

WMAC SNO-NEWS

WINTER BREAKNECK AT COVERED BRIDGE

Every winter Thursday night, like most residents of WMAC Land, Jeff and I cross our fingers, make a weekend wish and then double click on the beckoning snowflake star. This Thursday I was wishing for a Covered Bridge/Hoxie Thunderbolt combo mostly because I needed to attempt my one and only long run before my snowshoe marathon in three weeks. Yeah, I know... I'm in trouble. But besides that somewhat pressing concern I was hoping I might be lucky enough to spot a live Hoxie, an imaginary creature poised on the brink of stardom in the recent film *Spiderwick Chronicles*.

But alas! The mythical Hoxies and rapidly multiplying Beavers had joined forces to wreck havoc on winter by unfreezing streams and damming skating rink trails. Fortunately, they had left the Covered Bridge route relatively intact, leaving us a star-crossed romp of four miles instead of eight.

Dedicated WMACers that we were, Jeff and I arrived at the Greylock Gazebo with our day-of-race application firmly in hand. What those hands lacked, however, was a crumpled wad of bills. Clearly stated at the bottom of the application were suggested fees: Free, \$5 or \$7. Given the choice, which fee would you choose? Have you contributed enough blood, sweat and tears to truly deserve a free pass? Perhaps dues-paying WMAC members are worth \$5 and everyone else is valued at \$7? Or are the biggest eaters the \$7 contributors? All Edward would say was, "They'll figure it out."

This loose-ended dilemma reminded me of Breakneck 2007 when Karl Moltoris actually gave folks money to run his race, the implication being that they would need to buy sustenance should they choose the wrong path. If you have ever run Breakneck, you know that the only requirements are to run up to the pond, around the pond and back again on any trail, over any beaver dam, or on top of any rocks.

While the Covered Bridge route was marked suggestively with double pink ribbons and yellow WMAC arrows, with helpful orange cones lighting the way to the outhouse, this apparently was not enough for some folks, myself included. I got lost in the same exact spot where I always get lost. Only this time, I blundered right by the ribbons and bows and even glanced true left, actually thinking, "I'm not going to get fooled by that detour again this year! Not me! I'll follow all those snowshoe prints directly ahead of me pointing downhill." I guess I wasn't the only one.

Luckily, I was wearing my yellow jersey and got reeled in by the other yellow jersey owner, Bob Massaro. Intellectually I knew Bob had pointed us on the correct trail because of all the pointy arrows and applauding pink ribbons, but emotionally I wasn't so sure. There were no other bigfoots to be seen. Could we be the only ones to have discovered the true path? Would we get a special "on course" accolade? I was excited! But apparently not excited enough to overtake Bob. For once I found myself wishing that the course had been just a tad bit longer, 24 seconds longer to be exact.

Like October's Breakneck, Covered Bridge comes near the end of the season. This engenders a certain reckless invincibility, not always a good career move. Witness Walt Kolodzinski's sore knee, Martin Glendon's pulled hamstring and Edward Alibozek's cracked ribs. The ARE gang, however, appears to be holding up just fine. With their shiny white van parked confidently uphill while all the other steeds were tethered facing downwards, they were headed toward Josh's idea of a fun weekend: Covered Bridge Saturday morning, New Hampshire's Kingman Farm that evening and Moody Spring Sunday morning, a definitive Winter Break statement.

laura



Nick Jubok finishing his 24th WMAC Snowshoe Race!

On February 16th, 2008 at Camp Saratoga the WMAC Snowshoe Series held it's 100th official race! Thank you everyone who has participated, volunteered, directed, and has been a positive force through 11 years and all these races. Someday I hope to count up all the early day (1995-1997) events and fun runs we have also held...

