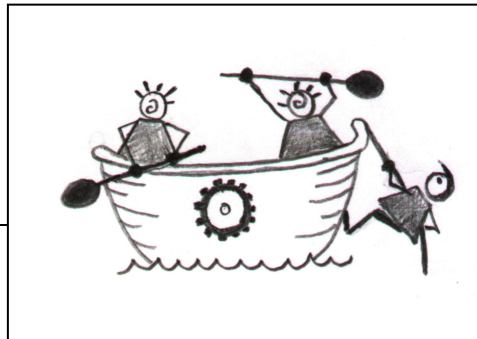


The **BARK**



Sharing adventure
In the outdoors

Due to lots of adventure racing, there is no July issue of the BARK. A full report from the three-event TRIOBA 24-hour Adventure Racing Series will be in the next issue. Team BARK/Lava Gear had a tremendous showing, placing 4th, 7th and 4th respectively.

Team Weeny Wins Wild Juniper Berry in Photo Finish!

Ever had the urge to do the Eco Challenge? To spend days and nights traveling cross country by foot, bike or kayak? Are you unimintimidated by competitive, muscular athletes with garages full of mountain bikes, climbing gear, and boats? Looking for somewhere to start? Then you've got to try Bend's own adventure race, The Wild Juniper Berry (WJB). Advertised as a part adventure race, part urban challenge, the organizers felt it would take 5-6 hours to finish, an absolutely reasonable goal. The first edition was held on the last Sunday in June, a warm, smoky day, and I innocently decided to participate.

First of all, let me explain the basic premise of an adventure race. You have no idea where exactly the route is until an hour or so before the race. You have no idea what sort of odd activities you will be involved in (rollerblading, orienteering, power parachuting, shopping, etc.). You show up with all the gear you own, and sort out what you need, while your navigator tries to figure out where you are going. Your team may be two people. It may be four. And for some reason it is preferably co-ed. The majority of participants on Sunday, though, were men, maybe because most women don't find the idea of swimming across Mirror Pond to go shopping a Newport Market that enticing. At any rate, your team must stay together. That means you travel as fast as the slowest person. The slowest person is usually being pushed along by one of his or her stronger teammates. Keep in mind, though your slowest person might be the one with

the strongest navigational skills. Mistakes in navigation can lose races by hours, as several teams on Sunday discovered. The ultimate objective is to visit every checkpoint and arrive at the finish line, wherever it is, first.



My initial mistake was to go climbing a few times with Dave Schneider. His friend, Pam Stevenson, is the founder and head person of BARK (Bend Adventure Racing Klub) to which membership is free. I couldn't resist joining - the price was right. Now, I knew better than to say yes to a race that

had to be completed within 24 hours. A race with that sort of disclaimer meant that I was probably going to start crying at about 12 hours, and eventually finish the race riding piggy back on my partner, dead last, several days after the completion time. So when Dave and Pam told me about the WJB, I thought, now that would be a nice way to get my toes wet. Dave, his 21-year-old nephew Cason, his friend Brent McGregor and I ended up together on a team, the Juniper Jammers. None of us except for Dave had ever done an adventure race, and Brent still wasn't sure what it was when we started. Cason, I think, knew what it was, but had never mountain biked or rappelled, two events we were sure were involved, since the mandatory equipment list included a belay device and a mountain bike.

We met at the crack of 9am at Columbia Park and plotted our check points onto our map. This is when we discovered that our map dated 1981, and many roads and trails did not exist at that time. Fortunately, being a long time Bend resident (only 14 years, so not quite a local yet), I knew where many of the checkpoints were. After a quick run to Pam's house to drop off our lifejackets (I noticed there were no boats anywhere to be seen, and I hate to swim, so this was not a good sign), we hopped on our bikes and rode off to Shevlin Park. Well, the other teams did anyway. Dave was changing from his running shoes to his biking shoes. We passed a couple of other teams on our way out there, though, and headed around Aspen Hall (sorry to the people who were getting married!) to find out whose Memorial Bench was along the river. There was a moment of silence for little Ben who was only seven when he died, but then we had to wade across the river and up the hill to try to see the towers on Awbrey Butte. Getting my feet wet at this point seemed premature but taking shoes off was time consuming as Dave had discovered, so there was really no other choice. At the top we could see the towers, so we knew the firefighters were getting the best of the fire down south of town. When we got back to the bikes, we had to ride to the other end of Shevlin Park and up that big hill. At the top of the hill, we left our bikes again, and followed a little deer trail to a big cliff. Chuck was on top of it peering down, as we peered up. "Keep going!" he shouted to the two teams and we leapt off to climb up the easy way. Two teams, eight people trying to get to the top of the cliff. It came down to Brent, and the leader of Team Weeny, Max, racing to the rappel point. At this point Chuck stopped them and calmly said, "The

