

W.M.A.C. SNOWSHOE SERIES 2000

GOOGOLPLEX OF FORM

It wasn't until I took my first steps across the newly fallen powder snow of the Hawley kiln snow shoe race that the revelation came upon me. The revelation was that I Edward Klum had been put upon this earth for a very real and dangerous purpose.

For some years before the suspicion that I was different or had in a manner been picked by a higher being for a yet undisclosed divine mission had surfaced surreptitiously through clandestine events.

I would find myself stood in a supermarket transfixed at a display of apples. The geometric form of the stacks of fruit would perplex my mind. I could literally feel the tide of blood pulsing through my brain as an interaction occurred between myself and the geometric form before me. A certain apple in a certain space would have very real significance to me. It was if my mind was preparing itself for an unseen but inevitable event in the future, that event I now know has arrived.

Not only in the supermarket but again in seemingly random situations I would find myself perplexed, drawn to various geometric forms. Always the same theme to this obsession; a semi-regular geometric pattern, a tessellation some form the components of which would command my fascination. A pile of bricks, an irregular stack of lumber even piles of dried cow manure, each time the same reaction. I would lose all comprehension of time and space and be simply engulfed with the form before me. It was almost as if I were at one physically and mentally with the geometric shapes. Eventually the fascination became so familiar to me that I was aware of it's actual occurrence as an abnormal event (for some years before I know I must have suffered such phases without realization). It was if my brain appeared through no conscious will of itself be conducting some form of subconscious mathematical computation.

I have lived alone for ten years from in fact the date I left my home and family in Ratiston, Marlin county, CT. These unusual events did not alarm me as such, more they indulged my conscious thought, a mystery to be solved as to the reason of why this phenomena should have manifested within myself. In an odd way these disturbances gave my otherwise empty and dull life purpose (however neurotic that purpose may have appeared to the observer.) I noticed the interludes, after a while and once I identified their happening I termed the occurrences as "comping", were happening at an ever increasing frequency.

This morning, the day of the race, I had awoken as any other morning, perhaps a little earlier than usual in order to arrive at the race meeting in good time. However from the moment I awoke I detected a certain fuzz at the back of my mind. I put it down to a remnant trace from a past comping event lingering on within my mind from when two days ago I was taken to stare at a basket of French fries that I purchased at a KFC for a period of approximately forty minutes. But as I drew nearer to Hawley the dull fuzz became a more electric pulse, a steady be ever strengthening drone of neural energy. By the time I had arrived at the race site I found that I had difficulty concentrating on even the most basic of greetings to my fellow racers at the meet.

As the race began the force within my mind had almost become unbearable. What seemed like only seconds into the race when there I saw it. The revelation, the geometrical arch of stone that stood before me beautiful in it's simplicity of mathematical form. The regular tessellations were alluring to my condition. I drifted to the back of the race pack and when the last race member had overtook me I stealthily doubled-back and headed towards stone structure.

I was hardly in charge of my senses when I entered the sanctum of the stone. I took a deep breath of the cold February air and sat back on my knees inside the darkened cover of the stone kiln. I looked up at the

conical roof above me. My brain began it's complex but now well practiced ritual. After some minutes of intense comping I became aware that the stones or the arrangement of the stones were in fact a complex code of information. My brain with it's years of training was now deeply engaged in deciphering the vast banks of information each stone in it's precise location and shape conveyed. The message the stones contained became clear. The architect of the kiln, their exact identity was not disclosed, had been a disciple of an ancient creature - the Godfelt. The Godfelt had existed for many centuries before the dawning of mankind and was as old as the flagstone rocks from which the kiln was constructed. The Godfelt had once been a great power ruling over man. Civilizations such as those in ancient Egypt worshipped the Godfelt who in turn gave them the wisdom to construct the pyramids. But man grew greedy for the knowledge the Godfelt disclosed. Throughout the centuries past man's obsession with technology and the pursuit of knowledge and truth in the way of physics and mathematics had meant a relinquishment of the Godfelt's power.

The Godfelt was at it's greatest strength in the time of magic before man and the ordered dominions of the past millennium eroded it's empire on Earth. It was only now, at the dawning of the new millennium that the Godfelt planned it's rise to it's former glory. Once again mankind would cower in awe of the might of this amazing being. The Godfelt was already amongst us. It had assumed the form of a humanbeing in the North American hive of homosapien. It had communicated it's wishes to the subconscious minds of followers, of which I now know myself to be, via the medium of television. I was ordained to contact other disciples of the entity and to amass it's followers to build an army, the army of Godfelt. However, beware I must. Although the Godfelt was a powerful being it had many enemies. Those enemies were buroary, the men in gray suits who held the positions of stature and commerce in this the year of AD 2000. Politicians knew of the Godfelt's existence although they were not aware that it had already taken a human form and was about to make it's first steps in taking back what was rightfully it's own - the domination of man. They had made preparations to fight the Godfelt's return to glory through the formation of covert government organizations. These organizations sole purpose was to do battle with the Godfelt on the day of reckoning.

I stood out from the kiln my mind full having received the information from this entity alien or terrestrial I still did not know. I had learnt the identity of the Godfelt in the human form. It was Bob of the Bob's Discount Furniture advertisements on t.v. Would I succeed in my quest to reaffirm the Godfelt's dynasty? I doubt it.

Steve Attwell

CONVERSE ATHLETIC REWARDS WMAC SNOSHOERS

Thanks to John Foti and Converse Athletic for supplying all Snowshoe Series age group champions with Converse Shoes for the second consecutive season. It is most appreciated that we have wonderful sponsors like Converse to help make the series a success.

If anyone is interested in becoming a "test wearer" for Converse please send me a note and we will get you on the list.

*Thanks,
Ed*

MOODY SPRINGS... ALL GOOD THINGS.....

Moody.... aptly named... bittersweet..... the end of the Snowshoe Series 2000... what a season we had..... the Sorcery of Savoy, the Granite-Cold face of Greylock, the Sparkle of Saratoga, the Haunting Hawley and the Magnificence of Moody..... along with every condition imaginable, from minus 35 degree frozen Siberian tundra to cracklin' blue-sky sunshine, with rocks, ice, mud, gale-force winds, climbs and descents to rolling river runs to gallopable downhill jeep trails, from no snow to way too much snow, through forest glades and over hollow-ice stream beds....

Besides the beauty of the courses this season which has been so good for the soul and the challenge of the sport which has been good for the body, what has amazed me the most and brought me back to each snowshoe race this season was the people and the people's spirit. No matter what else may be going on in these people's lives, there they were, always with smiles on their faces.... like being with your best friend.... or going home when you are tired... so comfortable, so accepting and supporting, so easy to be with... not one complaint, no gossip (well, almost none).. tough, hearty, strong, funny, beautiful, real people. Makes you want to come back again and again.... they were there, so I had to be there, again and again..... they never let me down and I wouldn't let them down.

So no wonder Moody was melancholy.... I've had a hard time writing something on Moody and couldn't figure it out.... now I can put it in perspective...

Observations of the Day:

- Sisters Sweep and Beth in the cutest faux fur hats.... were the most attractive finish line crew I have ever seen..... they are gorgeous....
- Beth had lost her voice somewhere, so she would mouth the words and sister Sweep would yell out the words.....
- The parking lot was a petrified mud washboard.....
- In this race, instructions were given from the rear of the pack so that everyone was facing the wrong direction and on the signal, "Go", had to turn around to start down the trail.... very odd....
- Despite the fact that the course was very well marked, most people took a wrong turn at one point or another.... even Karl (who had been in on the marking), went off course and swore that it "looked familiar,"even I know that with at least 30 people in front of me, there has to be some tracks in the snow... right?....
- Most people ran a 15K+.....
- Deb was still talking about falling noises from Hawley... Foommph!
- Let's hear it for Ed who hauled a ladder on the course to get those blue ribbons in the trees....
- Let's hear it for Ed who personally handed out water to each runner.... wait... how did he cover both water stops?
- Was good to see Stan in one piece, even though his finish line was in the parking lot... He did look different with Andy's imprint on his chest.....
- Richard was still flaunting his # on his hat and changing in the parking lot..... honestly!
- If you didn't leave right away to go to South Face Farm Sugarhouse for brunch, you got roped into a TV interview..... Bob Worsham and I ended up being the interviewees.... we must have been the hit of the Springfield Channel 22 6:00pm news that evening..... Bob stammered something about hemlocks and the like.... while I peered into the lens and said "like, wow, yeah, like, snowshoeing is great!".... so erudite!

- Speaking of Brunch, Erin Worsham and I cleaned up on chowing down.... don't know who ate more.... we both ordered one of each of everything on the menu....
- Thank you, Tom McCrumm, breakfast was never sweeter...
- Thank you Beth, Sweep and Dad for your work..... Beth with no voice and Sweep not feeling up to par.....
- Thank you Ed for making this person happy and strong...

Moody Springs...all good things come..... Off to the GT Series.....

