



Snow Running News ...Western Mass Athletic Club

Vol. 14 Issue 1 Mid Winter 2008

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Check the web page for changes & updates!

Check us out on the web at

www.runwmac.com

Contact us at

The Hot Line 413 – 743 – 5124
Club Officers - poncherosa@yahoo.com
Newsletter wdanecki@charter.net

Write us at:

WMAC
P.O. Box 356
Adams, MA. 01220

Woodford: A Headliner Once More

This December Woodford again assumed its assigned place at the head of the WMAC snowshoe pack. And finally it was more than just a paper title as the race was Actually Held on its Scheduled Day! Yes! Let's hope that this is a portent of things to come. Goodness knows, Chief Snowshoer Edward Alibozek could use a break from our revolving menu of events, not to mention the long-suffering folks at the RRCA insurance office who are now expert at switching place names on insurance documents.

Altogether 96 snowshoers kept the faith during the worrisome journey through a depressingly snowless Bennington and onward to neighboring Woodford, an enchanted area where snow falls early and stays late despite what it is doing in the rest of the Northeast. And at this time of year if you are in the proper frame of mind you might just catch a glimpse of red or a whisper of sleigh bells...

We were all in holiday reunion type mode as we greeted old friends, some not seen since October's Monroe, others since last March's pancake breakfast. Santa must have paid a special visit to the Dions because their van was obviously way over the legal occupancy limit for snowshoes. Besides dispensing loaner snowshoes, Dr. Bob was busy holding court to all those (Clark household included) who discovered that crampons, once broken, do not miraculously mend themselves while in storage mode.

There were other surprises, too, which mostly had to do with folks not wearing last year's outfits. Rich did come through with his customary red and black attire despite the fact that he was missing his Santa hat, and Darlene McCarthy made her signature fashion statement in her oversized basketball shirt, possibly left over from an earlier version of High School Musical I. Bob Massaro, however, did not wear his trademark yellow jacket which caused his followers some consternation. Luckily, I was dressed in fall mode with my day-glo Sugarloaf Mountain jacket, ready and eager to perform stand-in duties which meant that our clique of runners was following me, thinking I was Bob. This was a potentially serious situation since I have a reputation for embarking on interesting side trips.

If you attend enough WMAC races, you will generally find yourself running with the same folks every week. Our group usually consists of: Bob, Martin Glendon, Jim Carlson, me, Denise Dion, and Laurel Shortell. Bob, wearing the "yellow jersey" starts out in front. Today, though, the yellow jersey didn't stand a chance: it was Laurel's turn to shine. When interviewed shortly after her victory she admitted that she had been running regularly with a speedy local group and that she had even acquired a coach. Her new duds echoed her competitive mindset. She had discarded her swishy "zuber-zuber" pants in favor of sleek, compression-enhanced Body Armour tights, guaranteed to help her remain upright even if her snowshoes should stumble. Some folks will go to any extreme to win the yellow jersey! In another switch, Denise hung back with knee problems but in the preliminary results still managed to come in 12th overall and 1st female. It sometimes helps to have a speedy spouse who forgets to read the name on his race bib.

Again, we shared the parking lot with the snowmobilers who were out in full force, eager to show off their new Christmas gear, including huge trailers, one of which could have contentedly hauled everyone's race stuff. Jeff and I snatched one of the last available parking spots, right next to Race Director Jack Quinn's soup kitchen. This was not the honor it seemed as we placed ourselves directly downwind of the porta pottie as well as the free lunch. This mistake was even more apparent to us after the race as we attempted to change in full view of the folks in the soup line, all the while breathing in a rather heady mixture of sweat, beans and latrine. Perhaps Jack might want to rethink his outdoor decorating options next year. At any rate, I'm guessing we might also try to arrive a bit earlier!

Happy first snow!

Laura Clark

Awaiting Woodford

by Jay Kolodzinski

As the summer months were coming to a close, the days were getting shorter and the nights colder, I knew one of my favorite pastimes would be soon approaching. Snow Shoe Racing! The fall flew by, with three cords of wood to be chopped by hand. Using an 8 lb splitting maul that arduous task kept the afternoons busy. If you wonder why no wood splitter was called in, just take a look at the nationality of my last name and the association of a certain trait that goes with it and you will know why no splitter was called in. Then with a life changing, 10 day hiking, running, and camping trip across Utah, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico that closed out October with a Grand Slam. Now came the month of November. That month can drag sometimes. Well this year it flew by. Having recently taken up the sport of bow hunting, I spent many a day navigating through the woods chasing after the elusive white tail deer. With no avail, I had no venison to call my own, yet I had more amazing wildlife encounters those days in the woods than some city folk have in a lifetime. It's amazing what you can see when you sit against a tree in the woods for hours. With that taking a up a large majority of my time, and running almost every day, I watched the weather faithfully for that glimmer of hope that snow would be soon to fall.

Knowing what old man winter threw at us last year; I wasn't too confident that December was going to be a month of immense snow action! However, my fiancée Sheila's father is a real meteorologist (unlike most on the television news that are just news casters that report the weather and call themselves meteorologists), and he told me that December could be a snow month to remember. He informed me three days before that first big storm that we could have a real big Nor'easter. That was all I needed to here! This guy knows what he is talking about. If he says snow, then we are going have snow. I was already having visions of snow bunnies dancing in my head! Then that Thursday storm hit. Well instead of putting on the Dions and parading through the woods behind the house for hours on end, I ended up shoveling 10 inches of snow because the carburetor went on my father's 1970 snow blower. As I shoveled, Dad rebuilt the carburetor in the garage. By the time he fixed it, I had already shoveled the entire driveway and yard. So instead of snowshoeing like I had dreamed of, I came inside and fell asleep next to the wood stove to thaw out my frozen body!

The next morning I had to work but I told myself that I would be snowshoeing that afternoon! Well Snowshoe I did! Living only 1.5 miles from where the weekly Northampton 5K XC races are held, I decided I would snowshoe the course. I thought a nice easy three miles to start the snowshoe training off would be perfect. Well with other stuff getting in the way, it was dark by the time I got to the parking area. Owing the invaluable Petzl headlamp, I strapped on those Dions and made my way through the course. The headlamp along with the moonlight lighted my way through the partially packed trail. Waiting all spring, summer, and fall for this moment was unbelievable. All that could have topped it would be if Sheila could have joined me!

Well that next Sunday brought another storm. I knew with this

being the 11th anniversary of the WMAC Snowshoe Series, we were going to have snow. We were being blessed from the heavens with the white powdery stuff that the majority of people in New England hate, but us snowshoers love. Well my wish came true and the next day Sheila and I snowshoed the course. We even ran an extra mile to get in a little bonus workout. The trails were already packed down from dog walkers and other snowshoers but they were very narrow and we couldn't run side by side. Wanting a good workout we left the main trail a few times and hacked are way through some unbroken snow. Within minutes we were going anaerobic from the intense workout. We loved it!!! After that evening jaunt, we went to dinner in our sweaty running clothes and then stayed warm by the wood stove at my house!

The next night I snowshoed again, however this time I was alone, the only company I had was a few dog walkers. Now I love dogs, I have no problems with people who walk their dogs; what I do have a problem with is people who do not pick up their dogs, "poop!" when they go on the main trail. Now I know most runners have had "poop" on their running shoes and that really bites but what about dog "poop" on your snowshoes? Well I can give you a forward warning; avoid it!

Human instinct tells us to take the easiest route available to us. Are we going to snowshoe through a foot of unbroken powder or are we going to run on a packed trail? Well I do not have a degree in rocket science, natural resources, yes, but I know how to choose the easiest course. Well so do dogs! After that 2nd snowfall it created an icy layer of crust on top of the snow. For every step on top of the crust you sank in and that definitely exerts a large amount of energy! Well humans are not the only species capable of figuring that out. Mans best friend can also figure out the easiest path to take. That night I snowshoed the narrow packed trail trying to avoid the dog "poop" that presented itself in my path. That night was dark and with the petzl shining on the trail it created a nice illuminated path. It was easy to see the dog "poop" with my illuminating companion, however, the brown leaves of the oak tree also was looked like "poop". Every few yards I would see a dark shadow on the ground, was it "poop" or leaves? Well to be sure I made giant leaps over these brown spots on the ground and luck be it I finished and had no poop on my snowshoes! Not bad for running in the dark!

The next day I was to snowshoe during daylight. This would be great considering all the races would be done during the day. Well around noon I set out to snowshoe another 5 km. I planned on racing the course to see how fast I could run 5k in. Well I pushed myself to the limits and ran the course in 28:30. I was pleased. I had dodged the "poop" on the course and with it being daylight I thought I could differentiate between all the "poop" and similar looking oak leaves. Well on my drive home I was really sweating and I thought I could faintly smell a disgusting aroma. With the window open I blew it off, but I wish I had paid more attention to it because if I had the following may not have occurred.

When I parked my truck in the garage I grabbed my Dions from the passenger side floor of my vehicle and the second I picked them up I started to curse! Why was I cursing?

Continued next page:

Awaiting Woodford cont:

Well I had my virgin experience with dog “poop” on a snowshoe!! I had already removed my gloves from my hands and when I picked up the snowshoe I had a substance on my hands that no one would desire to have on them. In disgust I threw the snowshoe on the ground and ran into the kitchen to wash and disinfect my hand. Once my hand was cleaned I went to inspect the snowshoe. Not only was cleat immersed in “poop” but so was the binding, and frame! Now was the time I was thanking Bob Dion for having 3 interchangeable parts, it made the cleaning effort very easy, even though it was disgusting! Now the best way to get the cleaning job done in case anyone ever also runs into this same dilemma is to fill a large pot full of steaming hot water and get a rag from the garage. Minus the curse words I will leave the cleaning part up to your own imagination.

Well the day had arrived! It was like Xmas morning waiting to open a present! The start of the 2008 WMAC snowshoe series was here! I had been waiting since last March for the series to begin. I was even more immersed in celebration for my father, as he has just turned 65 two days prior, and he had to no longer pay to run some of the races! Woodford was the start of it all! It was the initial start for my father and I, 5 years ago and it was also the start for my fiancé 2 years ago. This was the beginning of a joyous winter!

Sheila and I joined long time friend and club member Bob Massaro and Patty Duffy in the ride up to Southern Vermont, while my father joined his hunting buddy and fellow Polish teammate Wally Lempart and their comrade and friend William Milkiewicz to Woodford. It is known from past Woodfords that carpooling is the way to commute to this season starting event! Well upon arrival it was wonderful to see all the faces and voices of folks who made the trek to Woodford. After all, without all of us friendly fun loving athletes what fun would it be? Sheila and I were greeted to a many congratulations. It amazed me how many people Sno-Shoe News reaches out to! It makes us feel very lucky to be part of such a fun and gracious group of people!

After all the greetings and hellos to our many friends, getting our bib numbers at the registration table and the porta-jon stops, Sheila and I made our way to starting line. We arrived with 15 minutes to spare, well what better way to kill the time than to get the heart rate up and do a warm-up! We ran all the way to the single trek and beyond just to get an idea of what we had in store for the race. After turning around we jolly jaunted back and arrived as Jack Quinn was giving the final instructions for the race. Being rushed with only two minutes to spare, I was able to blow a kiss to Sheila and prepare for the 1st race of the year. After a few more last minute words the horn blew and the 2008 WMAC snowshoe series was on it way into history !

Over 90 snowshoers, from as far away as Maryland, had begun the jaunt around Adams reservoir. Adams Reservoir & Adams MA, a correlation or is it fate? Leave it up to the snow gods to decide. The weather was in the racers favor but this racer had too much energy built up inside from a few months of anticipation and started out way to fast! Yet starting out fast is one mistake I have made many a time and I am sure to do again. However, it's the camaraderie of my fellow mates that makes this one of my favorite pastimes! So as I started bonking I didn't

let it get to me. I realized I had to regain my breathing pattern and recover so I could finish strong. After I hit the single track I soon regained my energy when I heard the familiar voice of Ed Alibozek behind me. He gave me some words of encouragement and it helped. I let Ed pass me and kept my snowshoes in his footprints as we continued on our way around the reservoir. Soon I heard a female breathing behind me, it was Abby Woods. She was racing in her first event and I could tell by her steps, she met business!



Jay Kolodzinski, Farmer Ed and Abby Woods at the I Love Woodford Snowshoe Race. Photo by Paul Hartwig

Now as we rounded the course we were in a tight pack of 5 snowshoers. After about half way though the course we joined a part of the trail before the bridge that was really well packed and made the running part easy. I was back on easy street; so I thought. With Abby on my heels, and myself right on Ed's heels, we kept trudging along. Then, like I do in maybe one out of every five races, I caught my snowshoe and did a face plant! That gave Abby the opportunity to get in front of me. I knew once I hit the gate before the finish, I had saved enough energy reserves to surge ahead. However, the tragedy was soon to come. We crossed the final brook. I was in 5th place in our little group and when I glanced back I could see Steve Lombardo & Bob Dion back through the trees and knew as long as we kept our pace going we would not get caught. As we were getting closer to what I thought was the gate I made the error many have done in the past, I kept my head down and wasn't looking ahead. Soon we were heading downhill to the reservoir. I questioned our right turn but with Ed being right in front of me, I reneged that thought. As we hit the bottom of that downhill I saw a bench on the side of the trail. I thought to myself, "I've never seen that before." As I was thinking that, Ed said, "Jay, I think we are off track!" I then looked to my left and saw Jay Curry's bright colored jacket way up on the hillside.

I then said wonderful words and knew we had gone off course. Frustrated as I was, I knew this trail we ventured down would have to re-join the main trail. So we trucked onward and soon rejoined the main trail. As we rejoined the main trail I could see the gate. I knew this was the point to go balls to the walls. I could see Alan Bates, Jay Curry, and Bob Dion in front of me. I decided this was no time to curse but to see how much ground I (and we) could make up. I put the afterburners on and pushed as hard as I could down the final ½ mile.

Continued next page:

Awaiting Woodford cont:

Now I finished strong as did my fellow comrades who also did a longer version of Woodford.

The first two woman of the race ran the extra distance and did excellent and my fiancé rounded out the 3rd position.

Now this race hadn't turned out like I had hoped! I bonked and ran extra but in snowshoe racing it's about the memories. I have many memories from the past 5 years and this small detour at Woodford 2008 will only add to the stories to tell in the future. It also may present the first 2008 Barnyard Award of the year. That would be the Erin Worsham Most Lost Award! However, were we ever lost or did we just go off trail and run a little extra for a little while? That decision goes to the Farmer to decide!

Jay Kolodzinski

6th Annual Woodford Snowshoe Race
3.5 Miles ... 12 / 30 / 07 ... Woodford, VT.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
01. Josh Ferenc	26M	23:13	100.00
02. Dave Dunham	43M	24:36	98.96
03. Greg Hammett	30M	25:21	97.92
04. Tim Van Orden	39M	25:23	96.88
05. Jay Gump	39M	28:24	95.83
06. Tim Mahoney	28M	28:27	94.79
07. Britt Brewer	44M	28:45	93.75
08. Paul Bazanchuk	53M	28:48	92.71
09. Greg Rems	31M	28:53	91.67
10. Whit Saunders	38M	29:02	90.63
11. Steve Lombard	39M	30:49	89.58
12. Bob Dion	52M	31:26	88.54
13. Jay Curry	36M	31:54	87.50
14. Alan Bates	59M	32:03	86.46
15. Jay Kolodzinski	28M	32:18	85.42
16. Abby Woods	29F	32:23	84.37
17. Edward Alibozek	45M	32:27	83.33
18. Mark Theeman	22M	32:27	82.29
19. <u>Sarah Thomson</u>	28F	32:38	81.25
20. <u>Sheila Osgood</u>	25F	32:59	80.21
21. Wayne Stocker	53M	33:03	79.17
22. Anton Villatoro	37M	33:16	78.12
23. John Pelton	68M	33:41	77.08
24. Richard Bardwell	? M	34:01	76.04
25. Eddie Habeck	30M	34:35	75.00
26. Patrick Smith	45M	35:01	73.96
27. Dan Cooper	35M	35:06	72.92
28. Mike Lahey	56M	35:09	71.87
29. Bill Morse	56M	35:11	70.83
30. <u>Kelly McKeown</u>	32F	35:14	69.79
31. Bruce Shenker	55M	35:25	68.75
32. Nick Jubok	51M	36:28	67.71
33. Vince Kirby	51M	36:36	66.67
34. Jan Rancatti	47M	36:50	65.62
35. Dave ?????	?M	37:13	64.58

36. Richard Clark	53M	37:27	63.54
37. <u>Chloe McGrath</u>	16F	37:38	62.50
38. Wally Lempart	62M	37:43	61.46
39. Bob Kolb	47M	37:48	60.42
40. Ed Alibozek Jr	68M	37:52	59.37
41. <u>Ginny Patsun</u>	39F	37:55	58.33
42. Pat McGrath	42M	38:00	57.29
43. Darlene McCarthy	45F	38:10	56.25
44. Howard Bassett	47M	38:15	55.21
45. <u>Dawn Roberts</u>	36F	38:30	54.17
46. Dave Wilber	48M	38:55	53.12
47. Erin Clark	19F	39:03	52.08
48. Martin Glendon	61M	39:06	51.04
49. Tom McCrumm	62M	39:08	50.00
50. <u>Laurel Shortell</u>	41F	39:50	48.96
51. Sam Hurchala	18M	39:56	47.92
52. Jim Carlson	59M	40:18	46.87
53. <u>Audrey Perlow</u>	27F	40:52	45.83
54. Ken Clark	45M	40:55	44.79
55. Laura Clark	60F	41:02	43.75
56. <u>Stephanie Cooper</u>	39F	41:06	42.71
57. Bob Massaro	64M	41:45	41.67
58. <u>Patty Duffy</u>	39F	41:59	40.62
59. <u>Karen Costello</u>	45F	42:03	39.58
60. Walter Kolodzinski	65M	42:07	38.54
61. <u>Maureen Roberts</u>	49F	42:09	37.50
62. <u>Lynn Grieger</u>	49F	43:50	36.46
63. Dave Boles	61M	44:10	35.42
64. Claudine Preite	41F	45:02	34.37
65. Peter Finley	46M	45:06	33.33
66. <u>Michelle Albrecht</u>	30F	45:49	32.29
67. Michael Albrecht	36M	45:49	31.25
68. Steve Mitchell	66M	45:57	30.21
69. Richard Busa	78M	46:03	29.17
70. <u>Denise Murphy</u>	43F	46:25	28.12
71. Craig Fitzgerald	39M	46:28	27.08
72. Jan Roth	58M	46:46	26.04
73. Shaun Pero	12M	47:27	25.00
74. Brad Herder	50M	47:39	23.96
75. Denise Dion	46F	48:42	22.92
76. <u>Ginny Kelly</u>	45F	49:12	21.87
77. Richard Kelly	46M	49:13	20.83
78. <u>Tracy Pero</u>	44F	50:12	19.79
79. <u>Susan Mitchell</u>	54F	51:20	18.75
80. Kate Hayes	59F	52:07	17.71
81. <u>Katherine Lavoie</u>	16F	52:23	16.67
82. Scott Hunter	62M	53:39	15.62
83. Daniel Lavoie	49M	54:38	14.58
84. Bill Glendon	61M	58:10	13.54
85. Konrad Karolczuk	55M	58:13	12.50
86. Jeff Clark	61M	58:24	11.46
87. <u>Susan Nealon</u>	57F	60:19	10.42
88. <u>Jacqueline Lemieux</u>	41F	60:54	9.37
89. Mary Kennedy	49F	61:15	8.33
90. <u>Sara Pero</u>	14F	63:23	7.29
91. Beth Herder	49F	63:27	6.25
92. William Milkiewicz	52M	63:55	5.21
93. <u>Rhonda Wood</u>	? F	80:22	4.17
94. <u>Alexandra Wood</u>	? F	80:22	3.12
95. <u>Elizabeth Wood</u>	? F	82:18	2.08
96. Bruce Kurtz	71M	91:02	1.04

Snowshoes Beautiful Conspire

For as long as I can remember, winter gave me a unique right that no other season presented. What it gave me was a time to grumble and whine, mainly about snow. Snow that needed to be plowed or snow that needed to be shoveled. Primarily however, it was snow that messed up roads and trails and prohibited me from running on them. For some reason, a jog down a street, lightly blanketed in snow, with automobiles potentially sliding into me didn't seem all that constructive of a cardio workout. It was for this reason that, winter to me was a dreadful time in which I had nothing in my repertoire to make it pleasurable.