team that is ready first can go first." This led to a rapid round of harness buckling and gear checking. We won, only because the other team was missing a locking carabiner. I barely had time to eat a power bar and figure out the way to Phil's Trail before I had to rappel and start running back to the bikes. We lost our lead when we crossed Skyliner road and took one too many trails to the right. This is where a current map would have been really, really helpful. We arrived at the orienteering checkpoint 10 minutes behind Team Weeny. Fortunately, they were wandering the hillside looking for a large tree in a sea of manzanita and small ponderosa. We found the tree, and then the rockpile, with Team Weeny in hot pursuit. At each orienteering point we picked up a clue that added up to a lock combination. Then it was back to the bikes (are you tired yet?). We raced back to town, opened the padlocked box in Pam's yard and found potato salad. Actually it was just a piece of paper - we had to go buy potato salad - at Newport Market. At this point in the race, we were no longer allowed to use the bridges the city has put across the Deschutes River to facilitate travel. And we were on the East side of the river. After explaining to Dave where Newport Market was he wisely surmised that we would have to swim the river. Since Team Weeny had also arrived, we quickly donned lifejackets and ran through Drake Park to the foot bridge. At this point we were hot and dirty and totally caught up in the competition, although I heard my mother saying, "Take your shoes off, you'll drown." Sorry Mom, but I didn't drown! The people at Newport Market laughed as we waited anxiously for them to shovel pounds of potato salad into a plastic container. We left puddles behind, as we ran to the Flaming Chicken to take a compass reading, and then on to McKay Park to find out who sculpted the goose statues there. This is where the slowest person (me) got to give her backpack to one guy, while the other guy pushed me along. The men jumped off the footbridge, while I climbed in, wondering what shape the potato salad would be in after that. Team Weeny was just ahead of us, but Max was floundering under the weight of three backpacks. Most people would have drowned, but they beat us to the finish by a minute.

As we barbequed burgers and ate wet potato salad in the softly falling ash (obviously the Davis fire had gotten the upper hand during the day), we contemplated our mistakes and our victories. None of my team thought we would do as well as second place (I didn't really think I would finish). But at times you are laughing so hard that you forget that

your feet hurt, your bum hurts, you're hungry, and you just went 30 minutes out of your way up a big hill. Intense exercise is interrupted frequently by intense thought, and if you are feeling strong you are trying to figure out how to help your teammate, or how far ahead or behind the next team is, or where your next wrong turn might be. Sometimes a team shows up from a completely unexpected direction, and you wonder how they did that, until it happens to you. Sometimes you end up talking with someone you asked for directions and you end up recruiting them for the next race. Sometimes someone is selling Pepsi for a dollar, which you just happen to have, and the sugar and caffeine help you flail your way through the seaweed in Mirror Pond. And after you have eaten your guilt-free burger, and drunk your guilt-free beer, you sit and count your blood donation sites, donated to manzanita and bitter brush and river rocks, and you plan on doing this again....

-Hildie Oliver

More WJB photos can be seen at www.BARKracing.com and http://www.traditionalmountaineering.org/Photos_Bark_sm.htm

To read another WJB race report by Terri Koberstein, who joined Team Weeny from the Portland Adventure Racing Club, PDXAR, go to: <http://www.pdxadventureracer.com/node.php?id=537>

**WILD JUNIPER BERRY
June 29, 2003**

PLACE	NAME		TIME
1	Team Weeny	4	4:56
2	Juniper Jammers	4	4:57
3	Noxious Weeds	2	6:01
4	Riverfront Rats	2	7:07
5	Wild Wacky Women	3	5:46
6	Stray Dogs	2	5:51
7	Gigabyte	2	6:36

If you are interested in another club race on August 23rd or 30th, please e-mail Chuck Thomas at cathomas@bendcable.com.