Kadillac Kane

RD REPORT

First off, sorry for the difficulty of the course - I think we had enough blue ribbons out but I neglected the yellow arrows this race and about 50% of the participants paid the penalty. I apologize.

I hope everyone was able to come away from this event remembering a day that allowed snowshoeing when none of us had any right to be snowshoeing anywhere outside a ski resort in southern New England.

I also hope that everyone retained some memories of Basin Brook along the backside of the course - running along side the frozen water tumbling down under the ice formations will be locked in some memory banks (I hope).

During the big loop through the woods you had about a mile of narrow single-track trail - about 2/3 of the way through the course. This trail was built this summer specifically for this event. Tom McCrumm organized the whole thing through the state and worked many long hours on this section. Tom also was kind enough to host us at South Face Farm Sugarhouse after.

The race itself was incredibly fast due to the hard packed snow conditions, I have snowshoed this part of the forest dozens of times in March over the last 6 years and there is always a foot of powder.. Tough year for the weather! Dave Dunham took the prize, actually taking the real route down as he missed the re-route (this is what I have heard anyway - we were trying to dig my brother in laws pickup out of the woods). Beth & Sweep somehow made him bypass the parking lot thru the woods and the swamp. He wanted this one badly as the whole way down that mountain "his" route was covered with strewn rocks... hope your snowshoes made it out alive Dave.

Leigh Schmitt was second, another wonderful race for him. Of the five races this season Dave won three and Leigh two. The third part of our top three - Ken Clark - finished third and won the overall points series for the second year in a row. Nice running Kenny!

Angie DeFilippi won the ladies division with an 8th overall. She was just moving steady thru those woods each time we saw her - just a wisp of a thing but can she churn thru the snow. Another wisp, Debbie Schieffer was 2nd (11th overall). She had about the largest smile of anyone out there. 3rd lady was Darlene McCarthy - (22nd overall), who had a nice strong run. She may have improved the most of any participant from the first event to the last. Nicely done Darlene.

Beth Herder sat this one out and handled the timing / finish line with her sister Sweep and their dad Curly. They supplied all those raffle prizes throughout the series - wonderful family. Beth had wrapped up her 2nd consecutive ladies snowshoe title before this event even kicked off. She managed to finish 9th overall for the series despite missing this race.

Tim Clark and Bryan Dragon rounded up the finish line help, thanks guys. Pat McGrath handled the water crossing, which ended up being fine (thank God). Konrad, Mark "Slug" and Paul Hartwig did the markings - a real chore on this course. John Scalise went out two days later to remove all those ribbons, thanks Johnny. Each and every participant, you are all the light. WMAC - for all support and freedom, what a group. Tom McCrumm - thanks again, it was wonderful.

As always - I know I might have forgotten to mention someone or something. I hope that my good friends Bob, Carol, Steve and Laura fill in any holes... they usually can be counted on for unique views of the events.

Ed

1ST ANNUAL MOODY SPRING 15KM SNOWSHOE RACE

MARCH 04, 2000 DUBUQUE S.F. WEST HAWLEY, MA

1	Dave Dunham	35	Bradford, MA	1:10:30	44 pts
2	Leigh Schmitt	27	South Deerfield, MA	1:14:40	43 pts
3	Ken Clark	37	Somers, CT	1:17:14	42 pts
4	Richard Bolt	29	Manchester, NH	1:18:00	41 pts
5	Dave Hannon	28	North Providence, RI	1:23:49	40 pts
6	Jim Preite	35	North Adams, MA	1:30:10	39 pts
7	Greg Loomis	25	Framingham, MA	1:32:20	38 pts
8	Angie DeFilippi	23	Colchester, VT	1:33:07	37 pts
9	Scott Bradley	45	Pittsfield, MA	1:39:08	36 pts
10	Larry Dragon	39	Cheshire, MA	1:39:15	35 pts
11	Deborah Schieffer	25	Prospect, CT	1:39:45	34 pts
12	Ed Buckley	41	Southampton, MA	1:40:20	33 pts
13	Bob Dion	44	Readsboro, VT	1:41:19	32 pts
14	Bob Worsham	54	Woodstock, CT	1:41:41	31 pts
15	Marc Lombard	35	Greenfield, MA	1:42:31	30 pts
16	Dave Boles	53	New Paltz, NY	1:43:15	29 pts
17	Steve Roulier	36	Feeding Hills, MA	1:47:50	28 pts
18	John Carey	38	Webster, MA	1:48:33	27 pts
19	John Pelton	60	West Rupert, VT	1:48:40	26 pts
20	Steve Cangemi	38	Red Hook, NY	1:49:35	25 pts
21	Karl Molitoris	44	Stafford Springs, CT	1:50:25	24 pts
22	Darlene McCarthy	37	North Adams, MA	1:50:40	23 pts
23	Ed Alibozek Jr	60	Adams, MA	1:51:17	22 pts
24	Carol Kane	54	Weston, CT	1:51:55	21 pts
25	Laura Clark	52	Saratoga Springs, NY	1:56:40	20 pts
26	Lisa Mentzer	31	Millbury, MA	2:09:20	19 pts
27	Bob Wurtele	55	Manchester, NH	2:12:12	18 pts
28	Art Gulliver	61	Leominster, MA	2:18:02	17 pts
29	Richard Busa	70	Marlboro, MA	2:25:07	16 pts
30	Leon Beverly	73	Stamford, VT	2:38:01	15 pts
31	Stan Tiska	41	Hinsdale, MA	2:42:00	14 pts
32	Dave Durand	21	Willington, CT	2:43:36	13 pts
33	Erin Worsham	22	Woodstock, CT	2:43:37	12 pts
34	Konrad Karolczuk	47	Windsor Locks, CT	3:13:05	11 pts
35	Claudine Preite	33	N Adams, MA (7 Mi)	2:18:32	10 pts
36	Denise Dion	40	Readsboro, VT (7 Mi)	2:18:32	09 pts
37	Martin Glendon	53	Windsor, MA (6 Mi)	1:34:00	08 pts
38	Karin Bradley	42	Pittsfield, MA (6 Mi)	2:07:00	07 pts
39	Gotha Swann	50	Pittsfield, MA (6 Mi)	2:07:00	06 pts
40	Ellen Mach	57	Adams, MA (6 Mi)	2:25:00	05 pts
41	Jeff Clark	50	Saratoga Springs, NY	participated	04 pts
42	Judy Hartwig	42	Adams, MA	participated	03 pts
43	Paul Hartwig	43	Adams, MA	participated	02 pts
44	Elaine Buckley	50	E Hampton, MA	participated	01 pts

ONTEORA

The 1st annual Onteora RC/Brew Crew snowshoe event is in the history books. We went from lots of snow to little snow back to lots of snow in the period of a week. That made tracking the course a nightmare that finally culminated the Friday night before the race with a last minute retracking and marking of the 2 intended routes in a heavy snowstorm. I would like to thank Dave Boles who gave of his time and energy to come out on Saturday and help me lay a final track that enabled no one to even think of going astray. Sunday provided us with perfect snow and perfect weather and 25 individuals presented themselves to run, walk, or stroll one or both loops of the bushwhack course. Loop one was a rolling course with a fine view of the Catskills while the 2nd loop was more rugged with a couple of stiff climbs and their accompanying descents. This course layer is never adverse to having people suffer a little while enjoying the scenery of the woodlands! The plan is to next year make this a full fledged competitive event over another bushwhack course; longer, for sure, but without sacrificing difficulty. The order of finish is below and the disparity of times merely reflects the fact that there were a few that raced the courses and a majority that ambled on their snowshoes enjoying themselves. All were winners on this day!

Debbie Briggs

Loop 1 - approx 2.5mi.

1.	Kevin Lockett	21:08
2.	Mike Schabot	24:47
3.	Jason Taylor	26:20
	Border Terrier Charlotte	26:20
4.	Rachel Schabo t	26:25
5.	Mary Griffin	29:50
6.	Mike Cahill	34:53
7.	Dick Vincent	35:00
	mix breed Sierra	35:00
8.	Lori Christina	38:43
9.	Ann Snoeybos	46:00
	Judith Tripp	46:00
10	Marla Brucker	61:30
	John Brooks	61:30
	Vizsla Tansie	61:30
11.	Pat Marsh	62:03
	Yvonne Carini	62:03
12.	Jean Pavone	72:05
	Jackie Olivet	72:05

Loop 1 & 2 - approx 4.5mi.

