

2003 WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES WRAP UP

The 2003 WMAC Snowshoe Series finished with 378 individuals competing at ten events. This was by far our best attendance for the series. Previously, the most individuals we attracted were 202 for the 2001 season. We scheduled ten events this season (previous high was eight events in 2002), and attendance at all six of the established races went up considerably (Woodford up 25, South Pond up 12, Greylock up 15, Winterfest up 53, Kiln up 24 and Moody up 19).

Meanwhile, the attendance at three of the new events was outstanding as well (Curly's 97, Northfield 78 and Camp Saratoga 69). The only problem we encountered this entire season was the blizzard that struck the night before Saratoga Biathlon, keeping our snowshoers home and leaving 14 brave folks to race that one.

If we throw out the high and low events (Saratoga Spa Winterfest with 144 and Saratoga Biathlon with 14), we averaged 84 participants per event. Each race was pretty close to that average. I guess if we left the high and low in it would end up about the same, we had about 830 finishers at the races.

Only two people, Bob Dion and Laurel Shortell, were able to finish all ten events, and one of those had to make up a race a couple days later (Laurel for Moody). For those interested, we gave Laurel a finish time on the results sheet but no points in the standings. We hope no-one minds terribly.

Seven people did 9-events total. I can't help but think that most of those would have made all ten if not for the storm at Biathlon; (exception being Laura and Jeff Clark who missed Northfield due to Jeff slicing his foot in half just days before).

We had six people do 8-events, eight people do 7-events and twelve people do 6-events for a total of 35 finishers taking full advantage of the points series (based on best six scores).

Additionally, fourteen people did 5-events, twelve people did 4-events and 35 people did 3-events. This is really nice from a Race Director standpoint, and for all the directors I would like to say "thank you" to all of you who participated at multiple events this season.

We managed to get in all 10 events this year; when the schedule was set up I don't think any of us thought that we would be this lucky. We will continue to fill up the weekends during the winter with snowshoe races, but truthfully we believe that if we get the majority of events in it's a good season. Recognize this season as one of the special ones (along with 2001) regarding conditions, and last season (2002) as a very abnormal one.

Our Series Rules stated on our application packet reads: Overall champions will be decided by total number of points for their best 6 out of 10 possible scores. Also, the top point producers in 5-year age categories, both men and women, will be declared age group champions. You must complete at least four out of

the ten events to be eligible for an age group title, with your best six scores counting.

Overall winners for the 2003 WMAC Snowshoe Series are Rich Bolt and Sheryl Wheeler. Both displayed fantastic snowshoeing technique over our varied terrain and courses. Congratulations!!

Rich finished 9 WMAC events plus a couple 1st overall at the Lake Placid Regional Qualifier in January and the Hyland Orchard 5km in February. Rich's placement at the WMAC events were three 1st, four 2nd, one 3rd and one 4th. Rich is currently the course record holder at Camp Saratoga. Rich plans on racing the US Nationals on March 29th in Utah.

For the ladies, Sheryl Wheeler raced in 6 WMAC events plus the Empire State Games in late February where she was the Gold Medal winner in the 5km event. Sheryl placed 1st at four of our events and 2nd twice. Sheryl is currently the course record holder at South Pond Shuffle and Camp Saratoga.

2003 AGE GROUP WINNERS

* less than 4 total finishes

12 - 19			
	Kelly Murray	72.22	72.22%*
	Grant Hodgson	61.08	30.54%*
20 - 24			
	Cristina Dos Santos	11.29	5.65%*
	Stu Douglas	164.43	82.22%*
25 - 29			
	Deb Livingston	456.17	76.03%
	Kelly Herrington	502.00	83.67%
30 - 34			
	Jennifer Shultis	183.31	45.83%
	Richard Bolt	596.39	99.40%
35 - 39			
	Jacque Schiffer	402.34	67.06%
	Dave Dunham	582.08	97.01%
40 - 44			
	Sheryl Wheeler	492.71	82.12%
	Ken Clark	566.89	94.48%
45 - 49			
	Barbara Sorrell	166.64	41.66%
	Bob Dion	535.76	89.29%
50 - 54			
	Kate Hayes	67.88	11.31%
	Peter Lipka	388.21	64.70%
55 - 59			
	Laura Clark	288.90	48.15%
	David Boles	373.81	62.30%
60 - 64			
	John Pelton	457.26	76.21%
65 - 69			
	Jules Seltzer	30.23	10.08%*
70 - 75			
	Richard Busa	174.14	29.02%

FINAL STANDINGS FOR ALL SNOWSHOERS {WITH AT LEAST 3 FINISHES BY PERCENTAGE}

6 (or more) FINISHES

01. Richard Bolt	32	596.3883	99.3981
02. Leigh Schmitt	30	594.9106	99.1518
03. Dave Dunham	38	582.0804	97.0134
04. Ken Clark	40	566.8858	94.4810
05. Bob Dion	47	535.7584	89.2931
06. Mark Guillaume	30	530.8360	88.4727
07. Rob Higley	49	514.9250	85.8208
08. Kelly Herrington	28	502.0004	83.6667
09. Sheryl Wheeler	40	492.7133	82.1189
10. Wayne Stocker	48	461.5964	76.9327
11. John Pelton	63	457.2602	76.2100
12. Deb Livingston	28	456.1663	76.0277
13. Ed Alibozek, Jr.	63	409.9765	68.3294
14. Jacqu Schiffer	38	402.3398	67.0566
15. William Ross	38	399.9002	66.6500
16. Peter Lipka	51	388.2087	64.7015
17. David Boles	56	373.8055	62.3009
18. Jason Kaffenberger	39	359.7535	59.9589
19. Eva Van Stratum	43	334.5419	55.7570
20. Bruce Marvonek	49	319.5519	53.2587
21. Steve Banatoski	39	317.5124	52.9187
22. Paul Hartwig	46	302.7594	50.4599
23. Ed Saharczewski	49	297.7670	49.6278
24. Laura Clark	55	288.8985	48.1498
25. Bruce Grisafe	49	282.1070	47.0178
26. Mike Lahey	51	273.5874	45.5979
27. Bob Massaro	59	227.9504	37.9917
28. Laurel Shortell	36	213.3617	35.5603
29. Richard Busa	73	174.1405	29.0234
30. Jon Howes	46	150.5027	25.0838
31. Julie Ryan	37	129.5456	21.5909
32. Konrad Karolczuk	50	85.5629	14.2605
33. Scott Hunter	57	80.6536	13.4423
34. Jeff Clark	56	76.3954	12.7326
35. Kate Hayes	54	67.8779	11.3130

5 FINISHES

01. Keith Schmitt	33	469.0375	93.8075
02. Dave Hannon	31	465.0413	93.0083
03. Edward Alibozek	40	416.0058	83.2012
04. Shaun Sutcliffe	45	332.2784	66.4557
05. Bob Worsham	57	326.5909	65.3182
06. Seth Roberts	51	318.2630	63.6526
07. Stephanie Landry	43	287.1642	57.4328
08. Carol Kane	57	283.1883	56.6377
09. Darlene McCarthy	40	265.6122	53.1224
10. Larry Dragon	42	241.9800	48.3960
11. Will Danecki	52	234.2814	46.8563
12. Martin Glendon	56	120.3560	24.0712
13. Lisa Swan	31	119.0803	23.8161
14. Ann Snoeyenbos	38	20.3625	4.0725

4 FINISHES

01. Paul Low	29	395.6945	98.9236
02. Ben Nephew	27	386.6899	96.6725
03. John Noonan	43	379.9899	94.9975
04. Mo Moadeli	38	258.8780	64.7195
05. Stephanie Nephew	26	240.2752	60.0688
06. Jack Quinn	64	238.4095	59.6024
07. Dan McNamara	53	201.1052	50.2763
08. Jennifer Shultis	34	183.3104	45.8276
09. Barbara Sorrell	45	166.6369	41.6592
10. Brian McCarthy	41	130.1650	32.5413
11. Tom Fraser	39	109.1414	27.2854
12. Greg Taylor	56	67.6161	16.9040

