Lostock and Barrel NSW 24 Hour Champs at the beginning of August. In particular Alan Mansfield, Sonia Kupina, Nihal Danis, Richard Sage, and Graeme and Vicki Cooper who all coped with very wet conditions to achieve a successful event. Also thanks to organisers of the 12 Lake Macquarie and in particular Bert Van Netten and family, Bill Pigram and the outstanding



Hash House crew. If you weren't there but have seen pictures of the battle of the Somme you will get an idea of the conditions.

Volunteers Needed Our 1999 program is coming together and is set out in the newsletter but is still subject to confirmation. Persons able to help with course setting, admin or catering please identify yourselves! Course setters, Vetter's and flag hanger upperers can speak

(Continued on page 2)

Xmas Social

Saturday 5th December
Como

Enjoy a Picnic &
a 3 hour mini-Metrogaine

ONLY \$6

A Fun Filled Family Day

See the entry form for more details

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WHAT'S ON IN 1998/99

DATE	EVENT	CO-ORDINATOR
5th December 1998	Socialgaine	
27/28 th February 1999	Metrogaine	Rohan Prouse
27/28 th March	Autumn 12hr/24hr	Daniel Murray <i>Marley</i>
1/2 nd May	TAB 24hr Relay	Alan Mansfield <i>Sue Clarke</i>
1/2 nd May	ACT Championships	
20 th June	Paddy Pallin <i>6hr</i>	<i>Stephen Coille</i>
3/4 th July	Search & Rescue	<i>Joki Tonto</i>
28/29 th August	NSW Championships	<i>Best Van Niben</i>
25/26 th September	Lake Macquarie 12hr	<i>Rob Vincent</i>
9 th October	ACT Cyclegaine	
23/24 th October	Australian Championship NE Victoria	
20 th November	ACT 12hr	

Join in the fun of working behind the scenes

HELP always needed, contact :

Vicki Cooper Phone: 02-6772-3584 (h)

Clunly Rd, Armidale NSW 2350

No experience is necessary - detailed instructions are supplied.

(Continued from page 1)

to event coordinators, myself or Alan Mansfield, others to Graeme and Vicki Cooper. Reminder - this sport is entirely volunteer run, volunteering is a lot of fun, good for your health and your community spirit, not to mention that it gets you out of the house and into some of the best country in NSW.

Speaking of NSW if you are wondering what to get a good friend for Xmas I can recommend the 2nd edition of **Wild Places - Wilderness in Eastern New South Wales** by Peter Prineas and Henry Gold and published by the Colong Foundation for Wilderness Ph 9241 2702. Its just a great book, almost 300 pages of dense but very readable information prepared by some people passionate about protecting the best places in our State. In particular I enjoyed the history of the early explorations and the attempts to fill voids in the map, the character, culture and traditions of the aboriginal communities, the long campaigns to establish National Parks, and the descriptions of flora and fauna. The book has many maps but due I imagine to budgetary constraints they are very basic and the reader needs more to hand to get the most out of the descriptions. Finally

the book is meticulously indexed and also includes definitions of wilderness and a summary of wilderness legislation.

Enclosed with this newsletter is an entry form for a special short **summer social event** being put on by Mike Hotchkis on **Saturday Dec 5th**. Come along for an enjoyable time where the emphasis will be very much on the social and not the competitive. Also enclosed is an entry form for our first event of 1999 - the now famous **Metrogaine** being put on next year by Rohan Prouse and friends in Sydney's south west. Also enclosed is a program of Wednesday early evening **Daylight Saving Orienteering - Mini Rogaines** over the summer. Coordinated by living legend Orienteer/Rogainer Ross Barr and this year with no fewer than 20 events with the first on Oct 28 I can highly recommend the series to Sydney based members as a way of keeping fit and improving map reading. Just choose the events that are accessible to you.

Finally in the newsletter is a **membership form** which can also be used to renew early for 1999. By completing and returning now you will help our administration to keep records in good order and ensure continuity of your

newsletter. Membership fees remain unchanged at \$12 for the first person at an address and \$3 for each additional person with a maximum of \$15 for a family.

Absolutely finally NSWRA now has its own telephone number. Well its a virtual number really set up by committee member Ken Smith. This is **9990 3480**. There will be a message regarding forthcoming events plus a capacity for callers to leave their details for entry/membership forms to be sent out to them. It aims to overcome our previous problem of people having heard of this great sport but not knowing how to make contact. The number will be listed in future phone directories (Yellow Pages under Clubs - Bushwalking and White Pages under Rogaining Association). Meanwhile with the popularity of the Rogaining Website there have been some early discussions about setting up OnLine event entry including payment.

Look forward to seeing you and perhaps a couple of friends you have been threatening to take on a Rogaine on December 5th.

*Julian Ledger
President*

Lostock & Barrell

Civilised

Ever since my introduction to the sport of Rogaining at the Watagans two years ago I have been convinced that Rogaining was actually an anagram of "Go Raining". This years NSW Championship held at Lostock did nothing to disprove this theory.

We arrived in pouring rain to be met by an ever-smiling face who pointed out where to park and camp. A quick survey of the camp site and facilities brought a smile to my face. I knew tonight when I arrived back, cold, wet and resembling a bush pig there was a hot shower awaiting. Flush toilets were also a big improvement on the usual port-a-loos, especially to my claustrophobic partner. The hash-house proved very civilised as well, providing lighting, power and shelter to the hard-working crew – Jenny, Barb, Marly, Narelle, Jack, Margaret and Vicki. A sheltered area had also been provided, complete with tables, where maps could be coloured and covered. We were to learn later that it also contained some of the best pumpkin soup, beef stew, apple crumble pie and chocolate cake. Unfortunately much of the hard-work put in by the setters and vetters was to be in vain. The Paterson River, normally crossable on foot at many fords, was a swirling torrent some 20 metres wide. With the course being set on both sides of the river and the only crossing point being south of the hash-house some of the carefully placed flags on the north-west part of the map would not be reached by any of the top teams let alone our novice team. The generosity of some 35 local farmers allowed us to tramp all over their properties and even right into their backyards at times. Obviously someone in our organisation has the gift of the gab. I do however have one complaint – Why were there so many fences? Why were they invariably five strands of barbed wire? And why do they always crop up at the top of this big hill? I think that's three complaints but minor ones .

Numbers were down due to the current weather, storm damage in Sydney during the week, the City to Surf, and also some of our elite were in Canada representing Australia at the World Championships. At noon, the hardy (or foolish) mob set off. Among them

Paula Clarke and her four sons Oscar (19), Jesse (17), Clancy and Ry (both 14) were attempting their first Rogaine. Someone forgot to tell Paula we go Rogaining to get away from the kids. Despite running into trouble between control 84 and 45 and having to spend an unexpected two hours in the dark, the crew arrived back with a total of 610 points for the 12 hour event. A top place in the family section for the 12 hour event and judging by the smiles, a great family day. Another group of the fool-hardy were two teams from the Watagan Wanders. They jokingly call themselves the "A" and "B" teams. Bob Cox, Mike Sawatske, and Di McKenzie finished with 780 points in the 24 hour event while Marg Coul, Marg Smith and Goyen managed 490 points. Excuses were free-flowing – within half an hour one of the team members had taken an unexpected swim, the next had a relaxing mud bath while the last member got into a tangle in a fence, but not your ordinary fence – this one was electrified. Despite missing out on all the fun the "A" team picked up first place in the mixed vets. During the event the weather improved but the wind got worse. The moon even showed through the cloud. Control points during the day had been relatively easy to find due to the cleared land allowing landforms to be recognised. Points were set quite a long way apart but afforded some of the most beautiful views of the valleys and mountains. Another nice touch was the minties at some of the control points.

