

WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES 2001

SNOWSHOE SIZE 8" X 25" REQUIREMENT

The applications for each individual event in the six race WMAC Snowshoe Series state very clearly that we have a 8" x 25" minimum snowshoe size requirement. The middle two events have suddenly opened us up to the popularity of smaller (7" x 20") snowshoes.

We are not going to change the size requirement half way through the season. I don't think any of the race directors are too interested in measuring every participants pair of shoes, either. We believe that snowshoe size should be on the honor system. If you are participating at our events, and you own smaller than the regulation 8" x 25" snowshoes, you have a couple of options.

First, you can use your smaller shoes, and participate in the event. Just alert us ahead of time when you check in that you own non-regulation shoes for the WMAC events. We will place your time and place correctly in the scheme of the event, but you will be granted points from the bottom up. If you are not participating at enough events to be eligible for age group titles, then this is really not that big a deal for the race or you.

A better option, though, is to contact the race director ahead of time to see if there are any loaner snowshoes available for you to use for the day. This would help us avoid many potential finish conflicts. And it is the fairest way to participate in the events.

Last season, the difference between just the top three male racers at the WMAC Series was incredibly close. At South Pond, Leigh Schmitt finished 5 and 18 seconds ahead of Ken Clark and Dave Dunham. At Greylock Glen, Dave Dunham finished 2 seconds ahead of Kenny Clark. At Saratoga Winterfest, Dave was 9 seconds up on Kenny and 28 seconds ahead of Leigh. Finally, at the Kiln, Leigh finished only 15 seconds ahead of Kenny for a 7 mile snowshoe race in rugged conditions.

The point is, if you place lighter, shorter snowshoes on any of the three guys mentioned above, then they most likely win every event over the other two wearing the old standard 8" x 25" pair. The events are just very closely decided. And this is only the example of the top three guys. If we were to look at many of the other age group categories, I am sure we would find other closely competed races. It isn't right that winning should be decided by equipment, rather than heart and conditioning. Unless someone or some snowshoe manufacturer generously donates enough 7" x 20" racing model snowshoes for each of our WMAC participants, then lets all try to keep it fair.

Finally, if we hadn't had the size requirement posted on our applications for the last four years, we could see the confusion. We would feel badly about people buying the smaller racing shoes and feeling left out of our events. But the size requirement has been available right in the center of each race application since 1998. Please observe the size requirements, at least through the 2001 season. It is the fairest thing to do, for every participant in the WMAC Snowshoe Series.

POINTS LEADERS WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES 2001

Top twenty spots, after four events.

(South Pond (SP), Greylock Glen (GG), Frostfare (FF) & Winterfest (WF)).

NAME	AGE	TOT	WF	FF	GG	SP
Ken Clark	38	286	81	76	49	80
Bob Dion	45	274.5	76	74	46.5	78
Tom Skrocki	40	242	69	68	38	67
Leigh Schmitt	28	240	82	77		81
David Boles	54	230	63	64	39	64
Gene Primomo	43	213	73	70		70
Dave Dunham	36	210		78	50	82
Edward Alibozek	38	188	72	72	44	
Kelly Harrington	26	183		73	42	68
Bob Worsham	55	179		65	41	73
Robert Molnar	25	164.5		37.5	48	79
Ed Alibozek Jr.	61	156	61		37	58
Tim Austin	30	152	75			77
James Ruddock	33	148		59	34	55
Ron Moon	62	147	55	51		41
Paul Evangelista	31	140	71	69		
Karl Molitoris	45	134	54		32	48
Richard Busa	71	132	41	36	20	35
Tim DiGiulio	39	131	68	63		
Michael Robertson	28	129	67	62		
Carol Kane	55	194	58	54	31	51
Lisa Deggendorf	26	128	52		29	47
Tracey Van Dyke	36	123	62	61		
Darlene McCarthy	38	121	51		27	43
Beth Herder	42	112			43	69
Barbara Sorrell	43	106	42	32		32
Claudine Preite	34	99	40		23	36
Debbie Briggs	49	95	47	48		
Elaine Lutzker	50	94	48	46		
Laura Clark	53	92		33	19	40
Gwen Williams	42	92	49	43		
Heather Mason	21	87	45	42		
Maureen Roberts	43	75	37	38		
JoAnn Spinelli	49	69	35	34		
Theresa Hance	37	56	56			
Lisa Swan	29	55		40	15	
Mary Quinn	38	54	25	29		
Lori Christina	40	53	21	16		16
Aurora Lamperetta	28	52	22	30		
Marcia Whitney	48	50	50			

overall winning scores are bold

REMAINING 2001 WMAC SNOWSHOE SCHEDULE

Saturday, March 3, 2001	9:30 A.M
2nd Annual MOODY SPRINGS	15km & 10km
Dubuque State Forest	West Hawley, MA
Edward Alibozek edtrnews@yahoo.com	860-668-7484

1st Annual FROSTFARE 4 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE**WMAC****January 27, 2001****Saratoga Battlefield, Stillwater, NY WMAC**