3 FINISHES

01. Dan Verrington	40	289.3591	96.4530
02. Alan Bernier	28	260.9424	86.9808
03. Paul Young	37	257.9365	85.9788
04. Nikki Kimball	31	255.8686	85.2895
05. Nico Scibelli	40	255.3159	85.1053
06. Ed Myers	53	251.2516	83.7505
07. Michael Robertson	30	246.1840	82.0613
08. Gene Katapski	45	244.5139	81.5046
09. Jack Casey	49	239.9718	79.9906
10. Jim Tharp	40	236.8281	78.9427
11. Scott Bradley	47	210.1527	70.0509
12. Jan Rancatti	42	209.4130	69.8043
13. Craig Wilson	52	205.0428	68.3476
14. Judson Cake	25	188.0341	62.6780
15. Eric Iannacone	30	179.7045	59.9015
16. Ed Buckley	44	163.1941	54.3980
17. Maureen Roberts	45	149.3486	49.7829
18. Mary Quinn	40	138.2880	46.0960
19. Bill Morse	51	128.3445	42.7815
20. Tom McCrumm	57	121.0466	40.3489
21. Lisa Mentzer	34	116.1191	38.7064
22. Lisa Schmitt	28	107.3483	35.7828
23. John Delorey	55	100.3461	33.4487
24. Gareth Buckley	26	95.7306	31.9102
25. Mark Syrett	54	80.3757	26.7919
26. Mike Albrecht	31	80.2941	26.7647
27. Sally Goade	44	76.1339	25.3780
28. Jeff Hattem	51	71.8163	23.9388
29. Bill Herrington	54	67.8182	22.6061
30. Darryl Caron	39	64.4062	21.4687
31. Frank Bareis	63	50.3532	16.7844
32. Al Schultz	57	45.5615	15.1872
33. Karen Claire-Zimmet	33	44.4204	14.8068
34. Miren Hodgson	43	32.8497	10.9499
35. Jules Seltzer	67	30.2307	10.0769

Thank you all for supporting the 2003 WMAC Snowshoe Series. For complete results of all participants, please visit www.runwmac.com and click the snowshoe tab!!

WMAC'ers GO TO CAMP

As veteran trail runners, WMAC'ers are seasoned campers, often pitching tents in the woods near the start of the next day's adventure. In fact, many of the lengthier races on the circuit, like Soapstone and the Finger Lakes Fifties, offer free on-site camping to all participants. Not only is it fun to share a campfire and war stories, but it sure beats getting up in the middle of the night and driving several hours. But in the winter? You've got to be kidding!

Nevertheless, many hardy WMAC'ers were crazy enough to head for camp this February for the Camp Saratoga Snowshoe Race. Formerly known as the Old Boy Scout Camp, the facility's many wooden structures were constructed in the 1930's by the Civilian Conservation Corp. While the Boy Scouts have since relocated to more modern facilities at Boyhaven, memories still remain.

From the moment of our arrival, present day reality blended with echoes of a not-too-distant past and our own childhood memories. A brief hike to the registration building revealed a large cabin lined with elderly bunk beds topped by thin, ratty-looking mattresses. An ancient wood-burning stove woke reluctantly from its long slumber and grudgingly condescended to provide a minimum of heat. Some of us, especially Farmer Ed, who slept Rip Van Winkle-like under the trees after Breakneck, were relieved to find that there would be no shortage of post-race nap facilities. Childhood memories again resurfaced as we began the lengthy trek to the outhouse, conveniently located at the top of a steep, snowdrifted hill. Except that this time the outhouse became a must-see tourist attraction. How many of us who have joked about "visiting the throne room" have actually had the opportunity? Each silver-shiny potty seat was painstakingly mounted well above ground level by a series of box-like steps, hence the origin of the term, "ascending to the throne." Never mind the fact that, with the temperature hovering in the single digits, it was a rather chilly seat at best. There would be no loiterers.

As soon as it was time to line up, our mood changed dramatically. We went from frigid explorers reliving old memories to serious racers, ready to charge. We also imperceptibly crossed the line into a Neverland which blurred the boundaries of reality. No longer were we shivering against the onslaught of wind and cold. The temperature had magically skyrocketed, causing us to peel off onion layers of clothes and litter the fresh snow with castaways reminiscent of the start of the Boston Marathon. At Kevin Joyce's shouted commands, we bolted into the woods like scouts released from confinement. Behind us faintly echoed ghostly shotgun charges from the rickety target range. Those charges propelled us uphill towards a small stadium of snow-topped benches, still patiently awaiting the next gathering of campers. But we were in too much of a hurry to linger.

Despite the recent meltdown and subsequent freeze, a thin layer of fresh snow softened the trail and gave wings to our feet. So much so that most of us fortunately missed the three handmade "Big Hill" signs. This is too bad, since it would have added a big chuckle to our day. Invariably, these signs were posted at the crest of a dip that would barely qualify as a change of

elevation. Was this the race director's attempt at humor? Or would this puzzling bump magically morph into something more significant the minute a doubter set foot? Later on I learned that the signs were for the benefit of cross country skiers who tended to throttle full speed ahead and then fail to navigate the sharp turn at the end. The normally placid trees had been complaining to their forest care provider about the frequent nicks, gouges and bear hugs they had been forced to endure this winter. At least snowshoers can exercise more self-control and definitely know how to execute a proper three-point turn.

One of the really fun sections of this course begins with the wooded Opdahl farm loop, which leads to an abandoned barn and an open section fondly dubbed "Siberia," where windy days create a whiteout effect with conditions similar to those experienced by polar explorers. It is a sobering experience to be groping your way through this blizzard and then come upon the large, handmade wooden cross marking the edge of the known world. Who knows how many adventurous snowshoers lie buried beneath the drifting snow? Is that what it means to DNF? Finally, this section ends with a brief bushwhack section through the woods, marked by renegade purple cloth pajama pieces, and an exciting trek over a plank seemingly hewn from an extremely tall redwood. Now this is a scary plank; it sags in the middle when overloaded with snow, but when only lightly coated, springs up and down in huge earthquake waves.

After a brief vacation on the wide trail, the fun really begins, with hilly single track winding around secluded alcoves dotted with camper's cabins. Look up briefly and you might just glimpse scattered clusters of boy scouts cheering you on. This section of the course is a test of your mental fortitude. With the steepest hills still waiting to be hurdled, it is tempting to take it easy because, after all, "you're almost there." The toughest piece, however, is totally flat. Coming off the swimming hole bridge, the path takes you directly opposite the finish line. You can hear the onlookers applauding (but not for you), you can hear the times being shouted (but not for you), and you can see others finishing, but you discover that you still have three-quarters of a mile to go. Those who resist the temptation to take a side trip into the dining room and sample the chili are the real winners that day. And the campers of long ago enthusiastically give them an extra round of applause for their "scouts honor" attitude.

Even Saratoga campers, however, were not exempt from the Bermuda triangle effect that has haunted the 2003 WMAC Snowshoe Series. Despite the fact that Rich Busa publicly declared this to be the one course he could not possibly get lost on, several runners, possessing nowhere near Rich's talent for exploring alternative directions, took wrong turns. Most of these occurred near the frozen water stop where, water which had been heated and then carefully poured into insulated containers still managed to freeze. Most puzzling was the fact that every single person who attempted to take photos either experienced severe camera failure or could produce only dark, fuzzy images. Or perhaps it was just the campers of long ago doing what campers do best – amusing themselves by playing practical jokes.