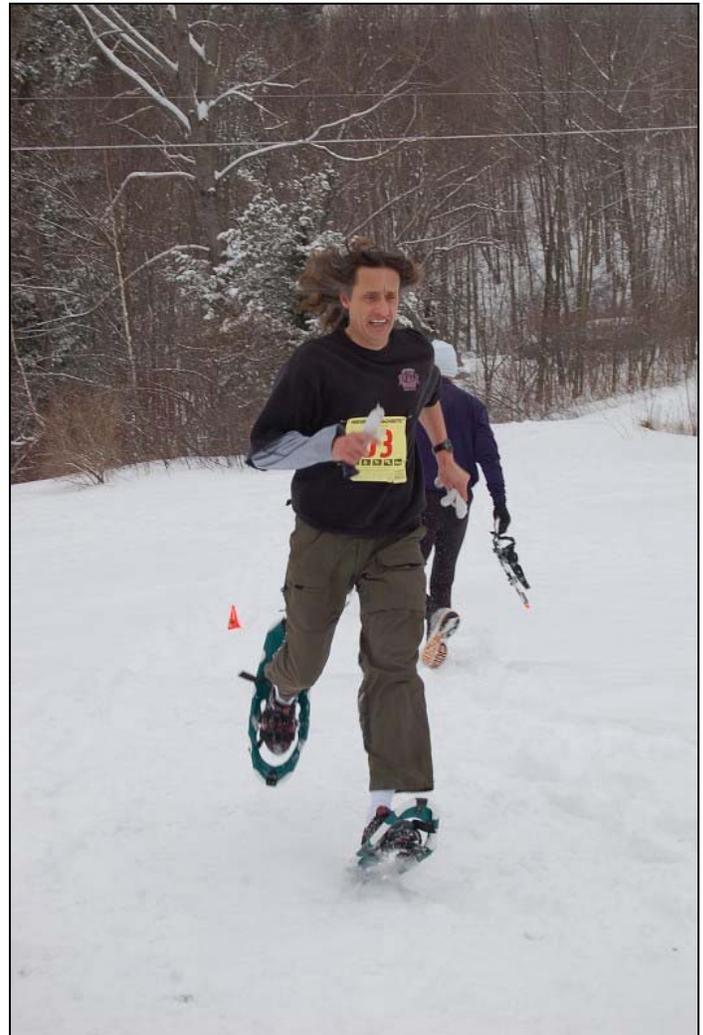
GREYLOCK GLEN "COVERED BRIDGE" 4.0-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