Two months ago I was at a running store getting fitted for new trail shoes, and struck up a conversation about their establishment. The employee was telling me about all the various running gear they carried, and then chimed in "and this winter, were even getting running snowshoes!"

In all honesty, it didn't hit me until I left what the guy had said. He told me they are going to carry a product which he described as a 'Running Snowshoe'? Is that even technically feasible? As far as I could recall, snowshoeing was a slow moving ordeal that guys did with girls they were trying to impress. They could seem outdoorsy and maybe convince them to go on another date that doesn't offer clammy feet and snoticles.

The more I played with the concept of running on snowshoes, the more gratifying incentives I started to derive from it. It was a way to run in the winter without having to share all the black ice with the cars. It probably would also eradicate my fear of slipping off an icy bridge and landing head first in a watery ravine with a moose. Then and there, I was mentally convinced: My newfound tactic to get thru the perils of winter was to establish a goal of running a snowshoe race.

A month later I made a purchase. After hours at home of painstaking research on the models available, I happily settled into a pair based on the fact that it was the only one the store I went to sold. After buying them, I frequently gazed at them in awe, questioning how these contraptions were going to magically obliterate all my winter dilemmas. Nevertheless, I couldn't wait to get out and use them on some fresh snow.

Turns out, it was actually the 'fresh snow' that would prove to be my logics hurdle. I revealed a vital lesson the first time I strapped my snowshoes onto my trail runners and took my first stride into the loose powder: They sink. More notably, they sink all the way to the bottom, depending on how feathery the snow is. Retracting your shoe out of the snow creates a colossal amount of weight that you challenge with each strike. After taking several steps I realized my dreams of briskly gliding along thru a workout on the snow wouldn't be possible. Instead, I was handed the most punishing physical workout of my life. After a quarter mile of running, I honestly thought I was going to collapse, and the idea of making it to a mile seemed theoretically impossible. I clomped thru with every step and repeatedly looked at my GPS watch, realizing that aside from my laborious heart rate, I was barely moving.

This first workout I ended up running one mile, then five minutes of walking, followed by running another mile then 10 minutes of walking, and concluding with one and a half miles of running. The only way I survived is because I continually ran thru my old tracks, constantly easing my footing with the now-

packed base. I contemplated that in snowshoe running terms this must be some form of cheating. However, all I wanted was practice on my feet and to get accustomed to the feeling of various conditions. This proved to work in that regard.

It wasn't long before I found my first race. While online I stumbled on the WMAC 2008 Snowshoe Series. The series initiates with a 3.5-mile race thru a state park near Bennington, VT. After discovering that their events offered loaner snowshoes, it conveyed to me a message that this is a type of race which beginners might frequent. Aside from the whopping 5 ½ miles I ultimately put into my 'preparation', I will be the first to attest to my novice status. For me, doing a couple half-marathons a year is one thing, but this is new territory.

I drove to the race alone, and pondered on my 60-mile drive what I was getting myself into. Remember those first race jitters? Of course you don't. You were too busy hanging out in the porta potty. Holiday 2007 Vol. 6 Issue 03

Upon arrival and after I registered, I watched as others strapped on their shoes and headed to the starting line. I went along with the flow. Being encircled by several dozen people with huge-duck-looking-thingys on their feet is bewildering. But really, I was more worried about what happens when two peoples snowshoes get entangled while running, causing them to fall off into my imaginary watery-ravine with the moose. That must suck. Trust me, when you're all crunched up at the starting line this is what you think of, well maybe just me. But I do really want to see a wild moose.

As the race set off I was pleasantly surprised. The course was hard packed powder and running on it seemed rather undemanding. That was the case until after going a tenth of a mile and coming to a hill, which wasn't as hard packed as the start. After roughly a half mile of uphill single-track, I was utterly spent. I had nothing else in me and was rather irritated. My lack of training was evident and I became discouraged. This was much harder then anticipated. I huffed it out until the hill finally broke, walking a few steps in between strides to regain composure. In being entirely out of breath, it occurred to me that I forgot to use my inhaler before the race (How could I forget about my asthma now!). After this ascent concluded, the snow became very hard and significantly icy at times. I realized the snowshoes were not doing much, rather all the work was done by the protruding steel spikes under the balls of the foot. I didn't care though; it was considerably faster with less effort.

The remainder of the course was like this, and the field had scattered so much I ran the last half completely alone, trotting over little streams and bounding over branches. Setting aside the fatigue, it was one of the most serene affairs I have experienced. Seeing the finish line was also very gratifying, as was crossing it and receiving a loaf of bread as a finisher's prize. After all I just put myself thru, it was kind of surreal being outside in the freezing cold with ninety others sporting snowshoes grasping our 'reward'. I loved every minute of it.

I ended up finishing 25th place, and very content with that as well. Snowshoe racing to me started as a delightful idea, followed by engrossing agony, and concluded in providing me materials to make a sandwich. I already planned my next few races, and as I look at my winter schedule, I come to an exciting realization. I now have an incentive to want snow, and its not that bad if I have to shovel some- as long as I get to run thru the rest of it.

Woodford ... What a Difference A Year Makes

What a difference a year makes. Last year snow was tough to come by and this year we get record snow (at least in Eastern Mass.). I was really excited to kick-off the season at Woodford. I hadn't been there since 2003 when I got a victory by being the first person to correctly navigate the course. That year the top five runners (and many more behind them) went the wrong way at around two miles. I remember hitting that intersection and thinking "why aren't there any footprints going this way". I forged on, never really sure if I had gone the right way until I emerged on the road. I distinctly remember Rich Busa kicking it in to beat one of the top guys. I think he may have framed that picture.

I showed up pretty early at Woodford after stopping for a run in Leyden and Colrain. I'm trying to run in every town in Massachusetts, so I have to squeeze in a run whenever I get near a town I haven't been to yet. I parked at a scenic covered bridge straddling the Green river, in the aptly named town of Greenfield. I then headed out for an "easy" three miles crossing both of the town lines. The drive to Woodford was very scenic, I had forgotten how nice Route 9 can be. The sun was shining and some of the views were spectacular. The parking lot at Woodford may have been the most treacherous footing of the day. I was greeted in the lot by a snowmobiler firing up his engine and billowing smoke. I was a bit concerned about the course markings from past experience and overheard John asking if anyone would be pre-running the course. I jumped in and told him I'd do some additional marking. After some very in-depth directions (I kept asking to make sure I had it correct), I was off to the same intersection that caused problems in '03.

The snow was pretty solid and the going was easy. I was a bit tired from racing at BU, on the indoor track of all things, the day before. I hung a bunch of surveyor tape at the intersection and loped back to the start. After a quick change of clothes I headed for the line. My new uniform from Atlas caused a minor stir. I preferred the black uniform from years past. The new bright yellow tights and shirt got "two thumbs down" from Ed Alibozek and a couple of interesting comments from others.

There was a very large contingent on gathered at the starting line which was great to see. I bumped into Greg Hammet and Josh Ferenc. Greg brought Josh along for his first SS race, and he noted "this is just my fourth time on snowshoes". Josh is a very strong runner, he crawled across the finish line of Mt Washington in 2004. His legs gave out but he was still able to run/crawl to a 1:06 seventh place finish. I also spotted Tim Van Orden who runs for the Raw Food project and was also doing his first snowshoe race. Tim is a unique character who specializes in tower races (like the Empire State building run-up – sick stuff like that!). I gave them both a few words of advice on the course, especially to be cautious about punching through on the stream crossing. Nothing like a hyper-extended knee to ruin your first snowshoe race experience.

The race commenced and we clomped off down the road. I felt like I went out pretty hard, but Josh and Greg were already

moving away. Josh took the lead on the climb to the single-track. I tried to relax, knowing I had about 25 minutes of racing in front of me. Greg seemed to be out of sorts and I reeled him back in by about 1 mile into the race. He kindly gave way when I called "on your left" and went passed him. On some of the straighter parts I could see Josh up ahead. He stopped to adjust one of his shoes at about 1.5 miles and that was the last time I saw him. He powered away to his first victory.

I kept pushing pretty hard, through the section I marked (which I think was about 2 miles into the race) and then onto the interesting part of the course. There were a lot of little dips and turns and very narrow bridges with snow piled up on them. It made for a cool obstacle course for the last 1.5 miles. I had to stop with about ½ mile to go when I got to an intersection that was not marked. I looked to the right and it lead down to the lake. It also was marked as the trail I was on was marked, in blue blazes. I took a couple of steps back and saw a sign that said ".15 miles – Day use area". I hoped that the day use area wasn't where the finish line was and proceeded straight through the intersection and the next one. I knew I had to get to the northern end of the lake so I was pretty sure it was correct. I was happy to get to the road soon after and the final 400m to the finish.

I turned around and jogged back out to do a short warm-down and try to warn some of the people to go straight at the intersection. There were some good duels to watch as well. Greg and Tim each kicked pretty hard, with Greg taking third. He said "I was feeling pretty lousy, then my shoe broke". He showed how his direct mounted shoe had popped a rivet (or two) and his crampon was useless. He had a pretty good run considering the damage he did to his shoe. I believe that the last time I beat him was at Bolton Valley when he blew out a shoe. Such is the way if you live on the edge by direct mounting shoes (I direct mount, but don't use them in every race).

I wish I had thought to bring out some flagging to the intersection but was glad to see that Bob Dion (who had gone off course in the race) had thought to bring out some cones. After warming-down I got my loaf of bread, which is a pretty cool thing to get at a snowshoe race, and hit the road. I stopped off in Clarksburg at the state park for another 3 mile run and was amazed at how bad the trail around the lake was when compared to what I'd just raced on. The Woodford course was very smooth, Clarksburg was post-holed and rutted. Very ugly for running, but I got my mileage and bagged another Mass town. 191 done and 161 to go!

I'm really fired up for what will hopefully be an excellent winter of snowshoe racing. 96 finishers at Woodford also bodes well for this to be a banner year of racing in the WMAC circuit. See you out there....

Dave Dunham

W M A C's Snow Running News

Volume 14 Issue 1 Mid Winter 2008

Yes, Virginia, Blizzards Do Bring Snow!

The Never-Say-Die Barnyard Award for the most persistent snow dance goes flake down to Josh Merlis and the high-energy Albany Running Exchange. After three years of parading costumed Frosty Blizzard characters on brown grass, the crew at ARE finally got to make a snowman made of Real Snow! And they even remembered how. Well, actually, they had a dress rehearsal of sorts at their 2007 April Dodge the Deer, where Dodge and his love, Chase the Chipmunk got to throw snowballs at each other in a "Christmas in April" replay. There was even one optimistic participant, who brought her snowshoes and actually got to race in them!

This winter 115 runners kept the faith, curious no doubt to see what the Guilderland course looked like covered in genuine white stuff which did not happen to be cotton balls or white rice. Amazingly, a full third of them were folks who had never owned a pair of snowshoes and were just waiting for the opportunity to give them a try. Billed as a low-key event on a fairly easy rolling course, Brave the Blizzard serves as a perfect introduction to snowshoeing. A sound-surround system featuring peppy running tunes was jerry-rigged by enterprising University of Albany students to set the beat whether you were walking in from the parking lot, registering, doing your warmup or tossing a few preparatory snowballs. Who could be nervous with all that going on?

There were also a few surprise challenges planned for the more experienced snowshoers who were seriously into accumulating WMAC finishing order points. The most immediate was guessing the length of the course so as to gauge proper energy expenditure and power bar intake. The first non-Blizzard BTB, run on ice was 1.8 miles, the second and third, run on bare ground, were both 3.5 miles. The new, improved 2008 snow version was either 5K as proclaimed by the race application, 3.5 miles, as promulgated at the registration table, or 3.75 miles according to the folks working the finish line. To make things even more interesting, not everyone was aware of all the different versions waiting in the wings, so there was no firm race strategy. You could be behind someone you normally follow and discover yourself going out way too fast because that person was running the 5K version. You just never knew!

The final challenge, however, was revealed at the start line when Josh merrily announced that Blizzard the Snowperson thought it would be a good idea to celebrate our good fortune by altering the course so we could wade through a foot of prime, previously untrammelled real estate. Significant looks were exchanged as snowshoes shuffled into new starting line positions. The dilemma was two-fold: Do you burst forth full-throttle and tire yourself out attacking the deep stuff to secure prize positions on the single-track, or do you let the eager beavers do the work but risk getting caught in the conga line?

There are many reasons I don't live in New York City anymore, congestion being one of them, so I quietly traded some prime real estate for a more countrified pace.

After a mile or so the conga line miraculously melted away as we all found our own pace and we were all able to marvel at the beautiful woods available to us in an otherwise urban area. I

struggled, dealing with residual bronchitis, but at least despite my day-glo jacket, Martin Glendon politely informed me I had lost that greenish color I was sporting at Woodford. And speaking of Martin he threw in a fine performance, outpacing our group and winning the right to wear the invisible yellow jersey at North Pond, unless of course Bob Massaro finally discovers the box where he tossed his last year's yellow windbreaker. He was followed a minute and a half later by Jim Carlson, who apparently also thought he was running the mythical 5K version of the course. Laurel Shortell, me, (or is it I?) and Bob Massaro finished slightly spread out but carefully maintaining our 1-2-3 cross country order, with Pete Finley following shortly afterwards.

But the real hero of the day, no matter where you placed, was Walter Kolodzinski who had the foresight to wear his GPS unit, which indicated that Blizzard had led us on a merry 4.1 mile chase. This prompted Josh to concede that "The 2008 race was 'approximately' 4 miles depending on what size snowshoes you were wearing." We all breathed a sigh of relief to learn that our slower times weren't really that slow after all! And even Josh was vindicated for winning his own race since he could claim no prior knowledge of the actual course length.

Laura Clark

I Wasn't Going To Just Hand Him The Lead **Brave The Blizzard '08 by Dave Dunham**

Another great weekend for snowshoe racing! I started my trek out to Guilderland on Saturday morning. I stopped in Otis for a three mile run in four towns. Then off to Alford for another three mile run, this time getting three towns. My last run was in Richmond where I again ran in four towns. The Richmond run was the nicest, with views of Lenox and Stockbridge and a nice section of packed trail (Burbank trail) on Lenox Mountain. My Massachusetts town total is now 202 down and 150 to go.

Race morning brought ideal conditions with temperatures in the 30's under cloudy skies. I did a three mile warm-up in the cemetery which was adjacent to the Elementary school where the race was based. The indoor facilities were great for mixing and mingling and gave a warm place to change clothes. I got on my race gear, a toned down outfit this week, and set off for another mile on the course. I bumped into Ken Clark who was out doing a longer than usual warmup. Ken had pulled a calf muscle at Woodford, but nursed of it during the week and felt that he was ready to go again. I also bumped into the indomitable Rich Busa who was about ½ mile from the start with 10 minutes to go. I half-jokingly asked him if he was going to make it back for the race.

The crowd assembled, in the field behind the elementary school, for final instructions before the start. I promptly stomped down a short path to give myself a clean start. The race director asked how many were doing their first snowshoe race and shouts went out.

Continued next page:

Hand Him The Lead cont:

I believe about 40% of the field of 115 were first-timers. Runners came from six states and ranged in age from Christopher Shaw (age 14) to Richard Busa (age 78). With a “ready, set, snowshoe!” we were off.

I was in the lead right from the start, which was where I wanted to be for the first ¼ mile of unpacked snow. I wanted to be able to pick my footing carefully and not get jostled by the pack. After looping the field we hit the single-track which was well packed and in great shape for fast running. I had asked about the course design to get a feel for where we’d be going and heard that the first section would be repeated at the end. This was helpful for racing strategy as I’d know the how much racing remained when we got back onto the opening section. Unfortunately the distance was much longer (a mile?) than the advertised 3.1 miles.

I was surprised by how far we went before hitting the power-line and after that kept expecting to pop back out on the trail soon. I could hear at least one runner right on my tail from the start.

Leading has its advantages, you set the pace and the others have to follow. Leading also has disadvantages, you can’t see your competition and you have no idea how many are sitting and waiting to kick. Tim Van Orden (who I later found out was in 2nd place most of the race) noted one disadvantage/advantage of trailing “I was getting hit by snowy kick-back the entire way, but it did keep me cool”. Every once in a while I’d hear “left turn coming” or “sharp right” called out from behind. I found out after the race that this was Josh Merlis the race director. I figured it was a local who was familiar with the course and that worried me as I knew he’d have the advantage of knowing exactly how far we had left to go and therefore could mete out his energy for the remainder of the race. I took a sneaky glance behind me on one of the turns

(I didn’t want to look back which might give the followers the impression that I was hurting – which I was) and was surprised to see two runners right behind and another trailing just slightly.

I continued to push as hard as I could while simultaneously trying to keep something in reserve. I kept thinking “you’ll need something when you get to the snowman”. I figured the snowman at the final turn was about ½ mile from the finish and was hoping to hold on until that spot then throw down whatever I had left. When we got back to the power-line I surreptitiously glanced down at my watch and was very surprised that we were at 20 minutes. I had figured the 5K would take about 20 minutes and I knew we had at least a mile to go, that was the point I realized it was not a 5k!

After we got off of the power-line I heard a voice (Josh) call out “on your right” as he moved past Tim. I tried to up the tempo, feeling the pressure as Josh closed ranks. With about ¾ mile to go Josh pulled up along side but I went into a sprint to hold him off. I wasn’t going to just hand him the lead, but if he had kept the pace up just a bit longer he would have broken me. He tucked back in and at a wider part of the trail he went around me like I was standing still. I wasn’t surprised that he came back but was

surprised at how quickly he got around and then dropped me. I used his surge to pull me away from Tim.