Laura Clark

1st ANNUAL CAMP SARATOGA 5KM SNOWSHOE RACE

FEBRUARY 8, 2003

WILTON WILDLIFE PRESERVE

WILTON, NY

01 Richard Bolt	32M	30:50	100.0000
02 Leigh Schmitt	30M	31:08	98.5507
03 Dan Verrington	40M	32:18	97.1014
04 Ben Nephew	27M	32:49	95.6522
05 Dave Dunham	38M	33:15	94.2029
06 Ken Clark	40M	33:53	92.7536
07 John Noonan	43M	35:49	91.3043
08 Bob Dion	47M	38:19	89.8551
09 Kelly Herrington	28M	38:50	88.4058
10 Jason Clark	31M	39:00	86.9565
11 Edward Alibozek	40M	39:16	85.5072
12 Michael Robertson	30M	39:53	84.0580
13 Sherryl Wheeler	40F	41:53	82.6087
14 John Onderdonk	35M	41:58	81.1594
15 Stuart Douglas	22M	42:19	79.7101
16 Keith Meyer	45M	43:10	78.2609
17 Derek Hammel	31M	43:26	76.8116
18 Moadeli, Mo	38M	43:29	75.3623
19 Tracey Van Dyke	38F	43:38	73.9130
20 Jeffrey Lutzker	51M	43:50	72.4638
21 John Pelton	63M	43:53	71.0145
22 Jacque Schiffer	38F	43:59	69.5652
23 Pete Lipka	51M	44:56	68.1159
24 Stephanie Nephew	26F	45:10	66.6667
25 Edward Alibozek, Jr.	63M	45:25	65.2174
26 Stephanie Landy	43F	46:02	63.7681
27 Bob Irving	48M	46:48	62.3188
28 Brian Teague	43M	46:54	60.8696
29 Dave Boles	56M	47:19	59.4203
30 Mike Lahey	51M	47:26	57.9710
31 Dan McNamara	53M	47:40	56.5217
32 Paul Hartwig	46M	48:02	55.0725
33 Steve McAlpine	42M	48:17	53.6232
34 Jack Quinn	64M	48:28	52.1739
35 Jason Kaffenberger	39M	48:54	50.7246
36 John Rogers	52M	49:10	49.2754
37 Eric Sanborn	39M	49:14	47.8261
38 Marcia Whitney	50F	49:17	46.3768
39 Mary Quinn	40F	49:19	44.9275
40 Tony Krackeler	33M	49:31	43.4783
41 Jennifer Shultis	34F	50:29	42.0290
42 Bob DeMarco	51M	50:57	40.5797
43 Maureen Roberts	45F	50:59	39.1304
44 Laura Clark	55F	51:16	37.6812
45 Fred Glover	47M	51:52	36.2319
46 Steve Mitchell	61M	52:02	34.7826
47 Bob Massaro	59M	52:55	33.3333
48 Jonathan Howes	46M	54:57	31.8841
49 Laurel Shortell	36F	56:05	30.4348
50 Terri Glover	44F	56:45	28.9855
51 Laney Lutzker	52F	56:52	27.5362
52 Ellie George	47F	57:05	26.0870
53 Rich Busa	73M	57:54	24.6377
54 Patricia Gray	44F	58:14	23.1884
55 Beth Trapasso	41F	59:23	21.7391
56 Cheryl Clark	31F	1:00:52	20.2899
57 Jim Carlson	55M	1:02:32	18.8406

58 Darryl Caron	39M	1:02:39	17.3913
59 Meg O'Leary	31F	1:05:19	15.9420
60 Bob Mc Farland	69M	1:06:03	14.4928
61 Frank Bareis	63M	1:06:04	13.0435
62 Konrad Karolczuk	50M	1:06:58	11.5942
63 Al Schultz	57M	1:09:51	10.1449
64 Scott Hunter	57M	1:13:31	8.6957
65 Kate Hayes	54F	1:15:15	7.2464
66 Steve Cotler	61M	1:24:56	5.7971
67 Marne Onderdonk	33F	1:31:25	4.3478
68 Daniel Izbick	20M	2:00:00	2.8986
69 Mary Izbick	55F	2:00:01	1.4493

CAMP SARATOGA AGE GROUP CHAMPS

20 – 24		Stu Douglas	42:19
25 – 29	Steph Nephew 45:10	Ben Nephew	32:49
30 – 34	Jenn Shultis 50:29	Richard Bolt	30:50
35 – 39	Tracey Van Dyke 43:38	Dave Dunham	33:15
40 – 44	Sheryl Wheeler 41:53	Dan Verrington	32:18
45 – 49	Maureen Roberts 50:59	Bob Dion	38:19
50 – 54	Marcia Whitney 49:17	Jeff Lutzker	43:50
55 – 59	Laura Clark 51:16	David Boles	47:19
60 – 64	J. Pelton 43:53	65 – 69 Bob Mc Farland	66:03
70 – 79		Richard Busa	57:54

Rich had a 20-30 second lead and went off course, Leigh went with him. Rich waited for Leigh (as they were now on the course running against the rest of the field) and they proceeded to run until they found a point where they went onto the correct course. Dan also missed the turn. I was 30-40 sec behind Dan and 10 sec behind Ben when we got to the turn. About 1/2m later Dan popped out on the course about 5 seconds in front of Ben! So the top three ran about 30 sec long. Dan asked people if he was going the right way and one told him "there are 2 ahead of you". *Schmitt kept his streak alive of doing 3 races in 7 days and going off course on all of them!*

The course was pretty neat. Rolling hills and completely groomed. It made for very fast running. Ben fell on the first turn about 50m into the race. Rich went out smoking fast to try and bury Leigh early. I went with Ken Clark early then moved up to 5th as I felt pretty decent. I've only been doing 3 or 4 miles a day so 5 fast was a stretch for me. I was really shaky at the finish, went down to my knees for a couple of minutes (thought I was gonna pass out). They had a mean last 1k that went right by the finish line, hurt during the race but was great for seeing the rest of the field go by. Rich ate 2 cups of chili with 2 hot dogs and 2 brownies MIXED IN (yuck!).

Dave Dunham

THE PERFECT WEEK

I went out on Wed. the 12th. to do my training run for Hawley. I was heading to Callahan State Park in Framingham where I do most of my training runs in the summer. It was about 20 degrees with very strong winds. My plan was to do an 8-mile run on a trail that I know very well or so I thought. Those of you who know me know that I am, as Bob Worsham once said, directionally challenged.

I got into my shoes and took off. There were only three cars in the parking area, which attests to the fact that there aren't many hardy souls in eastern Mass. The start of this course is similar to the start of Hawley, packed and open. After 3/10 of a mile it turns into the woods. I made my first and only encounter at about two miles, a fellow on skis. We chatted for a while and then I took off. After a road crossing I started up what is called Billy Goat Hill. The locals think this is a tough climb. After about four miles I came out of the woods and had to run a stretch through a field. The wind gusts were incredibly strong. To top it off I had to break my own trail. It was hard to determine the snow depth, sometimes I was in about six inches of snow and then suddenly I'd really sink down. There's a single, worn track that I run on in the good weather but I had no idea where that was. I was really taking a beating dropping down into unseen holes and sliding from side to side.

I made it back into the woods and made my way down to a pond and across the dam to enter one more field. Again no trail. The wind gusts created a real white out; glad I had my goggles on. I had to make a huge loop going up to the higher elevation. When I got to the high ground I turned and looked back. What a beautiful sight! A huge expanse of unbroken snow except for my footprints. As I headed back into the woods I decided to take a trek up this steep climb to get the heart rate up. In the summer I do training repeats here. I had to break the trail and I kept encountering small pines bent over with the tops frozen in the snow. I tried pulling them up but to no avail so I kept going off to side in order to get around. When I finally got to the top I should have turned left to head back down to Billy Goat Hill but nothing looked familiar. So I started my Wapack shuffle.

What's that you say? It's my way of saving ground by cutting across to where I think the trail should be. Hey you really couldn't fault me on this one because there were no ribbons.