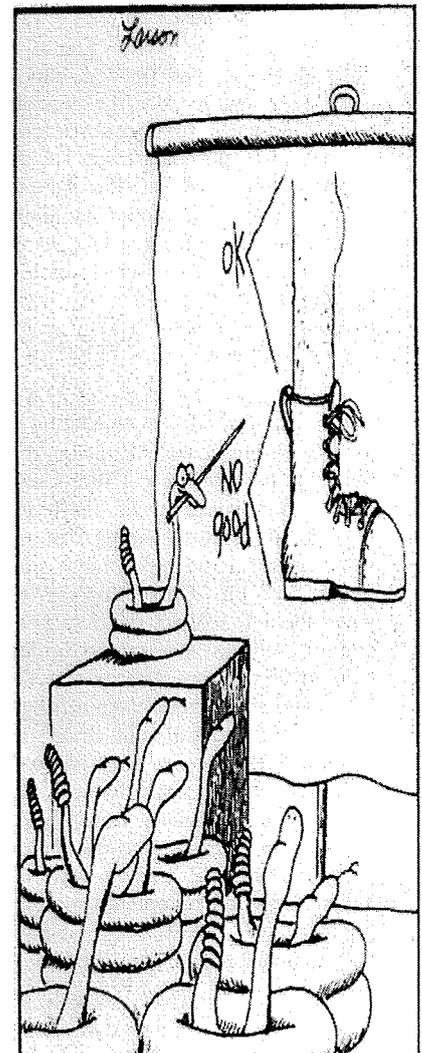
Everyone seemed to have the desire to go swimming during the event even though the water was cold and dirty. Those of us who visited #36 and #82 would not have been able to resist the lure of the flag set strategically on the other side of the creek. Some of the four-wheel drive roads also required some over arm action in order to cross the creeks. Whilst on the subject of roads, how many of us felt safe and secure heading for #56 because we were on a road? Judging by the many footprints on the adjoining road, my team wasn't the only one lulled into a false sense of security. Despite the fact that we were heading north, not south and following a creek not a river?? Rogaining is definitely a learning curve and I'm a slow learner.

I suppose I should mention the winners in amongst all this waffle. In the 24 hour event Simon Angus and Matt Chamber-

lain amassed 1960 points to win the open section, Nicole Dyon and Andrew Haigh took out the mixed section with 1400 points and the other winners I have mentioned above. In the 12 hour event Bruce and Carle Chessman took out the event with 960 points, John, Gillian and Mathew Woodward the mixed and Betty Chen, Michelle Devine and Kate Murphy the womens section. I know I missed some of the section winners but you'll work them out from the results. My final vote of thanks goes to the organisers, setters, vetters and our administration workers Sonia, Nihal and Rob.

All in all a very different Rogaine and Vicki has to make the chocolate cake again for the next event.

Lesley Taylor.



Lostock & Barrell

Running On Empty

Sitting at uni on the Friday, with the buildings literally being blown down, I was really beginning to wonder if there was going to be any rogaine this weekend. Initially I had been optimistic and hoped that the weather might keep away some of the competition, giving those silly enough to still go better odds at coming a place. It wasn't looking promising after minor flood warnings were posted for Maitland. But, my hopes were lifted again after consulting Michael Burton, a veteran of more orienteering/rogaing events than myself, when he claimed the only event that had ever been postponed so far was the time the course was under snow.

Saturday morning, I called Lostock to ensure that the course hadn't been washed away, drove through 3 hours of rain with the usual company of UNSW students, and arrived at a wet and sodden hash house. Surprise surprise, there had been a little bit of rain over the course as well. The river down the centre had flooded, almost completely cutting off the western side. The remaining thread of access available was the main bridge at the southern boundary of the course. Compliments to the noble intentions of Alan and the organisers who set up the boat for a second river crossing, however it's a shame that the water rose again and took the boat away and over the spillway.

My team mate for this event was Simon Angus who was competing in his first 24 hour event. Knowing that he trains for triathlons, I didn't ever doubt that I would be the one trying to keep up to him, hoping that the small hours of the night might slow him down a bit. On starting out, we went south to collect the few good controls on the way to the bridge. Control 36 was my first swim. The west bank of the creek came teasingly close to the control, but those last couple of metres were deep and wet. Some teams apparently found a dry crossing some distance downstream, and others decided that 30 points weren't worth the trouble with the creek. I was of the opinion that you might as well get wet now and get used to it, and promptly jumped in.

Crossing the main river, we collected controls close to the dam over the

AMNESTY
Missing Association equipment. flags, punches & intention sheets (these to be return to Russel Swanson two 9kg lpg bottles (one association, one Merv English), lids for large aluminium boilers and a wooden tresle table 7 feet long. Ask them to contact me if they have anything they think might be useful.
Graeme Cooper

that it was something that we didn't have to worry about. I had been entertaining the notion of continuing further north from 'Dismal', with 2 tempting 70 point controls calling just a few kilometres away, however Simon quite wisely questioned if it was really a good idea. Looking at the contours to be crossed and the distance required a second time, I was inclined to concur so we started heading back south along the ridge. Now it was time to get the jackets out. The rain may have stopped, but it was windy and our jackets were still dripping from the short cut we had taken through the dam to get to 78.

We collected most of the controls along the ridge, but went past 38 and 39 which we considered more trouble than necessary. The contours looked steep and with the ground being so wet, anyone would more likely to slip straight past any control before finding their feet. The ridge top in the middle of the night was quite a pleasant place. Clouds remained but were high, and the rain stayed away. Being clear country and with glimpses of the full moon showing now and then, it was possible to see quite a bit of the country below, including the occasional telltale signs of torchlights of other teams climbing hills in the distance.

Coming to the end of the ridge near the river at around midnight, we took the opportunity to top up at the water drop. We also enjoyed a midnight snack when another team from the UNSW contingent came by which allowed a quick opportunity to compare progress so far. Some of our other compatriots were making their way back to the hash house at this time.

(Continued on page 12)

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Lostock & Barrell

Aquatic Rogaining

Driving up to Lostock on the Saturday morning through downpours and raging streams after little sleep the night before, we both felt pretty uninspired. With most of the east coast drenched and floods everywhere, the stalwart organisers were still undaunted when we phoned to check. "Sure - come on up!" they declared. As we arrived in another deluge the basis of their enthusiasm became apparent - the rare luxury of a nice dry cottage to work from!

It must have been disappointing when the hard-working course-setters found that the Paterson River which bisected the area had turned from an El Nino trickle to an El Nina raging beast, throwing the big country in the NW of the course beyond the reach of all but the quixotically courageous - the only river crossings were now on the far end of the map.

Under these grim circumstances the turnout was impressive, even inspiring. As we all gathered under shelter for the starting signal, viscious squalls beat in at a forest of bare legs. Being fairly new to this bizarre sport, I surveyed the huddled throng still trying to get a grasp of the sub-culture. What sort of people are driven to spend their weekend sleeplessly thrashing around the countryside in foul weather collecting coloured scraps of nylon, just so they can get totally buggered and pig out?! I'm not even sure why I do it - except without the challenge of trying to do well I think I'd rather be bushwalking.

The usual spectrum of daggy dress styles was apparent under all the gore-tex - a full range from boots/gaiters/wool pants for the bushwalkers to Nike nylon pants and running shoes for the marathoners. I had noted previously that none of these dress cultures were a real worry - it was the functional nerdwear we had to watch out for and which we must attempt to emulate - I mean, have you seen Mike Hotchkis' hat? Where do you find a hat like that? Thankfully it was nowhere to be seen on that tempestuous Paterson Valley noon - probably still running around Canada with others of our best and finest. Also missing and a good thing too, were the luminous lycra orienteering speed-suits - perhaps they fall apart after six hours.

The whistle went and the rain miraculously stopped. I trotted down to drag Tony out of the tent where he was still stuffing his pack with energy bars and a flurry of just-in-case items. Tony is a keen naturalist, and I had only recently persuaded him, in the interests of being competitive, to discard the Readers Digest bird book and a collection of other references. We followed the rustling horde up the road then took a spur up to 49, just snagging it first by a head - trivial in a long event, but

always a nice psychological boost. A niggling calf problem niggled and then niggled off, as the body realised it was no use grizzling any more and just got on with the job. We ran off down the main road with no-one following - damn, maybe we'd stuffed our strategy!

Since this was only my second 24 hour event and Tony's first, with neither of us as prepared as we'd like to be, we planned to take a break at the Hash House in the small hours. A very rushed route plan sent us on an initial long arc to the east through Spring and Belgrave Mountains, across the river at the suspension bridge in the far south to loop through a few controls south of the dam, then back along the east side of the river. The next morning we would make a shorter circuit to the north. In the end this proved to be a good strategy for us, with few of those regrets that keep flowing for weeks from plans that fail in the execution.

It was about 11 pm and I was furious. Somewhere back behind us I had lost my shorts - this was going to upset our efficiency. Tony was sympathetic, "I think I might have seen them down in the creek - I wondered what that black thing was." I raced back down the hill in beautiful moonlight and sure enough there they were - stamped with Tony's muddy footprint.

My short tights had been sopping wet since very early on, and caused so much chafing they had to go. Trying to dry them on my shoulders was a less successful decision. If you want to be competitive, stupid mistakes like that have to be avoided. Only half an hour from the start, we realised this event had a biathlon component as we confronted the deep, swirling and muddy Brookers Creek. No crossing could be found so we prepared to throw our packs over and swim. Tony heaved first and to my considerable dismay was soon swimming downstream after his pack, which had hit the bank but rolled back in (too much chocolate!), his flippers and snorkel floating out of the top of the pack and down the rapids.