Josh had a terrific race, doubly so as pressures of race directing make it hard get a proper warmup and energy is expended toward directing that could be better saved to race. Kudos to him and to the A.R.E. for putting on a fine event. I finished the day with a nice easy three mile run with Tim on some of the other trails. Tim is an interesting character whose main event is Tower (or stair) climbs. He has an excellent website www.runningraw.com with a great deal of motivating content. Tim has caught the snowshoe racing bug and will be a force on the WMAC racing scene this winter. Congratulations to all the first-timers this weekend! Hopefully many of them will return for more WMAC races.

Dave Dunham

Back of the Pack Report BTB ‘08

by Kate Karlson

As an occasional snowshoer from the Southern Tier, I try annually to run one of the WMAC snowshoe series, if only for bragging rights among my circle of running friends. Since 2005, I’ve done Woodford twice, Hoxie Thunderbolt once, each time questioning my sanity at attempting a sport only once a year as I slip down gullies into frozen streams, court frostbite, and punish my glutes so they beg me to start marathoning again.

Well, fourth time was the charm, not just for me, but for the previously ill-fated and possibly misnamed “Brave the Blizzard” 5km snowshoe race, expertly organized by the Albany Running Exchange, and held on January 6, 2008 in Guilderland, NY. The course, estimated at close to four miles, comprised well-packed snow, not ice. The temperatures of low 40s and negligible winds were ideal for a brisk run through a peaceful, pretty course of forest and right-of-way trails. I was thrilled once I got into the Pinebush Preserve, because this was the kind of snowshoe course I had been bugging my cousin, Laura Clark of Saratoga Springs, to find me ever since she dangled a pair of loaner snowshoes under my nose. I run and hike a similar trail in Chenango Valley State Park near my home in Binghamton, and I love the terrain, which always translates into personal best road race times by year’s end.

The ARE neglects none of the important aspects of a snowshoe race (careful trail marking, shelter, plenty of good, hot food and drink afterwards, loaner shoes) but they strive to equal the fun component with that of serious event planning. How else to explain the jovial Mr. Frosty, who greeted and directed racers as they drove into the school parking lot, or those snowperson marshals out on the course, silently holding bright orange flags, but grinning widely through twig mouths? Only the cheerful verbal encouragement of their human partners surpassed it: “There are pancakes at the end.... with chocolate chips!” is but one example of such friendly repartee out in the woods.

I enjoyed this snowshoe race tremendously, because I felt more in charge of my own pace than any previous event, thanks to the fairly level terrain.

Continued next page:

Back of the Pack cont:

I soon found a steady running rhythm that let me speed up or take a breather when I wanted to. I also never fell down – that’s a first! I actually felt sorry for a couple who passed me, obviously enjoying the packed snow trail, but not on snowshoes. Yes, one could run faster that way, but I was out there to snowshoe, and this was the day and the course I had long been hoping for.

Obviously, so did many of the other 115 finishers, many of whom were first-time snowshoe racers, including a few who took home age group medals. I think the veteran runners, such as Laura and her friend Laurel Shortell, she of the WMAC snowshoe race streak, greatly appreciated the set of ideal conditions that allowed their race efforts to produce some excellent times and earn more series points.

The post-race scene at the Guilderland Elementary School gym continued the first-class treatment for all participants: four types of pancakes with toppings, fruit salad, plenty of drinks to warm you up; plus, a licensed massage therapist, Gail Bouck, who stretched out tight muscles in a professional and caring manner. It was a real treat to enjoy the food and friendship at leisure and in warm comfort. I even got a hot shower before hitting the road down Interstate 88.

So, come rain, come shine, come snow, I’m comin’ back to Brave the Blizzard!

Katherine “Kate” Karlson

This Blizzard Was No Bummer

by Jay Kolodzinski

“If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again!” If that wasn’t the motto for the Albany Running Exchange (ARE) the past three years, I don’t know what it could have been. For the last three years the ARE has been trying to get its Brave the Blizzard Snowshoe Race off the ground and I really mean off the ground. Having joined the WMAC snowshoe series in 2005, their inaugural event, which was in February, was held as a trail race due to the lack of snow. With one strike against them for their inaugural event, they tried again. The next year, I attended the event, hoping for a real blizzard of a day. When I arrived at the Guilderland Elementary School, the name of the event was, I think unofficially changed to, Bummer, No Blizzard 3.5 Mile Trail run. That was definitely a bummer! Now with two strikes, they tried again! The third time they changed months and instead of being held in February, they shifted the event calendar and locked in on an early January date. Now as much as I love to support the ARE I did not attend the third event because as like the first two years, it was again a trail race. Now they had three strikes! Normally when you have three strikes, you are out! Well this is not the overpaid sport of baseball; it is the joyous sport of snowshoeing racing. And if one thing is certain, when you live in New England you are going to have snow sooner or later. Well in the case of ARE, it was later than sooner, but “Good things come to those who wait, and Ah, we have waited so very long!” It was now 2008 and judging by the snow on the ground, this was Brave the Blizzards year to shine!

Well in true ARE fashion, my companions and I were greeted to one of their friendly mascots as we entered the parking

lot of the elementary school. Sometimes it could be an animal (gorilla or squirrel), a fruit (a banana with arms and legs), or in this wintertime event, Frosty the snowman was the honored guest! However, he did look slightly lonely, as he had no gorilla, squirrel, and banana to keep him company. Even so, with the warmth of the day, Frosty was showing no signs of melt as he waved us in with a huge welcome and told us to go run along and snowshoe. With an early arrival of 9 am, we had an hour to conduct our pre-race business. We were also being treated to luxury, with the amenities of a school, restrooms, locker rooms, showers, and most of all; the all you can eat pancakes!

On the drive to Guilderland, I was joined by my fellow EORC teammates. I had the company of Bob Massaro, My father Walter, and in her first snowshoe race appearance, my mother Kathy Furlani! My mother, who is now 59, was always a road and trail runner, but never a snowshoe runner. She had recently taken up spinning at the gym in the wintertime as a way to cross train through those months. She always was inquisitive about the snowshoeing, asking me how it went after different races. For the last 4 years I tried to get her to participate in one. She always said next year. However, this year was different. She started asking me what would be the best and easiest race to start with. Being early in the year, I told her Brave the Blizzard. Also not knowing what old man winter could throw at us during the year, I told her this event had indoor facilities and that in itself should be the main reason you would want to start off with this race. Not knowing what it would be like to run on snowshoes, she told me she put on her big puffy snow boots the day before and ran around her back yard for 20 minutes to try to get the feel of it. I chuckled because I couldn’t imagine what that would feel like, better yet look like.

Well in true ARE fashion, we had the sounds of loud music blaring in the field where the race would begin. They set up a nice sound system outside to keep the snowshoers entertained! In what was a large crowd for this snowshoe race, everyone piled out of the school gymnasium as Josh Merlis yelled, “race starts in 10 minutes.”

Prior to the start I had to get my mother equipped with her snowshoes as she didn’t know how to put them on. After I did that, I went out for a slow warm-up around the field. It was announced that trails were all packed except for the first half mile around the field. Seeing that first hand while I did my warm-up, I decided to start the race a little slower than normal, so I wouldn’t burn out as quick.

Well the moment was here. Brave the Blizzard was finally off the ground and about to begin. With many veterans of snowshoeing attending and many first timers, the day was sure to grab some possible barnyard votes for fastest race of the year. And with the announcement of, “on your marks, get set, snowshoe!”, the racers were off! I myself hung back a little bit for the first mile and soon got into a very comfortable pace. After rounding the field though the unbroken snow, I found the trail we soon joined and would running on would be a firmly packed trail.

I ran approximately the first 1/2 mile of the race in a small group of fellow comrades. I had Ed Alibozek and some unknown racers with me for the very beginning and soon broke away only to be in Britt Brewer’s footsteps. I followed Britt for the rest of race and learned that leg length does make a difference.

Continued next page:

Blizzard No Bummer cont:

Britt showed great stamina throughout the entire race, as with every step I took to catch him, but he only pulled away from me, with every step he took. And so it went for the entire race. We all know that feeling when there is someone in front of you and you want to catch them but just can't. So after realizing I would not catch Britt, I continued to keep my pace with the hopes I would not have Ken Clark come from behind me. I have raced against Ken many times and I didn't have to look back to know that if Ken could see me and was near, he would be chasing me down. I also knew that I didn't want to look back with the fear Ken would be right there. Well at the final left hand turn before the finish I knew I would be sprinting to the finish alone. As much as I hate competition and a sprint to the finish against a dueling racer, it's better than not having one because then I just trot in. So I knew I was nearing the end when I could hear some loud music. I couldn't quite make out the song but knew I would soon be coming into audio range. I was hoping for a little "Eye of the Tiger" but had to settle with the "Cats in the Cradle" song. A fair trade I suppose as I like that song! So without anyone to push me I trotted in to grab the 6th position! I was pleased

I then ran in the school and grabbed my camera to get some photos of my parents as they finished. I knew my father would be fine as he was no virgin to snowshoeing. My mother on the other hand presented me with some worries.

I always remembered her saying how she cried during the Savoy 20 mile trail run. Now this was no Savoy 20, but to someone who had never done it before it could be intimidating! So I ran to the edge of the wood-line to watch all the snowshoe guru's come down the final short hill to the finish. When I got there, I was just in time to see the much-improved Laurel Shortell, who just keeps getting better, come truckin' down the hill. She was all by herself as she must be making her nearest competition scared. Next I saw Laura Clark, who had Bob Massaro right on her heels. I gave some yells for both to push it to the finish, and Laura was able to finish 3 seconds ahead of Bob. A minute later my father, who has been battling bad knees came trudging down the hill. At this point I began to get a tad worried on how my mother was doing on the course. In road races she is usually ahead of Bob and my father. Well as I started to run up the hill, I could hear her breathing as she came into sight. As she ran down the hill she yelled, "Oh my god, I'm gonna fall!" I told her she wasn't and like I guessed she did not fall and ran steadily all the way to the finish. My obligations to reel in snowshoers on the course were now complete. Pancake breakfast, here I come!

Now came discussion time back in the gymnasium. While we all ate the excellent pancakes (kudos to whoever came up with the idea of putting butterscotch in them) we exchanged war stories about the race. My mother said that the downhill at the finish was the scariest part of the entire race. I told her if she thought that was bad wait till Curly's! My father's GPS gave a measurement of 4.1 miles. I like the snowshoe races for this reason; you show up for one distance and end up running a completely longer one! That's good though, better workout session! I think my mother is hooked on a new sport, which shows it's never too late to try something new! I enjoyed just about everything. The camaraderie of like-minded folks keeps me sane in a world that thinks people like us are nuts.

Finally, great job to the ARE on putting on a stellar snowshoe event. I was able to see a real walking snowman, get a great workout in, and eat more pancakes than I ever ate before all in a couple hours!!! May the Barnyard votes treat you kind this spring!

Jay Kolodzinski

Book Review Corner

C.C. Pyle's Amazing Foot Race: The True Story of the 1928 Coast-to-Coast Run Across America

by Geoff Williams. Rodale, 2007.

C.C. Pyle, or Cash & Carry Pyle, the moniker his detractors favored, was to professional sports promotion what his predecessor PT Barnum was to the circus. He made and lost fortunes promoting first football and then tennis before setting his sights on ultrarunning. This choice fit in perfectly with the endurance fads of the 1920's which featured everything from dance marathons to flagpole sitting.

On March 4, 1928 at 3:04 PM, 199 runners assembled at Ascot Speedway in Los Angeles poised to make history during the first transcontinental run across America to publicize the newly opened Route 66. On May 26, 84 days and 3,422.3 miles later, 54 completed the journey. Of the original group, only a few were professional athletes; most had never even run a marathon but were attracted by the huge purse.

In *C.C. Pyle's Amazing Foot Race*, Geoff Williams employs a journal format to piece together the story of this historic run and the men who attempted it. Even the handful of professionals had no idea what they were getting into. There was simply no way to train for daily runs of thirty to sixty miles, hammered out in shoes that we would hesitate to wear for a walk around the block. There were no aid stations and those running without personal trainers were forced to rely upon whatever water they could scrounge from gas stations along the way. There were no gels, power bars or pasta dinners. The men slept in tents, showers were a luxury and decent food was hard to come by. What they accomplished was amazing and I wonder if, under similar conditions, anyone today could have run so far so consistently and with so little support.

I had enjoyed Tom McNab's *Flanagan's Run*, a fictional account of the Bunion Derby but was rather disappointed with the factual account. Granted, Geoff Williams' *True Story* was meticulously researched and documented the flavor of the event, but he seemed to have difficulty sticking to the day-by-day format. He continuously went off on tangents to bring background material to the fore and did not seem to be able to relate that material to what was currently playing out on Route 66. While it was helpful to have a deeper understanding of the featured runners, I wish it had been presented in a less distracting manner.

Still, it is a worthwhile read just to gain insight on this little-known chapter in ultrarunning history. And it definitely does lend perspective to our twenty-first century complaints about expensive running shoes, cotton T-shirts and inadequate aid stations.

Reviewed by Laura Clark

Brave The Blizzard 4 Mile Snowshoe Race
Pine Bush Preserve ... Guilderland, NY ... 1 / 6 / 08

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
1 Josh Merlis	26M	28:01	100.00
2 Dave Dunham	43M	28:15	99.13
3 Tim Van Orden	39M	28:22	98.26
4 Joseph Hayter	27M	28:35	97.39
5 Britt Brewer	44M	30:47	96.52
6 Jay Kolodzinski	28M	31:39	95.65
7 Andrew Rickert	28M	32:21	94.78
8 Rich Gargano	30M	32:23	93.91
9 Gary Robinson	45M	32:36	93.04
10 Ken Clark	45M	32:42	92.17
11 Keith Strack	49M	33:01	91.30
12 Chuck Ryan	53M	33:16	90.43
13 Edward Alibozek	45M	33:56	89.57
14 Drew Anderson	39M	34:48	88.70
15 Jeff Andrews	31M	35:38	87.83
16 <u>Lisa Daniello</u>	21F	35:50	96.96
17 Eric Recene	36M	36:10	86.09
18 Christopher Shaw	14M	36:11	85.22
19 John Pelton	68M	36:23	84.35
20 Mike Lahey	56M	37:07	83.48
21 <u>Jessica Hageman</u>	32F	37:37	82.61
22 David Shumpert	37M	38:01	81.74
23 <u>Rachel Clattenburg</u>	23F	38:13	80.87
24 Justin Corelli	23M	38:13	80.00
25 Tom Mack	43M	39:27	79.13
26 John Paduano	47M	39:27	78.26
27 Ed Decker	53M	39:48	77.39
28 Vince Kirby	51M	40:06	76.52
29 Gerard Colling	26M	40:36	75.65
30 Dennis Sullivan	52M	40:40	74.78
31 Andrew Sattinger	35M	40:42	73.91
32 Chris Johnson	50M	40:53	73.04
33 Martin Glendon	61M	41:00	72.17
34 John Butler	40M	41:29	71.30
35 Sam Hurchala	18M	42:29	70.43
36 Frosty Smith	30M	42:31	69.57
37 Jim Carlson	59M	42:37	68.70
38 Douglas Fox	63M	42:59	67.83
39 Dan Buttrick	27M	43:03	66.96
40 Kevin Schwenzfeier	24M	43:09	66.09
41 Frank Boscoe	39M	43:12	65.22
42 Frank Paone	50M	43:19	64.35
43 <u>Kim E. Scott</u>	39F	43:34	63.48
44 <u>Erin Clark</u>	19F	44:00	62.61
45 Mark Stuart	45M	44:01	61.74
46 Eric Sanborn	44M	44:06	60.87
47 Joe Bouck	45M	44:08	60.00
48 Barbara Sorrell	50F	44:11	59.13
49 <u>Chris Varley</u>	43F	44:54	58.26
50 Tom Carcia	50M	44:59	57.39
51 Frank Broderick	55M	45:00	56.52
52 <u>Laurel Shortell</u>	41F	45:46	55.65
53 <u>Laura Clark</u>	60F	47:27	54.78
54 Bob Massaro	64M	47:30	53.91
55 <u>Jackie Frost</u>	34F	47:33	53.04

56 <u>Michelle Pendergast</u>	34F	48:01	52.17
57 Michael DellaRocco	56M	48:03	51.30
58 <u>Darleen Buttrick</u>	28F	48:25	50.43
59 Walter Kolodzinski	65M	48:36	49.57
60 Peter Thomas	60M	48:38	48.70
61 <u>Susan Johnson</u>	47F	48:47	47.83
62 <u>Peggy McKeown</u>	50F	49:24	46.96
63 <u>Kathy Furlani</u>	59F	49:30	46.09
64 Tony Manjano	61M	49:40	45.22
65 Peter Finley	46M	49:00	44.35
66 <u>Donna Lustenhouwer</u>	54F	49:40	43.48
67 <u>Fran Lewis</u>	46F	51:10	42.61
68 <u>Kathleen Goldberg</u>	49F	51:16	41.74
69 Jamie Howard	42M	51:39	40.87
70 Randy Goldberg	48M	51:52	40.00
71 Richard Busa	78M	52:43	39.13
72 Dan Ampansiri	37M	52:56	38.26
73 Ronald Boutin	57M	53:17	37.39
74 Dan Pollay	38M	53:20	36.52
75 Jon Roth	58M	53:31	35.65
76 <u>Patty Paduano</u>	50F	55:01	34.78
77 <u>Megan Donnelly-Heg</u>	32F	55:33	33.91
78 <u>Kristin Murphy</u>	36F	55:40	33.04
79 <u>Stacey Kelley</u>	31F	56:08	32.17
80 John DellaRocco	46M	56:11	31.30
81 <u>Donna Charlebois</u>	49F	56:47	30.43
82 Greg Taylor	61M	57:15	29.57
83 <u>Summer Farina</u>	33F	57:17	28.70
84 <u>Phyllis Fox</u>	55F	57:56	27.83
85 <u>Gail Hein</u>	55F	58:28	26.96
86 Scott Hunter	62M	58:50	26.09
87 <u>Uzma Qureshi</u>	46F	59:19	25.22
88 <u>Kate Hayes</u>	59F	59:47	24.35
89 Dave Cole	50M	59:48	23.48
90 <u>Sue Motler</u>	45F	59:54	22.61
91 <u>Cheryl Couchman</u>	37F	60:05	21.74
92 <u>Annette Cashin</u>	32F	60:14	20.87
93 Justin Mueller	27M	61:31	20.00
94 <u>Lidia Ryan</u>	46F	61:38	19.13
95 <u>Cathy Biss</u>	60F	62:09	18.26
96 Bill Glendon	61M	63:19	17.39
97 Konrad Karolczuk	55M	63:19	16.52
98 <u>Melanie Snay</u>	37F	63:20	15.65
99 <u>Betty Langevin</u>	67F	63:28	14.78
100 Armand Langevin	70M	63:31	13.91
101 Ray Lee	65M	63:33	13.04
102 Mark Gregory	31M	64:09	12.17
103 <u>Jaime Ian</u>	29F	67:29	11.30
104 <u>Jami Costello</u>	29F	67:30	10.43
105 <u>Mary Jane Lewis</u>	49F	70:20	9.57
106 James Morgan	53M	72:07	8.70
107 Vince Juliano	51M	72:15	7.83
108 <u>Katherine Karlson</u>	55F	72:25	6.96
109 <u>Kerri Morgan</u>	51F	73:01	6.09
110 <u>Renee Crisafulli</u>	54 F	74:38	5.22
111 <u>Debbie Kelley</u>	54F	74:39	4.35
112 <u>Karen Costello</u>	53F	79:14	3.48
113 James Costello	54M	79:14	2.61
114 <u>Dawn Pallor</u>	43F	92:31	1.74
115 Andy Keefe	77M	92:32	0.87

Spring Ahead / Fall Back at North Pond

by Laura Clark

Spring comes early this year, on Sunday March 9th to be exact. This is either in response to Al Gore's new career as doom and gloom global warming prophet or as a perceived need to save on fuel consumption. Either way, it's a bummer for us. Basically it means that not only will we be having our final snowshoe race, the Northfield Mass Snowshoe Championship, in balmy spring weather conditions, but also that those of us who go to Nationals or the renegades who elect to try their luck at the Pittsfield, Vt. Snowshoe Marathon will lose an hour's sleep at an extremely crucial point in their snowshoe racing season.