1.	Dave Boles	46:46
2.	Bill Harper	46:48
3.	Nick Mercurio	48:06
4.	Bill Ring	51:50
5.	Bill Hobbs	52:00
6.	Matt Beatrice	54:04
7.	Kathy Cremen	58:00
8.	Marc Goldstein	58:25
9.	Mike Cahill	78:00
	Doug Maloney	78:00

1st Annual MOODY SPRING 15KM Snowshoe Race

Age Group Winners March 04, 2000

20 - 29	Angie DeFilippi	23	1:44:04	Leigh Schmitt	27	1:14:40
30 - 39	Darlene McCarthy	37	1:50:40	Dave Dunham	35	1:10:30
40 - 49	Vacant			Scott Bradley	45	1:39:08
50 - 59	Carol Kane	54	1:51:55	Bob Worsham	54	1:41:41
60 - 69	Vacant			John Pelton	60	1:48:40
70 - 72	Vacant			Richard Busa	70	2:25:07
73 - 75	Vacant			Leon Beverly	73	2:38:01

STEAMERS AT MOODY SPRINGS

The last snowshoe race of the series, Moody Springs, was held on March 4, 2000, in Dubuque State Forest. I drove up there with my daughter Erin and her boyfriend Dave. On the drive up there from Woodstock, CT, there was no snow anywhere. It turned out that the only snow in Western Massachusetts was on the course we ran that day.

As usual I arrived early to beat Art Gulliver to the best parking place. 9:10 AM for a 10:30 race is about right. The parking lot had thawed to mud, been driven on, then had refrozen for our arrival. It was quite rutted. Konrad K. arrived shortly after we did. I had plenty of time to scout out the area with all the free time.

I walked into the woods and up the starting road to check on snow conditions. It was colder than I had anticipated. On the way back down I glanced to my right and was lucky enough to catch sight of a fellow snowshoer with his pants around his ankles and steam rising from the ground. He shall remain anonymous for his own protection. It's a good thing that race director Alibozek is a waste treatment professional; Konrad K later bagged up this prize for shipping to the East Windsor Waste Treatment Plant for special processing.

Phenom snowshoer, Tracey Van Dyke, of Lake Luzerne, NY, did not show for this race. If she couldn't find Hawley, there was no way she would find the rutted parking lot in West Hawley. However, the LoomDog was present and ready to run.

Just before the race started a special raffle was held to give away the "Darlene McCarthy Torso Pack" to some lucky snowshoer. The Worsham design of this hi-tech specialty item was inspired by Darlene herself. All waited with held breath while the number was drawn. Strangely enough, Darlene McCarthy's number was pulled and she won the prize. This special Torso Pack consisted of a belt with a roll of toilet paper on it.

Ed modified the course start due to the fact that the road into the woods had many exposed rocks on it. We started instead on a snowmobile trail about 30 yards down Route 8A from the parking lot. After about a quarter mile this trail turned onto a steep uphill road which stretched out the field. Further down the road Deb Schieffer missed the turn where the trail went into the woods, and I called her back. She paid me back by passing me a little later and soundly beating me.

Once I got to the second forest road the only person I ran near was Dave Boles. He passed me after the first water stop when I paused to look for a left turn too soon. So I paced behind him for quite a ways. He is in my age category, and was setting a comfortable pace. I decided I would camp there for awhile until I felt stronger later in the race. I figured it would be better for him to be the nervous one with me on his tail than me nervous with him on mine. I had to be careful exactly where I ran on the roads and trails. The snow was hard and there were ice patches on the roads. I had to pick areas to run where my cleats would sink in, or it made my calves hurt.

One funny thing was that Race Director Ed Alibozek manned the first water stop AND the second water stop. How did he do this you ask? He had all his water stop stuff in his little red wagon. When all had passed the first stop he pulled his little red wagon through the snow to the second water stop position. The problem was that the first four runners were so fast that they passed the planned second stop before Ed got there.

At one point in the course after crossing a road into a small field, you eventually came to a long winding downhill. This is the start of the special mountain biking trails in the course. I find them very interesting to run because they are narrow and have many curves and switchbacks; this makes great fun on a mountain bike, and kind of wakes you up when running. Tom McCrumm, the Sugar Shack guy, and his friends built these trails. After that long downhill, there is a steep uphill; after cresting this there is a gentle downhill, then by a boulder and you are at Moody Springs.

If you didn't know it was there you would miss seeing it. After going by the boulder you cross a tiny stream. If you looked back over your left

shoulder you would have seen water coming out of a small pipe, and that is the famous Moody Springs. When I've been on fun runs through here we would all stop and drink from the spring, but I was chasing Dave Boles in the race, so didn't do it this time.

At the second water stop Ed gave me a cup and I paused to drink it. Dave continued on, but I caught up to him. About 10 minutes after passing Ed Dave caught his cleat in the hard snow, and took a hard headlong fall. I decided to pass before he could get up, asking if he was okay as I went by. Once I passed I tried to put some distance between us so he wouldn't be tempted to run me down.

Soon the basin trail came up after the river crossing. This was beautiful and fun to run. There were supposed to be three crossings of this river. However, the ice had melted on two of them, so Ed bushwhacked a new trail so we wouldn't have to make the second and third crossing.

After the third crossing (which we didn't have to do), a long hard uphill began where I came upon Miss Ellen and several others.

I finally made it to the curvy rolling flats, but kept pushing knowing the last road to the finish was coming up. Once I got on it at crest of uphill I turned to look back and saw no one in the long straightaway behind me, so relaxed a bit.

As I approached the snowmobile trail turn from a distance I saw Dion backtracking after missing the turn for it. Could I catch him? Naaah! By the time I got to the turn, he was totally out of sight.

After finishing I waited for Erin and Dave. I waited and waited and waited. I began to think about Hansel and Gretel. When many runners had finished before them I began to wonder if they got really lost and I got worried. I started into the woods on running shoes and met them in about half a mile. Erin had gotten very tired from lack of training because of the demands of school, so she and Dave had just done a lot of walking. I had talked her into doing it anyway for the food afterwards. Even though they finished way back, they found the woods to be beautiful and were glad they had done it.

So it was on to the South Face Farm Sugar Shack. We ate at the same table with Richard Busa and Carol Kane. Erin ordered so much food that the waitress warned her that she wouldn't be able to eat it all. Erin assured her that she could and she did. We were all amazed, but at the starting line Erin had said she was starving and she now proved it to be true. Carol Kane ate so much that she got fat for a day. Richard Busa amused us with stories about how close he came to being blown up in Korea. It was a great way to finish the event; Tom McCrumm was in the maple syrup boiling room supervising the big boiler and watching us all eat. Beth Herder was at the next table, and kept sneaking her food onto her father's plate. He didn't notice, and just kept eating until it was all gone. Sweep was busy licking maple syrup off her nose ring. Alibozek just had his big smile on taking it all in.

It was sad to leave because it meant a close to the 2000 snowshoe series season. The series grew from three races in previous years to five races this year. Two new race directors got into the act, Camp Counselor Paul Hartwig, who put on the Greylock Glen race, and Laura (Lorraine Bracco) Clark, who put on Saratoga Springs. Next year John Scalise will take over the major responsibility for the South Pond Shuffle. Perhaps Ed Alibozek will develop more races for the schedule.

Later in the week the UPS truck pulled up in front of the East Windsor Waste Treatment Plant. The driver walked in the door and said, "I have a package from West Hawley for an Ed Alibozek." Diane accepted the delivery. It was still steaming.

WorShamer

I'D SAY I HAD A PRETTY GOOD DAY.

A nice few inches of snow fell the day before Hawley Kiln. It stopped by evening, so while I lay all snug in my bed, visions of snowshoes danced in my head. When I woke up on Saturday, rain was falling and freezing.

Traveling to Hawley in these conditions would be foolhardy. I had to stay home. The snow cover didn't last long after this. A series of warm rainy days made a mess of everything. The spring thaw was early, but unquestionably here. As March was greeted by bare ground, a switch flicked in my brain. Snowshoe season is over. We'll get more snow, but it won't stay around long enough to be useful. Things were so bleak, I couldn't imagine that even the normally reliable Dubuque State Forest had snow. As I spoke with Ed about the upcoming race at Moody Springs, we both feared the worst. On the Wednesday before the race, Ed got the news from Tom McCrumm, the main builder of this trail. Come on over; the snow's fine! Just to be sure, Ed and Paul Hartwig traveled to Hawley the next day to hike the course. They concurred. The race was on!

It had been weeks since I snowshoed. Not only was the snow gone, but I spent the previous week trying to figure out what to do about a painfully swollen gland in my neck. However bad my prospects were, I wasn't missing Moody Springs. I headed to the highlands of Western Massachusetts for one more snowshoe race. It had been so long, I forgot the drill and left home without my snowshoes. Fortunately I realized this as I was heading north on the Laconic State Parkway. Thirty minutes was added onto my travel time, but disaster was averted. I still managed to get to the parking area with more than a half hour to spare. Listening to Ed talk and Beth Herder try to talk, I had to consider myself to be the picture of health. What's one bad gland?