It was that sort of event - memorable for the conditions rather than any major navigational difficulties. After expecting the worst, the weather in the end was almost perfect - just a few drizzly showers, overcast but very mild temperatures for August and good moonlight through the clouds. There were even some nice warm and dry breezes. The mostly open terrain, not too steep with even slopes and short grass would have been perfect for the runners, except the whole landscape was oozing like a saturated wettex and as greasy as a butcher's handshake. Slip-sliding on the run down the hills was a necessary but life-threatening tactic. Expansive views of the green velvet hills made homing in on the controls easy. Although I prefer bush events, as farmland goes it was magnificent. Wildlife was great too - we saw four species of macropod, a possum and a pair of dingoes. I believe one team saw a koala!

The most challenging parts of any course demand concentration, accuracy and agility. Straddling the top barb and balancing on the second, I steadied myself on the post, threw my leg over and squished onto the ground - only an estimated 76 fences still to cross. After about 50 the hazard to my anatomy increased commensurate with exhaustion to the point where I was reduced to grovelling under the bottom wire. Rogainers must often abandon all dignity.

Later I had to swim again to reach control 36, tantalisingly out of reach across the creek. Fortunately for all concerned it was late at night and the moon was hidden by cloud with no other teams in sight. I stripped off what clothes were left and launched across the water as Tony looked the other way. I now realise that "Lostock and Barrell" may have been a covert reference to Niagara Falls (to which the Lostock Dam spillway was similar in both appearance and noise). Perhaps the potential for aquatic rogaining should be investigated further by the committee.

We stopped at the Hash House for about five hours but only two hours sleep before setting off again at 6 am. I soon began to slow down on the hills, but Tony was still going strong. We had to drop a couple of target 30-pointers from our circuit and had a bit of a thrash through a rain forested gully sidling out of 70 before heading for home via 63 and 54. Tony kept wanting to run along the final road, but was held back by my screams and pathetic hobbling as I grappled with chronic chafing and several tendonular atrocities. Tony could be really dangerous when he reaches his peak (maybe at 50 or so) - especially if he ever starts training. The shameless cad reckoned later he wasn't even sore. I made a mental note to let him take the reference library next time.

A desperate attempt to bag just one more lousy 10-pointer near the HH was soon aborted and we rushed in at 3 minutes to 12. It was great to be totally buggered and pig out.

Ian Brown

Lostock & Barrell

Our Last Rogaine

When my weekend work commitments were cancelled 12 days prior to the Lostock Rogaine, I scribbled out a cheque and raced to the post office with my entry form. Next I telephoned Nicole and told her I had entered us in the 24 hour event. Strangely she didn't seem to share my excitement. As the day drew closer and the weather got worse I thought perhaps I had made a mistake.

As we drove to the event, Nicole said to me "Do they ever cancel Rogaines due to weather?". I tried to assure her that the rain would work to our advantage. Later, sat cramped in the back of the car trying to cover the A2 sized maps with contact I was wondering how that would be.

Our plan was a 6 hour loop in the north of course, followed by a feed at 6 pm back at the Hash House and then another 6 hour loop to the east followed by Breakfast at the HH and then the remainder of the time we planned to spend in the area south of the Dam.

Everything went to plan – to start with, control 10, 54 and 42. I was pretty pleased with myself as I picked my way down the hill towards 82 – I had kept my feet dry. We arrived at 82 to find another team wondering how to get to the control which was tied to a tree on an island in the middle of Sheepstation creek. I couldn't see the problem. The tree was only 3 metres away. The water couldn't be that deep. I took one step forward into the water. Next thing I knew I was up to my armpits with my feet still not on the bottom. I dragged myself back to the bank. We all crossed at chest depth, 20 metres upstream and approached the island from the other side. A short stop to wring out our clothes and we were on our way again. I was looking forward to 6pm and clean dry clothes.

As we climbed the ridge to checkpoint 60, Nicole announced that this would be her last Rogaine. I've heard this a few times before but this time she sounded as if she meant it. I thought to myself, well if this is our last one then we should give it our absolute best effort. It was a long walk for a measly 60 points. I had to reschedule team for 7:30pm. We managed to grab 70 just as the light

was fading. I fell approaching 32 twisting my ankle (it is currently swollen). We had a spot of trouble finding 63. My Petzel was playing up, dodgy connections on the 'AA' adaptor. I had spent the Friday afternoon searching Newcastle for a flat battery pack. A friend of mine later admitted buying the entire stock from our local camping store the week before. (Who needs 10 batteries?).

Having dragged Nicole up the hill to 25 I developed major hunger pains, the sort that make you feel quite sick. Finally, we made it back to the Hash House for tea at 9:30pm, and what a hearty feed it was. If only there was a 10 point bonus for every piece of chocolate cake eaten, we could have taken several extra hours sleep. I lay in bed, still map in hand, trying to re-plan the next days route before setting the alarm for 2:30am. Having spent several short hours having a recurring dreams of searching for checkpoints it was time for breakfast. Breakfast was 4 pieces of chocolate cake eaten in under 1 minute.



They sat very heavily on top of that huge feast of only a few hours previous. It made for a slow start as we headed for 33. We struggled to stay on those ever so faint 4wd tracks. Reaching 52 on the top of Spring Mountain I felt drained and sick. I decided, this too would be my last 24 hour Rogaine.

We arrived at 51 just as dawn was breaking. Why as checkpoints so hard to find when other teams have told you they couldn't find them? (It was in the marked spot). As we contoured round Belgrave Mountain, my strained ankle was really starting to give me some pain. But our problems really started when I decided to grab 68 at 10am, then a slight delay get-

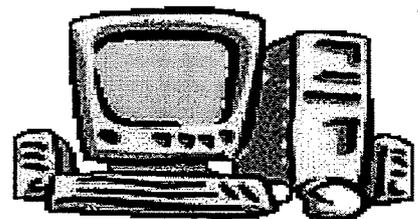
ting onto the foot bridge left us a long way from the Hash House. We just had time to grab 75, but not enough for 66. We collapsed at the finish, I knew we had given it our all, we barley had the energy to add up the score. On receiving "The Boot" trophy we declared our retirement from 24hr Rogaines. Our battery hoarding friend said that we must defend our title next year. Well a year is a long time, long enough to forget the rain and perhaps the pain. But what about Canberra 95, Patonga 96, Lake Macquarie 96, rain, rain, rain. I can still remember them.

After three days of hobbling around the swelling on my ankle is starting to go down. Nicole has already changed her mind about no more Rogaines – now its just no more 24hr Rogaines.

My retirement plan was just a temporary flash of insanity. Our last Rogaine? No – we just enjoy them too much.

Now, where is that entry form?

Andrew Haigh



We are on the Web!

<http://rogaine.asn.au>
then click on the state of NSW.

Look here for:

- Results
- Extra Photos
- Articles as they arrive
- Rogaining sites around the world

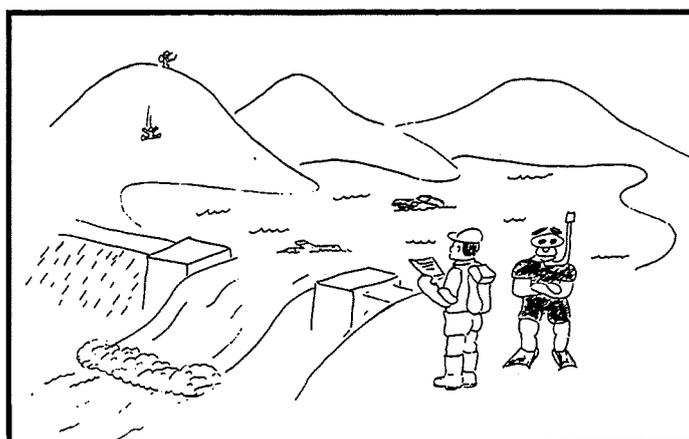
(well that's the aim – I don't have all the time in the world ...)