Ever aware of these future challenges, your fearless WMAC race directors have built a few practice runs into their schedule of events, complete with the typical confusion attendant on all spring ahead and fall back savings bank deadlines. It all began when the North Pond event was delayed a week and bumped over into neighboring South Pond territory. We knew we would be running North one day and South the next but only a select few realized that we would be running the North Pond 3.3 miler in clockwise or spring ahead mode. And even fewer realized that the Saturday route was really North Pond/South Pond Baby Loop and that Sunday's would be the reverse South Pond Baby Loop/North Pond.

On Saturday I did, in fact, feel as if I were driving through a time warp, observing home owners in Grafton, at a relatively high elevation, raking their lawns and miles later, Pond dwellers busy plowing their driveways. Moreover, skies were clear and sunny and temps were pleasantly chilly but not impossibly brutal. A perfect spring ahead day. The Albany Running Exchange Team was out in full force and in definite camping mode. They made a grand entrance, arriving in their new white and blue ARE van and immediately pitched their blue and white tarp next to the Pond shack. The ARE Club was originally composed of SUNY Albany students but has now expanded to include young professionals and older folks who enjoy a dose of low key fun. Apparently, they are doing something right, since after only a few brief years of existence they are able to afford the trappings of success: tents, with poles, snowman, deer and gorilla costumes and a van to haul it all in. Which kind of makes the rest of us, forced to change in cramped cars, wonder what we have been doing wrong. Not that we're jealous or anything.

Earlier in the week, we had been treated to one of those New England-type "if you don't like the weather, just wait a few minutes" days, with a mixed bag of precipitation including, but not limited to: sleet, snow, freezing rain, dogs and frogs and occasional imitation golf balls. When the race began and we attacked the inevitable flat melee leading to the forest, I kept on glancing toward my rear, thinking that someone was tapping on my shoulder. The tap was very persistent, very forceful and quickly becoming annoying. Surrounded by shoers determined to earn a decent place on the narrow trails to come, there was nowhere I could move to accommodate the impatient person behind me. It wasn't until later that I realized those taps were

caused by random ice missiles launched by expertly churning Dion crampons.

The footing was difficult, with the trail littered by iceberg-sized chunks broken off by snowshoes deviating from the established pattern. Which meant that if you were following someone whose stride length was slightly different from yours, you were in trouble. Remembering my lesson at Woodford two years earlier, I resolved to pass only on the downhill. This worked out pretty well at first as I leapfrogged past Jim Carlson, Emily Gravelle, and the new, improved Laurel Shortell without getting too winded to maintain my lead.

Inevitably, though, Jim passed me again. And we both piled up behind Dave Boles who looked as if his back were giving him trouble. We maintained a respectful distance in sympathy with his plight and also because we were negotiating an uphill section. And despite his troubles, Dave launched sporadic surges at critical junctures. Naturally, this allowed the rest of the train we had just dispatched to catch up. Going against all previously discussed strategy, Jim struck out uphill and I followed in his too-big footsteps. Jim recovered nicely. I did not. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the rest of the train approached the straightaway and used their pent-up energy to zoom ahead. Surrounded on either side by yellow jackets (Laurel and I), Jim made a heroic surge and beat Laurel by a close 8 seconds, to win the invisible yellow jersey in true spring ahead fashion.

All together 60 snowshoers enjoyed the spring ahead Saturday tour. Sunday however, the day of the counter-clockwise fall back into winter loop, featured temperatures in the single digits. The ARE tribe had apparently taken a field trip to warmer climes, not to mention fully half of the Saturday participants, leaving 30 intrepid soles to brave winter conditions. Of these 30, however, an impressive 20 were repeat performers, eager to enjoy another premier day and rack up some more WMAC points.

This testifies that some of us are truly obsessed with acquiring points, with the gossip at the Barnyard now favoring Laurel Shortell for female points leader as well as for her customary Streak title. Rich Busa, a shoe-in for the Silverback award, has now set his sights elsewhere and reports in a worried tone that both a 97 and a 98 year-old have qualified for Nationals in the 70+ age group. Competition is heating up! Despite his considerably younger age, Rich, a longtime member of the Old Goat Snowshoe Club, is a sure bet for the most experienced snowshoe racer. New to the running scene is Rich Godin, Rich Busa's friend who frequently accompanies Rich to races and spends the intervening time hiking and taking photos. He completed his maiden voyage in 32nd place and the next day moved up to an impressive 11th.

The best thing about Sunday's winter version was that we were treated to an old-fashioned snowstorm to rival that of the infamous North Pond Train race where everyone formed a huge train, taking their turn at breaking trail. This time, however, while the snow came down fast and furious, the trail was already trampled by the previous day's forward trek.

Continued next page:

Spring Ahead cont:

We all reported that the counter-clockwise version is definitely the easier of the two routes but I wonder if we would have reached a similar conclusion had we ventured that way on Day #1. The second day I noticed that I was a bit more relaxed about my pace, partially because of the previous day's effort and partially because there were fewer trains blocking the route. This time around, Martin Glendon provided the photo finish, coming out of nowhere in the final sprint to miss passing me by a mere one second. Paul Hartwig got a good shot of Martin's snow angel collapse and my subsequent Frosty the Snowman imitation. Winter or Spring, we sure know how to have fun!

Happy Snow!

Laura Clark

The Shuffle ... What Once Was South Now Is North

Another weekend and another challenging snowshoe race. I started the weekend with a Friday afternoon/evening snowshoe slog on the Merrimack River trail. I call it a slog because the trail had been really beat up by the heavy rains and high temperatures of earlier in the day. We ran through some very nice firmly packed snow, then areas of slush, water, and bare ground. The good parts were very good and the bad parts were plain awful. I guessed that the slushy sections would be solid rutted ice by Monday morning and estimated that about ½ mile of trail was bare ground. The call to cancel the race was tough, but I wouldn't want people to come out and have a bad experience due to poor conditions.

Saturday morning dawned clear and cold. I got in the car at 5 AM for a drive to Western Mass. I plotted out a nice stop along the way in "Blissville" an interestingly named burg in Orange. I went for an easy three mile run on the hilly and sometimes icy roads in Warwick, Orange, and Royalston. It was a nice way to break up the ride to North Pond and also knocked three more towns off of my list.

I was happy to see a close-to-full parking lot when I arrived at North Pond (or was I at South Pond?). I signed up and headed out for a warm-up. I noticed on my way out that the Albany Running Exchange had brought a van. That is a great sign for the sport when teams are showing up. I haven't been able to get a full team to come out; Tim Mahoney and I have been the only CMS runners so far this year. A lot of my teammates are concentrating on indoor track which runs parallel to the SS season.

I got in an "easy" three miles and got back to the car with just enough time to get changed and log a mile in snowshoes. I always try to run part of the course to see what the terrain is like and how the footing will be. This time I headed out counter-clockwise so that I'd be able to check out the last ½ mile of the race. I had some flash-backs to previous runs at North Pond but all of the races tend to merge into one vague memory. I do clearly remember Ken Clark pulling away from me over the last part of the course and wishing I knew how

much distance was left. I went out ½ mile with just Ed's footprints and some flagging to guide me. It looked like the conditions would be fair... not fast but not really slow either. I put a stick in the ground at ½ mile to go and headed back to the start. The stick would give me a good mark in the race where I could throw down anything I had left and kick for the line.

I met up with Tim Van Orden and Tim Mahoney right before the start, so I knew there would be some tough competition. I wasn't sure who had come from ARE but figured they had a couple of fast guys, I also didn't see Ethan Nedeau who was one of the top rookies last year (with a win at Hallockville and a third place at Northfield). After a short course description by Ed we were ready to go. He noted that the conditions seemed fast and that the course record might be in jeopardy. I thought "maybe, but not by me!" Ed called out "Go" and go we did, with snow flying everyone headed down the untracked snow for the single-track. I edged to the front and could see Tim VO on my right. I pushed just a little harder to get to the single-track first. We took the right and I immediately felt tired and flat. It already felt too fast and we weren't even ¼ mile into the race. I relaxed the pace a little and waited for someone to say "on your left", in which case I would've let them by. I was probably feeling flat due to slightly increasing mileage over the last month, it has been a while since I consistently hit 90+ per week and I'm still getting used to that.

I snuck a peek at about a mile in and was surprised to see five guys right in line behind me. I was feeling slow and was thinking "I hate fast races, give me some big hills or deep snow". I really like the type of race where you really have to grind along slowly, which is probably why I like mountain running so much. It seemed that pretty soon after that we started climbing and I started to feel "in the groove". I pushed the climb and glanced at my watch. "Fifteen minutes, great I'm about ½ way done". I had gapped the group but didn't dare look back. "Push the flat, push the flats then recover on the down". I started the downhill part with a small lead. "Recover, stay on your feet, push, don't let them come back, don't let it come down to a kick or you'll lose". I started looking for the stick marking ½ mile to go. Man, it took a long time to reach that point. I almost wiped-out a few times on the rolling downhill and on a couple of the bushwhacks where we cut into the woods to avoid some bare spots. Once I saw the stick I relaxed a little and took a look behind. I couldn't see anyone, but you never know... so I kept pushing right to the line. It was a great feeling to get my first win of 2008.

It was also special as this was my 1,000th race!

The five guys behind me battled right to the line with only twenty seconds separating places 2 – 5 and another 32 seconds to sixth. Abby Woods had another strong performance, taking the win in 7th place overall. I did a relaxing three mile warmdown with Tim VO and then headed out to run in Philipston, Templeton, and Hubbardston on my way home. I'm looking forward to the first "double" of the season with Cobble Mountain and Curly's back-to-back this weekend. That should be great preparation for the "triple" in February!

Dave Dunham

The Inconvenient Truth Surrounding North & South Pond.

by Jay Kolodzinski

Was it a coincidence that I was watching the video “An Inconvenient Truth” when I received word that North Pond was canceled? After having been hit hard during the month of December with immense snow, I watched, as so many others did, as record-breaking temperatures melted the snow away. I recall talking to Sheila about how much snow we had on the ground, saying “With 20 inches of snow on the ground there is no way it is going to go anywhere till the end of March.” She neither agreed nor disagreed, but I was certain that it was here to stay. With such a great snow base, how could it melt? Now I recall a warm spell last winter that showed us what 70 degrees felt like in early January, but two years in a row?

Mother Earth treated us to some wonderful weather, that is, if you like it warm. A few years ago I would have been overjoyed with 60’s in January. I still am, as long as it doesn’t melt the snow. Yet, I know the laws of nature, and when the temp gets above 32 Fahrenheit, snow melts! It wasn’t just one day though, it was the entire week. So that entire week I was living in constant fear that North Pond would be canceled. I knew the Farmer and his gang of trail markers/trail packers would find a course if possible. I had my doubts, even though I knew the mountains of Savoy held snow better than here in the valley.

So I kept my fingers crossed and continued to watch the snowman melt away in my front yard and see grass appear in the snowshoe tracks around the yard.

The Thursday prior to North Pond, my father brought home a movie from the Library. (As an aside, if you want to save money and not rent videos at Blockbuster and alike, go to your local library, it’s all free, with your library card.) Back to the topic, the movie he brought home was, “An Inconvenient Truth”, and it would also soon be an inconvenient omen. Having never seen the movie, but being very curious about it, my father and I watched it in awe. In case you are unfamiliar with this film it is the Al Gore film about global warning. I knew about many of the subjects in the movie from my years studying at Umass and traveling abroad. I could relate to it and understand the principals. My father, who wasn’t as familiar with the topics, thought it was very easy for the lay person to understand. I have heard people call it propaganda, and to some it may be, however, having seen deforestation in Ecuador, kids swimming in rivers that are downstream of sewage runoffs in Honduras, acres of overpopulated shanty towns in South Africa, and witnessing Hurricane Katrina destruction first hand, I don’t think it is the case! It is the possible future of what is to come if we don’t fix things! What brings the movie home to me is how our weather is changing. We are not supposed to be having January thaws in the 60’s for over a week, especially if it can cancel a snowshoe race! So at the end of the movie I went to check my email before bed to determine the weekend plans.

Having come to terms with what I just watched, I should have predicted North Pond’s outcome! It was canceled due to water flowing on about 30% of the course! Blame it on global warming? Not yet!

Well this wasn’t the time to start pouting; it was time to start looking at the extended forecast. For that, who better to contact,

but my future father in law, Sheila’s Dad. He told me that we would be seeing some cooler temperatures the next week with a couple of storms that could possibly dump some significant snow. He also said the first storm would be Sunday into Monday. Well this was just what I wanted to hear. Like I have said in a previous article, this guy knows his stuff; I mean 30+ years of looking at weather maps, how could he be wrong? He hit the nail on the head with the Sunday Evening storm, and just I like I had hoped I was snowshoeing on Monday. Tuesday night, Sheila and I snowshoed for 76 minutes at the Mt Tom State Reservation. We ran for 41 minutes and then hiked to the summit and back in another 35 minutes. If you have never visited the Mt Tom State Reservation, I would highly suggest it. I consider it a crown jewel of not only our state park system but also of the city of Holyoke! It is 2,082 acres of forest nestled in the heart of the Pioneer Valley. Surrounded by cities on all sides, it is an island of forest fun for the snowshoer in you. Besides, in the winter, it offers over 20 miles of great snowshoe trails. You will also have stunning views of the valley from the mountaintop and if you are lucky you could have many wildlife encounters besides seeing 47 different tree species. The two best encounters I have had in the park were almost hitting a deer on my mountain bike and having a great blue heron fly about two feet above my head as I startled it from its nesting spot. To not ever visit this state facility would be a great injustice to the outdoor enthusiast in you!

On Thursday, two days before the North Pond Snowshoe race, and like many of you, I am awaiting Farmer Ed’s email on “what will be occurring” Saturday, possibly Sunday and of course on Monday! Sometimes the anticipation is too much to bear and it is amazing what a week can do! The forecast is calling for snow with possible rain mixed in. Is Savoy/Florida immune from the rain due to its elevation? Could North and South Pond loops be blanketed in a layer of knee deep fresh powder? Only Mother Nature knows the answer and she won’t tell us until after she has done her work. However, what she is telling us is that unless we start contributing to the solution to fight the inconvenient truth, we may have to travel a lot further north for the snowshoe series. What can we do? Well I think we do an excellent job already. As we all are like-minded folks, we do an excellent job carpooling to events! This keeps our greenhouse gases down and doesn’t support the oil rich gas companies! We also support our local merchants like Dion Snowshoes and the South Face Farm Sugarhouse and we keep the events low key and green by having them in State Parks! When I awoke Friday I was overcome with joyous celebration as I checked my email because Farmer Ed and his father came through! They would be having an event both days at Savoy! It stated that Old Farmer Ed said it would be only “B conditions”, but heck we all never got all “A”’s in school. Even though a “B” isn’t as good as an “A”, it is way better than a “D” or “F” and a “B” meant we would be snowshoeing! That’s all I needed to hear!

To keep in touch with my theme, on Friday night I was very disappointed to hear that Dave Dunham’s Merrimack River Snowshoe race had been canceled due to a lack of snow. That storm we had on Thursday night/Friday morning dumped rain on Andover and the snow that was on the ground vanished.

Continued next page:

Inconvenient Truth cont:

I was saddened by this news, as I would have been able to attend the event because of it being held on MLK day and had the day off from school. Nevertheless, is this warm spell melting the snow part of the inconvenient truth we may all be facing?

It is a very controversial subject and I am no expert to go preaching my thoughts and beliefs on the topic. Yet, I do believe we can all live a little better to help save the planet and in doing so, we will have snow in the winter for many more years to come, and most importantly stop having to make us cancel races! Well enough with global warming and this snow melt stuff, Saturday and Sunday meant races at Savoy. Weekend races, here I come!!!!

Going into races I usually have one goal in mind and that is to finish. If I start thinking about other things, my mind gets clogged and things sometimes go bad. Upon arrival Saturday I saw the usual friendly faces, the people we have all come to grow and love. They are the extended family we look forward to seeing every weekend; sometimes we see them more than our actual family. So with the registration in the old CCC cabin and the wood stove going strong, I signed up like the other 60 racers. According to the Farmer, the course would be the North Pond Loop and it would be one of the faster ones in the history of the North Pond race. I did my usually short warm up and saw my pacers for the race. After short instructions from the Farmer, we lined up at the starting line and when we heard the words "Go" the snow started flying like in so many races before. I comfortably held back at the start, as I am trying a new strategy this year, start off slow and pick it up towards the middle. Who knows how this is going to work since we have no mile markers to help us measure the distance we have gone, but it seems like a good plan. So as we pass the benches on the North Pond loop, I tucked in behind Kenny Clark and decided to snowshoe comfortably till I felt the urge to push it. Well I got the urge to surge a little too early and it cost me. As we ascended the final uphill, Abby Woods, who is in her rookie year, passed me. I knew the downhill would be soon approaching and my goal was to go "balls to the walls" on the downhill and then just run at a faster clip to the finish. I must give Abby some major kudo's, she didn't allow me to pass her on the downhill. Instead she slowly pulled away. I was running my hardest and felt like I was going to catch her but my fortune be what it may, I caught the front of my snowshoe on some of the icy snow and went down.