February 23, 2008

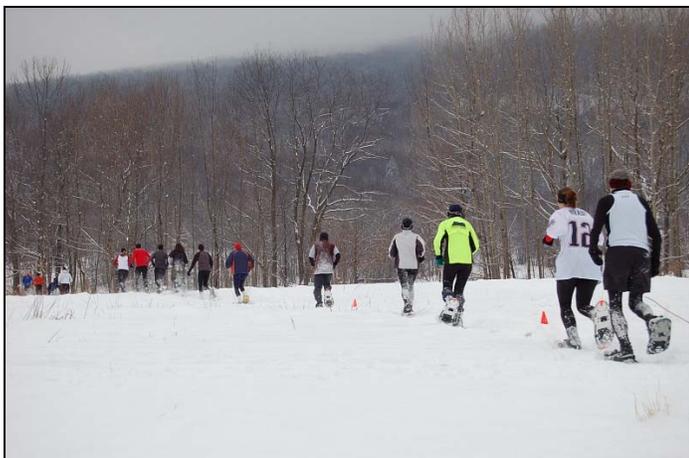
Greylock Glen

Adams, MA

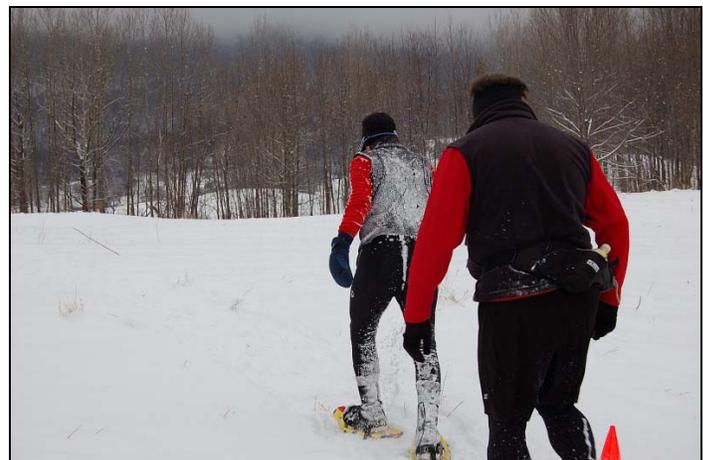
Pl	Name	Age	Time	Points
01.	Josh Merlis	26	0:34:00	100.00
02.	Ken Clark	45	0:34:18	97.22
03.	Bob Dion	52	0:35:00	94.44
04.	Jay Kolodzinski	28	0:35:04	91.67
05.	Peter LaGoy	48	0:36:41	88.89
06.	Charles Petraske	30	0:38:45	86.11
07.	Chuck Ryan	53	0:39:13	83.33
08.	Nick Jubok	51	0:42:58	80.56
09.	Rich Godin	52	0:43:49	77.78
10.	Jessica Hageman	32	0:44:32	75.00
11.	Eric Kimmelman	43	0:44:38	72.22
12.	John Pelton	68	0:44:43	69.44
13.	Mike Lahey	56	0:44:56	66.67
14.	Vince Kirby	51	0:45:05	63.89
15.	Jan Rancatti	47	0:45:23	61.11
16.	Laurel Shortell	41	0:46:50	58.33
17.	Martin Glendon	61	0:48:10	55.56
18.	Juergan Reher	58	0:48:28	52.78
19.	Mark Kelsey	56	0:48:50	50.00
20.	Tom Ryan	47	0:49:35	47.22
21.	Holly Atkinson	38	0:49:44	44.44
22.	Jim Carlson	60	0:50:20	41.67
23.	Denise Dion	49	0:50:42	38.89
24.	Bob Massaro	64	0:52:22	36.11
25.	Laura Clark	60	0:52:46	33.33
26.	Darlene McCarthy	46	0:55:25	30.56
27.	Howard Bassett	47	0:56:55	27.78
28.	Jamie Howard	42	1:05:28	25.00
29.	Rich Busa	78	1:06:20	22.22
30.	Kate Hayes	59	1:08:18	19.44
31.	Bill Glendon	62	1:12:02	16.67
32.	Konrad Karolczuk	55	1:12:03	13.89
33.	Jules Seltzer	72	1:23:50	11.11
34.	Jeff Clark	61	1:24:05	8.33
35.	Edward Alibozek	45	1:50:00	5.56
36.	Ellen Mach	66	2:00:00	2.78



Rich Godin enjoying his time on snowshoes in '08.



Long Train at the Start, through the abandoned golf course.



Rich Busa and Jamie Howard on their way out...

Photos courtesy of Beth Herder -- www.berkshiresports.org

2008 SNOWSHOE TRI-FECTA

I am not a snowshoe historian but I would bet that 11 years ago you would have had a hard time trying to find a snowshoe race. Yeah, I know there were a couple here and there, more than likely farther from where you lived than nearer, yet time has made a huge difference. This sport has certainly put itself on the map! Just type "snowshoe race" into any online search engine and "hits" come up all over the country. Travel to these races depends on how addicted you are. You say snowshoes and people shout out all kinds of brand names. Snowshoe companies are sponsoring athletes to refurbish their clothing and promote their product. The days of Grandpas old wooden tennis racket snowshoes are history. I have seen more of those hanging above fireplaces than I have seen on the feet of outdoor thrill seekers. And with a very short season in New England, you better get your priorities in line when it comes time to snowshoe racing.

It used to be that you had one race per weekend. Then as the popularity grew, one race per weekend grew into double headers. Two races per weekend is very doable for your typical athletic snowshoer. You race hard one day and then take it easy the next. So if your anything like me, you all have some sort of calendar in your home that displays all the winter months and when the WMAC Snowshoe schedule appears in late October, you fill in your weekends with possible races. Like I had said



previously, this sport is taking off, and event coordinators and charity groups are taking notice. So now instead of just having one race per day at any one location in New England, you could now have 2 or 3 spread across the region. In the past, there would be no possible way that you could race two in one day. Snowshoe races are usually held in the mornings and sometimes can take 1 - 3 hours to complete depending on the varying distances. However, that all changed this past weekend. The Acidotic Racing Team from New Hampshire started a new snowshoe series. This series included a night race that required the use of headlamps.

Well I must be getting loopier in my old age because that sounded like fun to me! I must not take credit for this adventure, that credit goes to Josh Merlis! It was Josh who invited me to join him and two other Albany Running Exchange (ARE) members in taking on the first ever snowshoe race tri-fecta! So after receiving an email from Josh asking if I was willing to join them in this new endeavor, I said, "Why the heck not!" However, Josh and his band of New Yorkers were in need of one small favor... a place to crash on Saturday night. After speaking with the Polish King, they would be allowed to crash at Castle Kolodzinski. So with accommodations settled I would be meeting Josh, Tom Ryan and Jess Hageman at Greylock Glen Saturday morning to begin a 3-race journey on snowshoes.