01. Dave Dunham	36	Bradford, MA	26:27	78 pts
02. Leigh Schmitt	28	S. Deerfield, MA	27:25	77 pts
03. Ken Clark	38	Somers, CT	28:58	76 pts
04. Chris Lynch	16	Schenectady, NY	31:28	75 pts
05. Bob Dion	45	Readsboro, VT	32:05	74 pts
06. Kelly Herrington	26	Schenectady, NY	33:45	73 pts
07. Edward Alibozek	38	Suffield, CT	33:58	72 pts
08. Norm Hecker	40	Glens Falls, NY	34:24	71 pts
09. Gene Primomo	43	Delmar, NY	35:02	70 pts
10. Paul Evangelista	31	Albany, NY	35:21	69 pts
11. Thomas Skrocki	40	Amesbury, MA	36:17	68 pts
12. Jim Preite	37	N. Adams, MA	36:36	67 pts
13. Larry Dragon	40	Cheshire, MA	36:44	66 pts
14. Bob Worsham	55	Woodstock, CT	36:57	65 pts
15. Dave Boles	54	New Paltz, NY	37:01	64 pts
16. Tim DiGiulio	39	Mechanicville, NY	37:09	63 pts
17. Michael Robertson	28	Gansevoort, NY	37:17	62 pts
18. Tracey VanDyke	36	Lake Luzerne, NY	37:30	61 pts
19. Darryl Menard	37	Morrisonville, NY	38:02	60 pts
20. James Ruddock	33	S. Deerfield, MA	38:44	59 pts
21. Paul Hartwig	45	Adams, MA	38:50	58 pts
22. Greg Ward	40	Scotia, NY	39:13	57 pts
23. Scott Bradley	46	Pittsfield, MA	39:28	56 pts
24. Rich McIntyre	38	Rochester, NY	39:32	55 pts
25. Carol Kane	55	Weston, CT	39:38	54 pts
26. Steve Mitchell	59	Gansevoort, NY	40:42	53 pts
27. Jeff Allen	55	Saratoga, NY	41:16	52 pts
28. Ron Moon	63	Pittsfield, MA	41:55	51 pts
29. Mitchel Gaites	51	Latham, NY	42:00	50 pts
30. Fred Miller	42	Middle Grove, NY	42:13	49 pts
31. Debbie Briggs	49	Rhinebeck, NY.	42:57	48 pts
32. Charles Trimarchi	54	Albany, NY.	43:17	47 pts
33. Elaine Lutzker	50	Saratoga, NY	43:47	46 pts
34. Bill Herrington	52	Pittsford, VT	44:05	45 pts
35. Rachel Schabot	32	Bloomington, NY	44:18	44 pts
36. Gwen Williams	42	Scotia, NY	44:31	43 pts
37. Heather Mason	21	Schenectady, NY	44:41	42 pts
38. Keith Decker	38	Clifton Park, NY	44:44	41 pts
39. Lisa Swan	29	Albany, NY	44:57	40 pts
40. Ted Greve	60	Gansevoort, NY	45:33	39 pts
41. Maureen Roberts	43	Gansevoort, NY	46:03	38 pts
42. Mark Syrett	52	Hampden, MA	46:17	37 pts
43. Richard Busa	71	Marlboro, MA	46:25	36 pts
44. William Primomo	45	Albany, NY	47:05	35 pts
45. JoAnn Spinelli	49	Latham, NY	47:17	34 pts
46. Laura Clark	53	Saratoga, NY	47:25	33 pts
47. Barbara Sorrell	43	Delmar, NY	47:46	32 pts
48. Penny Sheedy	42	Clifton Park, NY	48:47	31 pts
49. Aurora Lamperetta	28	Saratoga, NY	49:52	30 pts
50. Mary Quinn	38	Waterford, NY	50:36	29 pts
51. Brett Siebert	34	Schenectady, NY	50:55	28 pts
52. Jim Carlson	53	Gansevoort, NY	51:21	27 pts
53. Jessica Hageman	25	Ballston Spa, NY	52:37	26 pts
54. Phil Catchpole	53	Ballston Lake, NY	53:46	25 pts
55. Greg Taylor	54	Delmar, NY	53:46	24 pts
56. Stan Tiska	43	Hinsdale, MA	54:55	23 pts
57. John Sabin	31	Worcester, MA	56:03	22 pts
58. Carol Trombley	42	Latham, NY	56:26	21 pts
59. Joan Bleikamp	47	Saratoga, NY	56:45	20 pts
60. Mary Ann McNamara	43	Clifton Park, NY	57:16	19 pts
61. Konrad Karolczuk	48	Windsor Lcks, CT	57:20	18 pts
62. Gary Emery	53	Scotia, NY	57:59	17 pts
63. Lori Ann Christina	40	Clifton Park, NY	59:53	16 pts
64. Garry Beale	53	Saratoga, NY	1:00:06	15 pts
65. Gotha Swann	50	Pittsfield, MA.	1:00:27	14 pts
66. Jules Seltzer	65	Tyringham, MA	1:02:46	13 pts
67. Dee Shufelt	53	Ballston Spa, NY	1:02:52	12 pts

68. Ann Hassig	37	Ballston Spa, NY	1:03:53	11 pts
69. Jeff Clark	54	Saratoga, NY	1:06:14	10 pts
70. Alice Zeiger	64	Gansevoort, NY	1:07:16	09 pts
71. John Singer	58	Gansevoort, NY	1:10:06	08 pts
72. Chris Brown	41	Glens Falls, NY	1:14:43	07 pts
73. Meg Dunne	41	Rosendale, NY	1:15:30	06 pts
74. Chris Dunne	41	Rosendale, NY	1:15:31	05 pts
75. James Stapleton	25	Rotterdam, NY	1:30:37	04 pts
76. Abby Zoldowski	29	Albany, NY	1:30:37	03 pts
77. Kim Tibbert	20		1:30:37	02 pts
78. Robert Molnar **	25	Bradford, MA	30:51	37.5 pt

** (Broke Snowshoe)

Thank you Tony Mangano, Race Director of the 1st Annual Frostfare Snowshoe Race. Your efforts are appreciated!

MIRAGE

Frost Faire Snowshoe 2001 Saratoga Battlefield National Park

1777- Patriots defeat Burgoyne's British Army at Saratoga. America's greatest military triumph in the Revolutionary War.

2001 - 1st Annual Frost Faire 4.2 Mile Snowshoe Race. What a contrast, and then again, not so much has changed. Maybe less than we think.

The musket fire start to the race seemed to slowly transport me back in time. I was racing down the downhill start and then I was running on the flats and then I lost all sense of racing and started seeing images in the field and just over the rolling hills and sensing something out there. Just beyond the path, just out of reach, just out of sight, but nevertheless, there. Feeling a presence, glimpsing a form. A figure. There and not there. It disappeared in the woods, but was always there in the fields. Standing there, watching. It was there and gone... there and gone... like a mirage.