Now this fall has two main points of significance. First, I lost all my momentum and decided I would not have the strength to catch her (another day I thought). Second, I had a first time experience of falling. I was sweating really hard and had my sleeves rolled up and my forearms exposed to the air. The icy layer that was covering the snow gashed my arm. I drew blood! In 35 snowshoe races in 5 years I had never drawn blood from a fall. And it wasn't like a small cut, it was numerous little gashes. I didn't even realize it at first until about 10 seconds later when I regained my strides that I realized I was cut. The blood that was pouring out of my arm was freezing as it made contact with the air and was turning into slush. So instead of having running blood down my arm I had frozen red slush all over my arm.

A little disgusting, but in the world of snowshoeing and trail racing, a much needed credit to add to the resume. So after the fall I managed to run to the finish without letting Paul Bazanchuk, who was 10 seconds behind me, beat me. A goal I knew he had in mind.

After finishing, we were treated to the wonderful delicatessens of Paul Hartwig who had prepared the hot dogs & chili. With day 1 now complete and the Day 2 race only being 23 hours away, I pondered what to do. I was undecided about coming back, due to a death in the extended family, yet doing the travel time in my head and figuring out how long it would take to race the same course in reverse, I decided it was possible. Sunday morning arrived as usual, but I really didn't want to go. The main reason being that I was nestled and all cozy in bed. I had a tough time deciding if I should make the drive to Savoy. Well at 7:50, I decided I would. With a mug full of hot chocolate in hand, I headed north. I avoided numerous radar traps on I-91 and Rt.2 thanks due to previous journeys. Upon arriving at the forest with not too much time left to spare, I felt the pressure I was going to have on my shoulders the entire race. Ed informed me as I signed up that I might have a shot at winning the race. Great, I thought to myself. I mean, it was exciting to think about, but the fact is Ed also said my main competition would be Abby Woods, the girl who schooled me yesterday. I was a tad bit scared. Besides Abby, Bob Dion and Paul Bazanchuk were also present and on any day each of them could take the race.

Sunday's race was going to be held in reverse of what we ran yesterday and in my opinion would be an easier direction to run. The trail was also much more packed and would allow for faster conditions. In Dave Dunham fashion, Ed Alibozek had a racer, Bob Dion, start the race, as Ed wanted to take pictures a few hundred yards from the start. A very significant note to this race was that 15 minutes prior to the start the snow started flying and would continue for the entirety of the event. From the start of the race I took the lead. I don't like doing this because you have a lot of pressure put on you immediately. Within the first few minutes the falling snow was making it hard to see. Bob Dion who was in second at that point, yelled to me, "I need Rich Busa's Goggles". Typically I wouldn't have thought about it but in today's race I am sure everyone wished they had a pair of goggles. Well as we snowshoed on through the course, I wanted so bad to look behind me and see where Bob, Abby, and Paul were. I could hear one person behind me because of the snowshoes hitting the ground but had no idea who it was. I thought it was Bob because he had made the goggle comment right after we hit the single track, however, I was unsure. As we made our way up the gradual hill I was feeling great, yet I knew my great, might be one of my competitors awesome!

Towards the summit of the uphill the trail hooked left and out of the corner of my eye I caught the person behind me and realized it was not Bob like I suspected, but Abby. All kind of things started going through my mind. Then behind her, in the distance I could see Paul. I knew I had to kick on the afterburners and use some of the saved energy from yesterday to pull ahead and take the lead for good. When I hit that downhill I did just that.

Continued next page:

Inconvenient Truth cont:

As I was moving along, I was taking note of the woods and how different they look in the summer when I run the Savoy 20. At the point I could see South Pond, I took a glance back and could see Abby in the far off distance. I thought to myself that this could be it, a first ever snowshoe win. However, I was not taking anything for granted, especially knowing how I had some great competition right behind me, and that they were all vying for me. I wouldn't look back again till I crossed the finish line.

When I came out of the woods, I could see Paul Hartwig and Farmer Ed way off in the distance, and knew only less than 100 yards stood between me and a first ever snowshoe win. In 30 seconds, I crossed the line and instead of celebrating my first place position, I cheered on Abby as she was just coming out of the woods. When she finished she looked just as exhausted as I was. Soon after, Paul came blazing down the path. The 3 of us all broke 30 minutes on a cold and unexpected snowy day.

It was an amazing race and I must thank Abby and Paul for pushing me. I believe the race could have gone to any one of us and today was just my day; however, they are great snowshoers and their day will come. I must also give congratulations to all the other snowshoers who raced both days at Savoy and remember this is only the first of only a handful of double headers this year.

To close up my story I must say it feels good to win a snowshoe race and hope to win another in the future. The highlight of my weekend is a quote I must comment on. I will also say it is my favorite quote so far this year. It was a conversation between old high-school buddies Steve Roulier and Ed Alibozek. Ed asked Steve, "How did you feel?" to which Steve responded, "I felt like S***, but loved every minute of it!"

Now if that doesn't describe ones love for snowshoeing, I don't know what does!!!

Jay Kolodzinski

Woodford: The Sequel

Nowadays, every story worth its salt has a sequel, so here's mine: Soon after the Woodford race I discovered why my race felt slightly off: I was only hours away from a medically interesting case of bronchitis combined with laryngitis, helped along with a hefty dose of asthma. New Year's Eve found me hooked up to a nebulizer, but released in time to view the "kiddie" fireworks at 5:45. I learned several things that week: It really is fun to hike in the snow, especially when there is 2 feet of it, one for each snowshoe. Hopefully, my quads are at least in good shape. The retirees who complain that they never have any time any more (and you know who you are) may, in fact be not too far from the truth. I took three days sick leave and between sleeping in, taking a walk, visiting doctors, going grocery shopping (no handy vending machines on the home front) and taking naps, the day progressed quite rapidly. I could live like this!

Laura Clark

A Unique Way To Run (And Race Too) !

On Sunday, January 6, 2008, (the official last day of Christmas) I joined my son Jay, his father Walt and Empire One Running Club's Vice President Bob Massaro for a trip to Guilderland, NY (near Albany) to run the Brave the Blizzard Snowshoe Race. This was my first snowshoe race so it warrants an article for Snowshoe News (says Jay!).

For quite a long time now, Jay had been keeping me well informed about his other running activity; namely, showshoe racing. He kept telling me that I should try one sometime. I was only half eager to do so but it finally all came together on Sunday, January 6, 2008. It was a perfect day for such an activity--not too cold, no wind, no sun either but that was okay. We all met at the Holyoke Elks at 7:30 a.m. and then piled into Bob's vehicle. Thanks, Bob, for driving and for providing a very relaxing ride up to Guilderland, NY.

Jay assured me that I would have no trouble during my first snowshoe race because it was probably the easiest one around and only three miles in distance. I had only been on snowshoes once about a year before when Jay let me borrow his for a "test jaunt" around my backyard.

Upon arrival, we all signed up and Jay set me up on a pair of snowshoes, which I borrowed from Bob. Then came the fun; it was time to practice. Suddenly, I realized how much energy and endurance running on snowshoes really entails. I was bound and determined though, to do my best. The race finally started and I felt so caught up in a whirlwind of people with snow flying everywhere. To make the race even more challenging, the first quarter of a mile was run on un-broken snow--no plowed path, so as to make it a bit more challenging.

After getting onto a plowed path, it was single file for quite a while. Getting past someone was really quite challenging. I found myself having to really concentrate on where I was putting my feet and how I was balancing my body. More than halfway through the race, I caught up to Walt--thinking now for sure I would be able to beat him. But only for a very short period of time did I manage to stay ahead of him. He got by me and beat me by 56 seconds. I had to remind myself that this was not a road race and that I had never done a snowshoe race before!

About seventy-five yards from the finish line coming down a hill, Jay was able to snap my picture. I was sure I was going to fall down as the hill seemed a lot steeper than it really was. There were 115 finishers and I was happy to place #63 with a time of 49:30. It was a real surprise to find out that the course was not 3 miles but actually 4.1 miles--longer than we thought it was going to be. A delicious pancake breakfast followed and awards were given out. It was a very challenging and rewarding experience. I hope to run another snowshoe race soon!

Kathy Furlani

North Pond 3.3 Mile “Clockwise” Snowshoe Race
Savoy Mountain State Forest ... Savoy, MA 1 / 19 / 08

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
01. Dave Dunham	43M	0:29:40	100.00
02. Josh Merlis	26M	0:30:16	98.33
03. Ethan Nedeau	34M	0:30:26	96.67
04. Tim Mahoney	28M	0:30:33	95.00
05. Tim Van Orden	39M	0:30:36	93.33
06. Andrew McCarthy	24M	0:31:08	91.67
07. <u>Abby Woods</u>	29F	0:32:33	90.00
08. Jay Kolodzinski	28M	0:33:15	88.33
09. Paul Bazanchuck	53M	0:33:25	86.67
10. Ken Clark	45M	0:33:51	85.00
11. Chris Chromczak	23M	0:34:15	83.33
12. Edward Alibozek	45M	0:34:22	81.67
13. Thierry Carriere	31M	0:34:30	80.00
14. Jack Casey	54M	0:34:35	78.33
15. Greg Rems	31M	0:34:55	76.67
16. Charles Petrashe	30M	0:35:31	75.00
17. Paul Mueller	23M	0:36:13	73.33
18. Alan Bates	59M	0:36:17	71.67
19. Peter Malinowski	53M	0:37:11	70.00
20. Todd Hogobian	38M	0:37:17	68.33
21. Mike Lahey	56M	0:37:55	66.67
22. Nick Jubok	51M	0:39:13	65.00
23. David Newman	27M	0:39:49	63.33
24. David Shumbert	37M	0:40:13	61.67
25. Phil Bricker	54M	0:40:35	60.00
26. Steve Roulier	44M	0:40:37	58.33
27. Dan Buttrick	27M	0:40:43	56.67
28. Barry Braun	49M	0:40:45	55.00
29. Vince Kirby	51M	0:40:49	53.33
30. Larry Dragon	47M	0:42:50	51.67
31. Jan Rancatti	47M	0:43:24	50.00
32. Rich Godin	52M	0:43:33	48.33
33. <u>Erin Clark</u>	19F	0:43:36	46.67
34. Martin Glendon	61M	0:44:09	45.00
35. Howard Bassett	47M	0:44:12	43.33
36. <u>Darlene McCarthy</u>	45F	0:45:08	41.67
37. Jim Carlson	60M	0:46:09	40.00
38. <u>Emily Gravelle</u>	21F	0:46:13	38.33
39. <u>Laurel Shortell</u>	41F	0:46:17	36.67
40. Ed Alibozek Jr	68M	0:46:23	35.00
41. <u>Chloe McGrath</u>	16F	0:46:24	33.33
42. <u>Laura Clark</u>	60F	0:46:35	31.67
43. Dave Boles	61M	0:46:36	30.00
44. Juergen Reher	58M	0:46:37	28.33
45. <u>Diana Rodriquez</u>	26F	0:47:40	26.67
46. Bob Massaro	64M	0:48:23	25.00
47. Walt Kolodzinski	65M	0:51:19	23.33
48. <u>Darlene Buttrick</u>	27F	0:52:50	21.67
49. Peter Finley	46M	0:53:30	20.00
50. Itziar Garcia	45M	0:54:43	18.33
51. Rich Busa	78M	0:54:55	16.67
52. <u>Bree Carlson</u>	28F	0:55:02	15.00
53. Jamie Howard	42M	1:00:47	13.33
54. <u>Cheryl Couchman</u>	37F	1:00:57	11.67
55. Jan Deveau	53M	1:03:51	10.00

56. William Milkewicz	53M	1:04:39	8.33
57. Bill Glendon	61M	1:08:34	6.67
58. Konrad Karolczuk	55M	1:08:35	5.00
59. <u>Karen Chan</u>	48F	1:12:16	3.33
60. <u>Uzma Qureshi</u>	46F	1:12:18	1.67

**South Pond 3.3 Mile “Counter-Clockwise”
Snowshoe Race**
Savoy Mountain State Forest ... Savoy, MA ... 1 / 20 / 08

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
01. Jay Kolodzinski	28M	0:28:45	100.00
02. <u>Abby Woods</u>	29F	0:29:10	96.67
03. Paul Bazanchuck	53M	0:29:43	93.33
04. Bob Dion	52M	0:31:48	90.00
05. Jack Casey	54M	0:32:26	86.67
06. <u>Chelynn Tetreault</u>	32F	0:34:06	83.33
07. Mike Lahey	56M	0:34:07	80.00
08. Nick Jubok	51M	0:34:35	76.67
09. Alan Bates	59M	0:34:55	73.33
10. Howard Bassett	47M	0:38:05	70.00
11. Rich Godin	52M	0:38:08	66.67
12. Richard Kelly	46M	0:38:28	63.33
13. Larry Dragon	47M	0:38:52	60.00
14. Vince Kirby	51M	0:39:20	56.67
15. Patrick McGrath	43M	0:39:56	53.33
16. <u>Chloe McGrath</u>	16F	0:39:57	50.00
17. Ed Alibozek Jr	68M	0:39:58	46.67
18. <u>Laurel Shortell</u>	41F	0:41:17	43.33
19. <u>Laura Clark</u>	60F	0:42:40	40.00
20. Martin Glendon	61M	0:42:41	36.67
21. Bob Massaro	64M	0:42:51	33.33
22. Chris Sammartano	51M	0:43:11	30.00
23. Dave Wilbur	48M	0:45:00	26.67
24. Edward Alibozek	45M	0:45:30	23.33
25. <u>Denise Dion</u>	49F	0:46:55	20.00
26. Rich Busa	78M	0:51:32	16.67
27. <u>Ginny Kelly</u>	45F	0:56:28	13.33
28. Jeff Clark	62M	1:02:00	10.00
29. Bill Glendon	61M	1:02:57	6.67
30. Konrad Karolczuk	55M	1:02:58	3.33

We were warned of temperatures in the single digits, but I don't think it was that cold. We were not warned about the snowstorm that started about 15 minutes before the race and lasted a couple hours. It made for a really great race and I am hopeful that it will be banked in all participants' memory as another of the "memorable ones".

Once we had the line-up set, it looked like Abby Woods had a really good chance at winning this race outright.

Continued next page:

South Pond cont:



Snowstorm Start in Savoy

Photo by Paul Hartwig

Jay Kolodzinski went out brutally hard in an attempt to win this one him-self, and managed to have a beautiful race taking his first snowshoe win.

Abby finished second overall, twenty-five seconds behind Jay. Paul Bazanchuck took third position, and was the third runner to break thirty-minutes.

I would like to thank everyone who supported our weekend of snowshoeing at Savoy Mountain. I also am very appreciative of everyone who helped out in some way.



Martin Glendon and Howard Basset at Savoy 08'

Photo by Paul Hartwig

I especially want to thank Mike Lahey who went out immediately after finishing to remove two races worth of ribbons for us. I was really too tired to want to do this myself.

Young Farmer Ed

Cobble MT. 5K Snowshoe Race
Gunstock Mountain Resort ... Gilford, NH ... 1 / 26 / 08

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
01. Dave Dunham	43M	27:46	100.00
02. Geoff Cunningham	30M	29:53	97.78
03. Jay Kolodzinski	28M	30:54	95.55
04. Brent Tkaczyk	38M	32:18	93.33
05. Peter Malinowski	53M	32:36	91.11
06. Steve Wolfe	43M	32:53	88.89
07. Dan Cooper	35M	33:40	86.67
08. Jay Curry	36M	34:13	84.44
09. Scott Graham	49M	35:39	82.22
10. Bill Morse	56M	35:50	80.00
11. Bob Dunfey	56M	36:03	77.78
12. <u>Sheila Osgood</u>	26F	36:05	75.56
13. Jonathan Kovar	37M	36:17	73.33
14. Steve McCusker	46M	36:53	71.11
15. <u>Andrea McCusker</u>	31F	38:26	68.89
16. Howard Bassett	47M	38:56	66.67
17. <u>Amy Tkaczyk</u>	34F	39:13	64.44
18. Eric Smith	48M	40:14	62.22
19. Joe Merriam	48M	41:06	60.00
20. Chris Sammartano	51M	41:16	57.78
21. Joshua Robert	26M	41:39	55.56
22. Steven Grande	53M	42:18	53.33
23. <u>Diane Gagnon</u>	51F	42:59	51.11
24. <u>Laurell Shortell</u>	41F	43:19	48.89
25. <u>Steph Cooper</u>	40F	43:39	46.67
26. <u>Hilliary Hewitson</u>	35F	43:51	44.44
27. Jeff Hattem	56M	44:48	42.22
28. <u>Ellen Tidd</u>	39F	45:44	40.00
29. Jim Arsenault	49M	47:15	37.78
30. <u>Jeanne Peckiconis</u>	46F	47:20	35.56
31. <u>Maryann Grande</u>	47F	47:42	33.33
32. Michael Amarello	44M	48:04	31.11
33. <u>Nancy Brome</u>	45F	49:38	28.89
34. <u>Ellie Ferguson</u>	47F	50:25	26.67
35. Mark Chrusz	56M	50:58	24.44
36. Don Yeaton	56M	51:43	22.22
37. <u>Sarah Fowler</u>	23F	61:06	20.00
38. <u>Wendy Steward</u>	44F	67:06	17.78
39. <u>Kristen Rutter</u>	27F	67:11	15.56
40. Daniel Chabot	45M	67:29	13.33
41. David McCuin	30M	69:12	11.11
42. Chris Dubois	29M	70:10	8.89
43. <u>Sandra Chabot</u>	44F	70:35	6.67
44. <u>Elizabeth Cronin</u>	40F	77:43	4.44
45. Robert Knowles	70M	DNF	2.22

Reports on Sunday were overwhelmingly positive for Cobble Mountain 5km! Dave Dunham continued his winning ways (3rd straight snowshoe victory a day before winning his 4th straight at Curly's Sunday) and Sheila Osgood won her 1st snowshoe race! Sheila is no stranger to snowshoe success as she was a 2006 USSSA National Championship Gold Medal winner for the 25 - 29 age division.

45 Snowshoers is a fantastic turnout for a first year event.

Cobble MT. Makes Some Good Memories!

by Jay Kolodzinski

A few months ago, when the schedule came out for the upcoming snowshoe season, I was delighted to see a new race on the schedule. It was the Cobble Mt 5K Snowshoe Race at the Gunstock Ski Resort in Gilford NH. I was originally surprised to see a new race, but with the new boom for this winter sport, my surprise became more of a delight because this race was being held only 10 minutes from where Sheila's Grandparents live. After having talked to Sheila about it, we decided that we would go up to visit her grandparents for the weekend and then on Saturday morning we would snowshoe in the inaugural race.

We left on Friday evening making the journey through 3 states (MA, VT, & NH) to get to our destination on Lake Winnepesaukee. We arrived at her Grandparents residence, which sits on the Lake, at around 9 pm. After an hour of chatting, catching up, and explaining to her grandmother we would be running on snowshoes, we hit the sack. Now this would be our shortest drive to a snowshoe race so far this season, actually forever, that is if you count us already being in the same town as the race is being held in and not coming from where we actually live. The next morning we awoke early to have a bagel and coffee breakfast. As we ate breakfast, we watched all the snowmobiles cruise up and down the ice pulling ice shanties to the hopeful fishing hotspot. And I have heard snowmobiling called a sport? Where does the rider get his exercise? So after eating breakfast we put our gear on, not too much today, as this was a warmer day and made the ten-minute drive to Gunstock.