And a big thanks to our sponsor:



BARKracing.com

We now have our very own club website, thanks to webmaster Max King!

www.BARKracing.com

Check it out for information about BARK, club activities, adventure races, sponsors, tips and more. The site is still under construction, so please bear with us. If you have any comments or suggestions, please e-mail Max at mking@bendres.com.

BARK Tuesdays

Due to popular demand, BARK will now be holding a weekly adventure racing workout on Tuesday evenings. Meet at Phil's Trailhead at 5:45pm for a mountain bike ride/trail run.

The workout will be a challenging 15 - 25 miles but doable for everyone in the group. We hope to eventually have groups of all ability levels but until then we'll all just ride together. Come with fluids and a headlight just in case.

If you have any questions, contact BARK Tuesdays organizer Max King at 318-1091 or mking@bendres.com.

**SPECIAL BARK TUESDAY
ORIENTEERING WORKOUT**

JULY 29th * 6pm * Tumalo State Park

**Organizer: Chuck Thomas at 318-8531
or cathomas@bendcable.com**

COCC Exercise Physiology Lab Can Help You Get in Shape

Adventure racers and future adventure racers looking for an edge should consider the Exercise Physiology Lab at COCC. I recently participated in their athletic performance profile testing, and I feel that it will help me achieve my fitness goals. The exercise physiology lab performs a variety of tests including VO₂max, body composition, lactate analysis, and it also provides analysis of the results.

The athletic performance profile starts with a body composition test using calipers or a hydrostatic tank. The analysis not only lets you know your body fat percentage, but also the risks associated with either a very high or a very low percentage of body fat. They then provide you with your ideal weight and body fat ratio. This is the easy part of the test, as the next part involves actual exercise. After being hooked up to a metabolic cart and heart rate monitor, you run on a treadmill while they monitor your oxygen consumption and heart rate. They also take blood samples with a finger prick at three minute intervals to gauge lactic acid build-up. At the same three minute intervals, they raise the speed of the treadmill to increase your heart rate, eventually reaching your maximum heart rate. With this information, they are able to determine your VO₂max, and lactate (or anaerobic) threshold. VO₂max is a representation of your cardiorespiratory fitness. It can be improved somewhat with training and weight loss, but it is strongly influenced by genetics, gender, and age. Lactate threshold is the point during exercise when the body can no longer metabolize the lactic acid as fast as it is being produced. Lactate threshold represents the percentage of your aerobic potential that you are able to utilize efficiently and it the most important aspect of fitness that can be improved significantly with appropriate training.

After the test, Julie Downing, who runs the lab, explains the results and provides a basic training regimen that is specific to your goals. She also answers any questions you may have during this time.

This test isn't cheap, but I found it has focused my training in a very short time. I haven't followed her suggested workouts exactly, but I

have learned to adjust my training to meet my goals. Before this test I just trained how and when I felt like it. The athletic performance profile costs \$119.00, but if four or more people sign up together for consecutive tests, the price drops to \$99 each.

The lab can be reached online at www.cocc.edu/exphyslab/, or by phone at 383-7764. Now is the time to take control of your training, So grab a few other BARK members and find out how to improve your fitness level.

-John Kelly

Volunteer

The enthusiasm for BARK has been tremendous. To build BARK into a great club, we need people to get involved. If you have a particular skill that you can share by organizing an outing or helping out in some other way, please volunteer by contacting me at pam_stevenson@hotmail.com 389-5599.

New members Welcome!

Please encourage your friends and other crazy people you know to join BARK. No experience required, just an inability to lie on the couch eating Oreos while watching Elimidate. Charter memberships are free right now. We will institute dues in 2004 to support club activities. A membership form is on our website at www.BARKracing.com.



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