Saturday morning my father and I drove to Mt. Greylock for the Covered Bridge 4 miler. The course had to be shortened to 4 miles because the Hoxie-Thunderbolt side was too icy and made for dangerous conditions according to longtime race director Paul Hartwig. Paul, who has the help of his son and a snowmobile, has been making the races at the Glen happen for 9-years now, and like I have said in a previous story: "...trust the race directors because they know what they are talking about!" I have to admit I was a tad disappointed because I truly was looking forward to racing in the whole 8-mile course due to

missing it last year. Little did I know later I would be thanking Paul for his wise decision because my body would be spent from a weekend of snowshoe racing.

As my father and I made our annual winter pilgrimage to Greylock Glen, I knew it wouldn't be complete without a stop at the Adams' McDonalds. Yes, every time we go to the Glen we stop at McDonalds. Not to buy the tasty crap they sell but to use the warm facilities. As we pulled in, we saw Howard Bassett pulling out of the parking area and my father commented on how many snowshoers stop there before going to the Glen. Without taking a poll, I know one other person who goes there and that is Jim Carlson. As I was coming out of the restroom, Jim was walking in. When we saw each other we laughed because if my memory serves me correct we had bumped into each other there either last year or the year before. So if you do stop at McDonalds, next time you see me let me know because I just have a curiosity on it. As we drove to the Glen from McDonalds we heard a great new country song on the radio that reminded me of how lucky I am to have a father who can participate in the same things his kid does. I can't wait till I can have the same thing!

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Upon arrival we saw all the usual suspects. I quickly signed up at the Gazebo and then jumped into the ARE van to see what the travel accommodations would be like. Inside the van were Tom, Jess, Josh and Nick Jubok. When I saw Nick, I thought we had a last minute addition to the snowshoe race tri-fecta weekend. After hearing some things I can't write, I was saddened to find out Nick was just keeping warm and telling some stories with adult content. I then decided I would put my stuff in the van after the race, as my truck was too far up the hill. The plan was to leave Adams after the race and drive to Madbury, NH where the night race was. My father would then drive my truck home and we would arrive back at the ranch late that evening. Also while chatting in the van I learned that not only would this be Toms first ever snowshoe race tri-fecta, it would be his first time ever on snowshoes. Talk about jumping into thing headfirst!

Well the Covered Bridge 4 miler attracted 36 racers on this mild February day. Ken Clark and Josh Merlis took off like they had tons of energy. They pulled a good distance ahead of Bob Dion, Peter LaGoy and myself right from the very start. They had excellent races on a challenging course that was icy underneath a freshly fallen snow of 6-8 inches from the previous night. The two came in first and second. Josh narrowly escaped the grasps of Ken who finished right behind him. Josh, however, would be racing again in a few hours where as Ken would have a rest before taking on Moody Springs. Bob, Peter, and I fought it out on the uphill trails until we crested the high-point at the intersection of Gould and Cheshire Harbor Trails. It was here that I took off on the downhill. Bob said after the race that when he finally hit Cheshire Harbor that I was already gone. I love downhill snowshoe running and always take advantage of it when I get the opportunity.

So after reaching the bottom of the Cheshire Harbor Trail we hooked a quick left. I knew this from past knowledge because of the Greylock Trail ½ Marathon and that it was also all downhill from here (not counting a few small up-hills). As I ran through the field I caught a quick glimpse of Bob, who I thought was going the wrong way. Well he was, and when he saw me he corrected his mistake and started charging right towards me. Very soon after that we made a short descent to cross a brook and when I did that I caught the tip of my snowshoe and went head first into the snow! I did a face plant and lost all momentum. I then was ridiculed by Bob, who had somehow managed to gain a great distance on me. I think he said something like, "No time to lie down, get up! This is a race! No sleeping!" Well if that doesn't hurt your confidence I don't know what does. After getting up I had no energy. I just couldn't get the rhythm back. And to make matters worse I had Bob right on my heels. We duelled it out and at the Covered Bridge he passed me. I figured I could save some energy and pass him again right before the finish. As we raced across Gould Road Bob was only few footsteps ahead of me and even though I had some push, he had more and ended up getting me by 4 seconds. When I crossed the line, I dropped to the ground. My only thought was, "Oh Great, I have to race in 6 hours!" After gaining some strength I grabbed some food and watched as all the other racers continued to run in. I was trying to relax, as I knew I would soon be sitting in a van for 4 hours.