On our drive we discussed who would be there that we might know. We knew we would be seeing Laurel, as she never misses a race and I had knew Dave Dunham would be there as we talked the previous week at North Pond. Besides the two of them, we didn't know what other familiar and friendly faces we would encounter. Well upon arriving at the parking area we saw Laurel's car and then spotted Dave keeping warm in his car. After we parked, we saw part of WMAC's eastern snowshoe contingent. Jay Curry and Bill Morse made the drive from Dracut and Lynn to this inaugural event. After talking to them in the parking area for a few minutes, we started making our way to the registration building that was across the street and up on a side hill from the parking area. Before we made it to the registration building, we also saw Howard Bassett of Keene, Peter Malinowski of Beverly, and Jeff Hattem of Natick. After short conversations with all of them we finally made it to where we would get our numbers.

Having pre-registered, we were treated to a Cobble Mt tee shirt along with a bag full of goodies. The bag contained some nice stuff, including a pair of wicking socks, hammgel, chap-stick, Bar-naked Granola, a \$10 off lift ticket to Gunstock and for you sticker fanatics, a gunstock sticker. I was highly impressed with the treats and we hadn't even started the race yet.

After putting our stuff in the car we decided to get in a warm up before the race. We ran a large 2.58 mile loop around the ski

area, which was the longest warm-up I have done all season. We were now warmed up and ready to tackle Cobble Mt.

From the starting area you could see Cobble Mt. It didn't seem that large but looks can definitely deceive. I also started taking note of how many of the races we do that contain the words Mt., Hill, and Pond. Very fitting consider these events should all be in and around natural settings.

Well the parking area wasn't right next to the start. It was across the main paved road to the resort and then up a hill to get to the starting line and registration log cabin. This being the case we decided that instead of equipping our snowshoes on our feet in the parking area, we would opt to do it in the warm log cabin where the registration was. We were not the only ones putting on their gear in the log cabin. The log cabin was packed, as everyone wanted that last minute warmth, even though it wasn't bitterly cold outside. Since it wasn't a large building, the Race Director, Chris Dunn, yelled for everyone to come outside for pre-race directions since there wasn't enough room to do it inside. He gave us the usual directions before a race like, how to keep the orange flags on your left and if they are not your going the wrong way, how he had people at the trails junctions, and a few places to be careful (i.e. climbing over a water pipe) and that he had marked the course with kilometer signs. Chris finished and then told us all to make our way to the start line. I wished Sheila good luck and gave her a kiss and did some sprints to the start line. The crowd looked large for a first time race. I didn't know how many racers there were but I did do a count of Dion Snowshoes and came up with a tally of 16 racers wearing Dion's! Not bad for a race that is a ways from Southern VT and Western MA. His product is definitely getting out there! I learned only after the race that his snowshoes represented over 1/3 of the total racers in the race. Not only were his snowshoes well represented, but also many of his supporters were wearing the vests and hats. That made for the Redfeather representative who was present to inquire to me, maybe because I had the vest on, on who he was? I told him he made the best racing snowshoe around!

So with a fairly large crowd for a first time race, we were told we would have a minute countdown. The course started on groomed trail and we were told that 70% would be on groomed trails, the only part that wouldn't be would be the trek up and down Cobble Mt. Well the race started with no glitches. Dave Dunham immediately took the lead and never looked back. He captured his 2nd win of the year. I actually was in third for the first 100 yards and soon passed the snowshoer in the second position. I then held onto 2nd for approximately the first 1K. After that first Kilometer the snowshoer in 3rd regained the second spot. He held on to that spot for the remainder of the race. However, I wasn't going down without a fight. After he passed me I kept within 10-15 feet of him. Once we approached the long 1K climb up Cobble Mt. I was hoping to retake the lead. As he ran up the challenging trail, I was walking. The trail was steep and I noticed he wasn't gaining any distance by running than I was by walking.

After the long uphill, we reached a false summit.

It was at this point he pulled away.

Continued next page:

Cobble Mt. Memories cont:

I knew we would soon have a long descent so I tried to strategically wait to push it and then go all out on the downhill to catch him. Well after running through the false summit, we had another short climb before we hit the actual top. We had a course spectator there cheering us on. At that point I decided I would go all out to catch this guy. Well I always thought I was a little crazy when it came to running down hills. Well I met my match. I started to go all out but held back due to almost going down hardcore. My competition took off with no regard for being careless. I, however, having almost gone down due to an icy patch decided it wasn't worth getting hurt. The trail was under some Hemlocks and didn't have a large amount of snow. It had more ice and exposed rocks, so I held back. When I hit the bottom, my competitor opened up a lead that I knew I probably wasn't going to get back. I was right. I ran steadily to the finish to capture a 3rd place spot. Upon finishing, I was not only welcomed to cheering by the crowd, but to Sheila's sister who was now there to cheer us on.

After I finished, I took some deep breaths to regain my proper oxygen levels and slowly started to jog back to reel in Sheila. As I went to get her, I cheered on the WMAC crew that finished ahead of her, including Peter, Jay and Bill. Sheila was right behind Bill and she was also the first female! I gave her all the encouragement I could as I snowshoed behind her and tried to give her that little extra push to the finish! With her sister cheering her from ahead and me from behind she put on an excellent kick to capture her first snowshoe victory in 3 years of being on the circuit. She was very thrilled and was all smiles the rest of the day. Good Job, Baby!

After we finished, her sister joined us and the WMAC crew in the log cabin for delicious lemon squares and chocolate chip and peanut butter cookies. We all exchanged stories as we awaited the award ceremonies. The food was excellent, yet something in me did miss the world famous chili, hot dogs and hot chocolate. Yet I knew I would have them in the near future and that a little substitution wasn't going to hurt anything. So before the awards we also partook in the watching of a kids snowshoe sprint that was being held right outside the log cabin. I believe there were 5 or 6 kids who were in the race who could possibly be the snowshoers of the future. The kid's race was quick but very encouraging to see kids taking on the challenge that we adults just endured. Maybe they will like the sport and practice it instead of playing video games! So all the adults cheered on the kids as they sprinted down the groomed trail. It was even encouraging to see that one young boy lost his snowshoe and boot and continued to finish the race. After the kids race, the log cabin was full of snowshoers that were now awaiting the awards ceremonies.

The award ceremony was almost like the Nationals! They had excellent prizes for division winners and also had excellent raffle prizes. They had so many raffle prizes that they started over after everyone had already received a prize. Sheila won a 12 pack of beer for being the first female, which was great for me considering she doesn't drink! Not only was it my lucky day concerning the beer Sheila won, but along with Howard, Bill and Laurel we split a case of beer for being the team with

the most runners in the race.

Not bad for a morning of snowshoeing!

Well I must say this was an excellent inaugural race. For me it was great because I got a bunch of Red Hook Beer, for Sheila it was winning her first snowshoe race, for Laurel it was continuing her streak, for Dave it was winning his 2nd race of the season, and everyone else that we know, they had there own special reason for liking it. While I must say it had many more frills than most of our WMAC races, however, it didn't make it any better. It was just different; every race has its own kind of unique twist and lure. This one will have its own for everyone who participated in it. As for me, I think it deserves a Barnyard vote for best inaugural race of 2008 season, well so far anyway!

Jay Kolodzinski

Winter Healing

We are ungainly in our metal snow shoes tied to feet.
Ungainly, as we trudge, trudge about the crusty snow,
making headway in a slow and awkward way.
But winter needs such trudging, captured in such effort.
Winter is a trudging season, so unlike the glide of
Summer. So unlike Springs green grace and Falls breezy
moan.

Perfection here in these events, the gather of like minded
souls. Around a pot of warm, these efforts seem to mend
us, thaw our hearts in this time of planets deep tilt.
And in an hour or two or three, this lonely winter man,
will join such things. Strap racket upon summer shoes,
make way for a winters sweat. Make way for a grunt, a
groan, a spoon full of love.

Jan Roth



**Dion SnowshoesThe "Official" Snowshoe
of the WMAC Snowshoe Series!**

Double – D Double SS Weekend

by Dave Dunham

It was another great weekend for snowshoe racing, and the first opportunity this season to race in New Hampshire. You really have to get in as many races as you can when the snow allows, or at least that is what I tell my wife when I talk about the weekend plans.

The weekend started with the *relatively* short drive up to Gilford, NH. I had planned on doing a run up and down Red Hill prior to the race but then had a change of heart, figuring that I'd need all my energy for the race. Driving through Center Harbor I saw a thriving ice-fishing village on the lake and I also saw a thermometer that showed "12". It LOOKED colder than that. I was one of the first vehicles to park at the Cross-Country ski area so I had ample time to organize my gear. Laurel was one of the early arrivals as well, the streak continues! The race directors seemed very organized. They had a lot of volunteers and registration was quick and easy. They had a cozy building for us to hang out in and it started to bustle with activity as it got closer to race time. It seemed like every time I turned around I bumped into someone I knew. The most common phrase I overheard was "I've snowshoed before, but this is my first race". Easily half of the field was new to the sport.

I did a warm-up with Scott Graham, who beat me in the first Baystate (Lowell, MA) marathon back in 1989. We were Greater Lowell Road Runner teammates for many years and keep contact now and again via email. Scott was one of the gang doing his first snowshoe race. After three miles on the roads, with lots of talk of the old days and skiing and just about everything, I changed into snowshoes and checked out the last ½ mile of the course. The course appeared to be very well marked with surveyor flags and the surface was groomed trail. All indications were for fast running (ugh!). After final instructions, including cautions about the big climb up Cobble Mountain, the field set off.

I found myself in the lead after the first couple of minutes. The footing was fast, but the course was challenging. Even the "flat" first 2K had a fair amount of climb and some short drops as well. I tried to work the climb and took a look back near the top to see if anyone was in sight. Just before the summit (1,403') I was surprised as we skirted around the highest part and started to drop. I thought I'd have to come back up after the race to get credit for climbing the mountain if we didn't hit the true summit. I was wrong; the trail twisted a bit then crossed the top. The descent was tough. There was not much straight trail, so you had to decelerate in order to stay in control. After getting off the single-track we hit some great downhill snow on a straight that was a blast to come down. The course had marshals all over the place along with flags and K markers, so it was impossible to go off (unless you really tried to) and it was easy to mark your progress. I love having K markers or mile markers, they give me a sense of reaching the goal. It helps me break the race down into manageable pieces.

I pushed hard for the last Kilometer and reached the finish line in first place, my first snowshoe victory in New Hampshire in six years. I zipped out for a warm-down and took pictures of as many finishers as I could. The field of 45 finishers is probably

the second biggest field to finish a snowshoe race in NH, behind the 49 in Atkinson in 2006. There was plenty of food and prizes after the race; a great job by first time RD's!

After the race I did a quick change and drove 30 miles to Moultonborough to climb up Red Hill (2,029'). I had put it off, but still wanted to run up and down this to get a few extra miles and more importantly to visit one of the New Hampshire fire towers I hadn't been to. I'm working on a bunch of different lists and fire towers is one of my favorites. Obviously if they have a fire tower, they have a great view. I decided to use Kahtoola's instead of snowshoes for the run as the trail looked to be solidly packed. I jogged to the top in 22 minutes, spent a couple of minutes taking pictures and climbing the tower before zipping back down in 14 minutes. My hamstring really tightened up on the ride home, the position of sitting and driving seems to be the worst thing for my (previously torn) hamstring.

Day two arrived way too soon with a 5 AM alarm. A glance outside showed an inch or more on the ground and snow coming down steadily. I drove very slowly for the first hour then after passing Worcester the roads improved. By the time I hit the CT River the sun was breaking through. I detoured to the October Mt State Forest in Lee and did an easy three mile run in Lee and Washington. Then over to Pittsfield for Curly's.

This day was a lot better than last time I did Curly's (2004) when the temperature hovered right around zero. The turn-out seemed surprisingly low with only an hour to go before the race. I went out for another three miles and felt pretty flat, maybe that was my mind telling my body to take it easy or maybe it was the other way around? When I returned to the lot, the place was hopping! I swear in that 25 minute window the number of cars doubled. It was good to see a strong turnout for the race. I went out for a mile in snowshoes and placed a couple of sticks at the ½ mile to go mark. I saw Tim Van Orden doing the same; he had put out sticks that spelled "YI" next to the trail.

The trail looked to be in fast shape (did I mention that I don't like fast snow?) and it also looked to be very well marked. Last time I raced here I went off course at the base of the Shadow Trail, completely missing the 90 degree turn and continuing on to the parking lot. I remember how mad I was after the race (not mad at the RD's but mad at myself for making what I consider to be a rookie mistake) as the turn was clearly marked. I would definitely be keeping my eyes open and my head on a swivel. during the run. A big group lined up in the field for final instructions, including a mention that I had better watch where I was going. Then we were off in a burst of speed.

Ben Nephew shot to the front. Ben has been racing sparingly since the birth of his child last year, so it was good to see him out there mixing it up. Matt Cartier moved in behind Ben and Tim Mahoney dropped in behind Matt. The order mixed around a bit in the first ¼ mile with Tim moving to the front with me behind him and Matt and Tim Van Orden close behind me. Tim was pushing hard on the hill and I kept as close as possible. I figured my only chance at winning would be to grind it out on the uphill and build up a cushion before all the descent. Tim missed a sharp right and as I called him back I also moved into the lead. I figured that was as good a time as any to work it and pushed the pace.

Continued next page:

Double – D SS Weekend cont:

As we climbed I kept looking up, scanning the trail and looking for the top, and also when the trail allowed I'd sneak a look back. When we hit the top I glanced back and couldn't see second place. For the rest of the race I ran scared. I figured "they" were closing on me and I had to keep pushing.

The downhill was crazy! Some spots were a bit tricky with very little snow and tight turns. I was very aware of my surroundings, constantly looking around for the next pink ribbon and a possible turn. I was very pleased to see a marshal at the turn I missed last time around. It was only after that turn that I started to worry about where the course went. There had been an inch or so of very light fluffy snow that fell that morning and it covered up any tracks that the course setters had made. The trail at this point zigged and zagged all over the place. For the most part I just kept looking for the next pink ribbon and before I knew it I was on the section of trail that I'd warmed up on. I never eased up, taking my second win of the weekend by about 30 seconds. This was a major surprise to me as this was a pretty strong field. This was the first time I'd won three snowshoe races in a row since I won all seven races I entered in 2001.

The final cherry on the ice cream sundae that was the weekend was a warm-down up, over, and around Berry Mountain.

I wanted to do this loop as I'd yet to run in Lanesborough or Hancock and Berry Mountain (2,220') and Berry hill (2,200') were two of the Mass. 100 highest summits that I'd yet to visit. Somehow I convinced a bunch of the guys and Abby Woods (women's winner) to go with me. It made for a fun romp, although an hour of snowshoeing pretty much drained the remaining energy I had left. All in all it was another fun weekend tromping around over hill n' dale and hanging out with people who enjoy running around in the woods.

A quick glance of the results showed that Laurel (the streak) and I were the only ones who took advantage of the double. I'm not sure how far Laurel drove, but I logged nearly 600 miles and about 10 hours in my car.

Good luck to everyone who tries the doubles later this season (and a possible TRIPLE)!

Dave Dunham

**WMAC's 2008 Snowshoe Series Standings
Scoring up to BEST 4 races after first 6 events**

**Woodford - BTB - North Pond - South Pond -
Cobble MT. - Curly's**

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u># Of Races</u>	<u>Points</u>
1 Dave Dunham	43M	4	399.13
2 Tim Van Orden	39M	4	385.39
3 Jay Kolodzinski	28M	4	379.53
4 Paul Bazanchuk	53M	4	361.94
5 <u>Abby Woods</u>	29F	4	361.81
6 Edward Alibozek	45M	4	340.72
7 Alan Bates	59M	4	308.38

8 Mike Lahey	56M	4	307.66
9 Ken Clark	45M	4	301.96
10 Tim Mahoney	28M	3	283.64
11 Britt Brewer	44M	3	282.58
12 Nick Jubok	51M	4	277.07
13 Bob Dion	52M	3	261.62
14 Vince Kirby	51M	4	253.19
15 Greg Rems	31M	3	252.96
16 Jack Casey	54M	3	240.38
17 Howard Bassett	47M	4	235.21
18 Martin Glendon	61M	4	222.06
19 Ed Alibozek Jr	68M	4	201.04
20 <u>Laurel Shortell</u>	41F	4	199.65
21 Josh Merlis	26M	2	198.33
22 Jan Rancotti	47M	3	177.16
23 Pat McGrath	42M	3	176.77
24 <u>Laura Clark</u>	60F	4	175.45
25 Jay Curry	36M	2	171.94
26 Bob Massaro	64M	4	168.91
27 John Pelton	68M	2	161.43
28 <u>Erin Clark</u>	19F	3	161.36
29 Peter Malinowsk	53M	2	161.11
30 Dan Cooper	35M	2	159.59
31 <u>Sheila Osgood</u>	25F	2	155.77
32 Jim Carlson	59M	3	155.57
33 Bill Morse	56M	2	150.83
34 Eddie Habeck	30M	2	148.85
35 <u>Chelynn Tetreault</u>	32F	2	147.95
36 <u>Chloe McGrath</u>	16F	3	145.83
37 Charles Petraske	30M	2	144.23
38 Walter Kolodzinski	65M	4	143.75
39 David Shumpert	37M	2	143.41
40 Dave Wilber	48M	3	132.10
41 Dan Buttrick	27M	2	123.63
42 Wally Lempart	62M	2	118.38
43 Sam Hurchala	18M	2	118.35
44 <u>Ginny Patson</u>	39F	2	116.79
45 Rich Godin	52M	2	115.00
46 Richard Busa	78M	4	112.66
47 Larry Dragon	47M	2	111.67
48 <u>Darlene McCarthy</u>	45F	2	97.92
49 Peter Finley	46M	3	97.68
50 <u>Stephanie Cooper</u>	39F	2	89.38
51 Chris Sammartano	51M	2	87.78
52 Denise Dion	46F	3	84.46
53 Richard Kelly	46M	2	84.16
54 <u>Maureen Roberts</u>	50F	2	75.96
55 <u>Darleen Buttrick</u>	28F	2	72.10
56 Jamie Howard	42M	3	68.05
57 Dave Boles	61M	2	65.42
58 Jan Roth	58M	2	61.69
59 Bill Glendon	61M	4	48.37
60 Shaun Pero	12M	2	46.54
61 Konrad Karolczuk	55M	4	43.25
62 <u>Kate Hayes</u>	59F	2	42.06
63 Scott Hunter	62M	2	41.71
64 <u>Ginny Kelly</u>	45F	2	35.20
65 Jeff Clark	61M	3	33.77
66 <u>Cheryl Couchman</u>	37F	2	33.41
67 William Milkiewicz	52M	3	30.46
68 Uzma Qureshi	46F	2	26.89