As fate would have it, I was heading in almost 180 degrees in the wrong direction. There is no trail now I'm just winding around and in between trees. Finally I came upon some tracks and being the wise, seasoned veteran that I am I determined that the prints weren't human. At closer examination I noted that they were the prints of deer. My observations proved correct as I soon came upon a small mound of dark, round pellets. As I continued there were more mounds along with areas where the snow was yellow. I figured I'd follow the prints, as deer sure as hell should know where they're going. The tracks started going down a very steep slope that even the Dions couldn't hold and I took a few nice slides. As I approached the bottom I figured out where I was and it wasn't where I wanted to be. I had to turn around and head back in the opposite direction. I finally got back on track and made it back to the parking lot.

I was up in the high elevation for 25 minutes following those tracks. If those damn deer walked in a strait line it wouldn't have taken half the time. I don't even wander that aimlessly. I guess my downfall was losing my compass at the Willard Brook Ramble!

It ended up taking me 2 hours and 40 minutes to complete my run. But it was a beautiful and peaceful day. And then there was Hawley. Another beautiful day. What a great course and I stayed on it! It was great not to have to climb those stairs in order to get some of that delicious food. Man that vegetarian chili really takes the chill away.

I had to make my usual pit stop before the race, I know Ed tells us there are no facilities and to stop somewhere on the way but my system doesn't go on command; it goes when it feels like it. To the left of the starting line is where I usually make my deposit (no, not a bank transaction). I followed another set of prints so I was not sinking down very far until I missed one step and immediately went down almost to my hip. Quite a job getting back up. After completing my mission I turned and noted that the steam rising from the deposit had frozen in mid air! Okay I'm exaggerating but it sure was cold.

I'm thankful for so many things, thankful that my path in life led me to western Mass. And to the WMAC and all of the beautiful trail races and if that wasn't enough to the snowshoe races. But most of all the beautiful, wonderful people. The only negative is that on occasion I have a nightmare where I am suddenly turned into a roadrunner and I'm running a race on a long flat road where I can see runners miles ahead and then I discover that the road is in fact a giant treadmill!

Want to know the difference between a trail runner and a roadrunner? A trail runner smells the wonderful scent of the forest and the roadrunner smells exhaust fumes.

See ya at Moody Springs.

Rich Busa

LOOKING FORWARD TO NEXT YEAR

Seeing all the comments helped me to further understand what's involved in the races. I did not really think about all the effort that goes into making these things work. So I send my thanks to you and others who make these things happen.

I know that my time was a slow one. It was a significant personal accomplishment for me as it is the first significant athletic effort since I broke my back nine years ago. I want to thank you for your help and encouragement. I had a great time, as did my wife. Everyone I spoke with was friendly.

I am looking forward to next season. I got the Dion (light and small) snowshoes and have begun a search for better trail shoes and other stuff. I should be better prepared next season and will try and make as many events as I can.

My Thanks!
George Andrews

HAWLEY 2003

After participating in the WMAC Snowshoe Series of several years, you begin to develop certain expectations. South Pond will feature a deceptively friendly woods sandtrapped with snowshoe eating snow-covered streams, Greylock will be icily cold and still misty, and Moody will offer bittersweet hints of spring. Hawley can be counted on to bring dust bowl winds to carve out the parking lot and polish its skating rink surface. This year's Hawley was similar, yet with slightly different variations.

While the parking lot winds were a notch below their usual gale force, the skating rink was just as slippery. The resulting snow banks around the fire station were so formidable, that Edward had momentarily thought of turning the event into a duathlon – an ice climbing expedition to the fire station followed by the regular snowshoe race. But the fire fighters beat him to it with their precision-carved granite ice staircase. So for our add-on event, we settled for a shot at the Hawley Snow Dump raffle. Similar to guessing how many jelly beans in the jar, this involved a more sophisticated, scientific guess as to the number of white inches dumped on the fire station until the firefighters declare “mayday” on May first. May first? Does that mean we'll still be having Dion Demo Days through April? (In an exclusive, imaginary interview, Bob admitted that he's secured the snowshoe concession at 7 Sisters).

After this entertaining diversion, we all decided we were cold enough and lined up at the start and waited...and waited...for someone (I forgot who) to get his shoes on the right feet. That gave Rich Busa enough time to remember that he'd forgotten something in his car. So we waited some more, hoping the ripple effect would stop with Rich. While we were all freezing to the spot, we were warmed on the inside by warm, fuzzy WMAC thoughts—where else would the race director be able to hold back the tide of impatient runners so all could begin on an equal, if slightly uneven, footing. When the call to action finally came, Rich got off to a flying start while the rest of us struggled to de-ice our shoes.

As the rest of us stumbled forward, I looked around in amazement. I seemed to be the only one noticeably gasping for every breath. I felt as if I had just plunged into the July Atlantic Ocean, my body knocked breathless by the shock of frigid water against sunburn heated skin. After about half a mile or so, I determined that I probably wasn't going to die, and set my sights on the group ahead. Unfortunately, they would remain just out of reach for the rest of my journey. I amused myself by trying to guess which incline really was the second big hill, at the top of which I would presumably be able to spot genuine moose scat. I have no idea why I thought I would be able to do this since I typically miss the mile markers in a smooth, featureless road race. And so I was inevitably disappointed, having reaffirmed the fact that one person's idea of a hill is only a slight incline to another.

Although I dropped further and further behind, I was by no means traveling solo. I spotted the wavery image of Art Gulliver where he easily walked past me (I was “running”) on one particularly disastrous Hawley. I amused myself by searching for the exact bendy hill where I had passed Tony Mangano during another (more successful) year. And here's

where it gets really weird. No matter what Massachussettes race I am in, whether on dirt or on snow, I eventually arrive at the same spot. I am always on the home stretch and always coming around a bend onto a stretch of fairly level terrain, with a slight uphill in the distance. I run on this same exact piece of woods, heading in the same direction, in every race. Does my mind just bonk out due to lack of oxygen? Have I crossed Dilbert-like into a parallel universe? This never happens to me in any other state (place, not state of mind). Only in Massachussets. Usually at this point I retrieve a peppermint and forge happily ahead, content that I have once more entered “The Zone.”

To round out the day's serendipitous quality... Jeff took his doctor's admonition to give his sliced open foot one more week to heal to mean that he should tackle the short Hawley instead of the longer version. Amazingly, just by walking, he came in 25th out of 40 runners and passed people who normally are ahead of him! Never mind that some of these people had inexplicably gotten twisted around and were running the course from finish to start.

Jeff and I even succeeded in luring yet another Stryderland resident, Dan McNamara, to Hawley. As Dan pointed out, not one single person we had introduced to Hawley had ever come back. But Dan was ready: he had carefully researched the WMAC site, read the articles and figured out his probable time based on snow depth, moose sightings, and the times of the tallest WMACers. He had even downloaded a topographical map to help him locate the hill with the moose scat and to avoid probable bear caves. This is Dan's first year snowshoeing, and I think he's hooked. As he himself commented, “I find myself hoping for more snow just to freshen things up a bit. Now how sick is that?” I think Dan will fit right in.

Laura Clark

HAWLEY 4.5 MILE “NOTCH” AGE GROUP CHAMPIONS

12 - 15		Grant Hodgson	0:57:52
20 – 29	Steph Nephew	0:47:03	
30 – 34		Eric Banville	1:03:32
35 – 39	Michele Levitte	0:57:20	Don Fallis 0:49:08
40 – 44	Sue Kacensky	1:03:38	Larry Dragon 0:54:23
45 – 49	Holly Brouker	1:13:16	Shaun Sutcliffe 0:51:01
50 – 54	Lynn Buttolph	1:42:10	Mike Deep 0:57:04
55 – 59	Karen Rehm	1:24:25	Tom McCrumm 0:56:57
60 – 65		Fred Thompson	0:57:05

New Course Records were set by: Grant Hodgson, Stephanie Nephew, Eric Banville, Don Fallis, Sue Kacensky, Holly Brouker, Shaun Sutcliffe, Lynn Buttolph, Karen Rehm, Tom McCrumm, Fred Thompson.