Lostock & Barrell

RESULTS

24 hour Course

Team	Score	Time	O	M	W	X	V	J	F
37 Simon Angus, Matt Chamberlain	1960	11.31	1	1					
59 Trevor Gollan, George Takacs	1680	11.56	2	2					
27 Ian Brown, Tony Garbellini	1620	11.20	3	3			1		
61 Adrian Sheppard, David Singleton	1600	7.27	4	4					
60 Nicole Dynon, Andrew Haigh	1400	11.53	5			1			
70 Peter Charlton, Dennis Mayo	1380	11.48	6	5					
19 Rob Kimbrey, Paul Stein	1330	10.57	7	6					
74 Anna Welbourne, Damian Welbourne	1300	11.07	8			2			
20 Peter Dunn, Garry Ferris	1260	11.33	9	7			2		
39 Emma Murray, Craig Parry	1200	11.21	10			3			
16 Tom Cordingley, Peter Learoyd	1160	11.35	11	8					
58 Julee Hamilton, Alexa McCauley, Philip Whitten	1140	11.55	12			4			
33 Geoff Bailey, George Collins	1110	11.29	13	9			3		
5 David Dash, Ian Deck	1080	11.08	14	10			4		
73 Geoff Peel, Margaret Peel	1000	11.33	15			5			
13 Jo Anne Danne, Andrew Stanfield, Rod Tracey	960	11.03	16			6			
64 John Leard, Mark McCrindle	880	11.57	17	11					
62 Jane Pulford, Guiseppa Vaccarella	820	11.54	18			7			
42 Robert Cox, Diann MacKenzie, Michael Sawatske	780	11.43	19			8	5		
35 Stephan Adler, Jakob Graichen, Magnus Lindskog	760	11.43	20	12					
72 Rochelle O'Hagan, Annina Vaccarella	730	11.45	21			9			
40 Asbjorn Frisvoll, James Southwell	720	11.55	22	13					
29 Marilyn Ferris, Lesley Taylor	710	11.35	23		1				
12 Rodger Austen, Rosemary Austen, Steve Garlick	710	11.41	24			10	6		
22 Peter Hardy, Daniel Zavone, John Zavone	690	11.30	25	14					
82 Shaun Howard, Bill McDevitt, James Rae, Robi Reiner	680	4.27	26	15					
10 David Clayton, Vaughan Clayton	640	11.29	27	16					
25 Andrew MacDonald, Malcolm Stewart	630	19.37	28	17					
6 Kathy Herrmann, Kristiane Herrmann	630	11.39	29		2		7		
50 Matthew Dunnill, Michael Ritchie, John Waddell	620	11.10	30	18					
57 Ian Halbisich, Melinda Stocker, Gavin Whitten	520	10.55	31			11			
41 Margaret Covi, Harry Goyen, Margaret Smith	490	11.52	32			12	8		
75 Richard McNeall, Kristin Young	440	11.54	33	19					
24 Lauren Brownlee, Greg Langton	420	12.14	34			13		1	
9 Kirsty Breckenridge, Nick Greenhalgh, Janet Savage	360	11.21	35			14			



Matt Chamberlain

Lostock & Barrell

RESULTS

12 hour Course

Team	Score	Time	O	M	W	X	V	J	F
63 Bruce Chessman, Carl Chessman	960	11.55	1	1					
21 Malcolm Hughes, Ken Smith	890	10.33	2	2			1		
30 Will de Sain, Shane Hansen	820	11.51	3	3					
26 Steve Halpin, David Klineberg, Douglas Moore, Bill Szeto	710	11.39	4	4					
48 Brendan Berghout, Steve Rogers	660	11.27	5	5					
4 Gillian Woodward, John Woodward, Matthew Woodward	650	11.49	6			1			1
3 Ben Austen, Peter Garlick	620	11.36	7	6				1	
46 Clancy Clarke, Jesse Clarke, Oscar Clarke, Paula Clarke	610	11.38	8			2			2
84 David Bonjer, John Seidel	430	18.25	9	7					
69 Steve Harrison, Jim Meek	420	8.16	10	8					
54 Anna Clarke, Tim Roediger	380	11.24	11			3			
55 Robert Casmir, Rob Parbery	340	22.07	12	9					
67 Clinton Alver, Kirsten Linnemann, Chris Riedy, Matt Seldon, Janet Steel	330	22.35	13			4			
32 Nejdet Danis, Papatya Danis	330	11.53	14		1				3
17 Brian Murphy, Kevin Murphy	180	17.30	15	10					
18 Betty Chen, Michelle Devine, Kate Murphy	180	17.30	16		2				



Lostock Winners

Lostock

1998 NSW Rogaining Championships
August 8/9

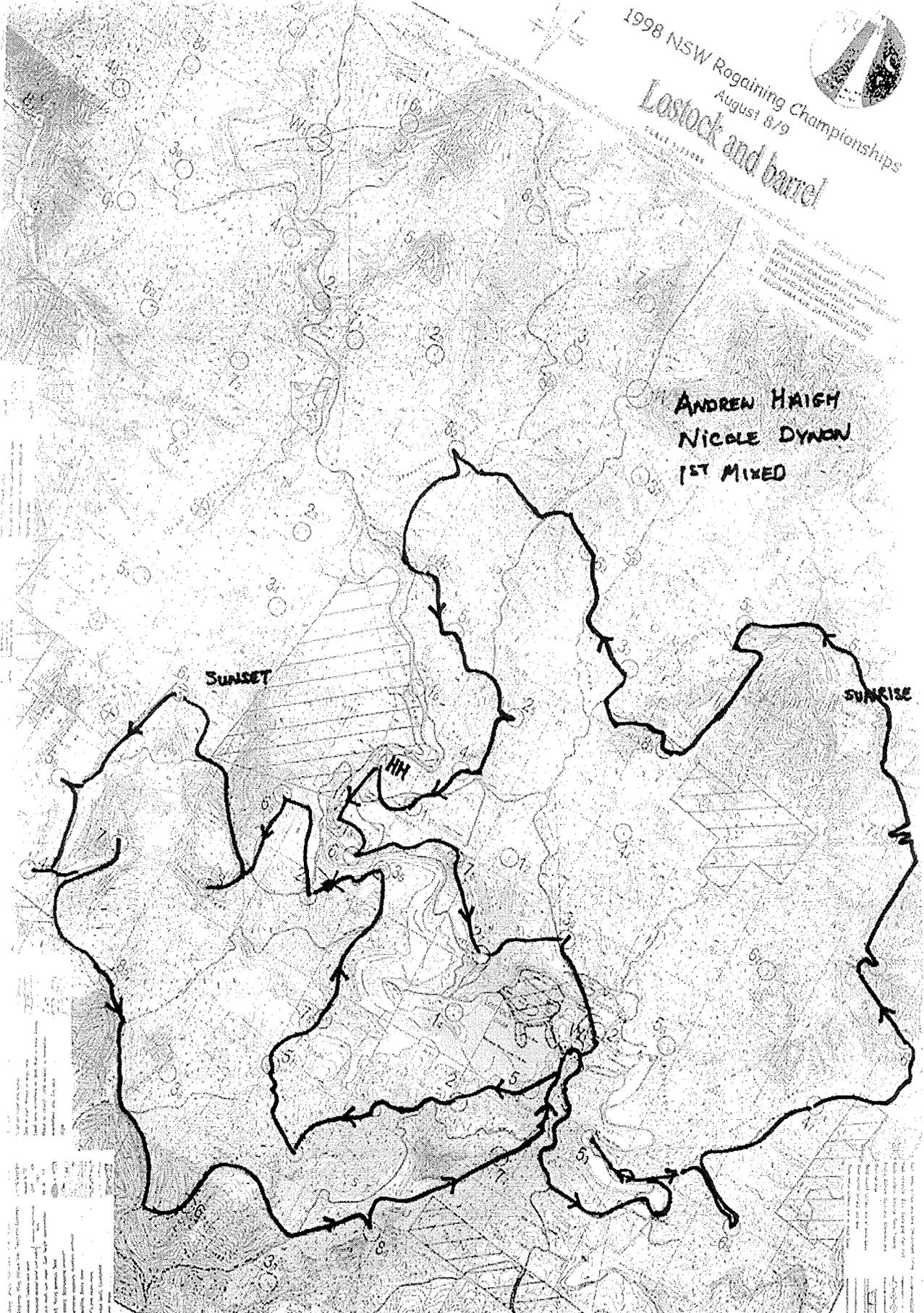


Lostock and barrel

SCALE 1:5000

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under license from the NSW Department of Land and Water Conservation
under the Copyright Act 1968.

ANDREW HAIGH
NICOLE DYNON
1ST MIXED



Lake Macquarie

Slip Slip Slipped Slide

John asked 2 months earlier "Want to go to the Lake Macquarie Rogaine?" "Memories of the last one I went to came flooding back. Rain, mud, leeches, sore muscles but on the whole a good time. "Lake MacQuarie Rogaine, yeh, why not.", I replied after a long pause.

After a hectic week of several 11hr days and clocking up 130km bicycle commuting to work because the cars head gasket was being replaced, I was looking forward to a rest. No such luck! Leave work 6pm Friday cycle home, eat, Venturers 7:30- 9:10pm, pack in time for Trevor to pick me up at 9:45pm. We picked up John and joked about leaving important items behind like shoes.