I could make out shapes of the leaders bopping along at the head of the race. They would bop up the rolling hills and out of sight. I could name them, by the colors of their clothes and marveled that I have never been able to do that in a race, other than an out and back.

You could see so far ahead that sometimes it was discouraging to look at how far you had to run to be up to where they were. It preoccupied me for a while and took away the mirages. It was something solid to think about, something familiar to hold on to. Something real. Something I knew...

Then that security vanished. I passed through a portal into the unknown again. Not quite ominous, harmless yet threatening at the same time. There was something very wrong here. Unaware of my heart racing, racing, racing... not quite fear... not quite anxiety... Strangeness enveloped me and suddenly I wanted this race to be over, now, at that moment. I wanted to be back among friends, to stop seeing whatever it was that I kept seeing and feeling. I wanted to be up that hill and didn't know if I had the strength to run it. I called it up and reached down and suddenly the turn to the right and the up stretch to the finish loomed ahead. I went for it and came back to real. Left all that behind... grateful, grateful... I glanced back down the hill from the present to the past and swear I saw something just down the trail and off to the side. I turned my back on history... or is it?

LEFT BEHIND AT THE SARATOGA BATTLEFIELD

Battle at Saratoga Snow shoe race...

We arrived a bit late. Slug was off, he had wisely readied himself by dressing for the race. He confessed that he learned this trick from the much loved "Mountain Missy".

Kim was more together than I. I had to change and groom a bit after the gun went off.

Wow, I thought (as I changed), a battlefield. What ever would those who died here think of a snow shoe race?

I went to the mirror and adjusted my hat. As I put my glasses on I noticed my blue eyes had turned a lustering dark shimmering darkness. The transformation had begun.

I put my glasses on so the others would not notice as I passed them on my way outside. What is happening this time I thought? I bent over to secure my snow shoes and could see my hands, but not my hands. They were now darker, more ruddy, yet younger.

I started out alone with this mysterious spirit gaining control. Soon, I came upon the young 20 year old Kimmie, as she was skipping along. I hailed her on my way by, enjoying her smile and words. I was moving a bit quick for me to get the asthmatic response flushed as soon as possible.

I hoped she did not notice me changing. At the bottom of the hill I looked down, the snow shoes were gone and my running shoes were now raw hide moccasins. In my hands I carried a musket. My fleece top was now smooth deer hide, as were my pants. A bit of fur around my neck, a black braid from the side of my head and the other side cut short.

This topped with a flood of emotion, staggering my mind. White liar's, the thought of white liar's rang in though me.

Now I could here the cannons fire, distant at first but soon loud and close. The dull thud of gun fire filled my ears as now did the smoke and stench of the powder. I heard a mini ball whizz by, sounding much like a bee. I thought for a second of bee's and summer. I love bees and their song. I smiled, just as a hot lead ball tore through my shoulder causing me to fall...

Blood sprayed across the white snow. I gained my feet and looked back. "Evil British", I thought. He was there among the trees, reloading. He would not have time, I was on my feet and moving.

I cursed both the British and the Rebels. My grandfather warned me of the white man and his lies. Now they kill each other for our land. I felt shame that I had joined the white man to fight their own king over my ancestors land.

I fell down a short slope and the gun slid into the wet snow rendering it useless. Guns... the cowards way to fight... to kill coldly from a distance and not feel the pain or see the fear of the dying. But, the battle was raging. I left the wet useless gun behind. I had my war club and the knife my father gave me in my belt. I soon was in pursuit of 3 across the icy slopes. The closest turned and fired his gun, the ball tore through the outside edge of my thigh. I could not feel it. No, not now. I thought of my woman, my sons, and my daughters. What would life bring them?

He screamed a feeble scream as he tested his skill with his bayonet. I sent his crying spirit hurling through the gates of his Christian hell with a single blow from my war club. His scalp now mine as I let out a war cry to the other two. The death of their friend tore their spirit from their hearts.

They pushed on but were faltering. They turned, each firing their guns. One ball screeched past my head, the second cut into my side. It burned horribly. I rushed on, giving them no time to reload.

I looked around, the falling snow, the light mist, the great spirit could offer no better time to die...

The gun powder spilled on the snow as well as our blood as I set upon them. I was now trudging along, coming upon them one by one. Finally, I reached them. As I ran the last hill the snow spattered beneath me with blood from the scalps and from my wounds. I rounded the corner and took down one more, my chest heaving.

I felt a dull thud as the ball entered my chest. Still moving to the finish line I cried out, "what does your clock say?"

"Where is your number?", they cried. "You're a bandit!"

My time, like the spirit in my body, would not count.

The spirit and I staggered. I was gaining my breath but he was losing his. The lovely corn maiden was there. She reached out to take his hand. I held out mine but, she took him across the water to the other side to meet with his long lost ancestors and to be free...

I was left behind...

I could not find the skyrocket, to share his beer. We looked and set out posse... but, alas we lost him....

It was super to see all my friends. I believe, I knew most there. Super good time for a first run event.