HAWLEY KILN 2003... A DERRIERE-KICKING DAY

February 15, 2003... Left home on a dreary, cloudy, bone chilling cold dark morning. Another ass-kicking frigid day. Ass-kicking alarm, ass-kicking 3 hour drive, ass-kicking freezing day, to be beat by a bunch of fast ass-kicking snowshoers. Def not in my usual upbeat ass-kicking mood.

Destination, another world.... the whole day was to evolve in this manner...

You can tell how cold it is by the way the tires ride on the road... the colder it is, the harder and stiffer the ride... makes you feel kinda hard and stiff. One frozen mile in front of the last.

By the time I made it to Hartford, there was a bit of daylight and seemed to be a bright edge to the overhanging cement sky in the North. Maybe not so ass-kicking up ahead.

By Springfield, there was some def hope of sunshine. Didn't matter now how cold it was... bring on the sun! One grey mile after the other behind me.

By the time I got to South Face Farm, the sun was busy polishing the mammoth pristine snowbanks. It could have been 15 below (it prob was) and I didn't care.... the sun was present, One sparkling mile after another.

Arrived at Hawley to find... NO WIND!... it's always windy at Hawley... ass-kicking windy!... there was just too much snow this year to be windy... one lucky break after another today.

Ok... the sun is out, no wind, what more can one ask for? I hauled my Florida-conditioned, bronze-tanned, blood-thinned body out of the car and up to registration... one perfectly sculpted ice staircase step after another. The good fortune continues...

The firehouse is warm and friendly and very organized... no hitches here... they have it covered... man, it's just one good deal after another today...

Parking lot is filling with stalwart snowshoers, one after another... war with Iraq, terrorism, the economy, and what was the big news of the day?... no ass-kicking wind! Hey, there are priorities...

Before you know it, we are on the line.... people still shedding or adding clothes, readjusting bindings, etc... yeah, there was a lot of snow and yeah, it was going to be ass-kicking hard, but everyone had the same handicap... and my definition of ass-kicking was beginning to change...

Well, the conditions were just about as hard as you know what... and you knew it was cold because the snow squeaked..... the roads were fast and the trails were tricky... with dips and jumps and deep single track the whole way... the ups were hard and the downs were super fast... just the way I like it... the berms were perfect for digging high into the wall and shooting out the other side... a good day to use all the techniques that you've learned... and puttin one shoe in front of the other... no longer the ass-kick-ee, I was the ass-kick-er....

It was over before you knew it, and if you were like me, you shed some clothing along the way... you just have to stand on the start line and freeze your ass-kicking ass off... cause if you don't dress light, pretty soon you'll be ripping your clothes off...

Thank you Marc and Ed and Swanee and Paul and Big Ed and K2 and Tom and Kenny and Tippi and many others who gave that day for marking, timing, feeding, welcoming, stair construction, etc., and just being so naturally ass-kicking great at what you do...

Observations of the day....

Male and female winners, 7 mile course... Rich Bolt and Sheryl Wheeler... lotsa big guns here today, male and female.

Female and male winners, 4.5 mile course... Stephanie Nephew and Don Fallis... (Stephanie doing some ass-kicking herself to take the overall title.)

Shoers came from NYC, RI, PA, FL, and AZ...

Best t-shirt of the day... Richard Busa...

*Kaniac
Feb 2003*

HAWLEY 7 MILE "KILN" AGE GROUP CHAMPIONS

20 – 24	Hannah Gregory	1:38:34	
25 – 29	Deb Livingston	1:22:59	Ben Nephew 0:59:40
30 – 34	Jennifer Shultis	1:26:28	Richard Bolt 0:58:50
35 – 39	Jacque Schiffer	1:27:20	Dave Dunham 1:02:43
40 – 44	Sheryl Wheeler	1:17:04	Ken Clark 1:03:28
45 – 49			Bob Dion 1:14:35
50 – 54	Kate Hayes	2:15:37	Ed Myers 1:15:33
55 – 59	Carol Kane	1:29:20	Dave Boles 1:29:41
60 – 69			Ed Alibozek Jr 1:31:30
70 – 79			Richard Busa 1:56:49

New Course Records were set by:

(20 – 24)	Hannah Gregory
(25 – 29)	Deborah Livingston
(35 – 39)	Jacque Schiffer
(40 – 44)	Ken Clark
(50 – 54)	Ed Myers
(55 – 59)	Carol Kane, Dave Boles
(73 – 75)	Richard Busa

WMAC

WMAC

6th ANNUAL HAWLEY KILN 7 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

FEBRUARY 15, 2003

DUBUQUE STATE FOREST

HAWLEY, MA

7 MILE KILN KLASSIC

01 Richard Bolt	32	0:58:50	100.0000
02 Leigh Schmitt	30	0:59:36	98.6301
03 Ben Nephew	27	0:59:40	97.2603
04 Dave Dunham	38	1:02:43	95.8904
05 Ken Clark	40	1:03:28	94.5205
06 Keith Schmitt	34	1:06:26	93.1507
07 Dave Hannon	31	1:07:11	91.7808
08 Mark Guillaume	30	1:11:12	90.4110
09 David Loutzenheiser	36	1:11:38	89.0411
10 Nico Scibelli	40	1:11:44	87.6712
11 Bob Dion	47	1:14:35	86.3014
12 Rob Higley	49	1:14:42	84.9315
13 Jack Casey	49	1:14:58	83.5616
14 Ed Myers	52	1:15:33	82.1918
15 Kelly Herrington	28	1:16:05	80.8219
16 Gene Katapski	43	1:16:29	79.4521
17 Wayne Stocker	48	1:16:59	78.0822
18 Sheryl Wheeler	40	1:17:04	76.7123
19 Jim Tharp	42	1:18:40	75.3425
20 Thomas Denny	43	1:20:00	73.9726
21 Mo Moedeli	38	1:22:31	72.6027
22 Nick Jubock	46	1:22:33	71.2329
23 Deb Livingston	28	1:22:59	69.8630
24 Ed Buckley	44	1:23:09	68.4932
25 Eric Iannacone	30	1:23:29	67.1233
26 Seth Roberts	50	1:24:04	65.7534
27 Pete Katapski	45	1:26:09	64.3836
28 Jennifer Shultis	34	1:26:28	63.0137
29 Jason Kaffenberger	39	1:27:15	61.6438
30 Jacque Schiffer	38	1:27:20	60.2740
31 Bill Ross	38	1:27:59	58.9041
32 Richard Clark	49	1:28:30	57.5342
33 Peter Lipka	51	1:29:13	56.1644
34 Carol Kane	57	1:29:20	54.7945
35 Dave Boles	56	1:29:41	53.4247
36 Steve Banatoski	39	1:29:46	52.0548
37 Ed Alibozek Jr	63	1:31:30	50.6849
38 Eva Van Stratum	43	1:32:15	49.3151
39 Bruce Marvonek	49	1:33:25	47.9452
40 Tara McCrohan	30	1:33:51	46.5753
41 Mike Lahey	51	1:33:59	45.2055
42 Dan McNamara	53	1:34:16	43.8356
43 Jared Leinbach	36	1:34:55	42.4658
44 Darlene McCarthy	40	1:35:17	41.0959
45 Bruce Grisafe	49	1:35:28	39.7260
46 Will Danecki	52	1:36:07	38.3562
47 Lisa Mentzer	34	1:38:02	36.9863
48 Hannah Gregory	24	1:38:34	35.6164
49 Laura Clark	55	1:40:06	34.2466
50 Eddie Saharczewski	49	1:42:36	32.8767
51 Bill Morse	51	1:44:10	31.5068
52 Larry McAndrew	44	1:44:32	30.1370
53 Laurell Shortell	36	1:45:59	28.7671
54 Gareth Buckley	26	1:47:28	27.3973