It was a sunny, windy day. Temperature was up near 30 for the start, and would probably climb throughout the day. Because of snow conditions we had a much narrower starting line than originally planned. This isn't a problem. We all know how fast we intend to start, and don't need to get in anyone's way. I try to line up next behind the fast guys, because that's where I typically run. The course did a lot of climbing at the start. I followed John Pelton up the hill. After a while, we reached a wide woods road. There were bare spots, but I could usually find a patch of snow to follow. There were also icy patches too. On this surface, snowshoes are overkill, but their claws deal with the ice quite nicely. After a while I heard a bunch of runners behind us yelling "John! John!". Either they were encouraging their friend, or we had gone off course. Looking back, it became clear we were off course. Other runners were heading off this major road. (I guess no one cared that I was off course.) I tucked in behind a pack of roughly six runners. Before long, I worked my way up in the pack, and soon was leading it. This meant of course it was time for another missed turn. As I turned back, I uttered an expletive better left for painful or embarrassing falls, better left for later in the day. I tucked in behind Bob Dion. What's my hurry? If I can't follow trail markers, at least I can follow his brightly colored outfit. As we take a detour around a stream crossing, Angie DeFilippi charges right through the stream, Tubbs Piranhas and all. She emerges ahead of us with a back full of wet mud.

John Pelton is long ahead of us, but it still seems I'm racing too hard. I slip to the back of this pack, and eventually lose contact. As we pass Ed at the first water stop, he tells us the next section is all good snow. I guess it is (compared to what we had seen up to this point). More than anything, it reminds me of the ice that sits in the sink, after being liberated from a defrosting freezer, complete with some weird stuff that had been frozen in months ago.

We come to a section of trail near a stream. I see what I think is a nice snowy trail section. I step. I splash. I'm standing in water up past my knees. Well this is unpleasant. Here, the earlier expletive would have been most appropriate, but none was forthcoming. It could have been worse. My upper body and hands stayed above water. Now is the time to see how good these synthetic fibers really are. Before long, my pants and socks had

distributed the water nicely, but the damage was already done. I was feeling awfully tight.

We got to the real stream crossing, and Pat was there as promised. I chided Pat about the unhazardous nature of his crossing. My earlier crossing was far more adventurous. After the crossing, the course climbs for awhile and hits another woods road. As I'm ready to turn back onto a single track trail, another group of snowshoers runs towards me from the other direction. It's Bob, Angie and others, having taken a nice little detour. I let them all enter the trail ahead of me. They leave me, but one runner in their group hangs back. I leave him on an especially twisty part of the course. Given how poorly I am following the markers today, it would be nice to have someone to follow, but I also need to maintain whatever pace I can.

I'm following the blue ribbons, until I reach a section of woods where I have no idea where to go. After what felt like minutes of standing around, I find the next blue ribbon. Maybe it's today's light conditions, maybe I should get some contact lenses for trail running, but I've had trouble following the trail all day.

As I pass Gotha Swann, he cheers me saying "almost, almost". I don't know almost what, but I take it to be an encouraging sign. I reach a major trail intersection, and am thrilled to see how clearly I can see blue ribbons. I run along the trail with a renewed sense of vigor. After a while the trail starts looking familiar. I detour around a stream crossing, that looks awfully similar to the crossing Angie had charged through earlier in the day. As my brain was trying to digest these thoughts, I see John Pelton running towards me. This is confirmation, if any were needed. I am off course. We turn around and follow the blue ribbons to where we went wrong. I don't believe it! We blew the turn at the same intersection we had blown earlier in the day. Earlier we needed to run off the major road onto the trail. Late in the run we needed to head back down the road. This time John and I took the trail.

Considering how long we had been running John was still running very well. I was sputtering. I knew I would finish, and at this point that's all I cared about. Seeing Beth and Sweep at the finish line brought great joy and relief. I couldn't go wrong now. Well somehow I did manage to run several feet wide of the finish line, but no one seemed to mind. I finished in 1:49:32, which got me a cool 20th place. Runners continued to finish for another hour and then some. I was not alone in my creative trail blazing.

The run was followed by an excellent sit-down brunch at Tom McCrumm's Sugar House Restaurant in Ashfield. What a great way to conclude the series! The drive home gave me plenty of time to take inventory. I took wrong turns; I fell in a creek; I got lost; I ate pancakes with real maple syrup. I'd say I had a pretty good day.

Steven Cangemi

BIG MAN STAN

I met Ed at the water stop, he graciously handed me a cup. As I drank it he said, "Stan, your 40 minutes from the finish".

"Wow", I thought. We gabbed a bit and he handed me another to drink, which I did. As I drank this one he said, "Don't stomp on the ice over the river you'll go though. Hurry and your only an hour from the finish". I said, "Ed, you just said I was 40 minutes away... how can it be an hour now???"

Ed handing me another water said, "I see you have adjusted your pace". I refused the next cup of water because I thought it would take me an hour and 20 to get back when I drank it. Lost as I got again, I made it from that point to the finish (round about fashion) in 43 minutes. I would have done better if they hung pancakes and sausage in the trees instead of blue ribbon. Breakfast was GREAT! Could never be better, the golden sheen in the sunlight, mmmm just as sweet as can be. 100% natural 100 % pure, and yes, I guess I like maple syrup too...

Stan

	NAME	AGE	STATE	TOTAL	MS	HKK	SWF	GG	SP
1	Ken Clark	37	CT	345	42	88	65	34	116
2	Leigh Schmitt	27	MA	315	43	90	64	X	118
3	Jim Preite	35	MA	304	39	78	62	27	98
4	Bob Dion	44	VT	303	32	80	63	28	100
	John Pelton	60	VT	303	26	76	61	32	108
6	Larry Dragon	39	MA	279	35	64	55	31	94
7	Bob Worsham	54	CT	267	31	70	56	14	96
8	Dave Dunham	35	MA	259	44	X	66	35	114
9	Beth Herder	41	MA	258	X	74	53	29	102
10	Dave Hannon	28	RI	232	40	82	X	X	110
11	Karl Molitoris	44	CT	218	24	46	46	20	82
12	Scott Bradley	45	MA	196	36	X	54	26	80
	Greg Loomis	25	MA	196	38	86	X	X	72
14	Ed Buckley	41	MA	191	33	68	X	X	90
15	Carol Kane	54	CT	185	21	48	41	21	54
16	Deborah Schieffer	25	CT	184	34	66	X	X	84
17	Darlene McCarthy	37	MA	177	23	50	43	17	44
18	Marc Lombard	35	MA	176	30	54	X	24	68
19	Ed Alibozek Jr	60	MA	170	22	56	X	22	70
20	Bryan Dragon	16	MA	167	X	22	X	33	112
21	James Ruddock	32	MA	157	X	58	X	25	74
22	Tracy Van Dyke	35	NY	144	X	84	60	X	X
23	Lisa Deggendori	25	MA	137	X	38	39	X	60
24	Steve Cangemi	38	NY	131	25	X	X	X	106
25	Bob Wurtele	55	NH	128	18	52	X	X	58
26	Laura Clark	52	NY	126	20	44	X	16	46
27	Kathleen Aubin	44	NH	124	X	60	X	X	64
	Richard Busa	70	MA	124	16	34	32	10	32
29	James Tosca	23	MA	104	X	X	X	X	104
30	Dave Boles	53	NY	103	29	X	51	23	X
31	Chris Dunne	40	NY	96	X	X	40	X	56
32	Bruce Marvonek	46	CT	92	X	X	X	X	92
33	Andy Illidge	33	NJ	90	X	24	X	X	66
34	John Carey	38	MA	89	27	62	X	X	X
35	Edward Alibozek	37	CT	88	X	X	58	30	X
	Mark Dearing	46	MA	88	X	X	X	X	88
37	Jack Quinn	61	VT	86	X	X	X	X	86
38	Martin Glendon	53	MA	81	8	28	X	11	34
39	Art Gulliver	61	MA	79	17	32	X	X	30
40	Paul Hartwig	43	MA	78	2	X	X	X	76
	Eric Moore	33	MA	78	X	X	X	X	78
42	Erin Worsham	22	CT	74	12	X	X	X	62
43	Konrad Karolczuk	47	CT	73	11	20	25	3	14
44	Steve Sylvestro	50	CT	72	X	72	X	X	X
45	Leon Beverly	73	VT	71	15	30	X	X	26
46	Ron Dinicola	49	NH	65	X	X	15	12	38
	Dave Durand	21	CT	65	13	X	X	X	52
48	Jim Carlson	52	NY	64	X	X	36	X	28
49	Sean Garvey	28	MA	59	X	X	59	X	X
50	Philip Borgese	40	NY	57	X	X	57	X	X
	Stan Tiska	42	MA	57	14	X	X	7	36
52	Lisa Mentzer	31	MA	55	19	36	X	X	X
53	Ed McBain	35	NY	52	X	X	52	X	X
54	Garrett Buckley	23	MA	50	X	X	X	X	50
	Gust Svenson	54	NY	50	X	X	50	X	X
56	Marcia Whitney	47	NY	49	X	X	49	X	X
57	Geoff Going	53	RI	48	X	X	X	X	48
	Elaine Lutzker	49	NY	48	X	X	48	X	X
	Claudine Preite	33	MA	48	10	X	5	9	24
60	Kelly Harrington	25	NY	47	X	X	47	X	X
61	Rich Flaherty	37	NY	45	X	X	45	X	X
62	Maria Capella	38	CT	44	X	16	12	4	12
	Keith Decker	37	NY	44	X	X	44	X	X