*Firm Hugs to All,
Stan*

FROSTFARE AGE GROUP WINNERS

16 - 19	Chris Lynch	Schenectady, NY	31:28
20 - 24	Heather Mason	Schenectady, NY	44:41
25 - 29	Leigh Schmitt Lisa Swan	S. Deerfield, MA Albany, NY	27:25 44:57
30 - 34	Paul Evangelista Rachel Schabot	Albany, NY Bloomington, NY	35:21 44:18
35 - 39	Dave Dunham Tracey VanDyke	Bradford, MA Lake Luzerne, NY	26:27 37:30
40 - 44	Norm Hecker Gwen Williams	Glens Falls, NY Scotia, NY	34:24 44:31
45 - 49	Bob Dion Debbie Briggs	Readsboro, VT Rhinebeck, NY.	32:05 42:57
50 - 54	Dave Boles Elaine Lutzker	New Paltz, NY Saratoga, NY	37:01 43:47
55 - 59	Bob Worsham Carol Kane	Woodstock, CT Weston, CT	36:57 39:38
60 - 69	Ron Moon Alice Zeiger	Pittsfield, MA Gansevoort, NY	41:55 67:16
65 - 69	Jules Seltzer	Tyringham, MA	62:46
70 - 79	Richard Busa	Marlboro, MA	46:25

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Imagine running a race on the fields of Gettysburg or in the shrouded darkness of the Argonne Forest. Impossible, you might say, what with the super-vigilant park rangers and hordes of noisy tourist groups. Perhaps even slightly disrespectful to those who so swiftly lost their lives and the promise of many tomorrows.

But this is what we, in fact did with this inaugural snowshoe race at the Saratoga National Park. We did not reverently skirt around the edges of the park in our tourist mobiles, stopping now and then to read historical markers. We were there, in the thick of things, running right along with those ever-present soldiers marching into battle. For we followed the very route utilized by the advancing British army.

On the Wilkinson Trail, named in honor of Lt. James Wilkinson who did the original mapping, we were mainly concerned about the size of the hills, whether there was enough room for passing, when the water stop was, and whether we'd have the determination to do our best all the way to the end. And guess what? Those still are the chief concerns of all the ghost soldiers marching in tandem along with us. Would they be able to drag their cannon up those steep hills, would they find enough to eat and drink, and most importantly, would they have the strength to endure whatever was asked of them? The major difference was that they did not know exactly how long it would take them to reach the battle or exactly where on the trail it might occur, while we were engaged in battle as soon as we fired our stopwatches.

While racing, it is difficult to recall much more than blurred scenery and vague impressions, but some points still stand out. Who could forget that musket send-off that lurched us back into the eighteenth century? Decision Point C, the end/start of the loop where Pete Finley was stationed, camera in hand, shooting away, was the site of the Bremen redoubt, a temporary German/British fortification. Crossing over the road and into the woods, we can almost see the soldiers straining to maneuver supply wagons and cannons on the narrow trails. And we gripe about the difficulty of passing just one person on a single-track trail!

While we try our best not to stumble over any fallen branches or run headlong into trees stationed randomly in the center of the trail, Gen. Bergoyne's soldiers welcomed this woods, however inconveniently the trees were placed. His troops were running a more strategic, less hurried race where an abundant wood supply meant strong fortifications and warm campfires. Crossing into the clearing, the hungry British soldiers rejoiced at discovering crops ready for the harvest, while at the same time we toasted the half-way point with a welcome cupful of water.

As we re-enter the woods, we notice a subtle difference. With the initial adrenaline rush long gone and the halfway point behind us, we realize the most difficult section looms ahead. Packs thin out and we struggle along singly or in pairs. This relatively young forest was actually a field during revolutionary times and marks the site of a major British encampment. An expectant, watchful stillness prevails as we sense flickering campfires and hear whispers of long-ago stories and prayers. There is no avoiding the coming battle for either past or present campaigners.

After a few very steep hills, we emerge into the open once again and gradually shake off the feeling of being watched by hundreds of unblinking eyes. One more hill and our feet become overwhelmingly heavy. It is almost impossible to drag one foot in front of the other. We feel the foreboding of our fellow travelers in a parallel time zone as they enter the battle zone. For it is here, at Station M, where hundreds of soldiers lost their lives and were hastily, and not too thoroughly, buried where they fell. We are traversing hallowed ground and honoring the dead with our effort and determination. This is something we both understand.

While death stopped many, we must continue to the long, final uphill, with the Visitor's Center teasingly distant, seemingly unreachable. But the memories or the ghost soldiers push us along, somersaulting us forward into the present, a present we earned with the help of past adventurers.

*We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day tat sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.*

Henry V, Act iv, sc.3 (Westmoreland)

PS. There have been many reports of stange lights, loud noises, galloping horses and marching soldiers by tourists, campers and even the park rangers themselves. Are they the result of overactive imaginations, ghostly memories or the soldiers themselves who wish to ensure that their sacrifices will not be overlooked?

Laura Clark

WINTERFEST AGE GROUP WINNERS

01 - 19	Justin McCarthy	N. Adams, MA	36:42
20 - 24	Heather Mason Todd Venetz	Schenectady, NY Saratoga NY	30:54 34:07
25 - 29	Leigh Schmitt Lisa Deggendorf	S. Deerfield, MA S Deerfield, MA	20:00 28:32
30 - 34	Tim Austin Claudine Preite	Albany, NY N. Adams, MA	23:27 32:18
35 - 39	Ken Clark Tracey Van Dyke	Somers, CT Lake Luzerne, NY	20:32 26:33
40 - 44	Michael Jordan Gwen Williams	Saratoga, NY Scotia, NY	21:44 29:53
45 - 49	Bob Dion Marcia Whitney	Readsboro, VT Saratoga, NY	23:21 28:57
50 - 54	Dave Boles Elaine Lutzker	New Paltz, NY Saratoga, NY	26:26 29:42
55 - 59	Jeffrey Allen Carol Kane	Saratoga, NY Weston, CT	27:24 27:32
60 - 69	John Pelton Marge Rajczewski	W. Rupert, VT Clifton Park, NY	24:14 40:57
65 - 69	Bob McFarland	Schnectady, NY	37:36
70 - 79	Richard Busa	Marlboro, MA	32:03

CHANGES

Hush, listen, do you hear the new sounds?
Crunch, crackle.
Slow, careful, sense the changed trail?
Slipping, sliding.
Breath, deeply, can you feel the air freeze?
Crisp, chill.
Glance, ponder, see the new sights?
Glimmery, glistening.
Ah, new sounds, feels, and sights - the seasons have turned.
Enjoy the newness, the freshness, its own special beauty.
For each season has special gifts for us to enjoy.