We arrived in the dry camping area. Woke 8am after a stunning excellent sleep, to rain. Before leaving home I didn't have time to organise any drinking water. The heavens provided. The supply coming off my small fly was plenty. I spent the time before the start eating, organising equipment and food, more eating and trying to stall the inevitable getting wet. John and Trev spent hours inside the car plotting and plan a route. Contact to make our maps and control card water resistant had been carefully left at home. Sweet talking mouth from the south John managed to get some contact from some nice people. (I believe we ought to send you a 10 pack of contact). Half an hour before the start the team was under pressure, busy marking the same route on 3 different maps and contacting maps. I was all thumbs at this moment. I was sure I was going to end up with more contact on my face than on the map.

Trev cheerfully said, "I don't care how you do it, just do it!"

With minutes to spare we raced over to the briefing. Watch out for the wash outs in the road, watchout for slippery road surfaces, watchout for slippery and slow going in the creeks. Generally watch out!

Everybody headed out along Prickly Ridge Forest Road. Shortly, in the pouring rain this crazy picture of people running, and sliding on a very slippery FWD track immersed. People running along would suddenly exit into the gutter amidst a bit of

swearing and mad windmill arm actions. By the time I got to 12 I was exhausted through laughing at peoples attempts to run in these slippery conditions.

On the whole John and Trev had set a great route and our hit rate was great. The only downer was we passed by the tea and damper spot too early. We got lucky heading to 46 from 37 We were using the overhead power lines to judge where on the creek we had to descend. We all thought we were too far up stream and should head down stream. A quick check up stream before heading down. Bingo, there it was! We got 66 right on dark. Was I concerned about being furthest from the Hash House with 6 hrs to go and still a creek to negotiate?

Sliding down the creek from 49 to 65 to



*Parking at the Paddy Pallin:
"I just wish I could find my car!?"*

43 in the dark was exciting. A call for ynchronised breathing was needed to see dangers. My Micro Petzel would illuminate my streamy breath just at the wrong time. Again we were lucky as I discovered Trevor was not with us. Trevor's torch had died just as he lost his glasses. Feeling around he found his glasses and continued a short way by dim moon light to find me waiting. Again we were lucky. John dropped his map case containing compass, map, and watch. It just caught my dim torch light and I picked it up.

Finally with last of creek traversing behind us, we slipped into road mode. I started eating dinner whilst sliding towards either one gutter or the other much

to the amusement of Trevor. Trevor got his come upence suddenly involuntarily sitting down still laughing.

A heart stopping moment at 24 when The Chief Control Card Carrier reported the control card missing. John had it thankfully, it had just turned into part of his pocket rather than being in it. Crazy mad thoughts of disposing of a badly beaten body of a Chief Control Card Carrier flashed across my weary mind.

Earlier in the event when we were travelling with other rogainers to the next obvious check point John tried his hand at conversation with another team.

"Where are you going? John said bluntly. The following silence from the team was noted by me as the correct answer. I later rebuked John for asking such a silly question during a Rogaine.

John replied, "Well, what would you say."

So here is a sure fire way to start a conversation during a wet rogaine, Perry style. Start with *Nice shoe laces* then *They are like mine* Pause *they are wet.*

This was tried later in the event and it worked like a charm.

The ridge walk from 24 to 15 to 16 was great. The final control 11 was elusive. Where did that track start? We hobbled in to the Hash House with a few minutes to spare.

I was caught off guard when we came first and was stunned by the prize money. Thanks to the course setter and organisers. I had a terrific time. The food was sensational, a big thanks there. All that was left to do was go to sleep breakfast then leave.

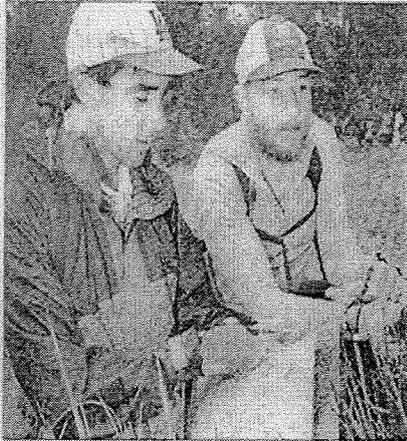
Leaving turned into an event on it's own. The two wheel drive cars did not handle the slippery conditions well. Nothing a half dozen fighting fit rogainers couldn't handle. A number of new roads were made out of the camping ground as cars were pushed or carried out.

Thanks to the team John Barnes and Trevor Prowse.

The whole event was well oiled.

Andrew Perry

Membership Renewal



This way: The intrepid rogainers check their bearings.

12 hours in a forest — that's rogaining

By TOM CRYSTAL

IT'S a good thing that Walsend's Mr Arthur Kingsland likes to run — in any terrain, in all conditions.

The Newcastle University lecturer joined about 200 others in pelting rain on Saturday for a run of up to 12 hours through the Oney State Forest, near Merisset.

Their excuse was a rogaine, a mix of orienteering and cross-country running, or bushwalking for the more sedate.

Mr Kingsland and team-

mate Mr Alan Garde, of North Lambton, took part in a muddy 7th annual Lake Macquarie Rogaine.

Competitors set off at noon with maps, compasses and whatever they were prepared to carry for up to 12 hours.

The maps show markers where competitors are given points when they reach them.

In Saturday's rogaine competitors trekked up to 60km in an event that finished at midnight.

Although some competi-

tors treated the event seriously, for others it was an excuse for a walk in the forest.

Co-organiser Mr Mark Pigram said the event bore similarities with orienteering with a few exceptions.

'In orienteering you try to get from A to B in the shortest possible time,' he explained.

'In rogaining you go from A to A via the rest of the alphabet.'

Organisers were calculating the winners of the rogaine last night.



On the go: Arthur Kingsland, left, and Alan Garde.

Application for Membership or Renewal of Membership

The NSW Rogaining Association Incorporated

I/We the undersigned, who live at the address given below, hereby apply to become members / renew membership of the above named incorporated association. In the event of my/our admission as members I/we agree to be bound by the rules of the association for the time being in force.

My/Our address (for delivery of one copy of each newsletter) is:

Full Name	Date of Birth	Fee (\$)	Renew (Y/N)	Signature

Name:.....
 Address:.....
 Town:..... Postcode:
 E-mail:.....
 Phone:..... (home) (work) (fax)

The fee per annum is \$12 for the first person on this form and \$3 for each additional person. The maximum fee for a family is \$15. The membership year starts on 1st January. A family is defined as one or two adults plus any number of dependant children each of who looks to one or both of the adults as a parent and who all live at the same address.

Please send this form together with a cheque payable to "NSW Rogaining Association" to:

Membership Secretary NSWRA
 Graeme Cooper
 Cluny Road,
 ARMIDALE 2350

 *
 * **Changed Your Address? Contact Graeme** ▶ *
 *

Lostock / Lake Macquarie

Running On Empty (continued)

(Continued from page 4)

idea at the time, however these teams found it a little hard changing back into wet, muddy shoes to go for more controls in the morning, some opting to just sleep in instead.

During the graveyard shift, Simon and I backtracked a little to the south in order to cross the footbridge and started collecting controls along the eastern boundary of the course. The hills started to stretch out, becoming longer and higher, and I found myself starting to wonder if I really did need to have my eyes open to walk. Soon after collecting 74, which involved checking each western spur on that side of the ridge before finding the right one, one of our water stops turned into a quick shut-eye. My eyes stopped mid blink, and after a moments consideration I opted to leave them there. Simon must've had a similar idea since some time passed before we got up and going again. The sun soon rose which lifted levels

of enthusiasm. However, the sunshine doesn't provide much in the way of nutrition, which we were starting to run low on. The rest of the morning involved collecting a few of the main controls in the centre of the course, namely 83 and 82 and anything else that could be squeezed in along the way. Fortunately, most of the route was downhill, with the exception of one last ridge to scale in order get 82.

At this time any step higher than the one before was getting harder. The energy just wasn't there. Nothing demonstrated this more than watching another team take the shortest way up and over a spur while we negotiated a longer, more contorted alternative route by contouring around in order avoid any work against gravity that wasn't absolutely necessary. The cattle in the Lostock area have done a fantastic job in creating tracks contouring perfectly around all the hillsides, each with clear crossings at the gullies.

There were no easy contouring routes in

order to get around to 82. I devoured my final Snickers bar, while Simon finished his muesli bars, which gave us enough energy to get up and over the last hill, and ultimately back home.

Thanks to the organisers and all the landowners in the area for a good course. Thanks for the trouble people went to in order to make the sodden conditions as comfortable as possible. Thanks also to the organisers of the world champs for taking types like Mike H. overseas for the weekend.

Matt Chamberlain.

Take a walk on wild side with Rogaine

STATE Forests of NSW have organised the seventh annual Lake Macquarie Rogaine for Saturday, September 5, in the Olney State Forest, near Morisset.

Rogaining is the sport of long-distance cross-country navigation, with competition extending from noon to midnight.