Curly's Record Run ... 4 Mile Snowshoe Race
January 27th, 2008 Pittsfield State Forest Pittsfield, MA

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
01. Dave Dunham	43M	0:32:02	100.00
02. Matt Cartier	32M	0:32:32	98.46
03. Tim Van Orden	39M	0:32:59	96.92
04. Ben Nephew	32M	0:33:32	95.38
05. Tim Mahoney	28M	0:33:34	93.85
06. Britt Brewer	44M	0:36:16	92.31
07. <u>Abby Woods</u>	29F	0:36:29	90.77
08. Paul Bazanchuch	53M	0:36:45	89.23
09. Scott Livingston	35M	0:38:03	87.69
10. Edward Alibozek	45M	0:38:17	86.15
11. Greg Rems	31M	0:38:22	84.62
12. Bob Dion	52M	0:39:19	83.08
13. Dave Wallace	53M	0:39:23	81.54
14. Ken Clark	45M	0:39:44	80.00
15. Andy Illidge	40M	0:39:56	78.46
16. Alan Bates	59M	0:39:59	76.92
17. Jack Casey	54M	0:40:32	75.38
18. Eddie Habeck	30M	0:42:03	73.85
19. Mike Lahey	56M	0:42:55	72.31
20. Deb Livingston	33F	0:43:19	70.77
21. Charles Petraske	30M	0:43:46	69.23
22. Nick Jubok	51M	0:44:32	67.69
23. Patrick McGrath	42M	0:44:52	66.15
24. Chelynn Tetreault	32F	0:45:19	64.62
25. Christopher Pericins	39M	0:47:26	63.08
26. Jan Rancatti	47M	0:48:12	61.54
27. Ed Alibozek Jr	68M	0:49:15	60.00
28. <u>Ginny Patson</u>	39F	0:50:53	58.46
29. Walter Lempart	62M	0:50:57	56.92
30. Lee Sacco	15M	0:51:08	55.38
31. Martin Glendon	61M	0:51:39	53.85
32. Dave Wilber	48M	0:52:09	52.31
33. Spencer Pero	15M	0:52:17	50.77
34. <u>Valerie Savgera</u>	35F	0:52:23	49.23
35. <u>Holly Atkinson</u>	38F	0:52:46	47.69
36. <u>Laurel Shortell</u>	41F	0:53:17	46.15
37. Justin Otten	28M	0:53:19	44.62
38. Andy George	14M	0:54:01	43.08
39. Denise Dion	49F	0:54:45	41.54
40. Bobby Massaro	64M	0:55:03	40.00
41. <u>Maureen Roberts</u>	50F	0:56:14	38.46
42. Laura Clark	60F	0:56:39	36.92
43. Eric Fisher	44M	0:56:42	35.38
44. Jeff Plotkin	42M	0:57:39	33.85
45. Walter Kolodzinski	61M	0:58:11	32.31
46. Shane Wescott	15M	1:01:07	30.77
47. Ernie Alleva	56M	1:01:29	29.23
48. Richard Busa	78M	1:01:35	27.69
49. <u>Joanna Ezinga</u>	56F	1:01:56	26.15
50. Jim Mucci	13M	1:03:12	24.62
51. <u>Pat Rosier</u>	49F	1:04:55	23.08
52. Shaun Pero	12M	1:07:14	21.54
53. Steve Scott	44M	1:07:23	20.00
54. Bill Hart	66M	1:07:28	18.46
55. Bill Milkiewicz	53M	1:11:22	16.92

56. <u>Sibyl Jacobsen</u>	65F	1:12:16	15.38
57. Jamie Howard	42M	1:13:25	13.85
58. Jeff Clark	61M	1:14:19	12.31
59. Bill Glendon	61M	1:15:03	10.77
60. Konrad Karolczuk	55M	1:15:04	9.23
61. Kris Kozuch	50M	1:20:39	7.69
62. <u>Anna Wolfe</u>	11F	1:21:00	6.15
63. <u>Maria Accomando</u>	55F	1:21:00	4.62
64. <u>Susan Wilen</u>	44F	1:21:00	3.08
65. <u>Jane Jerdon</u>	56F	1:21:00	1.54

Northfield MT. 3.8 Mile Snowshoe Race
Northfield MT. Visitors Center...Northfield, MA... 2 / 2 / 08

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Points</u>
01. Dave Dunham	43M	0:34:52	100.00
02. Ethan Nedeau	34M	0:35:43	97.56
03. Tim Mahoney	28M	0:36:02	95.12
04. Rob Smith	40M	0:36:27	92.68
05. Steve Peterson	41M	0:36:53	90.24
06. Jay Kolodzinski	28M	0:38:37	87.80
07. Bob Dion	52M	0:38:45	85.37
08. Dave Hannon	36M	0:38:58	82.93
09. Edward Alibozek	45M	0:39:23	80.49
10. Mike Townsley	39M	0:39:39	78.05
11. Jack Casey	54M	0:39:58	75.61
12. Peter Malinowski	53M	0:40:07	73.17
13. Patrick Smith	45M	0:40:13	70.73
14. Ken Clark	45M	0:40:39	68.29
15. Scott Graham	49M	0:42:40	65.85
16. Bill Morse	56M	0:43:17	63.41
17. Dan Cooper	35M	0:43:32	60.98
18. Mike Lahey	56M	0:43:37	58.54
19. Nick Jobok	51M	0:43:52	56.10
20. Jason Collins	33M	0:43:55	53.66
21. Chelynn Tetreault	32F	0:44:58	51.22
22. Norm Sheppard	50M	0:45:38	48.78
23. Phil Bricker	54M	0:46:39	46.34
24. Barry Braun	49M	0:47:12	43.90
25. Barry Auskern	47M	0:47:24	41.46
26. Howard Bassett	47M	0:47:26	39.02
27. Richard Godin	52M	0:47:42	36.59
28. Ed Alibozek Jr.	68M	0:49:28	34.15
29. <u>Laurel Shortell</u>	41F	0:53:17	31.71
30. Jeff Hattem	56M	0:53:28	29.27
31. Martin Glendon	61M	0:54:07	26.83
32. Denise Dion	47F	0:56:07	24.39
33. Bob Massaro	64M	0:56:12	21.95
34. Michael Lacharite	50M	0:56:44	19.51
35. Walter Kolodzinski	65M	0:58:43	17.07
36. <u>Denise Murphy</u>	43F	0:59:38	14.63
37. Richard Busa	78M	1:04:57	12.20
38. Ernie Alleva	56M	1:05:19	9.76
39. Jamie Howard	42M	1:12:35	7.32
40. William Glendon	61M	1:20:43	4.88
41. Konrad Karolczuk	55M	1:20:45	2.44

Dancing At Dippikill

by Marty Glendon

The blurb on the Albany Running Exchange (ARE) website touted the Second Annual Adventure Run to be held at 2pm, Saturday, December 1, 2007 in conjunction with the Adventure Weekend at the 850 acre Dippikill Resort near Warrensburg, NY. This lovely place is owned and managed by the Student Association of SUNY Albany. (www.dippikill.org)

There was no fee for the run and a post race cook-out was included. Those interested in staying the nights of, Friday, Nov. 30, and Saturday, Dec. 1, 2007 at the resort, meals included, were asked to forward a whopping \$35.00, (\$40.00 for non-members of the ARE)! If I was hesitant about attending this event, the rates quoted made it clear; I couldn't afford to stay home! Having fond memories of the last two Hairy Gorilla races put on by the ARE, I contacted my two daughters to see if they were interested in this trip. Mary Eileen of New Haven was all fired up and eager to sign on. Sarah, in New York City, couldn't get away.

We motored up the Northway to Exit 23 with feelings of anticipation and trepidation. Josh Merlis of the ARE had warned us to be prepared for almost anything on race day. We arrived at the Dippikill caretakers office in the early afternoon and learned that we were the first party to arrive. We were directed to the "farmhouse" lodge and took our pick of the private rooms. With plenty of time to kill, Mary and I set about building fires in the unheated building. There is a woodstove in the bedroom wing and a large stone fireplace in the main hall. There was a small gas heater in the kitchen, but wood heats the remaining areas. A common bunk room was located off the kitchen. The accommodations are rustic, but adequate for about 25 people. A fully heated bath house is located in a separate building about 200 feet away.

Josh Merlis, ARE guru, arrived later and we helped him unload his equipment for managing the race. As the sun began to set, other ARE members began to arrive and by 6 or 7pm, the hearty assortment of athletes had assembled to launch the Adventure Weekend. The kitchen was a beehive of activity and by 8pm, the vegetarian type spaghetti dinner was served with ample bread and salad. There were ample libations of every type. Music and dancing prevailed in the large kitchen while parlor games and conversation held sway in the fireplace room. Frolic and banter continued into the wee hours. The hard-working young adults were taking a much needed break from their professional and academic pursuits. Ages ranged from 20's to 48. When a certain 40 something lady arrived and was introduced to me she said, "thank god I'm not the oldest one here"!

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear with about one inch of light snow and 12 degrees. A nice breakfast of pancakes, cereal, eggs, and coffeecake was offered. With time to kill before the 2pm race, Mary and I elected to refill the wood racks in the lodge. We found the splitting tools and processed wood for both the stove and fireplace. Some of the other folks elected to go for a long road run before lunch and then run the Adventure Run at 2pm.

Cold cuts for sandwiches were provided for lunch.

As the level of anticipation rose among the multitudes, it was time for Josh Merlis and Jim Sweeney to head into the woods and mark the course in any fashion they saw fit so as not to repeat anything done in the previous year. It was 15 degrees and windy. The two returned several hours later, fairly frozen. When his face thawed out, Josh, issued a nod and a wink, when asked about the difficulty of the course.

At 2pm, 25 runners and two sweeps assembled in the road for instructions. Josh instructed the runners to lay on their backs in the road and await the start signal. From this position the race began. Last year, everyone started from inside the bath house!

Off and running:

We pranced up the road and turned left into the woods on a trail, then, a sudden right turn, off-trail, down a precipitous slope. This is where I began to dance. I failed to slow down in time and was careening off trees and spinning around, a threat to myself and others. Miraculously, I did not fall. We crossed a brook, did a U-turn and back up the side of the mountain. The course passed Dippikill Lake on a trail then turned left up a series of rock outcrops with a climbing rope, placed by the boys, attached to a tree near the top. The rocks were climbable, but the rope was necessary for security. Of course, there was a short section near the top with no rope, just to make it interesting. Poor Mary had a tough time with this part but kept right on plugging.

The course eventually reached the summit of Dippikill Mountain with great views of the Hudson River. Then we had to drop into the woods, by butt-sliding down slippery rocks and go a long ways off-trail. Eventually returning to a trail along a rocky ridgeline, the markers brought us to a ledge with a 20ft vertical drop. A spindly tree near the ledge suggested a way down. With so many people ahead of us, why were there no tracks in the snow at his spot? Answer: because they all had brains. They had gone around this tongue-in-cheek route, as did my daughter, Mary. Now, strange things happen to some people when they stare at a problem long enough. I began to think, "I can do it". Bad News!

I grabbed the tree with arms and legs and began to descend. This was pole-dancing in the extreme. Now, trees in the forest are not smooth objects and when one is wearing only Under Armour, combined with a death-grip descent, the anomalies of the tree surface begin to abrade, lacerate, and bruise. But none of this was on my mind as my fingers began to lose their grip. The pole-dance ended abruptly with a short free fall near the bottom. I jumped up and resumed running, only to see if I was still able to. Mary, always concerned, but seldom judgemental is a saint. We made it to the road which took us uphill to the finish.

We all retired to the farmhouse for hot dogs and burgers, vegetarian options, and damage assessment. It was observed that my right eye had suffered a sub-something? hematoma from a tree branch. Sara Spinnato M.D., who finished 20th, was kind enough to exam my eye and put my mind at ease.

Continued next page:

Dippikill cont:

Other damage included multiple cuts and bruises on my lower extremities. Dancing in Dippikill sure is tough. I was actually quite pleased that nothing worse had happened.

After the refreshments the survivors gathered near the fireplace and a strange thing happened; all these young athletes were nodding and ready for bed and it was only 5pm. After what passed for siesta, some leftovers were spread out for a late dinner and sparks of life crept back into the crew. Once again, lively conversation, parlor games and the sound of Brittany Spears coming from a boom-box in the kitchen. The last dance at Dippikill had begun.

Marty Glendon

Dippikill 6 Mile Adventure Race

December 01, 2007 - 15 degrees – sunny - windy.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>ST</u>	<u>Time</u>
1 Andrew McCarthy	24 M	NY	52:16
2 Josh Merlis	25 M	NY	52:19
3 Paul Mueller	23M	NY	52:26
4 Jim Sweeney	26M	NY	52:29
5 John Kinnicutt	45M	NY	58:15
6 Brian Stitt	25M	NY	59:54
7 <u>Samantha Augeri</u>	24F	NY	1:03:19
8 Drew Anderson	39M	NY	1:05:34
9 Dennis Harrington	38M	NY	1:06:55
10 Tom Mack	43M	NY	1:09:07
11 <u>Jessica Hageman</u>	32F	NY	1:17:14
12 <u>Amanda Thornton</u>	22F	NY	1:19:54
13 <u>Kelly Virkler</u>	24F	NY	1:20:08
14 Michael Maguire	52M	NY	1:21:25
15 <u>Kathleen Tersigni</u>	37F	NY	1:21:25
16 <u>Emily Gravelle</u>	20F	NY	1:24:52
17 <u>Mary Glendon</u>	30F	CT	1:32:51
18 Martin Glendon	61M	MA	1:32:53
19 Chris Imperial	27M	NY	1:34:41
20 <u>Sara Spinnato</u>	27F	NY	1:34:41
21 Pete Mody	31M	NY	1:50:35
22 <u>Debbie Robinson</u>	48F	NY	1:53:47
23 Gary Robinson	45M	NY	1:53:47
<u>Jennifer Senez</u>	23F	NY	sweep
<u>Erin Rightmyer</u>	23F	NY	sweep

Welcome New Members

From Massachusetts ... Peter Malinowski

From Connecticut ... Jan Deveau

Thanks for Supporting the WMAC!

Fat Ass Memories '07

Alert driving Dec 29 thru rainy, sum foggy weather in 2:30 – 5:15 am darkness – allowing a big box truck to lead th way on Mass Rt 2 – thankful that th temps stayed up - - way up here - - underway, knowing that Rt 8 wood not remain quiet all run – meeting first Andy C, then Barb S & Greg T, later th Glendon boys – other friends who called my name in passing; I wish I'd recognized who they were – other runners and me mutually acknowledging our efforts – spending a loop moving along with Andy (a 6-day ultra under his belt) --- not a pleasant (5.5 mi) course, but I came to accept & enjoy th traffic threat (maintain my place out here) – upon finishing

1) tremendous feeling of accomplishment becuz th last time I came with an unsound leg, left well short of th goal with a useless leg which stopped my running til March.

2) On my first go-round I'd spotted a Burger King and knew then & there I wood have a cheeseburger wunce th run was done. This I did. ☺ -

Th “backway” drive I love toward home, roads bare & dry, substantial snowpack all around: How beautiful can it get! – stops at neat / cool stores in Adams and Williamsburg – certainly sore, barely able to walk, but I persevered along with great folks at th North Adams Fat Ass 50K and I'm happy. ☺

Dick Hoch

WMAC's FatAss 50K (Or Less)
North Adams, MA. December 29, 2007
5 Mile Road Loop

Congratulations and Thanks to all of the 41 runners who showed up to run with us.

These 15 runners ran the full 50K distance:

Mark Seigers	Oneonta, NY	3:36
Thor Kirleis	North Reading MA	4:08
John Brown	North Bridge MA	4:10
Craig Stokowski	Blandford, MA	4:51
Ed Buckley	Southampton, MA	4:51
Tom Damoulakis	Wilbraham, MA	5:04
Lee Dickey	Dracut, MA	5:04
Dave Taylor	East Hartford CT	5:13
Ryan Grazell	Somerville, MA	5:23
Mike Bromm	Pittstown, NY	5:30
Luke Ellington	Cambridge, MA	5:56
Barbara Sorrell	Delmar, NY	5:59
Dennis Desnoyers	Pittsfield, MA	6:05
Andy Cable	Monroe, CT	6:33
Dick Hoch	Fishers Island CT	6:40

Monroe Trivia 2007

Below are the answers to the Monroe race trivia that appeared in the last newsletter:

1 Name the 2 runners who have run in all 17 Monroe races?

Answer ... Fran "Poncho" Mach and Dan Danecki.

2 Name two golf course superintendents who competed at the Monroe race this past year.

Answer ... Erik Holm from West Granby, CT. and Kent Lemme from Williamstown, MA

3 How many times do you run under power lines on the 10.5 mile race course?

Answer ... Six. Don't forgot that you go under the power lines TWICE, before and after crossing the road one hundred yards from the start / finish.

4 What year was a 30K held at Monroe?

Answer ... 1996, with 24 finishers in the 30K. 61 ran the 10.5 miler, 16 ran the 2 miler, and Rich Busa and Martin Glendon carved out their own "7 miler"! They tied for 1st with a time of 1:30 (new course record!).

5 Who holds the 10.5 mile course record?

Answer ... Matt Cull. He ran 1:14:36 in 1992.

6 What is the name of the town where the finish line is located?

Answer ... Florida. The Monroe town line is just a short distance (50 yards ?) north of the finish line.

7 What was the race's name in the first year of its running?

Answer ... New England Power Run.

8 Name the youngest female to complete the long race.

Answer ... Cassie Lincoln, age 13 in 2006.

9 Name the oldest female to complete the long race.

Answer ... Ginger Hunt, age 64 in 2005.

10 Name the youngest male to complete the long race.

Answer ... Chad Joyal Jr., age 11 in 2007.

11 What does the Danecki family bring to the race every year?

Answer ... The Turkey Chili

Dear fellow RRCA members,

Feb. 2008

I would like to share with you two 200-mile running relay events I organize - June's Green Mountain Relay in Vermont, and August's Wild West Relay in Colorado. Both events' routes cross rural and very scenic sections of each state. The team categories are 12-person teams, 6-person Ultra teams, and Super-Ultra for teams of one to three runners.

Registration is now open for both - There is a 5% entry fee discount for RRCA running club teams (coupon code RRCA08).

GREEN MOUNTAIN RELAY

Jeffersonville to Bennington, Vermont

36 Legs - 200 Miles - 7 Covered Bridges

June 21 - 22, 2008 (over the weekend of the Summer Solstice)

www.GreenMountainRelay.com

The Green Mountain Relay travels north-south through the heart of Vermont and the Green Mountains, with a majority of the route following or paralleling historic Route 100.