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Race #1 Recap: I was happy. Finished 4th and felt spent at the finish trying to catch Bob. After race thought, reverse the positions for tomorrow's race in Hawley, and let him feel like what I did today. Actually, worry about that tomorrow and focus on tonight. Goal for tonight, not run into a tree!

As everyone started leaving I said goodbye to my father and told him I'd call him after the race. That was only after I would call Sheila who was on Cape Cod participating in the Marathon relay with her former high school x-c teammates. I then grabbed the shotgun position of the ARE van and we started trekking east towards New Hampshire. We stopped twice, once for gas and the second because I had drunk 2 Nalgene bottles of water and couldn't wait any longer. The ride was fun. With good company comes good conversations and like the old saying goes, "What is said in the van, stays in the van!" So as four o'clock approached we ventured off the interstate and starting roaming into the fields and farmlands of southeastern NH.

As we neared the race location, Josh said he had to pull the van over because he had now drunk too much water. Well the first place he pulled into was the Police Station. He was going to jump out of the van and visit the bushes. Well that usually is a good idea except when you are in the police station parking lot.

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We convinced him not to do it because Tom, Jess nor myself didn't have enough money on us for bail. So he then drove down the road a little bit and we saw a sign saying Kingman Farm. We were now here. The race was called Kingman Farm and we were now at Kingman Farm. He turned left off the road and pulled down a long driveway towards an old farmhouse and a huge barn. It was now 4 o'clock and we were two hours early. Josh, who was now about ready to burst, told us to stay in the van and he would find out where everything was happening, after he went to the bathroom. So we saw him run to the house and knock on the door. Not paying much attention, we then saw him run around to the back of the house. Guess he couldn't wait any longer. As we were waiting for him to re-appear an older lady, who didn't appear to be a snowshoer emerged from the house and started walking in the direction that Josh had went. I could only chuckle at this point because I got the feeling we might be at the wrong Kingman Farm. Well as the lady was just about to walk out of view, Josh appeared and they were now standing face to face. They were maybe a hundred feet from the van so we couldn't hear anything. The three of us just watched as a small conversation started. Then within 15 seconds, Josh started walking towards the van and had a huge smile on his face. He quickly jumped in and started the engine. Josh then said, "The woman knows nothing about a snowshoe race and I just peed behind her house. Time to flee!" As Josh quickly maneuvered the van to leave the yard, the woman started

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walking in the tracks where Josh had just come from in the snow. Wonderful, its not like cops are going to have a hard time finding this van. We then decided, if pulled over for a certain crime, we would just tell the officer it was the other ARE van in the neighborhood.

After that small detour, we quickly found where the race would be held. It was at the Madbury town hall. After arriving and registering we also found out that we would be running on the grounds of Kingman Farm, not at the farmhouse we just had previously left. With time to spare we relaxed in the van and as I saw people I knew, I greeted them and chatted about the race we would be soon doing. Some of those people were Bill Morse, Jay Curry, Dan Cooper, Scott Graham and Jamie Howard. Jamie Howard, whoa, Jamie ran this morning. Instead of joining Josh, Jess, Tom, and myself in the van, Jamie drove all the way here by himself. Now five people would be trying the snowshoe tri-fecta.

As time counted down, Josh and I were getting restless, so like any sane person that would be doing a snowshoe tri-fecta, we decided to run the course beforehand. We must have had a lapse of judgment at that moment as we did it without snowshoes. The course was beautiful but had some icy patches we would be running on. So we ran the course in the daylight, which in hindsight was a great idea because we got to see the



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course. How often do you not see the course your racing on? Not too often. Well as we neared the finish of our pre-race run, we heard the race director giving the racers instructions we would be starting in 10 minutes. Talk about cutting it close. I don't know what Josh had to do to prep, but I had to put my snowshoes on and because of nerves, re-visit the much-cherished porta-jon.

Well those ten minutes went by quick. Before I knew it I was lining up on a narrow trail with 88 headlamps shining in all directions. The start was quick, two guys went out quick, one being Josh who finished 2nd and the other guy being the winner. I was in 4th for the first kilometer, but soon got into third and hung on to that position for the remainder of the race. The course was fast. It was marked with kilometer signs, which helped in judging distance traveled and distance left. To help with the course markings, the entire course was laid out with red flags and green glow sticks. They were nice but you still had to pay very close attention or else you'd be wandering around fields that you may not want to be wandering around. With my best guess the first 3 kilometers were very flat with minimal rises in elevation. However, the final 2 kilometers were very interesting. The 4th kilometer was a bunch of switchbacks up the side of a hill that had some good elevation to it and the final kilometer was, I think 5 switchbacks down the other side of the hill to the finish. If it had been run straight up the hill, it might not have been completely runnable, however by having switchbacks it made the uphill portion very runnable. The downhill portion was very fun. The 5 switchbacks to the finish allowed for you to see the racers in front of and behind you because everyone was required to wear a headlamp and that device made for easy spotting of your nearest competitor.