2nd Annual SARATOGA WINTERFEST 5k SNOWSHOE RACE

WMAC February 4th, 2001 SPA Park, Saratoga, NY WMAC

1. Leigh Schmitt	28	S Deerfield, MA	20:00	82 pts
2. Ken Clark	38	Somers, CT	20:32	81 pts
3. Michael Halstead	35	Stoneridge, NY	21:26	80 pts
4. Alex Sherwood	25	New Paltz, NY	21:30	79 pts
5. Michael Jordan	41	Saratoga, NY	21:44	78 pts
6. Brian Hickey	28	Kingston, NY	22:35	77 pts
7. Bob Dion	45	Readsboro, VT	23:21	76 pts
8. Tim Austin	30	Albany, NY	23:27	75 pts
9. Stuart Dutfield	45	Catskill, NY	23:57	74 pts
10. Gene Primimo	43	Delmar, NY	23:58	73 pts
11. Edward Alibozek	38	Suffield, CT	23:59	72 pts
12. Paul Evangelista	31	Albany, NY	24:04	71 pts
13. John Pelton	61	West Rupert, VT	24:14	70 pts
14. Thomas Skrocki	40	Amesbury, MA	24:57	69 pts
15. Tom DiGulio	39	Mechanicville, NY	25:31	68 pts
16. Michael Robertson	28	Gansevoort, NY	25:40	67 pts
17. Phil Borgese	41	Niskayuna, NY	25:55	66 pts
18. Dave Dangert	40	Ballston Spa, NY	26:04	65 pts
19. Gregory Ward	40	Scotia, NY	26:06	64 pts
20. David Boles	54	New Paltz, NY	26:26	63 pts
21. Tracey Van Dyke	36	Lake Luzerne, NY	26:33	62 pts
22. Ed Alibozek, Jr	61	Adams, MA	26:52	61 pts
23. Fred Miller	42	Guylar, NY	27:12	60 pts
24. Jeffrey Allen	55	Saratoga, NY	27:24	59 pts
25. Carol Kane	55	Weston, CT	27:32	58 pts
26. Dennis Fillmore	48	Ballston Spa, NY	27:35	57 pts
27. Theresa Hance	37	Clifton Park, NY	27:48	56 pts
28. Ron Moon	63	Pittsfield, MA	27:59	55 pts
29. Karl Molitoris	45	Stafford, CT	28:23	54 pts
30. Sean Dolton	32	Ballston Spa, NY	28:27	53 pts
31. Lisa Deggendorf	26	S Deerfield, MA	28:32	52 pts
32. Darlene McCarthy	38	North Adams MA	28:53	51 pts
33. Marcia Whitney	48	Saratoga, NY	28:57	50 pts
34. Gwen Williams	42	Scotia, NY	29:53	49 pts
35. Elaine Lutzker	50	Saratoga, NY	29:42	48 pts
36. Debbie Briggs	49	Rhinebeck, NY	30:25	47 pts
37. Chuck Trimarchi	54	Albany, NY	30:53	46 pts
38. Heather Mason	21	Schenectady, NY	30:54	45 pts
39. Bob DeMarco	49	Saratoga NY	30:55	44 pts
40. John Braymer	37	Salem, NY	31:08	43 pts
41. Barbara Sorrell	43	Delmar, NY	32:02	42 pts
42. Richard Busa	71	Marlboro, MA	32:03	41 pts
43. Claudine Preite	34	North Adams, MA	32:18	40 pts
44. James Preite	37	North Adams, MA	32:18	39 pts
45. Clover Schwartz	37	Saratoga NY	32:22	38 pts
46. Maureen Roberts	43	Williamstown, MA	32:28	37 pts
47. Mark Boudreau	36	Galway, NY	32:47	36 pts
48. Joann Spinelli	47	Latham, NY	32:55	35 pts
49. Deb Crotty	52	Ballston Spa, NY	33:31	34 pts
50. Robert Trimarchi	31	Clifton Park, NY	33:33	33 pts
51. Todd Venetz	23	Saratoga NY	34:07	32 pts
52. Mary Stewart	42	Saratoga, NY	35:18	31 pts
53. Neil Hannon	52	Saratoga, NY	35:19	30 pts
54. Jim Carlson	53	Gansevoort, NY	35:47	29 pts
55. Brian McCarthy	40	North Adams, MA	36:12	28 pts
56. Gerry Fogerty	47	Ballston Spa, NY	36:34	27 pts
57. Justin McCarthy	11	North Adams, MA	36:42	26 pts
58. Mary Quinn	38	Waterford, NY	36:46	25 pts
59. Greg Taylor	54	Delmar, NY	36:47	24 pts
60. Darren Drabeck	26	Saratoga, NY	36:51	23 pts
61. Aurora Lamperetta	28	Saratoga, NY	37:05	22 pts
62. Lori Christina	40	Clifton Park, NY	37:11	21 pts
63. Cathy Taylor	44	Gansevoort, NY	37:21	20 pts
64. Bob McFarland	67	Schnectady, NY	37:36	19 pts
65. Judy Trief	37	Saratoga, NY	37:44	18 pts
66. Lisa Valentine	39	Ballston Spa, NY	37:44	17 pts
67. Meg O' Leary	30	Saratoga NY	38:13	16 pts