7 MILE KILN KLASSIC

55 Bob Massaro	59	1:47:55	26.0274
56 Mark Syrett	54	1:49:54	24.6575
57 Bill Herrington	54	1:51:54	23.2877
58 Lee Halford	30	1:53:04	21.9178
59 Javier Dominguez	34	1:55:06	20.5479
60 Richard Busa	73	1:56:49	19.1781
61 Michael Hickey	45	1:57:43	17.8082
62 Martin Glendon	56	1:58:46	16.4384
63 Scott Hunter	57	2:09:19	15.0685
64 Frank Bareis Jr	63	2:14:38	13.6986
65 Kate Hayes	54	2:15:37	12.3288
66 Karen Claire-Zimmet	33	2:17:34	10.9589
67 Joy St. John	32	2:17:35	9.5890
68 Corey Logan	32	2:17:36	8.2192
69 Cristina Dos Santos	23	2:24:45	6.8493
70 Leigh Druckenmiller	35	2:45:14	5.4795
71 Ann Snoeyenbos	38	2:49:43	4.1096
72 Konrad Karolczuk	50	3:02:22	2.7397
73 Paul Hartwig	46	3:02:23	1.3699

4.5 MILE "NOTCH" RACE

01 Stephanie Nephew	26	0:47:03	50.0000
02 Don Fallis	37	0:49:08	48.0000
03 Shaun Sutcliffe	45	0:51:01	46.0000
04 Larry Dragon	42	0:54:23	44.0000
05 Tom McCrumm	57	0:56:57	42.0000
06 Mike Deep	53	0:57:04	40.0000
07 Fred Thompson	62	0:57:05	38.0000
08 Michele Levitte	39	0:57:20	36.0000
09 Grant Hodgson	14	0:57:52	34.0000
10 Brian McCarthy	41	0:58:14	32.0000
11 Sarah Edson	26	0:59:55	30.0000
12 Bonnie Fachini	38	0:59:59	28.0000
13 Eric Banville	34	1:03:32	26.0000
14 Sue Kacensky	44	1:03:38	24.0000
15 Julie Ryan	37	1:04:09	22.0000
16 Dave Krasner	48	1:04:35	20.0000
17 Jeff Clark	56	1:07:29	18.0000
18 Eddie Zolkos	37	1:12:45	16.0000
19 Marilyn Hickey	44	1:13:15	14.0000
20 Holly Brouker	49	1:13:16	12.0000
21 Lyn Banville	36	1:15:20	10.0000
22 Miren Hodgson	43	1:20:08	8.0000
23 Karen Rehm	57	1:24:25	6.0000
24 Kelly Jackson		1:42:09	4.0000
25 Lynn Buttolph	50	1:42:10	2.0000

Sally Goade 44 broken shoe

WMAC

3rd MOODY SPRING 9 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

WMAC

MARCH 1, 2003

DUBUQUE STATE FOREST

WEST HAWLEY, MA

9 MILER

01. Leigh Schmitt	30	1:18:06	100.0000
02. Richard Bolt	32	1:18:20	98.0769
03. Dave Dunham	39	1:21:03	96.1538
04. Paul Miller	33	1:24:36	94.2308
05. Keith Schmitt	33	1:25:14	92.3077
06. Ken Clark	40	1:27:44	90.3846
07. Dave Hannon	30	1:28:50	88.4615
08. Mark Guillaume	30	1:37:09	86.5385
09. Ed Meyers	53	1:37:40	84.6154
10. Bob Dion	47	1:38:09	82.6923
11. Jack Casey	49	1:39:01	80.7692
12. Sheryl Wheeler	39	1:39:07	78.8462
13. Nico Scibelli	40	1:40:40	76.9231
14. Wayne Stocker	48	1:41:59	75.0000
15. Kelly Herrington	28	1:42:48	73.0769
16. Michael Robertson	30	1:42:48	71.1538
17. Craig Wilson	53	1:44:57	69.2308
18. Thomas Denny	43	1:46:20	67.3077
19. Deb Livingston	28	1:46:50	65.3846
20. Jason Kaffenberger	39	1:48:53	63.4615
21. Jacqu Schiffer	38	1:49:08	61.5385
22. Bill Ross	39	1:49:35	59.6154
23. Carol Kane	57	1:53:35	57.6923
24. Bob Worsham	57	1:53:57	55.7692
25. Ed Alibozek Jr	63	1:56:47	53.8462
26. Stephen Banatoski	39	1:58:48	51.9231
27. Dave Boles	56	1:59:03	50.0000
28. Will Danecki	52	1:59:09	48.0769
29. Tiffany Mann	33	1:59:20	46.1538
30. Skip Brown	36	1:59:21	44.2308
31. Bruce Marvonek	49	2:00:19	42.3077
32. Stephanie Landy	43	2:00:42	40.3846
33. John Pelton	63	2:02:53	38.4615
34. Mike Lahey	51	2:07:30	36.5385
35. Laura Clark	55	2:08:30	34.6154
36. Dan McNamara	53	2:09:09	32.6923
37. Bruce Grisafe	49	2:09:54	30.7692
38. Eddie Saharczewski	49	2:10:00	28.8462
39. Ed Buckley	44	2:10:20	26.9231
40. Gareth Buckley	26	2:10:29	25.0000
41. Barbara Sorrell	45	2:17:58	23.0769
42. Bill Herrington	54	2:24:26	21.1538
43. Rich Busa	73	2:30:55	19.2308
44. Art Gulliver	64	2:33:09	17.3077
45. Sally Goade	44	2:37:01	15.3846
46. Karen Claire-Zimmet	33	2:54:06	13.4615
47. Kate Hayes	54	2:54:52	11.5385
48. Scott Hunter	57	2:54:52	9.6154
49. Greg Taylor	56	3:10:50	7.6923
50. Ann Snoeyenbos	38	3:16:13	5.7692
51. Jeff Clark	56	3:37:35	3.8462
52. Konrad Karolczuk	50	3:37:36	1.9231

Off Course:

Mary Quinn 40 1:21:26 ++

6 MILER

01. Steve Peterson	36	1:03:10	50.0000
02. Shaun Sutliff	45	1:07:27	47.9167
03. Dave Wallace	48	1:12:08	45.8333
04. Eric Iannocone	30	1:16:15	43.7500
05. Larry Dragon	42	1:22:27	41.6667
06. Tricia Grenier	26	1:22:36	39.5833
07. Rich Godin	47	1:25:08	37.5000
08. Mike Albrecht	31	1:25:57	35.4167
09. Brad Herder	45	1:27:08	33.3333
10. Sarah Edson	26	1:27:33	31.2500
11. Jeff Hattam	51	1:27:38	29.1667
12. Grant Hodgson	14	1:29:01	27.0833
13. Jon Howes	46	1:29:58	25.0000
14. Bob Massaro	59	1:32:13	22.9167
15. Martin Glendon	56	1:36:32	20.8333
16. Julie Ryan	37	1:39:11	18.7500
17. Lisa Swan	31	1:44:20	16.6667
18. Al Shultz	58	1:53:59	14.5833
19. Marie Meckel	37	2:03:55	12.5000
20. Miren Hodgson	43	2:05:31	10.4167
21. James Hodgson	12	2:10:13	8.3333
22. Matt Bondini	13	2:27:10	6.2500
23. Brett Hodgson	44	2:27:11	4.1667
24. George Andrews	53	2:37:50	2.0833

Friday Night Gang

(02/28/03):

Paul Hartwig	46	9 miles	3:40:05
Edward Alibozek	40	9 miles	3:40:05
Tippi	2 1/2	9 miles+	3:40:08

After Hours/ Ribbon Removal

(03/04/03):

Rich Busa	73	9 miles	2:12:27
Laurel Shortell	36	9 miles	2:16:31
Old Farmer Ed Jr	63	9 miles	2:42:00

Water Stop & Sweepers:

Mark Syrett
Ken Fairman

Having Fun on Race Day:

Ellen Mach
Ann Dobrowolski
Dan Goade
Paul Hartwig
Denise Dion
Itzi
Marie Andrews

Finish Line Help:

Peter Lipka

Water Stop Help:

Americorps, Jessica and Tony

Breakfast of Champions:

South Face Farm/ Tom McCrumm

IF THIS IS MARCH, IT MUST BE MOODY SPRINGS

There must be a reason why we end the snowshoe racing season with an event called Moody Springs. Is it because Moody always seems to have the last and best snow of the season? Or is it because we're all feeling a bit touchy at the thought of retiring our snowshoes until next winter? Last year, most of us never even got to say goodbye because Moody was being true to her namesake and felt like enjoying her privacy.