The concept of a night race is wonderful idea and the Acidotic Racing put on a great feed and prize party after. They ordered 20 pizzas for the competitors after the race and once again had a slew of prizes including beer and petzl headlamps. I have to say great job for what was my first ever night race. I hope this can spark a trend in winter snowshoe racing.

Race #2 Recap: Absolutely had a marvelous time. Came in 3rd out of 88 racers and was very happy considering I had already raced once that morning and ran the course right before the race. Body was sluggish now but not from the race, more from filling my body with different kinds of pizza that was offered. The road to a perfect snowshoe tri-fecta was no longer just a dream but a distinct reality. Not only was I gonna capture the goal, but Josh, Tom, Jess, and Jamie would all get the prize, given no unforeseen accidents that could occur while traveling back to the Western end of Massachusetts.

It was now 7:45 and we had a 2 ½ drive back to castle Kolodzinski. This would be a quicker drive than what it had taken to drive out there. So with Josh as pilot of the van, it tracked westerly towards the city of Northampton. The drive was great with one minor exception. We drove through the wrong tollbooth when getting on the MA turnpike and never got a ticket. You would think they would be nice when we were getting off the MA turnpike and give us a get out of paying free card, but that wasn't the case. In retrospect, they probably get that all the time.

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When we arrived home Chef Kolodzinski had prepared an organic feast. He knew that he would have 4 tired and hungry racers to feed so he prepared a mystery soup for us with some homemade bread. Actually the soup wasn't too much of a mystery considering you could see the carrots, potatoes, and collards but as far as the other stuff, who knew? All I knew was it tasted great and had all come from the garden! After eating, we hit the sack because we had one more race to do on Sunday before we could declare ourselves snowshoe tri-fecta participates.

Sunday morning arrived sooner than I had hoped. I had no desire to get out from my mummy bag. Yeah you might be thinking why am I in a mummy bag if I am sleeping at my own house. I sleep in it on my bed as practice when I am sleeping in the woods. After a quick breakfast of pancakes we piled back in the van and headed towards West Hawley to race Moody Springs 6 Miler.

I was soon about to have some Déjà vu. As Josh was driving up the hill to the upper parking lot at the SCA camp, the van, which is a 15 person passenger, started to slide around on the road. The road, which is very narrow, and only one car wide was covered in a thin layer of snow and ice. Only about 20 feet from cresting the top of the hill the tires started spinning out and rubber was soon burning. The van was not going to be able to make the lot. Josh would have to drive in reverse and park down in the lower, much smaller lot. Well as Josh was driving in reverse, the van slid again, this time sideways. He wasn't going anywhere. Now not only was the van blocking the road for all other vehicles, but also diagonally in the road and not moving. Because I had lived though something very similar last week, the van was saved... Nick Jubok came to the rescue. He removed, not physically, Josh from the drivers seat and took his place and with the help of half a dozen strong men was able to get the rear end of the van out of the snow pile. Nick then drove the van in reverse back down to the lower lot. This was not done without comical satire from Josh, Nick and a few others.

After that short incident, I registered, talked to my father who had ridden up with his two friends, and prepared to finish the third race in the snowshoe tri-fecta. Before the race and up to the point when we lined up at the start on Hallockville Road I felt pretty darn good. I was a little tight but all in all I felt good. I knew the course and just planned on racing as how I felt. That was go all out till I bonked. Well I have to admit I was able to get about 4 ½ miles into the course before I really started feeling sluggish. I had been racing hard trying to keep up with Bob Dion who was only feet ahead of me the entire way and also trying to keep ahead of Britt Brewer and Ken Clark who were knocking at my heals. Well the moment came at 4 ½ when I just lost it. I guess 3 races in 2 days can do that. This course is very challenging as it has a steep uphill section at mile 3 at the Moody Springs part of the course where you have a long ascent up a steep hillside. Not only did that uphill take any energy I had left in me out, but I was also breaking through the snow on many parts of the trails. That little extra energy needed to pull my snowshoes out from under another layer of ice was consuming all my reserves that I had saved up. Come about 4 ½ miles, Britt and Ken passed both Bob and myself and they both slowly pulled away from us. It was at around that point I also