68 Carol Trombley	50	Albany, NY	38:48	15 pts
69 Eric Sanborn	37	Wilton, NY	38:58	14 pts
70 Tim Williams	42	Saratoga, NY	39:24	13 pts
71 Konrad Karolczuk	48	Winds Locks, CT	39:42	12 pts
72 Randall Palmer	46	Saratoga, NY	39:58	11 pts
73 Marge Rajczewski	61	Clifton Park, NY	40:57	10 pts
74 Michelle Filiault	33	Adams, MA	47:36	9 pts
75 Larry Dragon	40	Cheshire, MA	47:37	8 pts
76 Diane Gulbrandson	38	Saratoga, NY	47:47	7 pts
77 Meg Dunne	41	Rosendale, NY	53:35	6 pts
78 Chris Dunne	41	Rosendale, NY	53:36	5 pts
79 Veronica Keck	25	Ballston Spa, NY	60:05	4 pts
80 Theresa Keck	48	Ballston Spa	60:06	3 pts
81 Suzanne Wonder	40	Saratoga, NY	61:29	2 pts
82 Robert Columbine	70	Wells, NY	61:38	1 pt

SNOWSHOE COURSE DIFFICULTY

Prodded on by the ever-inciting Farmer, I took it upon myself to think a bit about our snowshoe courses and how, if at all possible, we could come up with a "rating" system for the lot of them. Most of you are probably saying "just run the thing" and a course rating isn't worth a piss-hole in the snow. I agree, but on the other hand, I also think that most of us have a desire to compare what we've done to other accomplishments and that is hard to do if we're comparing apples to aardvarks. If we had a rating system, we then could equate (...no, not the Wal-Mart Equate, Woodstock...) one race result with that of a different race and thus determine if we're improving or eating too many pork chops, etc. This would also give us one more thing to argue about during our trips to and from races!! So regarding the development of a snowshoe course rating system, I've figured...

...it can't be done! At least not in the true sense of a snowshoe race-course difficulty number.

You could calculate a course rating for that course as if run during the summer (as we've done in the past for trail races) but this would only take under consideration the course's length and terrain (assuming the runner's fitness level is constant). You could calculate a relative rating (comparing one runner's time to the winner's) but that would only give you your comparative fitness level. You could calculate lots of things lots of ways, but if you can't quantify (and I can't) the single-most important factor in a winter course's make-up, your rating is worth as much as a 19-hand in cribbage. This single-most important thing is the snow. If you can't factor it in you can't come up with a comparison factor to be used comparing one snowshoe race to another snowshoe race.

Examples of how snow can make all the difference in the world are as follows. A typical world-class 400meter race is won in 44 seconds +/- 2%. The NYC marathon is won in 2:09 +/- 2%. The Escarpment trail run is won in 2:58 +/- 2%. The South Pond Shuffle snowshoe race is won in about 40 minutes +/- 25% (ranging from 30:19 to 51:20). It not like the hills of Savoy grew or shrank, or there was a different winner. These stayed the same! But what DID change was the surface on which the race was run on. Another example of how snow may affect the times (and thus the potential course rating) is that Schmitt's 1999 time at Savoy was almost as slow as his 1999 time at Hawley... and Hawley is almost twice as long and is more hilly! Does this mean that Savoy is harder than Hawley? Answer: It depends on the snow. It will always depend on the snow! Damn near everything else is moot.

In closing, I just can't come up with a meaningful way of determining the "toughness (or lack thereof) of the snow" and thus can't figure out a snowshoe course rating system. If anyone can, please do so. Or maybe I secretly really don't want to so I can argue either side of any discussion about which of two snowshoe races is harder...!

THE JINGLE BELL 5K SNOWSHOE RACE

Several Saratoga Stryders, Tony Mangano, Jeff Clark and myself, got a head start on the snowshoe season by journeying to Paul Smith's College for the Jingle Bell 5k. We also had our own hidden agendas. As a newcomer to the fascinating world of race directorship, Tony was eager to appropriate any and all innovative practices and apply them to his own Frost Faire event. I was eager to test myself on the Empire State Games course, and Jeff really wanted to talk kayaking with Jim Tucker, snowshoeing and canoeing/kayaking coach at the college. We were also eager to meet Jim's alternative Striders (note the "i"). Joining us were WMAC's Paul Young, Nikki Kimball and Dave Boles. So between Stryders and WMACers, people who traveled long distances outnumbered those student Striders who simply had to roll out of bed.

The race itself was a wonderful romp on the ADK Interpretative Center trails. Had I bothered to really read the race application, I would have realized that my quest for Empire State Games greatness was automatically doomed to failure; I had assumed the race would be on the campus. But even if that were the case, I still wouldn't have gotten a jump on the competition. Because of the surprise number of Capitol Region people who showed up last year, Jim is rerouting the course to another location better able to handle large groups of people stomping through the woods.

With the demise of this competitive fantasy, I retreated to the back of the pack, figuring that only gung-ho athletes would risk defying the current winter disaster advisory for freezing rain. Considering the size of the race, this still placed me in sight of the leaders. The trails were wide, perfect for passing, and, much to my amazement, I actually passed a few people, even Tony, who was momentarily sidelined by a wayward snowshoe strap. This put me in the lead of my small group, responsible for making wise choices at ambiguous decision points. Although it seems as if this should be a no-brainer, simply follow the tracks of the real leaders, it was not always that simple. Other people do use the same trails, and some of them were out there at the same time we were racing, all diligently laying down their own set of tracks in the wrong (to us, anyway) direction. Furthermore, a trail which seems clearly apparent to the person marking it is not always as easily distinguishable to someone who is running hard and trying not to get lost, mainly by staring down at their feet. Although Tony and I were both impressed by Jim's orange flags and his billboard-like arrow signs, we were still left with moments of Doubt and Indecision. The orange flags tended to clump together congenially at most, but not all of the intersections. The assumption that we should stick to the main trail unless otherwise flagged down, did not always work for the deep thinkers in the group. It would have been nice if a few orange flags had decided to leave the pack and lead the way.

There seemed to be two main stumbling points. The first occurred well into the race when we were suddenly confronted by a well-packed trail to the left and a more homemade one that veered sharply to the right. This trail seemed to have the correct number of snowshoe prints, plus it was the out-of-the-way, jokey kind of side trip favored by trail race directors seeking to spice up the course. For those of us who tend to favor the road less traveled, however, it proved too tempting to resist. And as more of us succumbed, the overlapping snowshoe prints added layers of validity.