According to Hunter area rogaining spokesman Mr Bert Vannetten, the sport is popular both with family groups who see it as an interesting extension of bush-walking, through to highly competitive individuals who will cover 50km of ground in the 12 hours.

There are 30 to 40 checkpoints that competitors can locate, with points gained for

locating each site marker.

For further infor-

mation contact State Forests community liaison officer Leah Peterson 02 4927-0977 or Ms Peterson 02 217755.

Lost & Found

At the rogaine on Saturday my Burgundy/Blue One Planet Goretex jacket went missing. Due to Press commitments, I was in a hurry at the start of the rogaine - I still had the jacket on when we started and was too hot by the time Arthur and I reached our first control (Number 12). I rolled the jacket up and put it under a small bush about 5m from the control.

When I returned to control 12 (twice) in the dark after finishing, I was unable to locate my jacket.

I have been reliably informed (by Rob Vincent) that it was there about 2pm, although it had been moved to the fence post at the control. I have been unreliably informed that two jackets were seen out on the course and one was returned to the hash house. This red one was claimed by another six hour competitor. I have been unable to get a description of the jacket seen hanging in a tree, and do not know the location.

In hindsight, I should have put the jacket in my pack (extra weight) or hidden it in the bush away from a control. Even better, I should have taken it off before our late start.

I was wondering if you could publish a request for information in the next newsletter. I guess I could offer a reward for helping recover it, but I can't imagine any need for that !

Thanks

Alan Garde

Ph: 4940 2258

e-mail: garde.alan.ap@bhp.com.au

Lake Macquarie

Tradition Has It - Rain and then some more....

Saturday Sept. 5th, I awake to the sound of rain on our iron roof. A most welcome sound normally, but not when The Lake Macquarie Rogaine is on.

A quick discussion with the other team member, my son Stuart and bugger it - yes, we are still going. After all, fond memories of the 1996 Lake Macquarie Rogaine remain with us. Sliding down muddy tracks was fun!!

As usual with Rogaining events, the road directions are spot on and we arrive at the parking area at 11 AM. Ample time to register, collect maps and plan our route while having a bite to eat. 11.50 AM and its briefing time. The course setter seemed to take delight in informing us of treacherous tracks with man (or woman) eating wash-outs, leech infested creeks with almost impenetrable rain forest, but otherwise everything was just beautiful. At this stage I almost asked about the remarks for check point 62-the bearing of 158 degrees didn't seem right-but fear of asking a stupid question in front of all those experienced Rogainers deterred me. BUT more about C62 later.

Midday and we're off! Prickly Ridge Forest Road has more people on it than Pitt Street on Saturday morning. C11 is our first stop. We're off to a bad start when we can't find the walking track leading to near C11, let alone find the control. We decide not to waste time looking as its only worth 10 points. So, its off to C16. his control was relatively easy to find. Apparently a herd (or mob) of elephants has recently ascended Broken Ridge, so we simply followed their tracks, virtually straight up to the control.

MORAL: In Rogaining it pays not to be first to a control. C15 & C24 followed in fairly quick succession with no problems. We like controls with simple remarks such as "The Saddle". Our confidence levels are rising now after the demoralising effect of not finding C11, so we decide to spare the time to sit on a log and have a chook sandwich. Life's not so bad after all.

Next stop is to be the infamous C62. We really need this one as its the highest scoring control on our route. Along the ridge and descend to the road intersection. No problem so far. We arrive at the intersection to find other teams in a mild panic - can't find the control - the

bearing in the remarks doesn't fit the location of the circle. After a handy tip from someone who hadn't read the "location and remarks", we find the control. 158 should have read 258 degrees. Oh well, whats 100 degrees of separation amongst friends? About 300 metres probably I hear some one say.

Anyway, times marching on, so its follow Lemon Tree Road to C31, C32,C33,C34 & C26. On the way we fall into easy conversation with other teams. Total strangers before today.

MORAL: Be careful talking to strangers on Rogaines - one of them might be the magazine editor looking for contributors.

We reached the intersection of Lemon Tree Road and Handle Road at 4PM, so it was decision time. Being a 6 hour team we only had 2 hours remaining. Should we head along Lemon Tree Road, cut along the foot track to Prickly Ridge Road, picking up C23, C25, C14 & C12, or take the shorter route back to base via C15, which we already had, & Boundary Forest Road.

We decided on the former and so headed

off at a fast walk. C23 & C25 came relatively easily. Arriving at the road intersection near C14 at 5.25pm we reckoned that we didn't have time to spare and so gave it a miss. After all its only 10 points. A similar decision was made for C12 at 5.45PM. A fast walk and a bit of a jog later we're back at the control with, according to Bill, 5 seconds to spare. But that's not cutting it fine - that's how we planned it! (bullshit!)

Back at the Hash House, the variety and quality of food was at the usual high standard and was most welcome. I had to go back for seconds of the Curried Chicken and Sticky Rice, just to make sure it was as good as I thought it was. (and it was!!)

Stuart and I enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and a big Thank you to all the organisers for a job well done.

A final message to Bill Pigram: In 1999 lets not break a tradition - make sure it rains again!!

Alan Scott

Co-ordinators Report

I would like to thank all helpers involved in the organisation of the 1998 Lake Macquarie Rogaine. The feedback indicated that the event was a success, in terms of enjoyment, despite the weather. This year we almost forgot to organise the rain, mud, leeches and ticks. Fortunately, this oversight was rectified the night before the event.

The catering was excellent and much appreciated by the many wet, cold and hungry competitors. Thanks to Chris and Dianne Stevenson and their merry band of hash house helpers. Obviously, much thought and preparation went into the menu. As usual, Vicki and Graeme Cooper featured highly in the food preparation and organisation of gear.

A huge thanks goes to Bill Pigram who so capably has been organising the administration of this event for a few years now. Bill is moving to Wagga and therefore will be unable to carry on his great work. We do wish Bill and his family the best (but we really wish he and his ever smiley face were staying).

Robert Vincent performed his usual superb job of vetting the course. Robert's input into the event was invaluable.

We are considering a different award system for next year. One which allows more competitors to achieve at their own particular level. There will be no prize money. Instead there will be medallions for the winners. Also those teams which achieve 75% or better of the winner's score will receive a gold award. Teams achieving 50-75% of the winner's score will receive a silver award and 25-50% will receive a bronze award.

We already have maps for 1999's NSW Championship event and also the Lake Macquarie event. Some organisational positions are already filled. Still needed are event secretaries and caterers.

Thanks again to all who help out this year.

Bert van Netten

Lake Macquarie

Results

12 hour Course

Team	Score	Time	O	M	W	X	V	MV	WV	XV	J	F
37 John Barnes, Andrew Perry, Trevor Prowse	1070	23.57	1	1								
7 Ian Brown, Tony Garbellini	950	23.37	2	2			1	1				
48 Marnie Holmes, Mike Hotchkis	950	0.00	3			1						
27 Anna Welbourne, Damian Welbourne	930	23.59	4			2						
50 James Johnson, Stuart Robertson, Hunter Southwick	920	23.42	5	3								
44 John Breiland, Matt Chamberlain, Asbjorn Frisvoll	900	23.56	6	4								
2 Peter Dunn, Garry Ferris	890	23.37	7	5			2	2				
31 Peter Charlton, Geoff Peel	800	23.02	8	6								
14 Neil Chappell, David Lilley, Michael Lilley	720	23.27	9	7								
6 Steve Johnston, Mark Phillips, Rob Walker	690	23.52	10	8								
24 John Learoyd, Peter Learoyd	670	23.58	11	9								
43 Stefan Alder, Jakob Graichen, Carolina Roman	660	0.01	12			3						
1 Marilyn Ferris, Lesley Taylor	610	23.52	13		1							
40 Greg Chamberlain, James Southwell	600	23.40	14	10								
33 Annette Billinghamurst, Michael Billinghamurst	570	19.33	15			4						
38 Daryl Kay, Karen Maher, Wendy Timms	570	23.34	16			5						
28 Lisa Cutfield, Rob McDonald, Rob Smalley	570	23.55	17			6						
9 Ian James, Vickie James	550	23.06	18			7						
12 Samuel Dzwinek, Anthony Hunt, Melinda Hunt	520	23.29	19			8						1
34 Kirsten Linnemann, Matt Seldon, Janet Steel	490	20.34	20			9						
5 Ken Bright, Alain Dupuis, Steve Hirst	490	22.05	21	11			3	3				
10 John Biddiscombe, John Bishop, Ian McNichol	490	22.07	22	12			4	4				
22 Tim Naden, John Waddell	490	22.07	23	13								
47 Ben Lohse, Mark Rosenbaum, Melinda Stocker, Philip Whitten	480	0.26	24			10						
18 Duane Crabtree, Fred Joshua, Martin Liedvogel	470	22.35	25	14								
15 Margaret Covi, Robert Cox, Harry Goyen	470	23.33	26			11	5			1		
20 Nihal Danis, Richard Sage	440	20.52	27			12						
29 Ian McCracken, Barbara Townsend	410	20.44	28			13						
36 David Clayton, Narelle Clayton, Vaughan Clayton	410	22.47	29			14						
3 Michael Korompay, John Langmar	400	18.06	30	15								
4 Philip Allen, Bob Bartle	390	20.02	31	16			6	5				
35 Roz Atkins, Kerry Gilmore	350	22.04	32		2		7		1			
11 Lyn Berg, Jennie Bond, Tony Bond, Alan Garner, Jon Marsden	270	18.38	33			15						
23 Matthew Dunnill, Michael Ritchie	260	19.07	34	17								
21 Colin Fenning, Danny O'Connell	220	23.43	35	18								
30 Jeremy Ireland, Kathleen Turner	160	19.09	36			16						
8 Stephen Castle, Rhonda Monahan	150	0.27	37			17						