	NAME	AGE	STATE	TOTAL	MS	HKK	SWF	GG	SP
64	Bill Donovan	45	MA	42	X	X	X	X	42
	Gene Primomo	41	NY	42	X	42	X	X	X
	Bill Taylor	53	NY	42	X	X	42	X	X
67	Richard Bolt	35	NH	41	41	X	X	X	X
68	Paul Evangelista	30	NY	40	40	X	X	X	X
	Larry McAndrew	41	MA	40	X	X	X	X	40
70	Phillip Capella	38	CT	38	X	14	9	5	10
	Aurora Lamperetta	27	NY	38	X	X	38	X	X
72	Jeffrey Allen	54	NY	37	X	X	37	X	X
	Angie DeFilippi	23	VT	37	37	X	X	X	X
74	Chuck Trimarchi	53	NY	35	X	X	35	X	X
75	Kathy Freese	39	NY	34	X	X	34	X	X
76	James Gilmer	50	NY	33	X	X	33	X	X
77	Mark Syrett	51	MA	32	X	12	X	X	20
78	Anne Okerman	23	MA	31	X	X	31	X	X
79	Chris Muller	39	NY	30	X	X	30	X	X
80	Lisa Swan	27	NY	29	X	X	29	X	X
81	Scott Hunter	54	MA	28	X	X	28	X	X
	Steve Roulier	36	MA	28	28	X	X	X	X
83	Eileen Battle	43	NY	27	X	X	27	X	X
84	Deborah Sylvestro	49	CT	26	X	26	X	X	X
	Rob Trimarchi	30	NY	26	X	X	26	X	X
86	Cathy Taylor	43	NY	24	X	X	24	X	X
87	Paul Beiter	40	NY	23	X	X	23	X	X
88	Brian Beausoleil	41	RI	22	X	X	X	X	22
	Pat Swim	46	NY	22	X	X	22	X	X
90	Randy Palmer	45	NY	21	X	X	21	X	X
91	Regina Mahoney	22	MA	20	X	X	20	X	X
92	Deborah Crotty	51	NY	19	X	X	19	X	X
	Brad Herder	41	MA	19	X	X	X	19	X
94	David Bennett	14	NJ	18	X	X	X	X	18
	Ellen Mach	57	MA	18	5	6	X	1	6
	Fran Mach	57	MA	18	X	18	X	X	X
	Marge Rajczewski	59	NY	18	X	X	18	X	X
	Todd Worsham	19	CT	18	X	X	X	18	X
99	Karin Bradley	42	MA	17	7	X	X	2	8
	Lisa Valentine	38	NY	17	X	X	17	X	X
101	Nancy Bennett	42	NJ	16	X	X	X	X	16
	Meg O'Leary	29	NY	16	X	X	16	X	X
103	Paula Flack	38	CT	15	X	X	X	15	X
104	Elaine Humphrey	45	NY	14	X	X	14	X	X
105	Denise Dion	40	VT	13	9	4	X	X	X
	Kate Hayes	51	MA	13	X	X	13	X	X
	Peter Lipka	48	MA	13	X	X	X	13	X
108	Jeff Clark	50	NY	12	4	8	X	X	X
109	Brittany Burdick	10	MA	11	X	11	X	X	X
110	Dee Shufelt	52	NY	10	X	X	10	X	X
	Nancy Syrett	53	MA	10	X	10	X	X	X
112	Charlie Acquista	29	MA	8	X	X	X	8	X
	Diane Gulbrandson	37	NY	8	X	X	8	X	X
114	Perry Burdick	35	MA	7	X	X	7	X	X
115	Kim Burdick	31	MA	6	X	X	6	X	X
	Gotha Swann	50	MA	6	6	X	X	X	X
	Joshua Tiska	17	MA	6	X	X	X	6	X
118	Lori Christina	39	NY	4	X	X	4	X	X
	Rhonda Dearing	41	MA	4	X	X	X	X	4
120	Debra Choinere	50	NY	3	X	X	3	X	X
	Judy Hartwig	42	MA	3	3	X	X	X	X
122	Steve Attwell	35	CT	2	X	2	X	X	X
	Robert Columbine	69	NY	2	X	X	2	X	X
	Bill Glendon	53	MA	2	X	X	X	X	2
125	Elaine Buckley	50	MA	1	1	X	X	X	X
	Suzanne Wonder	39	NY	1	X	X	1	X	X

"BARNYARD AWARDS" 2000 SNOWSHOE SERIES

The DRAGON Award: Overall Male Champion for the 2nd consecutive year is Ken Clark. Being able to compete 5 times in what amounts to 7 weeks is no easy task, especially at such a high level. Ken scored 345 total points out of a possible 353. Congratulations Kenny!

The LAUREL Award: Overall Female Champion is also a repeat performer, Pittsfield's Beth Herder. Beth finished the series 9th overall, and that included sitting out the finale at Moody Springs to manage the finish line. Another outstanding season, beautiful job Beth!

Men's Snowshoer of the year: John Pelton came down from Vermont and just astounded each of us through the whole season. Add in his Gold Medal performances at the Senior Games at Lake Placid and 2000 has been a very memorable year for the 60 year old marvel.

Honorable mention: Jim Preite finishes 3rd overall in the series, making all the events and almost finishing in the top 10 at each. Bob Dion with a 4th overall was really coming on strong at the end of the series, watch for more improvement from him next year.

Headliners: Leigh Schmitt and Dave Dunham were simply outstanding at the events they entered, as all five of our events were won by one or the other of these flyers.

Women's Snowshoer of the year: Laura Clark tackled the chore of directing the wonderful Saratoga Winterfest event as well as competing at the remaining ones. Like John Pelton, she also managed to medal at the Senior Games, as well as in the Empire State Games. Lets not forget all the splendid articles Laura has graced us with. Thanks Laura for a wonderful season, capped by being asked to sit on the New York State Snowshoe Association Board.

Honorable mention: Ellen Mach and Karin Bradley were able to spend time enjoying the majority of the events snowshoeing at their own pace somewhere near the back of the pack. It is just great to see these two ladies enjoying snowshoe events by participating, as many of us know how much effort they both put into the summer WMAC trail races.

Men's Rookie of the year: Greg Loomis really got it together after experiencing some shoe problems at South Pond. The Loomdog cracked 3rd overall on the very difficult HKK course. If he can manage to stick in the area next year he will be a force to be reckoned with.

Women's Rookie of the year: Carol Kane, Debbie Schieffer and Lisa Deggendori all graced us with consistent performances all season. Snowshoeing seems non intimidating as for attracting women to it. The ladies venturing into the sport are all ages too, with many in their 20's and also 50's.

Honor mentions, Rookie/ Male: Ed Buckley was new to shoes and improved competitively at each event. He is a great addition to the series as he brought along his wife and son to different events. Ed also holds the distinction of eating the most chili after South Pond that I have ever witnessed.

Ron DiNicola is everything snowshoeing is about, great to see him at the events this season.

Two other notables and fun guys are Marc Lombard and James Ruddock. They also seem to have the right idea about snowshoeing - it has to be fun first, work second. Thanks for finding us!!

Honor mentions, Rookie/ Female: Lisa Mentzer wasn't intimidated by the length of HKK or Moody Spring. She managed strong races at both, and enjoyed the woods. Maria Capella also had a blast in her first season on the circuit. Great to meet you both!

Performance of the year, Men: Two longtime WMAC guys stand out for different reasons. Scott Bradley winning his age group at Moody Spring 15km deserves mention as Scott has always added depth to a race and usually without much fanfare. It was great to see him nab a victory.

Also, Paul Hartwig didn't burn up any race course but he helped a ton marking South Pond and Moody Springs, as well as directing the Greylock Glen 5km in horribly cold conditions - managing to keep everyone happy for the day anyhow.

Performance of the year, Women: Tracey Van Dyke finishing 4th overall at HKK messed a lot of minds. That was a very tough day to snowshoe, especially the closer to the front of the pack you were. What a race for Tracey.

Secondly, Angie DeFilippi scored an 8th overall and ladies victory at Moody Spring, her initial WMAC snowshoe event entered. Wonderful start to a hopefully long relationship with us Angie!!

The K2 Awards: This season's most improved male snowshoer is Larry Dragon, who really dug in and managed some top 10 placements, almost making us forget about his son Bryan's talents. For the ladies, the most improved is Darlene McCarthy. It was Darlene's first year in the series but from the start of the season to the end I can't think of anyone, male or female, who improved more race to race. Fun to watch both of you improve so much on the snow.

Race of the year: Saratoga Winterfest opened up the gateway to the west for us, great job Laura and Jeff Clark! SPA Park is spectacular, the area is certainly unlike the remaining spartan sites we use for the series, and there were two or three newspapers covering the event that day... wow. Thanks for a great event!