Well, she must have missed us after all, because this year she greeted us with a record snowfall. Only once did I catch a glimpse of Moody's spring trickling hesitantly through geological layers of snow upon snow. Even the normally icy snowmobile roads were groomed to perfection and looked as if they belonged to a fancy ski center.

Still, there were unforeseen obstacles waiting to add a bit of adventure to the day... I tried to start farther back in the pack, knowing that the wide snowmobile road would offer plenty of passing opportunities. I figured I would have nine miles to catch up. Unfortunately, I forgot that I'm better on rougher trails than the easy, wide stuff that everyone likes, and so once we turned off into the woods I found myself on the tail end of a conga line of runners. I had laboriously inched my way up the line when we reemerged onto the road and the people I had just passed surged ahead. When the frontrunners began to peel off into the woods again, I was really feeling discouraged until I noticed that most turned left towards the shorter course. Yes! Victory by default!

Left alone, I encountered my first adventure and almost lost one of my nine lives. As I approached another snowmobile road, I dutifully looked around for a pedestrian crosswalk. Spotting none, I glanced both ways and then leapt off the embankment right into the path of an oncoming snowmobile. Time stood still. I'm not sure if I finally learned how to sprint, but all of a sudden Snowmobile had simply vanished with the "Now I'm here, now I'm not," ability of its fellow predator, Shark. Or perhaps Snowmobile was simply not hungry at the moment.

Other fellow travelers encountered different surprises. Despite the fact that Bob Dion tested the peripheral snow during his warm up and reported that it was waist-deep, some of us took it as more of a challenge than a warning. Jeff Clark, for example, courteously stepped off the trail to let Will Danecki through, and found himself getting shorter and shorter, sucked in by the powdery white quicksand. On the other foot, I thought that Bob was simply using scare tactics to keep everyone lined up behind him. I experienced no difficulty, other than not being able to breathe, during my earlier people-hopping. However, as I approached the imaginary finish line, I looked down to make sure my feet were still moving, and was surprised to discover that one of my alligators was sagging down towards my ankles, completely stuffed with snow. Curiously, except for a few strategic stumbles, I have no memory of sinking into the quicksand.

Meanwhile, back on the trail... a few miles farther on, Dan McNamara passed me. This would have been a fairly normal occurrence, except that he was headed in the opposite direction.

Had I been running in circles? After all, snow looks pretty much the same. But Dan explained that his white knit glove had

worked its way off his hand and he was trying to retrieve it before frostbite set in. Imagine trying to locate a white glove lying on white snow! Luckily, I had spotted a likely suspect a few meters back, but hadn't retrieved it, thinking it was one of the White Rabbit's throwaway gloves. From then on, Dan and I pretty much played leapfrog, taking turns leading and following until, much to my surprise, I lost him on the final snowmobile trail where I typically get bored and slow down. Must have had something to do with Tom McCrumm's delicious pancakes and maple syrup waiting for me!

And now the rest of the story... because of work commitments, Laurel Shortell was unable to join us at Moody. Not wanting to spoil her perfect attendance record, she got permission from Head Snowshoer, Ed, to run the course later on as long as she had someone to accompany her. Being retired and having lots of free time, Rich Busa volunteered. According to Rich, "The course was fantastic, after rain and sleet and then two very cold days the course was like running on the road." Rich was elated; he took 18:28 off his Saturday race time. And that was without his front cleats, which were missing in action somewhere back on the trail. This didn't faze Rich, who claimed, "I didn't even know there was supposed to be anything there!"

This raises several interesting points. First, why does Rich want snowshoe running to be like road running? More importantly, is he going to petition to have his second time recorded for the final points standing? Does one good turn always deserve another? Finally, when is Bob Dion going to realize that giving accident-prone Rich a lifetime snowshoe guarantee is not a good business investment?

But whatever happens, I think it's really neat to belong to a club where spirit and intention count more than exactitude and punctuality.

Laura Clark

MOODY SPRING 6 MILE AGE GROUP CHAMPIONS

12 – 15	Grant Hodgson	1:29:01*
25 – 29	Tricia Grenier	1:22:36*
30 – 34	Lisa Swan	1:44:20 Eric Iannocone
35 – 39	Julie Ryan	1:39:11 Steve Peterson
40 – 44	Miren Hodgson	2:05:31* Larry Dragon
45 – 49	Shaun Sutcliffe	1:07:27*
50 – 54	Jeff Hattem	1:27:38
55 – 59	Bob Massaro	1:32:13

** Denotes new Age Group Course Record!!*

MOODY SPRING 2003... SUCH A DEAL!!

Moody Spring, March 1, 2003...

Well, do you believe it.... last snowshoe event of the season! And what a season it's been! You wanted snow, you got snow... tons of it... at every single event... from Woodford to Moody... it just kept coming and never stopped and it's probably not done yet... such a deal!

Moody didn't let us down this year... everything went off without a hitch... nope, not one hitch... from the snow conditions, to weather, to the course, to the markings, to the water stop people... the snowmobilers were even courteous... such a deal!

For me, this was the best snowshoe race ever... in 4 years... it all came together so perfectly... even if I was scared to death to race 9.3 miles in 4 feet of snow on the hardest course of the series... if I was scared on the line, it quickly turned into attack mode...

And just when you thought you were just about the luckiest folks in the world to be able to be out playing in this great forest... BAM!... Tom McCrumm treats you to the best breakfast this side of Greylock and Monadnock... such a deal...

Observations of the Day....

Moody is yet another of those races with an uphill start... sprinting up that friggin' road, in such an oxygen-starved shuffle, it's hard to remember that you get to fly down the same road on the way to the finish... such a deal...

Somebody should have pushed David as he sprinted ahead of us to beat us into the woods... it was described as a "dive" actually... it turned out to be a good thing in the end, as several of us settled into an easy pace on his heels and then left him eating our snow on the road... such a deal...

This was the most perfect snowshoe race of all times for me personally... the forest was outrageously beautiful, totally white and still.... the snow so deep and encompassing, not a rock or piece of brush visible, tucked underneath it's blanket... I ran alone in the section along the brook, there was no one else but me in the world at that moment... so quiet and endless and solitary.... such a deal...

Jacque Schiffer has this cool way of blowing everyone's doors off... she just cruises along behind you, real relaxed, then pulls out and is gone... absolutely gone... like she took the express train to the finish... it's unreal how much time she can put between you and the finish line... such a deal

Woods were filled with slot car tracks, whoop dee doos, switchbacks and berms... such a deal...

Finish line cheerleaders made you run extra fast down the road to the finish... they spotted you through the trees and whooped and hollered at you and would not stop till you crossed the line... such a deal...

Dion was dealing his snowshoes, on and off the snow and had a very good day doing both... he really does give such a deal...

Richard the exhibitionist didn't let us down.... upon finishing, he removed his shirt and made like a snow angel... such a deal...

Leigh Schmitt took the men's title and Sheryl Wheeler took the women's title... they are a couple of such a deals...

Opening day at South Face Farm couldn't have been better... I got to sit in the back and observe lots of friends and fellow trail people, living in the moment, enjoying each other and stuffing their faces... this breakfast was such a deal...

This race marked the end of the WMAC 2003 Snowshoe Series... a lot of people put in a lot of work and busted their butts to make this all come together... and make a whole bunch of us the happiest snowshoers in the country... I doubt whether anything else in the country even comes close to these events and the people and effort involved... we have something very special here... a huge thank you to Ed and all the other RD's of this special series, those who volunteered in so many ways... we all appreciate what you all do... we also thank the god, Snowsomemore... it sure did snowenough...

and oh yes, Dion just ordered that custom camp chair with the dual cup holders, automatic foot rest, heated seat and surround-sound in the headrest... such a deal...