Lake Macquarie

Results

6 hour Course

Team	Score	Time	O	M	W	X	V	MV	WV	XV	J
628 Alan Garde, Arthur Kingsland	750	17.52	1	1							
639 David Green, David Tow	520	18.02	2	2							
636 David Gluisolfi, Justin Grisbrook, Asa Hedin	490	17.46	3				1				
634 David Cannings, Judy Greenwood, Danny Hirshfield	480	17.57	4				2				
623 David Klineberg, Doug Moore	440	17.54	5	3							
638 Douglas Catchpole, Andrew Forsyth, Chris Holland	430	17.42	6	4							
624 Peter McConaghy, Wendy McConaghy	400	17.57	7				3				
627 Richard Doyle, Marcus Hassall, David Hunt, David Kable, Chris Kintis	350	17.55	8	5							
641 Cameron Lowe, Peter Sandell, Rodney Sandell, Rowan Wilson	310	17.48	9	6							1
640 Luke Greenhalgh, Nick Greenhalgh	310	17.49	10	7							2
626 Steven Halpin, Maryann Kulh	310	17.51	11				4				
603 Meg Thornton, Lyn Williams	310	17.53	12		1			1		1	
622 Craig Holmes, Rob O'Neil, Mark Simons	310	18.27	13	8							
614 Alan Scott, Stuart Scott	280	17.59	14	9							3
612 Anna Pesten, Michael Smith	260	17.53	15				5	2			1
619 Kait McManus, Steven Newman	250	17.39	16				6				
635 David Dorra, Sophia Gould, Anthony Macks, Peter Prendergast	250	18.02	17				7				
618 Mike Hodgson, Michael Israel, Matthew Jefferson, Mark Peltonen	250	18.04	18	10							
630 Mark Thyer, David Williams	240	17.37	19	11							
617 Jon Bell, Cynthia Coleman, Bronwyn Monahan	240	17.44	20				8	3			2
605 Merv English, Anne Francis	230	17.51	21				9	4			3
610 Mitchell Cawthorne, Jeanette Deaves	220	17.45	22				10				
616 Anthony Fallon, David Fallon	210	17.57	23	12							4
601 Sarah Newlands, John Warburton	210	17.58	24				11				
607 Chris Smith, David Vella, Vic Vella	170	16.12	25	13							
631 Lisa-Jane Garland, Susanne Holt, Susan Ley	110	17.40	26		2						
615 Bill Gribble, Leslie Steinhaus	70	15.40	27	14				5	1		
608 Melissa Grant, William Grant, Geoff Ritchie, Tom Thomas	50	17.15	28				12				
633 Julian Radom, Suzanne Schamschulf	40	18.00	29				13				
629 Geoff Podger, Debbie Podger, Chris Podger, Scott Podger	30	14.08	30				14				5
637 Torsten Henning, Eva Krieghoff	Late	18.32									
609 Ryan Cox, Naomi McLaughlin	Late	20.00									

ROGAINE DINNER

Course Setter of the 1998 Paddy Pallin &
Winner of the 1998 Lake Macquarie Event
 has chosen to share (some of) the proceeds of his a
1st Prize cheque

with YOU the organisers, course setters, caterers,
 administration people, helpers, and of course
future volunteers for these roles by shouting a dinner
 at:

Mt Colah Pizza Hut
 Friday, November 6
 7:30pm

For further details, give John a call on 9144-7927

World Rogaining Championships

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS - CANADA 1998

HAGAR THE HORRIBLE BY DIK BROWNE



Vancouver, early August, very hot, water views and summer festivals. Everybody is out. Take Sydney, add a slice of Perth and a dash of Queenstown for mountain backdrops. Been here once before and thought I could live here then too.

Rogaine preparations include long city walks for acclimatisation and visit to the famed Mountain Equipment CoOp, an enormous outdoor equipment store, thirteen departments, staff interested and enthusiastic. To buy have to join first. Store is 'not for profit' and owned by its members.

Hire car and head for the event. Four hours inland we stop in the town of Merrit for a final large pizza- it's almost 40 degrees - Rogaining in this! we must be troppo. Hash house is a modest affair on a small dusty ridge adjacent to one of the lakes of Douglas Ranch which is the land owner for the event.

Morning dawns fair and warm. Tables provided for marking up maps and what a map it is. Scale is 50,000 but detail stupendous. None of your simple Aussie spur and gully country, this terrain has had glaciers through leaving behind all sorts of complex landforms. Contour interval is 10 metres but the map maker who created the map specially for the event has also added some 5 metre form lines.

About half the course is forested, lets go there first for shade and so does everybody else and at a ferocious pace. What do you mean we are only still here - takes time getting used to

the scale, it's a big big big map, what else to expect form a World Champs, maybe we'll have to modify our plans. The navigation is always interesting, there's heaps of choice, we're on our own quickly.

Sue is feeling the heat, suits me to slow down we've a long way to go. We meet Netta and Marnie Holmes who are contenders for the women's trophy. They've already done heaps but have slipped up navigating and are taking a breather. Did I mention the bears? We have been warned, make noise, back off and hope you are not between a mother and cub. We see evidence of bear, we think about bear but see no bear itself.

Sailing around the track corner towards us come Nigel Aylott from Victoria and his partner, Iiro Kakko of Finland. They look in good form. Night happens quick. Damn this is probably the hardest part of the course and we are still in it. Sue rallies, I do a fade in the small hours of the morning. We keep scoring but include a rest or three. Twice lose a bit of time at controls as the night gets darker. Don't see another team for hours.

Wonderful dawn and great vistas of the valley way below. Head down to another water drop. There are seven on the course and this one has over 30 of the 20 litre containers plus a host of mosquitoes. Navigation becomes easy but the legs are slowing. The map is still huge and half of it we are not going to visit. A final 80 points on top of a steep hill and then join the throng heading home.

Murray Froubisher reads out the results from bottom to top. We are 50th - my stated goal but we'd hoped for better. Our

category of mixed veterans is very competitive. The depth of the field is impressive with many fast teams including about twenty from Australia. Marnie and Netta have done extremely well (similar points to Mike Hotchkiss) but are second womens nudged out by Canadian orienteering champions. Nigel and Iiro have won overall with a little space to second team which includes former world champion, David Rowlands and a kiwi partner. Swedes are third and Canadians forth.

Driving out there is a huge bushfire plume in the distance. We head for Kamloops and a deep sleep at the YHA hostel in a historic converted courthouse. The fires continue and next day watch them being water bombed by plane and helicopter. Sue leaves to meet friends at the US Orienteering Championships where she wins her class. A group of us go east for a week long visit taking in Banff and Jasper and the magnificent Rockies where we do some long walks including up to 10,000ft onto glaciers. It's another story but from the point of view of promoting ro-gaining with all our various ro-gaine event shirts and still pumped up from the championships we spend lots of time on the trail, in mountain huts and campgrounds telling people what this Aussie invented sport is all about.

Julian Ledger

World Rogaining Championships

Unmarked Natural Hazards may be Encountered

From the time of the most memorable World Champs in West Australia two years ago, Netta and I had been talking about going to Canada for the WRC. So long in planning, but we submitted our entries by internet a week before leaving Australia and finalised our tickets for travel only three days before jumping on the plane. As soon as we got to Vancouver we went to MEC - a Mecca for gear-loving outdoor types. We walked in and stopped, stared dumbfounded - imagine a supermarket with rows and rows of shelves, then stock those shelves with half a dozen varieties or more of every type of gear that you can think of: gaiters for example - there were oversock protectors, snowguards, orienteering gaiters, thigh length gaiters, and all of these in several weights, materials and colours. And in the short article that this is supposed to be, I can't even begin to tell you about the packs!!