The WORSHAM Award: In honor of Erin Worsham doing two loops at South Pond in 1998, awarded to the directionally challenged. Bill Glendon and Rhonda Deering managed to twice loop the course this season. Runner ups are Karl Molitoris and Ed Alibozek Jr at Moody Spring. While several went astray that day, these two were the worst. Karl had wheeled the entire course this winter to measure it, and Ed Jr had been on the route a couple times. They went down a path with no tracks, which they noticed, but both thought that it looked "familiar".

HANNON Award: Given to the top snowshoe article of the year, named after New England Runner Trail Troll Dave Hannon (who can never be eligible). No way I can award this one in 2000 to one person, because Bob Worsham, Carol Kane, Laura Clark and Steve Cangemi all did such wonderful work all year. Thank you, from all of us.

BEVERLY Award: Awarded to the top snowshoer over age of 60, in honor of two time champion at South Pond Leon Beverly. With John Pelton being our "Snowshoer of the Year", Ed Alibozek Jr wins this award this season. Submitting an article for the news didn't hurt either! Art Gulliver gets the honorable mention, as we had a great group of silverbacks participating in 2000.

Volunteer of the year, Men: Curly Voll once again is the King. He even did a knock 'em dead job with the TV interview. Thank you Curly (for all the help and insight, entertainment and family). Fran Mach deserves mention too, thanks Poncho!

Volunteer of the year, Women: Beth Herder was a huge help all year, and still managed to race wonderfully. All those raffle prizes, timing at Moody, food items brought along, thanks. Sister Sweep had conflicts with work occasionally but made the finale, and also for all the raffle prizes! And Meg and Debbie, timing South Pond couldn't have been any easy task yet it came off flawlessly, very very appreciated!

Comeback of year: Karl Molitoris was injured last year at the Frigid Figure Eight Snowshoe race, and hadn't really done much until this winter. It was good for my heart to see the Old Goat competing once again - glad to have you back Karl!

Best new additions: #1) The indoor facilities at South Pond with the addition of the stove was just fantastic. #2) We expanded with two new 5km events, Greylock Glen and Saratoga Winterfest (Thank

BARNYARD CONTINUED

you Paul and Laura), and also the Moody Spring 15km. #3) Redfeather Snowshoes for loan through the whole season. In the past we always had to send the loaners back in between events. #4) The use of the Hawley Fire Station for registration and hanging out in after. #5) The visit to Tom McCrumm's South Face Farm for brunch after the season ending event at Moody Spring. #6) The three new tee shirt designs by Eric Perez, Laura Clark and Paul Hartwig. #7) The www.runwmac.com webpage, which made getting information and results really quick and easy.

On tap for '01: Well, we made it through another season, our third with official races, and everyone feels good about how it progressed and next year looks like another go. The five events that were in the series this year will all be back, with the only change being South Pond Shuffle will be taken over by John Scalise.

Laura Clark has mentioned that there is a winter faire at the Saratoga Battlefield the last Saturday in January, she hopes to add a 4 miler there.

Dave Dunham is interested in hosting a snowshoe event at Windblown Ski area in NH (home of the Wapack Trail Race). He is not sure of the distance or specifics yet, but it is tentative for the first Saturday in February.

Debbie Briggs enjoyed directing the Onteora (NY) snowshoe events enough that she hopes to hold races again next year, most likely on Sunday Feb 18th.

We will wait to hear from the Mt Goat festival at Prospect Mt; if they are interested in being part of the circuit it would be great to have them join us. Paul Hartwig is also in favor of having a finale fun run snowshoe from the Greylock visitor center in mid march (snow conditons willing).

I believe many of us liked the idea of having to attend and compete at each event in the past to rank highly, but with more events being added the practicality of that doesn't work out well any longer. We will most likely count the best 4 or 5 scores, regardless of how many events total each person races. We hope to have everything cemented by October.

Another idea is to do away with the double points awarded at certain events - instead award double points to any event held on snow with snowshoes and also be able to count series points at an event that doesn't have snow and is run with sneakers only with single points. It is an idea worth contemplating. Thanks everyone for participating, see you next year!

TENTATIVE SEASON 2001

Saturday, Jan. 13, 2001		Florida, MA
South Pond Shuffle	4 miles	John Scalise
Saturday, Jan. 20, 2001		Adams, MA
Greylock Glen	5km	Paul Hartwig
Saturday, Jan. 27, 2001		Saratoga Springs, NY
Saratoga Battlefield	4 miles	Laura Clark
Saturday, February 03, 2001		New Ipswich, NH
Windblown	?	Dave Dunham
Sunday, Feb. 04, 2001		Saratoga Springs, NY
Saratoga WinterFest	5km	Laura Clark
Saturday, Feb. 17, 2001		Hawley, MA
Hawley Kiln Klassic	7 miles	Edward Alibozek
Sunday, Feb 18, 2001		Rhinebeck, NY
Onteora	4.5 miles	Debbie Briggs
Sunday, Feb. 25, 2001		Woodford, VT
Mt Prospect Fest	5km	Mountain Goat
Saturday, March 03, 2001		West Hawley, MA
Moody Springs'	8.6 miles	Edward Alibozek

2000 AGE GROUP CHAMPIONS

16 - 19	Bryan Dragon	16	Lanesboro, MA	167 points
20 - 29	Debbie Schieffer	25	Prospect, CT	184 points
	Leigh Schmitt	27	S. Deerfield, MA	315 points
30 - 39	Darlene McCarthy	37	North Adams, MA	177 points
	Ken Clark	37	Somers, CT	345 points
40 - 49	Beth Herder	41	Pittsfield, MA	258 points
	Bob Dion	44	Readsboro, VT	303 points
50 - 59	Carol Kane	54	Weston, CT	185 points
	Bob Worsham	54	Woodstock, CT	267 points
60 - 69	John Pelton	60	West Rupert, VT	303 points
70 - 99	Richard Busa	70	Marlboro, MA	124 points

RUN LIKE A LINX SNOWSHOE RACE

Well I whooped um! (or They All Stayed Home). The Run Like a Linx Snowshoe Race was held on February 26, 2000 at the Eagle River Nature Center in Eagle River, Alaska on a beautiful sunny winter day. The temperature was in the mid 20's by the 12 noon start time. Being an early arrival, I showed up about an hour before the start to get a good warmup in on the trails. Much to my surprise there were only a few cars in the lot and not a snowshoe in sight. After checking in at the Nature Center and being assured that this was the right day I headed out on the trails. What a day, bright sun, glistening frost covered snow, an alpine valley with a glacial river, It doesn't get much better than this. But I couldn't help thinking "where are the people?", I know people sleep in around here but its noon time! Anyway after returning to the lodge about 20 minutes before the start I was pleased to see a couple of pairs of snowshoes, but that was it. I ventured down to the start line with the race director who informed me she had 4 registered runners. What! Can this be in the land of snow, a great sunny day with two to three feet of snow base in a gorgeous river valley and only 4 people show up for a snowshoe race, can't be. After talking with my three other race companions I got the scoop, no one had ever done a snowshoe race before, this was sort of a new thing up here. "Most people cross country ski in the winter" I was told. Well I ski too but how can you miss this. Oh well, I still don't get it.

We started about a 100 yards below the lodge on an old fire road. Just before the start our main competition bolted across the trail, a snowshoe hare, just to show us how it was done I suppose. We all decided to postpone the start for a moment to see if there was a lynx in hot pursuit but nothing appeared. The gun went off and after about 50 yards down the road we turned left onto a hard packed single track trail headed down toward the river. The trail was perfect about 3 feet wide and packed well by snow machine. We wound down loosing about 100 feet in elevation for about a mile and then ventured out on the frozen Eagle River, yes on the river. What a place, It was all I could do to keep my eyes on the trail or river as the case may be. Out on an open glacial river with 4000 foot plus mountains on each side, it's a WOW! Well it was sort of tough going though as we were breaking trail at that point though I tried to stay in some snow machine tracks to make the going easy. After about 3/4 of a mile on the river we ventured back in the woods and over a few footbridges. Right before one of the bridges I was informed by a young hiker "Moose up ahead at the bridge" Moose are quite common in the valley this time of year and they get the right of way. Must have heard me coming though because when I rounded the corner at the bridge nothing was there but scat. After the bridge with about 1/2-mile to go we headed home on the Iditarod Trail that runs through the valley. A tough uphill finish brought us back to the nature center to lots on refreshments and goodies. (nothing the likes of a WMAC feast though) Well, that's it from the great white north. Maybe we started something up here.

Wayne Stocker, Peters Creek, AK, 1st place / 23:51

WMAC GOES TO EMPIRE STATE GAMES; OR HOW I BROKE MAJOR ROAD RECORDS ON SNOWSHOES

This is a *Choose Your Own Adventure* article where you, the reader, get to decide which section to read first, if at all. If you are wondering how Massachusetts got to participate in the NY State Games, keep on going. If you could care less, but don't believe I could break road race records on snowshoes, skip ahead to Part II.