Kaniac/ March 2003

MOODY SPRING 9 MILE AGE GROUP CHAMPIONS

25 – 29	Deb Livingston 1:46:50	Kelly Herrington 1:42:48
30 – 34	Tiffany Mann 1:59:20	Leigh Schmitt 1:18:06
35 – 39	Jacque Schiffer 1:49:08	Dave Dunham 1:21:03
40 – 44	Sheryl Wheeler 1:39:07	Ken Clark 1:27:44
45 – 49	Barbara Sorrell 2:17:58	Bob Dion 1:38:09
50 – 54	Kate Hayes 2:54:52	Ed Myers 1:37:40
55 – 59	Carol Kane 1:53:35	Bob Worsham 1:53:57
60 – 69		Ed Alibozek Jr 1:56:47
70 – 79		Richard Busa 2:30:55

New Course Records were set by:

(30 – 34)	Tiffany Mann & Leigh Schmitt
(35 – 39)	Jacque Schiffer,
(40 – 44)	Sheryl Wheeler & Ken Clark
(50 – 54)	Ed Myers
(55 – 59)	Carol Kane
(73 – 75)	Richard Busa

February 16, 2003**HYLAND ORCHARDS AND BREWERY 5KM****Sturbridge, MA**

01.	Rich Bolt	32	M	18:04
02.	Dave Dunham	38	M	18:24
03.	Dan Verrington	40	M	18:43
04.	Paul Noone	19	M	19:07
05.	Ken CLark	40	M	19:34
06.	Nikki Kimball	31	F	21:21
07.	S. Schneckenburger	24	M	22:14
08.	Craig Brumwell	45	M	22:38
09.	Paul Young	37	M	23:09
10.	Anthony Chamberas	30	M	23:38
11.	Dave Hannon	31	M	23:42
12.	Bob Dion	47	M	24:30
13.	Wayne Darling	32	M	25:31
14.	Jennifer Shultis	34	F	25:46
15.	Barbara McManus	35	F	26:01
16.	Mark Lammi	49	M	26:23
17.	Jack O'Connor	46	M	26:50
18.	David Krom	43	M	27:04
19.	John Carey	41	M	27:40
20.	Kim Duclos	21	F	28:26
21.	Arin Vasil	20	F	28:28
22.	Mark Johnson	44	M	28:30
23.	Mary Lammi	46	F	28:51
24.	Chris Sargent	23	M	29:15
25.	Ken Lemerise	52	M	29:40
26.	Tim Lowkes	34	M	29:49
27.	Sam Levitin	40	M	30:17
28.	Bruce Grisafe	49	M	30:43
29.	Jeff Hattem	51	M	31:09
30.	John Grenier	52	M	31:25
31.	Kelley Handy		F	31:46
32.	Tom Lowkes	35	M	32:38
33.	Heather Gardiner	24	F	32:51
34.	Craig Dion	24	M	32:54
35.	Kevin Hickey	44	M	33:23
36.	Raymond Boutotte	57	M	33:50
37.	Erin Clark	14	F	33:59
38.	Howard Ser	58	M	34:46
39.	David LaPointe	43	M	35:03
40.	Emily Powers	27	F	36:40
41.	Tim Hickey	42	M	39:09
42.	Maura Power	34	F	39:21
43.	Arthur Orr	37	M	39:29
44.	Nathan LaPointe	11	M	41:29
45.	Roseanne Largo	33	F	41:35
46.	Scott Pashoian	34	M	41:35
47.	Margot LaPointe	41	F	42:04
48.	Karl Tuomivaara	67	M	42:45
49.	Ann Snoeyenbos	38	F	46:55
50.	Brenton Walsh	15	M	47:42
51.	Leslie Beer	43	F	48:18
52.	Kevin Goodrow	50	M	50:59
53.	Joyce Mellon	48	F	52:08
54.	James Phillips	43	M	52:09
55.	Garrett Walsh	10	M	59:13

IN THE BEGINNING - An early snowstorm dumped over a foot on the Hyland orchards. Persistent frigid weather kept it there. However, with only 2 weeks remaining until the race, a brief driving rain reduced the foot of snow to six inches of ice. But as suddenly as the rain came, with February there was yet another winter blast to set the snowshoe stage.

SET THE STAGE - Want lessons on snowshoe race directing? Look no further than the Western Massachusetts Athletic Club. For the

WMAC series of snowshoe races, they've got it all: enthusiasm, leadership, cool pastoral courses, and snow. Feet of it...

From Woodford to Saratoga to Pittsfield, Florida and Savoy, Northfield and Hawley, in the words of the Big Guy in Kevin Costner's "Field of Dreams," if you groom it, if they will come. Dozens of racers have turned out to at least a dozen races for the best winter snowfall in years.

IN THE MEANTIME - In the men's competition, the Central Mass Striders/Crescent Moon Snowshoe team ("CMS") dominated the snow, with CMS runners Dave Dunham, Rich Bolt and Paul Low fighting it out for wins throughout Vermont, New York and Massachusetts. The CMS snow diva, Nikki Kimball, began with a 1st place at Woodford, VT, a 2nd place showing at South Pond 4 miler (in Florida/ Savoy, Mass) then found even more game in the Northfield Mountain 6K race. At Northfield, Nikki trailed Olympic Marathon trials qualifier Jennifer Rappaport in the early going before dropping the hammer to win by seconds. Add to the mix at Hyland the new CMS Add to the mix at Hyland the new CMS women's snowshoe team, most of them new to snowshoeing: Heather Gardiner, Barbara McManus, and Kelley Handy. The only CMS snowshoe chicks missing from the starting line of the Hyland 5K race were Eva van Stratum and Lisa Mentzer, who instead ran the Hawley Kiln (western Mass) race on Saturday, the day before, then worked behind the scenes for Hyland.

The Hyland Race is, in the grand scheme of things, not a major race for those individuals with sights set on National races. WMAC rules snowshoe races and has a long-standing and established inventory of popular races. Hyland is brand new and located in the less snowy lowlands of Central Massachusetts. But to plan a snowshoe race, follow the tips from WMAC, and if you get even 50% of what they do correct, the race should go without a hitch. This is, however, the first ever snowshoe race in Central Massachusetts and therefore worthy of great effort to make it succeed.

RACE DAY - The sky was overcast for the start as the mercury moved to -1 F at the Sturbridge orchard. I hoped for a minimum of 50, planned for 75, got 73 pre-entered and day-of registrations, and had 55 finishers. The Hyland racecourse is a 2 loop, 1.55-mile race. Snow remained from January as a hard packed base and snowmobiles had packed 1.2 miles of the course into a fast, wide track. The remaining .35 was a new single track through the woods, down a steep hill then up another before re-entering the Orchard.

Earlier, Dunham proclaimed the course "awesome." Certainly, it proved to be fast. With the start, Bolt and Dunham took the lead, with Bolt leading by :12 at the end of the first lap. Everyone slowed on the second lap as the pack of 55 runners chewed up the icy course.

In the women's race, Nikki Kimball moved away from any serious contender within the first mile to take the women's title. Barbara McManus led Jennifer Shultis over the early going but lost her in the steep trail section. Mary Lammi won the 40+ title in this, her first snowshoe race. CMS continued it's domination of snowshoe racing with 6 finishers in the top 10.

THANKS - To the runners, without which, it would have been a cold and lonely Sunday morning in an Orchard. To the volunteers, Jesse, Tammie, Arturo, and Barbara at the registration table, Jim in the parking, assembling the propane burner and timing; John and Kim at the buffet table totally took control and probably should consider catering as a career choice; Lisa and "Sherpa" Roger marking and monitoring the trail; Brian taking over with timing after my hands froze; Kathie in the food and as the master of ceremonies.

Gary Bridgman