Runners will experience all that is special about Vermont: country stores, sugar houses, quaint country inns, covered bridges, and revolutionary war period homes, buildings, and cemeteries. Route 100 weaves through small towns and villages, past mooing cows, crowing roosters, and the roaring waterfalls in Granville Gulf. Runners cross over seven historic covered bridges, go up and over challenging hills such as Terrible Mountain, and finish with the Bennington Memorial on the horizon.

WILD WEST RELAY

Fort Collins to Steamboat Springs, Colorado

36 Legs - 195 Miles - 2 Mountain Passes

August 1 - 2, 2008

www.WildWestRelay.com

The Wild West Relay is a 195-mile distance team running relay race adventure in Colorado designed for runners of all abilities. This Colorado relay race begins by the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in Fort Collins, and finishes in the beautiful ski and summer resort town of Steamboat Springs. Held on open public roads, much of this very scenic and remote course runs through National Forests or on dirt roads. The route winds through Roosevelt, Medicine Bow, and Routt National Forests, and through small, mountain and ranching communities.

Entry information is available on each website.

Thank you very much.

Paul Vanderheiden -- Race Director

Timberline Events LLC

PO Box 2213

Englewood, CO 80110-2213

paul@timberlineevents.com

www.TimberlineEvents.com

A Groundhog's View of Winterfest

by Punxsutawney Phil

(With underground promptings from Laura Clark)

Winterfest Snowshoe Race was scheduled to launch on Sunday, Feb 3rd. Groundhog Day was Saturday, February 2nd. The big question on everyone's minds was weather or not Phil would pull through for legions of snowshoers and once again, grant us six more weeks of winter fun.

Eighty percent of the time Phil casts his ballot for an extended season, but this year it looked like he was far more interested in a summer ice cream cone than a winter snow cone. Despite the fact that we snowshoers are a hardy group, more than ready to dig in for the long haul, things were looking grim.

Temperatures were on the rise, stirring up an unsatisfying wintery mix. The always-good-for-a-laugh www.weatherunderground.com predicted a bizarre Thursday night: "Overnight: Partly sunny with a slight chance of snow showers." Believe me, I could never make this up! As willing as I was to latch onto any forecast with the word "snow" in it, this one was simply beyond belief.

So I did what any liberated woman would do: I turned my back on Phil and consulted Phyllis. Phyllis is a beautiful heifer who was born in Farmer Ed Albozek's barn on Saturday, February 2nd. She took one look around and noticed the shadow cast by Farmer Ed's state-of-the-art Dion snowshoes and promptly decided that the man who helped bring her into the world deserved six more weeks of winter, provided he continued to keep the barn toasty warm.

Thus reassured, but not willing to leave anything to chance, Jeff and I marked and remarked the course uncountable times, scouting groundhog escape tunnels for potential trouble spots. On Friday we rode out the winter mix as best we could, assembling gear and packing goodie bags to the accompaniment of the movie that pretty much summed up our topsy-turvy state of affairs—Jamie Curtis' *Freaky Friday*.

On Saturday we assembled a crew of very eager helpers; namely, Maureen Roberts, Charles Petraske and his pointer dog, Lola. Lola dashed madly back and forth pointing out exposed road crossings, leaving it to her people to shovel beaver-dam style bridges over the asphalt. I really don't know why we thought it would be a good idea to shovel rock-hard ice, but at least Lola had enough sense not to buy into the procedure. However, we had a secondary goal which might have had something to do with our thought processes or lack thereof: Chowderfest was a few short hours away and at \$1 a cup the price was right. We were on a definite 10 cup pace. Lola had already determined her choices: Sloppy Kisses Barker's Chowder and Impressions Doggie Chowder.

Like all survivors, we refused to admit to treacherous conditions or scantily clad trails. So when a Ferndell bypass was necessary we trudged literally straight up Quadbuster Hill and into a little known woody area. We were certain no one could possibly run up this hill, but of course, race day proved us wrong. As rookie

Tyronne Culpepper discovered, much to his amazement, "Crampons really work." Crampons or not, Jeff had a rather scary experience trying to dogsled up with a pail of colored surveyor's sugar (an environmentally friendly, red dye #2 mixture viewed by raccoons and dogs alike as a likely dessert). Naturally, everyone enjoyed this potentially painful ascent and voted to forever detour the icy, often bone-dry Ferndell trail. Especially those wielding snow shovels. Best of all, I didn't have to inform Rich Busa that we would have to do two laps around the dreaded quad to make up the extra distance.

So Phyllis, and maybe even Phil, did grant us a silver lining of sorts, not to mention an extra bonus. Charles' GPS measured the new route at precisely 5K, or 3.1 miles, probably, to those of you still stuck in either the Imperial or USA measurement systems. Just try googling USA/Imperial/Metric. Unless you are Rob Higley (WMAC) or John Couch (Stryders) there is no way you want to go there. Suffice it to say that unbeknownst to all but a few inquiring individuals, the Winterfest 5K course has always been closer to three miles. But now, thanks to Phyllis and Phil we are truly validated and have gained .1m in length. So if you were wondering why Winterfest seemed longer this year you have several choices: (a) too much pre-super bowl partying, (b) stop kidding yourself, you're a year older, (c) metric is more complicated and therefore takes longer to navigate properly, or (d) all of the above and then some.

Prognosticating ahead to 2009, I figured that since Groundhog Day, not being part of a three-day weekend attempt, is always on February 2nd, next year it might actually fall on Winterfest Sunday. Think of the bypasses we could dig! Think of the stories I could write! But alas, this is a leap year and next year's February 2nd tunnels straight on through Sunday and out into Monday. Factually, I'm not really sure if leap year has anything to do with it, but I certainly wasn't going to risk waking up Phil to find out.

9th Annual Saratoga Spa Winterfest 5K Snowshoe Race ... Saratoga Springs, NY ... 2 / 3 / 08

Name	Age	Time	Points
01. Josh Merlis	26M	0:21:51	100.00
02. Andrew McCarthy	24M	0:22:54	99.06
03. Ken Clark	45M	0:23:32	98.11
04. Bob Dion	52M	0:24:34	97.17
05. Edward Albozek	45M	0:25:05	96.23
06. Rich Gargano	30M	0:25:29	95.28
07. Brennan TARRIER	29M	0:25:52	94.34
08. Richard Clark	54M	0:26:05	93.40
09. Dave Shumpert	37M	0:26:15	92.45
10. Charles Petraske	30M	0:26:27	91.51
11. John Kinnicutt	45M	0:26:33	90.57
12. Eric Recene	37M	0:27:10	89.62
13. Nick Jubok	51M	0:27:35	88.68
14. <u>Jessica Hageman</u>	32F	0:27:44	87.74

Continued next page:

Winterfest results cont:

15. Jeffrey Lutzker	56M	0:27:52	86.79
16. Sean Curtis	15M	0:28:33	85.85
17. <u>Sara Brenner</u>	27F	0:29:14	84.91
18. <u>Madeleine Bonneville</u>	26F	0:29:31	83.96
19. Tyronne Culpepper	44M	0:29:35	83.02
20. Steve McAlpine	47M	0:29:37	82.08
21. Vincent Kirby	51M	0:29:48	81.13
22. Dave Wilber	48M	0:29:54	80.19
23. <u>Jacque Schiffer</u>	43F	0:30:05	79.25
24. Eric Kimmelman	43M	0:30:05	78.30
25. Frank Paone	50M	0:30:16	77.36
26. Tom Mack	43M	0:30:22	76.42
27. Juergen Reher	58M	0:30:27	75.47
28. Ed (Sr.) Decker	53M	0:30:39	74.53
29. Keith Decker	45M	0:30:52	73.58
30. Ed (Jr.) Alibozek	68M	0:31:20	72.64
31. Mike Lahey	56M	0:31:20	71.70
32. Kirk Gendron	32M	0:31:45	70.75
33. <u>Donna Ruppel</u>	43F	0:31:46	69.81
34. C.J. Imperial	27M	0:31:48	68.87
35. <u>Katherine Best</u>	23F	0:31:59	67.92
36. Jim Carlson	60M	0:32:08	66.98
37. <u>Kim E. Scott</u>	39F	0:32:16	66.04
38. <u>Rachel Razza</u>	31F	0:32:21	65.09
39. <u>Laney Lutzker</u>	57F	0:32:24	64.15
40. Tom Wright	60M	0:32:38	63.21
41. <u>Laurel Shortell</u>	41F	0:32:49	62.26
42. John Pelton	68M	0:32:50	61.32
43. <u>Diana Rodriguez</u>	26F	0:32:52	60.38
44. David Zwald	46M	0:33:26	59.43
45. Joe Bouck	45M	0:33:34	58.49
46. J.J. Favat	63M	0:33:44	57.55
47. <u>Maureen Roberts</u>	50F	0:35:11	56.60
48. Joe Geiger	66M	0:34:16	55.66
49. <u>Aurora Lamperetta</u>	35F	0:34:18	54.72
50. Bob Massaro	64M	0:34:19	53.77
51. Doug Bartels	42M	0:34:25	52.83
52. <u>Samantha Stenburn</u>	17F	0:34:35	51.89
53. Steve Mitchell	66M	0:34:47	50.94
54. Jake Davis	26M	0:34:52	50.00
55. Denise Dion	49F	0:35:08	49.06
56. <u>Mary Hannon</u>	49F	0:35:15	48.11
57. Tony Mangano	61M	0:35:22	47.17
58. <u>Lindsey Sabatka</u>	27F	0:35:31	46.23
59. Michael Burby	41M	0:35:52	45.28
60. <u>Jeanne Davis</u>	30F	0:36:04	44.34
61. Chris Obstarczyk	32M	0:36:08	43.40
62. Michael Della Rocco	56M	0:36:09	42.45
63. Lee Sacco	15M	0:36:10	41.51
64. Laura Clark	60F	0:36:24	40.57
65. <u>Susan Johnson</u>	47F	0:36:28	39.62
66. Randy Goldberg	48M	0:36:34	38.68
67. Raymon, Jr. Lee	65M	0:36:42	37.74
68. James Razza	31M	0:36:53	36.79
69. <u>Kathleen Goldberg</u>	49F	0:37:23	35.85
70. <u>Ellie George</u>	52F	0:37:32	34.91
71. <u>Sue Joyner</u>	49F	0:38:09	33.96
72. <u>Karen Anderson</u>	41F	0:38:33	33.02
73. Jamie Howard	42M	0:38:41	32.08

74. Richard Busa	78M	0:38:47	31.13
75. Larry Peleggi	50M	0:38:52	30.19
76. Charles Brockett	62M	0:39:03	29.25
77. <u>Phyllis Fox</u>	55F	0:39:46	28.30
78. Konrad Korolczuk	55M	0:39:46	27.36
79. Suzanne Singer	34F	0:40:59	26.42
80. Eric Singer	35M	0:40:59	25.47
81. <u>MaryJane Lewis</u>	49F	0:42:25	24.53
82. <u>Walt Kolodzinski</u>	65M	0:43:13	23.58
83. <u>Penny Sheedy</u>	49F	0:43:21	22.64
84. <u>Ann Miller</u>	44F	0:43:40	21.70
85. Scott Nussbaumer	43M	0:44:05	20.75
86. <u>Cathy Biss</u>	60F	0:44:06	19.81
87. <u>Sibyl Jacobson</u>	65F	0:45:37	18.87
88. Jan Roth	58M	0:45:43	17.92
89. <u>Christine McKnight</u>	60F	0:45:58	16.98
90. <u>Ann Marie Moskal</u>	29F	0:47:05	16.04
91. <u>Laura J Milak</u>	51F	0:48:09	15.09
92. William E Milak	55M	0:48:11	14.15
93. <u>Lisa Peters</u>	37F	0:48:43	13.21
94. <u>Corine Houey-King</u>	40F	0:50:17	12.26
95. Al Schultz	62M	0:51:38	11.32
96. <u>Katherine Karlson</u>	55F	0:52:35	10.38
97. <u>Natalia Hogan</u>	39F	0:53:31	9.43
98. <u>Marge Rajczewski</u>	67F	0:53:32	8.49
99. <u>Carol Gurney</u>	42F	0:53:34	7.55
100. Joe Cavazos	36M	0:55:09	6.60
101. <u>Beth Trapasso</u>	46F	0:57:05	5.66
102. <u>Karen Cunningham</u>	53F	0:57:15	4.72
103. <u>Hannah Murphy</u>	11F	1:02:28	3.77
104. <u>Susan Monica</u>	60F	1:02:50	2.83
105. <u>Erin Stevens</u>	23F	1:05:39	1.89
106. Tim Stevens	53M	1:05:39	0.94



Jamie Howard shuffling his way to another snowshoe race finish at Savoy MT. 08'

Photo by Paul Hartwig

GRAND TREE TRAIL SERIES ... 2008 [links and info at www.runwmac.com](http://www.runwmac.com)

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE:

- | | | | |
|------|--|----------|---|
| 1 | April 5, 2008 | 10:00 am | Union, CT
16 miles |
| | NORTHERN NIPMUCK | | |
| | Jim Campiformio – 860-429-0582 | | jimcampi@hotmail.com |
| 2 | April 12, 2008 | 9:00am | Andover, MA
10 miles |
| | MERRIMACK RIVER | | |
| | Steve Peterson 508 – 486 - 4519 | | speterson@concord.com |
| 3 | April ?, 2008 | 10:00 am | Wolfboro, NH
12 miles |
| | MUDDY MOOSE | | |
| | Fergus Cullen 603-569-9084 | | ferguscullen@aol.com |
| 4 | May 4, 2008 | 9:00 am | Amherst, MA
12 miles |
| | 7 SISTERS | | |
| | Scott Hunter 413-695-7244 | | scotjh@aol.com |
| | | | www.7sisterstrailrace.com |
| 5 | May 10, 2008 | 8:00 am | Ashburnham, MA
21 miles |
| | MORFUN WAPACK | | |
| | Bogie Dumitrescu | | wapacktrailrace2008@nordia.us |
| 6 | May 18, 2008 | 9:00 am | Stafford, CT
14.5 --- 4 miles |
| | SOAPSTONE MT. | | |
| | Deb Livingston - 860-512-0125 | | deb@horstengineering.com |
| | | | www.shenipsitstriders.com |
| 7 | June 1, 2008 | 8:00 am | Ashford, CT
26.2 miles |
| | NIPMUCK MARATHON | | |
| | Dave Raczkowski - 860-455-1096 (between 8:00 & 10:00 PM) | | Nipmuckdave@wmconnect.com |
| 8 | June 7, 2008 | 9:00 am | Northfield, MA.
10.3K |
| | NORTHFIELD MT. | | |
| | Dave Dunham | | dave.dunham@comcast.net |
| | | | www.usatf.org |
| 9 | June 15, 2008 | 10:00 am | Adams, MA
13.5 --- 3 miles |
| | GREYLOCK GALLOP | | |
| | Bob Dion 802-423-7537 | | dion@bcn.net |
| | | | www.runwmac.com |
| 10 | June 29, 2008 | 9:00 am | North Conway, NH
4.3K Laps |
| | CRANMORE HILL CLIMB | | |
| | Paul Kirsh 603 – 367 – 8676 | | info@whitemountainmilers.com |
| 11 | July 13, 2008 | 8:00 am | Milton, MA
7.2 miles |
| | SKYLINE TRAIL RACE | | |
| | Paul Correia 508 – 636 - 3718 | | |
| 12 | August 2, 2008 | 9:00 am | Barkhamsted, CT
7 miles |
| | PEOPLES FOREST TRAIL | | |
| | Will Graustein | | wgraustein@snet.net |
| 13 | August 9, 2008 | 9:00 am | Oxford, MA
10.5 miles |
| | OXFORD DAM RACE | | |
| | John Grenier | | johngrenier1@aol.com |
| 13 ½ | August 2008 ???? | 9:00 am | Florida / Savoy, MA
20 miles – 4.5 miles |
| | SAVOY MOUNTAIN ???? | | |
| | | | KEEP THE FAITH!
www.runwmac.com |
| 14 | August 24, 2008 | 9:30 am | Sunderland, MA
14 miles |
| | MT. TOBY | | |
| | Scott Hunter - 413-695-7244 | | scotjh@aol.com |
| 15 | August 31, 2008 | 9:00 am | New Ipswich, NH
17.5 miles |
| | WAPACK TRAIL | | |
| | Paul Funch | | pgfunch@charter.net |
| 16 | September 7 2008 ???? | 8:45 am | Winchester, NH
23K / 50 K |
| | PISGAH MTN. | | |
| | Gary Montgomery | | info@gotENDURANCE.com |
| 17 | October 5, 2008 | 10:00 am | Union, CT
20 K |
| | BREAKNECK | | |
| | Karl Molitoris | | karlmolitoris@yahoo.com |
| 18 | October 11, 2008 | 10:00 am | Diamond Hill Park, RI
22.5K |
| | DIAMOND HILL – BIRCHWOLD | | |
| | Peter Dubendris | | www.diamond-hill-run.com |
| 19 | October 12, 2008 | 10:00 am | Monroe, MA
10.5 --- 2 miles |
| | DUNBAR BROOK | | |
| | Vic LaPort | | www.runwmac.com |
| 20 | October 19, 2008 | 12:30 pm | Groton, MA
9.5 & 3.5 miles |
| | GROTON FOREST | | |
| | Paul Funch - 978-448-2813 | | pgfunch@charter.net |
| | | | http://www.GrotonTFTR.freesevers.com |
| 21 | October 26, 2008 ??? | 9:30 am | Albany, NY
13.1 & 6 miles |
| | HAIRY GORILLA & SQUIRRELY SIX | | |
| | | | www.albanyrunningexchange.org |
| 22 | November 2, 2008 | 9:00 am | Framingham, MA
5.6 & 9.3 miles |
| | BUSA BUSHWHACK | | |
| | Barry Ostrow | | b.ostrow@comcast.net |
| 23 | November ?? 2008 | 6:15 am | Ipswich, MA
26.2 & 50 miles |
| | STONE CAT ALE | | |

Western Mass Athletic Club

**P. O. BOX 356
ADAMS, MA. 01220**

Check Your Mailing Label For Membership Renewal Date and Please Renew When Due!!!

*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****cut*****

MEMBERSHIP FORM (Check One): NEW_____ RENEWAL_____

NAME (S)_____

Send Address Changes

ADDRESS_____

ASAP To:

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

WMAC

TEL_____D O B_____SEX_____

P O Box 356

E-MAIL_____

Adams, MA. 01220

(Check one): Single Membership_____ Household Membership_____

FEE: Annual dues are \$15.00 for either single or household membership.

**Send Form & Fee To: W M A C
P O Box 356
Adams, MA. 01220**

HOTLINE INFO: (413) 743-5124

Interest (s):

Running__ Snowshoes__ Kayak__ X-C Skiing__ Hiking__ Biking__ Skiing__ Camping__ Backpacking__

OTHER_____

Vol. 14 ... Issue. ... 1 ... Mid Winter ... 2008

**Web Page... www.runwmac.com
Club Officers... poncherosa@yahoo.com**

**Newsletter... wdanecki@charter.net
The Hot - Line... 413-743-5124**