PART I

My odyssey began in early winter, when I decided it would be fun to drive in a different direction for a snowshoe race, all the way up North to Lake Placid. A quick check of the Empire State Games (ESG) web site yielded a few leads and lots of dead ends since it hadn't been updated for several years. But trail running had given me experience with several choices and lots of wrong turns, so I forged confidently ahead. Unfortunately, there was no one either in front of me or behind me on this rather bumpy trail. I was on my own. I discovered that I could journey to the Snowshoe Capitol of the United States (unbelievably, Corinth, NY and not Denver, CO) to participate in the time trials that would qualify me for the sprinting events. Sprint on snowshoes? You've got to be kidding! That's why I run longer distances. At least you get to stop and walk once in a while without having anyone watch you do it. The 5K sounded more like it.

My quest for an application led me down many false trails. Logically, I began by calling the ESG office in Albany. The good people there referred me to Jim Turner, the race director. Instead, I became phone pals with Jim's wife since Jim was in Colorado doing snowshoe stuff. I guess he didn't know that Corinth is really *the* snowshoe place to be. Plus, it's a lot closer to home. I learned that I also had to qualify for the 5K by doing another long distance race, which, of course, had to be given the official seal of approval. Someone suggested Saratoga which would definitely have been convenient, except that I would be too busy directing it! I briefly considered doing Moby Dick, all 16 miles of it, on snowshoes, but for some reason thought better of it. Meanwhile, following its own bureaucratic trail, the ESG office insisted that Jim would send me an application, while Jim's wife thought differently. Finally, Corinth sent me a ESSnowshoe Association membership form. Not convinced that it truly was THE APPLICATION, I filled it out anyway. By this time, I was certain that if I ever managed to enter, I would probably win the race, persistence being the deciding factor. Imagine my surprise when I received confirmation that I had qualified. All this without even checking off a Tshirt size!

Later, I learned that Jim had been collecting race results and sending anyone from New York who had completed a long distance event a similar mailing. So all these other people had the information just handed to them while I had done a month's worth of detective work. Not fair! Overachieving does not always pay. However, snowshoers everywhere were impressed by my perseverance in following all these trailing ends and I was asked to represent the more convoluted mindset of the longer distance racers on the NYS Snowshoe Association board.

The good news is that trail mentality pays off, and fourteen WMACers and potential WMACers from Saratoga got to compete in the Games. The 5K was held on the trails at Paul Smith's College where there was still, luckily, some snow. It was about a 6 on the toughness side, lots of rolling hills, but none that were overwhelming; slippery snow, but no streams to fall into. Jim had marked the course with approximately 1,000 (count 'em) flags in an electric array of hues in case any of us were currently having trouble with color recognition and, unbelievably, no one got lost. This might have been a first in trail running annals. In the pre-race instructions, which all of us were able to hear, (another first)* we were given subtle politeness reminders to yell "Track!" when we wanted to pass someone. Then, in a surprise move, we were asked to look around as the different age groups identified themselves by a show of hands. Nothing like knowing who your competition is or when to speed up and when it doesn't matter.

I started off at a pretty impressive (for me) pace, which soon changed as I slid on my bottom down the first hill. Back to reality. I guess that show of hands at the start set the tone because afterwards everyone said that they felt

they had gone extra fast. Even so, many thought that the course was a bit short—information that I did not necessarily want to consciously acknowledge. I only know that I had fun, ran as hard as I could, and was totally spent as I raced uphill toward the finish. Plus, I already knew that my splendid effort had netted me the gold age group medal as the only fifty year-old woman to compete.

**This is in no way meant to reflect upon the age of the contestants, but rather the lung power of race directors.*

PART II How I Broke Major Road Records While on Snowshoes

Despite the lack of snow, I was not so compulsive as to wear even loaner snowshoes on the asphalt in an attempt to win the gold at the National Senior Games (NSG). The entire episode owed more to serendipity than to intent...

When I learned that the NSG were about to launch their first winter edition practically in my backyard, I decided to follow the advice of Dr. Bob Arnot and seize the moment. In his book, *Dr. Bob Arnot's Guide to Turning Back the Clock*, he urges chronologically challenged athletes to compensate for their slowing reflexes by remaining at the cutting edge of sport. Or, in practical terms, be the first on your block to try something new. By the time others discover how much fun you're having, you will be way ahead of the learning curve, or at the very least, have acquired a few not-so-hotly contested trophies. I figured participating in a marginal (my apologies) sport like snowshoeing might be my only chance at fame.

But adaptability can go only so far. I still refused to do the sprints. This was a mistake since there were only two other females in my age group. Mostly, though I regret that I did not have the opportunity to meet Johnnye Valion (sp?) from California, whose first day on snowshoes placed her only 10 seconds behind the winner, John Pelton. Incredibly, she is in the 70-74 year age group. Fortunately for me, she opted for the downhill events on the day of my 5K race, a fact which I did not discover until afterwards.

When I arrived at the registration area, I casually, but obviously, tried to scope out the competition, zeroing in on the fittest-looking woman in the coolest-looking sports clothes. We chatted, sizing each other up. She was not a stranger to either trails or longer distances. She even had her sneakers already attached to her snowshoes. Such finesse was definitely scary.

The course had been relocated to three loops around the ski jump site where all the man-made snow would hopefully blow in our direction. The loop idea was great for the handful of spectator spouses, but rather unnerving for the athletes. "You'll get used to it," said my competition. "I once did a 10K on a quarter mile track." Silently, I marveled that anyone would want to do anything that repetitious. Still, she got my attention. Surprisingly, though, the loop proved to be fun. The first half was mostly hills that were designed by the crew from *Alice in Wonderland*. Curiously, they only seemed to go up and never down. But the last part made up for it—a downhill with no streams, rocks or trees to worry about. Plus, you knew just where you had to go. No worrying about multi colored flags, yellow arrows or trail ribbons. Absolutely no thinking necessary. To my surprise, I quickly passed all the women (don't ask how many) and then nearly all the men. The only other runners were unattainably out of sight and somewhat out of mind (mine, not theirs). So, like Joan Benoit going through the tunnel to the stadium, I relaxed and enjoyed the ride. I almost relaxed too much and stopped short of the imaginary finish line. But someone yelled at me and I pressed onward, hands up, breaking the pretend tape.

And that was my only disappointment – my one chance for glory and there was no photo-op tape to be had. But that's OK, since I achieved true local fame the next day when our newspaper reported that I was the women's overall winner in the NSG **10K** snowshoe race with a time of 29:50. Even I was able to do the math – 4 and ½ minute miles. Now all I have to do is sit back and wait for the Redfeather contract to arrive!

Laura Clark

TYMORE SNOWFEST

On Saturday February 6, the WMAC points series had a race in Saratoga Springs, New York, but I stayed home. I ran the Tymore Snowfest 4 mile snowshoe race. A snowshoe race in the Mid-Hudson region was too much to resist. There are some biathlons where the entrants traipse around in wood and rawhide snowshoes and fire at targets with muzzle loaders, but as far as I know, this was the first straight snowshoe race in the region.

Because it's closer than most snowshoe races, Kay and Claudia traveled with me. Not knowing where Tymore Park in Unionvale is, aside from south on the Taconic State Parkway, we arrived about an hour early for the 2:00 PM start. I walked around with Claudia strapped to my back until around 1:40, when I decided it was time to get ready to run. Kay was fit with some Tubbs recreational shoes, and entertained Claudia for the rest of the afternoon.

Temperature was in the 30s, so I only wore a single layer of poly-propylene on top. Everywhere else I dressed normally for snowshoeing. I wore double layers on my hands expecting the occasional touch down into the snow.

16 runners lined up for the start, not a bad field. There was also a one mile run, to start shortly after we cleared the start area. Surprisingly, more than half of the field was from up my way, northern Dutchess county, and greater Kingston in northern Ulster County. I don't know why there were fewer runners from more densely populated southern Dutchess, where the race was held. I knew Tim Schopen was involved with the race, but hoped that somehow he would be able to run. Tim is probably the fastest snowshoer in the Mid-Hudson region. It turns out he was more involved than I realized. As race director, he was too busy running the race to run the race.

I take off pretty hard at the start to get a good position in the field. Before I know it, I'm leading. I don't think this has ever happened to me in a snowshoe race before. What do I do now? I pretty much have two choices. Slow down and get back with the field, or keep pushing. I keep pushing. With my skimpy attire, I realize how much snow I am kicking up. Much of it is arcing into my neck, but it's also hitting me in the head and back. I'll just have to live with it. It's better than sweating in a heavy top.

Thankfully, the four mile course turns off the thoroughly packed main trail and heads up a really steep hill. Most of the course is run in snowmobile tracks, so footing is not a problem. It does a great deal of zigging and zagging, with abrupt ups and downs. It is a mountain bike course, full of the dipsy doodles so beloved by mountain bikers. It makes for a fun snowshoe course as well. During one of the earlier zig-zag sections, I see a pretty good pack a zig and a zag behind me.