Although I hesitated, wrestling with Doubts and Deep Thoughts, I followed my first instinct, validating one of the axioms I formed during my test-taking school days: "Your first impulse is usually correct." It was the second stumbling point that got me. This occurred at the almost-end of the race where one billboard sign pointed to the right and another one directly across from it pointed to the left. Which to believe? Which is the real sign and which is the pretend sign? At this point in any competition, thinking tends toward the fuzzy side. I clearly remembered that we began on the right side of the museum, so naturally I followed the friendly arrow pointed to the right. But I forgot about stage right and stage left and should have trusted the left arrow to take me to the right. But I was not alone. Both Paul and Nikki, following similar logic, also got to finish twice.

This leaves us with still more points to ponder. Was our first time or our second time our real finish time? Was I second woman overall or fourth? One fact, however, is irrefutable: I did finish behind the woman who won this year's Whiteface Mountain Uphill Road Race. What an accomplishment! Just don't ask how many women had entered!

Laura Clark

5K JINGLE BELL SNOWSHOE RACE

Adirondack Park Visitor's Interpretive Center

Paul Smiths, NY

December 16, 2000

01. Nikki Kimball	Elizabethtown, NY	29:07
02. Paul Young	Elizabethtown, NY	29:07
03. Glen Larson	Canton, NY	34:46
04. Tomoya Yamada	Paul Smith's College	34:52
05. Laura Clark	Saratoga Spings, NY	37:19
06. David Boles	New Paultz, NY	38:16
07. Kirk Peterson	Lake Clear, NY	38:24
08. Stephen Farrell	Saranac Lake, NY	38:40
09. Tony Mangano	Saratoga Spings, NY	40:30
10. Jason Hooker	Paul Smith's College	43:11
11. Jeff Clark	Saratoga Springs, NY	1:03:33

WINDBLOWN 5K SNOWSHOE RACE

Windblown Ski Touring Center

New Ispwich, NH, February 11, 2001

1	Dave Dunham	Bradford, MA	21:46
2	Stephen Peterson	Chelmsford, MA	24:49
3	Kurt Perham	Cambridge, MA	25:03
4	Robert Molnar	Bradford, MA	26:18
5	Jeff Litchfield	Contoocook, NH	27:04
6	Susannah Landreth	Newburyport, MA	27:52
7	Scott Spence	Groton, MA	28:32
8	Jack Casey	Concord, MA	28:43
9	Joanne Dow	Manchester, NH	30:00
10	Lisa Zappala	Derry, NH	30:07
11	Glenn Swanbon	Maynard, MA	32:01
12	Rob Smith	Charlestown, MA	34:32
13	Ken Deary	Dudley, MA	35:15
14	Peg Buxton	Sterling, MA	35:20
15	Amarello Michael	Merrimack, NH	37:25
16	Raymond Boutotte	Pepperell, MA	37:55
17	Lori Vallante	Windham, NH	38:01
17	Leslie Roberto	Wakefield, MA	38:51
18	Martha Callahan	Woburn, MA	38:56
20	Richard Hunt	Auburn, MA	39:57
21	Kelly Northrop	Manchester, NH	42:37

A fine first year event at the site of all those famous Wapack Trail races held in September. Somehow, we hope to add this event to the series next year; I guess what we need is a slightly longer winter season.

Dave Dunham won this event, which he also directed, by a fairly comfortable margin considering he had driven six hours to and from Plattsburg, NY the day before for the Global Snowshoe Challenge.

Other familiar names that we see at the WMAC snowshoe events were Robert Molnar and Kenneth Deary, both having good days in the state of New Hampshire.

INDULGENCE GREYLOCK SNOWSHOE 2001

Write an article on Greylock Snowshoe? Same old, same old, you say? Nope! No way! It's always different.

This was the year of excesses. The year of TOO. Unmitigated, unconscionable, immoderate, intemperate overindulgence... period!

First of all there was way TOO much snow. And way TOO big of a dump - in the middle of the trail to registration. And we're not talking snow here, people. These pre-race preps, distractions, and scare tactics are becoming TOO overdone. Ed diffused the situation by revealing TOO loudly who the culprit was. Made perfect sense and everyone breathed easier.

TOO many folks showed up. But that was a good thing. Although you had to get out in a hurry from the start line. Otherwise, you had to go out into the way TOO deep on the side and sprint through fluff up to your wazzoo to pass those that started out and died all TOO quickly.

It was totally TOO warm... by about 50 degrees over last year. But... TOO cold for shorts, Karl!!!

The winners overall were just TOO fast. They need to get humble here. TOO in a row for both of them.

TOO much downhill. This course needs to get harder. TOO easy.

TOO short, entirely TOO short. Just get warmed up, hittin' your stride, then people start yelling at you from across the pond. Entirely TOO loud. TOO scary. Why the heck are they yelling and what the heck are they yelling. Plus, the further back in the pack you are, the more you get yelled at, just cause they are faster and finished. Hey, I'm runnin' as fast as I can here. TOO much.

One TOO many people went off course. Headed for the footbridge, didn't hear all those people yelling TOO loud from across the pond. Doubled back, caught 3rd place, came in TOOgether, tied for 4th. TOO cool.

TOO many happy faces. Come on, this is a 5K, this is hard work. This is TOO painful.

TOO many pictures and so great with brilliant colors. TOO generous of Brad to give up his race to take shots.

TOO much food. TOO many helpers. TOO many funny Dion stories around the trash barrel fire.

TOO many cookies. TOO much nerve. One runner walked away with 6 cookies in each hand. Maybe he thought he earned them for diverting unsuspecting shoers away from the TOO big dump. All in all it was just TOO TOO!

iKANETOO/TOO/2001

HAWLEY RACE TIMES

Just a brief notice to remind everyone that the final two snowshoe events have different starting times than in the past.

The Hawley Kiln Snowshoe Race on February 17th starts at 10:00 am.