After a week in and around Vancouver, going on day walks which are measured in terms of elevation gain before kilometres on the ground, we hired a car and headed north along the spectacular Howe Sound towards Whistler. We took three days to travel the distance that public transport buses cover in 2 hours!

As we approached the rogain site, the weather became hotter and hotter. The locals told us that the area was experiencing a record-breaking heat-wave with temperatures in the high 30's. We hoped that there would be plenty of water drops on the course. The most common comment from the Canadians was "Of course, all you Australians would be used to the hot weather!" - not realising that we rogain during winter and tend to sit in the shade in the midst of summer!

The Hash House was in the Hospital Field, by the edge of a small lake, with no trees except a fringe of small willows clustered around the waterline. In the blazing heat we searched for a spot to put the tent - a difficult compromise between shade and flat ground. The shade was more important. That afternoon as we rested in the narrow band of shade, a tent city was gradually erected around the hill. The flags of the nations of the competitors whipped in the wind - except

for the flag of Canada which was still in use at the orienteering carnival. The tarpaulins and admin tents groaned and flapped and barely survived the duration of the event.

The evening before the event, we all sat around at tables under the noisy canvas, prepared food and shared it around with our more forgetful or voracious colleagues. The strong contingent of Australians even had a party, complete with Tim Tams, hot popcorn straight from the Trangia, port and Rid for the bugs. Even generous slatherings of Rid were insufficient to repel the onslaught of mosquitoes



that arrived with the sunset. We attempted more and more vigorous versions of slapping them away, but our party dispersed in no more than 5 minutes. (Possible solution to problem of unwelcome visitors - clothe self in heavy fabrics, dispense small number of Canadian mosquitoes into room...)

When we received the maps we were struck by the complexity. Apparently a large portion of it was prepared to a scale of 1:15,000 and then reduced to 1:50,000. The fine detail was difficult to read in the daylight, let alone at night! Because of the extreme high temperatures, we decided to head into the forested area as quickly as possible. A large number of other teams seemed to go in the same direction. We marched away in shorts, long sleeved loose cotton shirts and shady

hats and wondered at a mixed team incognito behind reflective sunglasses and he carried his shirt in a pocket and she wore the briefest of wet-look lycra tops and sweat dripped off their chins (a very long way from "slip, slop, slap, wrap"!)

We were getting along ok, despite the heat and each drinking more than a litre per hour (much higher than normal), until we found the geography no longer coincided with the map. We struggled and struggled in an area

where the pine forest had been thinned - but the forest floor had been thickened. We decided to head to the highest ground to attempt to relocate. On the way we found ourselves in a strange rocky channel which we discovered led us straight to our next-but-one checkpoint. We abandoned the other control and began to revise our route to rely more on tracks - we could not afford to waste so much time fighting our way over and around log piles. Some of the control descriptions required translation - re-entrant (gully), esker (nasty rough pile of rocks left behind by a glacier) and so on. Also many of the descriptions were given only in orienteering graphical style which was another problem for those of us who don't usually orienteer. We were worried about coming across bears in the woods, but the major unmarked natural hazards that we encountered were clouds of mosquitoes. They were thicker than swarms of black flies that we sometimes encounter in Australia in summer. And very tenacious - biting my shoulders through the thick cotton material of my shirt, around my neck and in my hair. The worst time of all was just before sunrise. It was just light enough to see without torches, Netta walked ahead of me with a black aura and waved and flapped her hands wildly. If we stopped it was worse and we had great difficulty concentrating and holding the map still enough to be able to read the details. Other teams returned to the Hash House with tales of bears and coyotes and loons. We heard wild laughter around sunset and sunrise, thought it was only the crazed sounds of rogainers in the distance! We were quietly happy with our results - 2nd in the women's section, 21st overall, but look forward to competing in New Zealand in Jan 2000!

Marnie Holmes

Survey: 24 Hour Participation?

Here is a very brief update on this research project to date. Two focus groups have been held and the results of these have been used to compile a detailed survey that will be sent to a randomly selected sample of the VRA membership shortly. The first group consisted of six VRA members who had entered two or more 24-hour events in the last two years. The second group consisted of six VRA members who had entered three or more six hour events in the last two years but had never entered a 24-hour event. Below is a very short summary of findings.

There were marked differences in perceptions of night Rogaining. 24-hour Rogainers described night Rogaining as exciting, adventurous, magical, and difficult in a challenging way, whereas 6-hour Rogainers described night Rogaining as unpleasant, potentially hazardous (mineshafts etc) and difficult in a frustrating way.

Perceived level of fitness required for 24-hour events was a deterrent for

some 6-hour Rogainers, whereas 24-hour Rogainers would describe the fitness requirement as "different" rather "higher".

Distance to reach an event was generally not an issue for the regular 24-hour Rogainers, whereas it was stated as a major consideration for 6-hour Rogainers.

For 6-hour Rogainers, the recovery time after a 24-hour event was as big, if not a bigger deterrent than the time required for competing in the event.

Both groups agreed on reasons why they enjoy Rogaining - being out in the bush with a sense of purpose, the physical and mental challenge, the sense of achievement, the wildlife, a sense of "intimacy" with the bush and a feeling of improvement.

Involvement in volunteer activities was generally more passive for the 6-hour Rogainers, that is, they were more likely to help on request than actively volunteer.

Some interesting comments were:

24-hour Rogainers:

"Our first 24-hour event was magical - we

found ourselves on the highest point of the course just as dawn was breaking.

6-hour Rogainers:

"I get everything I want from a 6-hour event - a nice day in the bush, a sense of achievement - why would I want to punish myself for 24?"

"Knowing we've made mistakes or haven't maximised the opportunities to do as well as we possibly could, keeps us coming back to do more events."

Comments about night Rogaining:

"can't see the scenery";

"can't see the spider webs";

"always stumbling into things";

"extremely frustrating";

"can't find checkpoints";

"might fall into mineshafts".

"I love the satisfaction of getting it right - especially at night when navigation can be intense and hard"

"I feel so shattered after 6 hours - why try for 24?"

Ivana Cicchelli

DON'T GET OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

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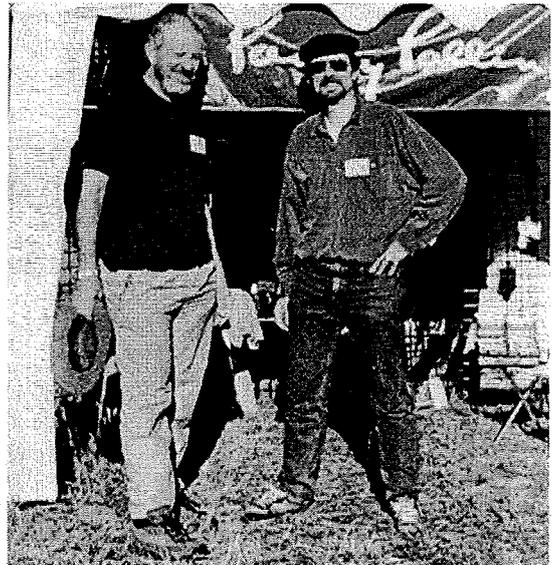
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1998 Round Up



*Rob Embery &
Geoff Price
Veteran winners at
Cookbundoon*



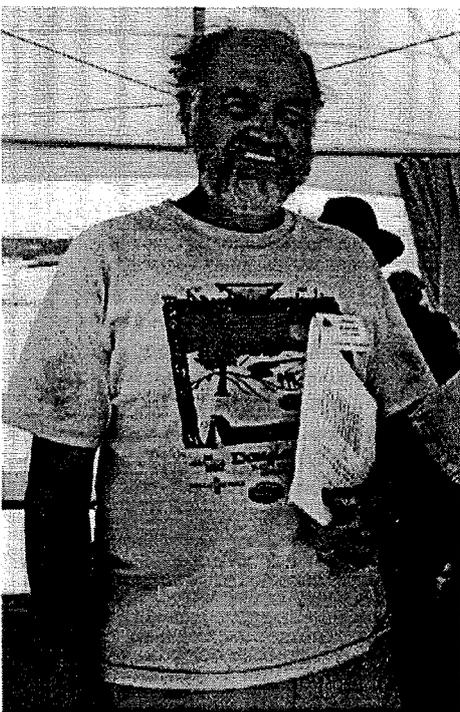
*Robert Pallin &
Julian Leger
at the Paddy Pallin*



*Mike Hotchkis & David Singleton
Winners of the Paddy Pallin*



*Greg Langton & Lauren Brownlee
Junior 24hr Winners at Lostock*



*Murray Foubister
Coordinator, 3rd World Rogaining Championship*



The World Champs. Centre: Nigel Aylott (Vic); 2nd right: David Rolands (Vic)