As we head towards the next section, I see a sign marking a turn for the one mile course. I've been out well over ten minutes; how can I still be on the one mile course? The answer of course is the one mile course took a more direct route to this point. I wasn't the only 4 miler dumb enough to be confused by this.

There are a great many hills on the course, but none are especially long. It's a good course for motoring. At the next sweeping turn, I notice there is no one behind me. Now pacing becomes all important. I want to run hard, I want to run fast, but I sure don't want to crash and be caught from behind. Unfortunately I have no idea where I am.

With all the diddling around, I don't know how far I have run, and how far it is to the finish. For much of the run, I am convinced I will be out much longer than 40 minutes, making the course longer than the advertised 4 miles. At nearly 30 minutes we cross a road, and run past Tim Schopen who is providing water. I'd ask him how much longer it is, but maybe I don't want to hear the answer. I run around a field and back into some wildly undulating wooded trails. Because of the warmth, the snow is getting very soft in the open sections. Sometimes it is easier to run out of the snowmobile tracks.

From here it is back around some fields, and back across the road. The crossings are marked by huge ribbons of snow dragged onto the road by a snowmobile. I pass some recreational snowshoers as I cruise down some very steep hills. They tell me I'm almost done. Can this really be true? At the next level section, I can see the start/finish area. After a few more switch backs, I hit the short, steep descent to the finish. I actually have a kick left in me, so I push, and finish in 39:46. I guess the course was fair after all.

Bill Harper finishes second in 44 minutes, and after a few more minutes, the rest of the field trickles in. It was an excellent course. Hopefully it becomes a regular part of the local race calendar, snow willing.

Steven Cangemi

BLUE MOUNTAIN

Potsdam resident Jim Allott tore up the trails on Sunday, February 13, in a five-mile snowshoe race up, down and around Blue Mountain, completing the grueling backcountry course in 59 minutes, 49 seconds. Allott finished in second place in last year's contest known as Le Shoe de Blue. Nineteen racers, ranging in age from 13 to 53 years old, were sent off in a mass start from the hiking trailhead on 3,759-foot Blue Mountain. Just 35 minutes after the start, after climbing some 1700 feet up the wooded slope, the first runners crossed the summit.

The race descended a jeep-access road with numerous switchbacks and steep pitches and traversed the mountain on the state hiking trail to Tirrell Pond. The finish line was at the race start, just off Rtes. 28/30. Finishing in second place was Tomoya Yamada, a Paul Smith's College student, with a time of 1 hour, 4 minutes, 30 seconds. Long Lake teacher Gary Baker was third, closely followed by Long Lake Central School senior Tom Donnelly. Veteran trail-runner and snowshoe racer Debbie Briggs, from Rhinebeck, posted the best women's time, 1:24:00.

This year marks the fifth running of the backcountry snowshoe race, which was designated an Empire State Games qualifier for the first time in 2000. Racers came from as far away as West Chazy, Queensbury, New Paltz and Rhinebeck. A group of students from Paul Smith's College participated, accompanied by "Dean of Fun" Jim Tucker, an avid racer and snowshoe designer.

Le Shoe de Blue is one of many outdoor activities held during the Indian Lake Winter Carnival. For information about next year's race, contact the Indian Lake Chamber of Commerce.

Le SHOE de BLUE February 13, 2000 Indian Lake, NY

<u>Name</u>	<u>Town</u>	<u>Summit</u>	<u>Finish</u>
1) Jim Allott	Potsdam	35:18	59:49
2) T Yamada	Paul Smiths	38:48	1:04:30
3) Gary Baker	Long Lake	39:45	1:06:30
4) Tom Donnelly	Long Lake	39:45	1:09:03
5) J McCullough	Paul Smiths	39:00	1:11:47
6) Dustin Grzesik	Paul Smiths	43:00	1:11:49
7) Ron Stevens	Queensbury	39:45	1:13:30
8) David Boles	New Paltz	40:16	1:13:50
9) Dan McLean	Lake Clear	43:20	1:15:55
10) R Dempster	Saranac Lake	43:21	1:15:58
11) Steve Farrell	Paul Smiths	43:00	1:16:33
12) Debbie Briggs	Rhinebeck	45:15	1:24:00
13) Harold Briggs	Rhinebeck	47:47	1:27:06
14) Peter Bauer	Blue Mt. Lake	49:35	1:28:42
15) Kathy Cremen	Lake Katrine	47:21	1:29:29
16) Jim Tucker	Gabriels	52:51	1:35:08
17) Brenda Evans	West Chazy	57:25	1:45:18
18) Nate Hyde	West Chazy	57:25	1:45:18
19) Dean Nervik	Speculator	1:08:14	2:08:00

Note that summit times are approximate.

Thanks to you all for making this year's edition of Le Shoe de Blue a success. Hope you can join us in 2001.

*Best Regards,
Tom Warrington*

WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES
93 BRANDYWINE LANE
SUFFIELD, CT 06078

THANK YOU ALL FOR PARTICIPATING AND SUPPORTING THE SNOWSHOE SERIES!!

WWW.RUNWMAC.COM/SNOWSHOES

The 2000 Western Mass Athletic Club Snowshoe Series ended much the same as the 1999 version did, with Beth Herder and Ken Clark repeating as champions over the five events. To be crowned champion is a difficult task, as the events are basically run over the span of seven weeks, regardless of weather, with all finishes counting toward the total. This set up is sort of like a mini "Tour de France", where being ready to start each leg is half the battle.

Weather played a big role in the 2000 series, as only one event (Saratoga Winterfest 5km) had "great" weather. For the first two event, South Pond Shuffle 4 miler in Florida and Greylock Glen 5km in Adams, the temperature was zero and minus ten, without the wind-chill factored in. With it, Greylock was 30 below zero. Hawley Kiln had a foot of new snow dropped on the course the night before which led to times being on average 20 minutes slower than last year (for 7 miles). The wrap up event, Moody Spring 15km, somehow managed to hold snow when no where else managed it.

Ken Clark didn't win any events outright, but he finished 2nd at the first four events and 3rd at Moody Spring. This was more than enough to take the title for the 2nd consecutive year. Dave Dunham won 3 events and Leigh Schmitt won 2, with Kenny finishing ahead of both Dave and Leigh at least once during the series. Being able to participate at each event weighs heavily for this activity. The four 2nd place finishes by Ken were by a combined 31 seconds (5 seconds at South Pond, 2 seconds at Greylock, 9 seconds at Saratoga and 15 seconds at Hawley Kiln).

Beth Herder had such an incredible start to the series that she was able to sit out from racing the final event at Moody Springs, and handled the finish line instead. She was in the top ten for overall finishes at almost every event, mirroring her performance from a year ago.

The 3rd annual snowshoe series concluded with the two longest events, Hawley Kiln Classic 7 miler and Moody Spring 15Km, in Dubuque State Forest, Hawley, Massachusetts. Participants ranged in age from Bryan Dragon, 16, to Richard Busa and Leon Beverly both in their 70's.

The Hawley Kiln event was held February 19th, the day after the season's largest snowfall, making for pristine conditions along the seven mile route beginning and ending at the Hawley Fire Station. 45 participants snowshoed their way through a foot of fresh snow, past hemlocks and hardwoods, and over downed trees and across streams to the allure of a hot bowl of chili at the finish. Leigh Schmitt of South Deerfield, MA repeated as winner of the race in a time of 1:17:49, and to indicate the difficulty of the snow conditions, his time was twenty minutes slower than a year ago. On the ladies side, Tracey Van Dyke of Lake Lazerne, NY finished a remarkable 4th overall to take the ladies title with a time of 1:29:17. The event benefits the Hawley Fire Fighters Association, and a donation was once again made to their cause.

The two weeks after the Hawley Kiln race brought warming temperatures that wiped out most snow from southern New England. It was with pleasant surprise that the Moody Spring 15km race was held on March 4th in West Hawley. It is doubtful that this event could have been held anywhere outside a ski resort at this date in southern New England. Olympic Marathon Trials competitor Dave Dunham from Branford, MA was the fist of 44 competitors, winning the inaugural Moody Spring race in 1:10:30. Angie DeFilippi ventured down from Colchester, VT to win the ladies title in 1:33:07, good for 8th place overall. Steve Roulier, weekend sports anchor from TV 22 News out of Springfield, MA covered the race for NBC and also completed the 15km snowshoe event in a time of 1:47:50. Afterward all competitors and volunteers assembled for opening day at South Face Farm Sugar House, enjoying a little more natural enrichment from the nearby forest via maple syrup on their pancakes.

The two Hawley events in Dubuque State Forest wrap up a successful season of snowshoeing in southern New England. The snowshoe series finished it's 3rd official year, with 125 different individuals competing at the five races. Thanks everyone for participating!

Edward Alibozek