The Moody Spring Snowshoe Race on March 3rd starts at 9:30 am.

The reason is due to the length of the events, and also to escape possible warming temperatures in the afternoon which can make the stream crossings more challenging. Also, the South Face Farm Sugarhouse is only open until 3:00 pm, I believe, and we wanted to make sure everyone has a chance to relax and enjoy the visit after Moody.

BACK TO THE START SOUTH POND SNOWSHOE 2001

Or is it Back Up the Start? Well, in any case, it was back to Savoy. Yay! Where everything is all good...

Open the door to the registration hut and bam! You are hit with the two friendliest race directors this side of Monadnock and Greylock. Lookin' just fine and sassy!! They are busy dealin' shirts and chili, havin' the best time. They both look really fit, lean, and strong themselves, and could run a really tough race, but their energy this day goes into their club and their friends. They even managed to have the forest service knock out a wall in the warming hut to hold more of us frozen shoers.

Bathrooms are closed for the winter, it's just as well. Grey water, you know. So the many trails in the fresh deep powder go off into the woods and eventually stop abruptly at the yellow snow lines. "If you're really desperate, you can go use the ranger's station, says Ed." What defines "desperate?"

Ed and John did back up the start and 82 confused shoers wandered around looking for the new start line, a small blue ribbon on a tree down the road in front of the pond. Longer course this year, guys? Probably just a tactic to spread people out a bit before hitting the trail, lettin' folks fall into place.

Well, something always happens at Savoy and I guess this day wasn't to be any different. The run itself for the first couple miles was uneventful. I myself was having a good run and enjoying the deep snow and having a good time all by myself. Then things changed.

"Carol, I have lost the drawstring to my pants," came the words from behind me. Just don't even turn around, I told myself. Just keep going, I told myself. Who in the hell is that I asked myself.

Another few minutes, "The more ice collects on my pants, the more they fall down," he says. Cripes, why me, I ask myself.

Few more minutes, he is breathing heavy and so am I (from my asthma). We go past Miss Ellen and her eyes get so big and wide I think she is going to lose them. "Why Geoff!" she says with a smile. Oh brother!

Now the only thing to do is speed up and lose "Geoff". Asthmatically charging up a hill, I caught the tips of my 10K's, which I have a habit of doing and went down hard and fast, right on my face, and suddenly there was support under my arm and help to my feet. I didn't look, I swear it, I didn't. Not even a peek. Caught my breath and charged off again, thank God, not too much more to go. Past the bench, almost home. Sprint to the finish!

Now I know I had a pretty good race and a pretty good pace and placed pretty high (for me), but something else was going on here. The yelling sounded different. Not so much cheering and encouraging, but whooping and hollering and whistling.

Cross the finish line totally spent, followed closely by "Geoff", wearing his pants around his knees. My first glimpse at what had been going on behind me on the trail. I swear, I never looked. Swear...

Then we all stood around and watched the chili burn on the wood stove. Hey Ed, what you need in a double boiler, that's what you need. Fix you up just fine. So it turned out to be another great day at South Pond.

Credits:

Best Race Directing	Ed and John
Best Chili	5 Star / Donnalee
Best Entertainment	Geoff Matter

KadillacOne/2001

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5KM & 10KM SNOWSHOE CHAMPIONSHIPS**

Plattsburgh, NY

Beartown: Though much larger fields were expected, over fifty participants braved dropping temperatures, icy roads and near gale force winds to participate in the Crescent Moon Global Snowshoe Challenge & Inaugural Polar Wrap U.S. National 5km and 10km Snowshoe championships. The storm that brought rain and near record high temperatures Friday raced through the North Country just before dawn Saturday morning bringing down trees and power lines before the rapidly falling temperatures started to ice the roads and drop the wind chills. With six National Snowshoe Championship titles on the line, the competition was the hottest thing around. Once power was restored to the Beartown Lodge, the hills were rocking and rolling to the sounds of music and snowshoes slapping the quickly freezing snow. Athletes from seven different state; New York, Vermont, Colorado, Michigan, Massachusetts, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Canada raced over 5km and 10km courses winding through white birch forests still showing signs of the ice storm of 1998. One particularly severe wind gust nearly bowled over the entire field at the start of the Men's National 10km Championship race. A number of local athletes, some members of the host Beekmantown 'Snowshoe' Eagles Club, fared very well.

All in all, the event received high praise from all the participants, sponsors and spectators. Many are already looking forward to their next opportunity to race. All would confess to hoping that Mother Nature will be a little more cooperative the next time they strap on their snowshoes.

Mark Elmore

**POLAR WRAP
U.S. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS**

Junior Boys 5km:

Gold:	Eric Tyo	Morrisonville NY	35:29
Silver:	Travis Driscoll	Peru, NY	37:54
Bronze:	Chris Akin	Peru, NY	39:06

Junior Girls 5km:

Gold:	Meredith Cook	Peru, NY	47:33
Silver:	Kathleen Klaus	Peru, NY	47:34

Men's Open 10km:

Gold:	Dave Dunham	Bradford, MA	50:48
Silver:	Jeremy Wright	Beaver Creek, CO	54:31
Bronze:	Ben Nephew	Canton, MA	54:59

Women's Open 5k:

Gold:	Nikki Kimball	E'town, NY	29:13
Silver:	Danelle Ballangee	Dillon, CO	30:22
Bronze:	Angie Defillippi	Colchester, VT	32:07

Men's Masters 10km:

Gold:	Brad Kahrs	Big Rapids, MI	55:00
Silver:	Tim Walczyk	Marcellus, NY	64:39
Bronze:	John Pelton	W. Rupert, VT	66:37

Women's Masters 5km:

Gold:	Mary Duprey	Rouses Point, NY	34:49
Silver:	Laura Clark	Saratoga Spr, NY	41:44
Bronze:	Chary Griffin	Cazenovia, NY	43:32