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got ahead of Bob. I didn't want to look back and see where he was so I just kept plugging around. When we finally re-joined Hallockville Road, I knew I was on the home stretch to the finish. How long it would take me to get there was another story. On that final mile on the snowmobile road, I just watched as Ken and Britt continued to pull away as I was having a hard time running up the long last gradual hill. It never seemed to end. I just couldn't get any lift in my legs. So I continued to trudge forward and not look back because I knew Bob was or would be knocking at my heels. As I crested the final hill, I saw Ed taking photos and at that point I decided to look back. My intuition served me correct because right behind me was Bob. I had no energy left, but I also had the fight or flight instinct kick in and I knew I couldn't let Bob pass me. So with a hundred yards to the finish, I found some energy I didn't know I had and put on an all out kick. Bob must have been doing the same because I could hear his snowshoes knocking on my doorstep. I just barely had enough energy left to keep ahead of Bob and beat him by 2 seconds. It felt good as he got me the day before at the Glen.

Race #3 Recap: Moody Springs was my third race in two days but I can divide it into two races in one. The first race, which would be the first 4 ½ miles, was awesome. The second race, which would be the last 1 ½ miles, was horrible. It was a wonder I was even running. I placed 6th which I was happy about. It continued my streak of coming in the top ten all year (except for I Love Woodford where I went off course). I was actually impressed that I managed to stay with Bob, Ken and Britt for as long as I did. Not talking about the race itself, the natural world of Dubuque State Forest is a wonderland! I thought as I ran through the lands how lucky we are to have this forest, saved and protected for all of us to use! So many people out there have no idea what they are missing!

Well that's it. I have been writing for 4+ hours now on a snowshoe race tri-fecta and I am beat! I had a few tea breaks through the evening to help keep me awake but in retrospect my fingers are now as tired as my legs were. The weekend rocked! It was one of the best weekends I have had during the winter in many years. Snowshoe racing has made winter come alive with fun and excitement. My body took a small beating during this adventure. Sunday night I was walking around the house like a man who hadn't slept in years, yet that night I slept like I hadn't slept in years. My body is now recovered as I ran 6.55 miles tonight (Monday) and felt awesome! As I think about the upcoming weekend I think, "great, this weekend is another double-header!" I hope my legs can hold out for another weekend. I would also like to thank everyone who made this snowshoe race tri-fecta weekend possible, The ARE, the Race Directors of all three races, the staff at McDonalds for keeping the restrooms clean, my father for making great soup and pancakes to help keep me fed, The Madbury Police Dept for not arresting Josh, The SCA staff for allowing us into there lodge or whatever it actually is, and everyone else out there who helped make this weekend a success! Rock on and snowshoe!

Jay Kolodzinski

Photos accompanying Jay's article are the Tri-fecta Finishers (Josh, Jay, Tom, Jessica and Jamie). Photos by Beth Herder.

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HALLOCKVILLE / MOODY SPRINGS DOUBLE HEADER

While some of us were out there plugging along on our double header weekend, the ARE gang were racking up their 3rd snowshoe race in two days. Josh Merlis put almost 500 miles on the ARE van driving from Albany, to Florida, to NH and back. Not many can accomplish a Winter Break Florida vacation on that kind of mileage, let alone get in a goodly amount of exercise. Another triumph for ARE Productions!

The Hallockville / Moody Springs course is a something-for-everyone mixture of snowmobile trails and woody single track, supposedly culminating in a pilgrimage to Moody Springs. Long-heralded by Edward to be the Northeast's answer to Florida's Fountain of Youth, some of us are beginning to have our doubts. In a brief fireside sampling post-race, it was determined that none of us, except for Edward, Tippi, the Wonder Dog, and Worsham (who wasn't there) have ever actually seen the springs. I clearly remember a spring crossing before the Endless Hill, but was told that was not the correct one. No wonder everyone except Edward and Tippi seem to be getting older and older, tired and even more tired as this weekend winds to a close. Which, actually, is as it should be.

Laura

HALLOCKVILLE POND "MOODY SPRING" 6.0-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

February 24, 2008

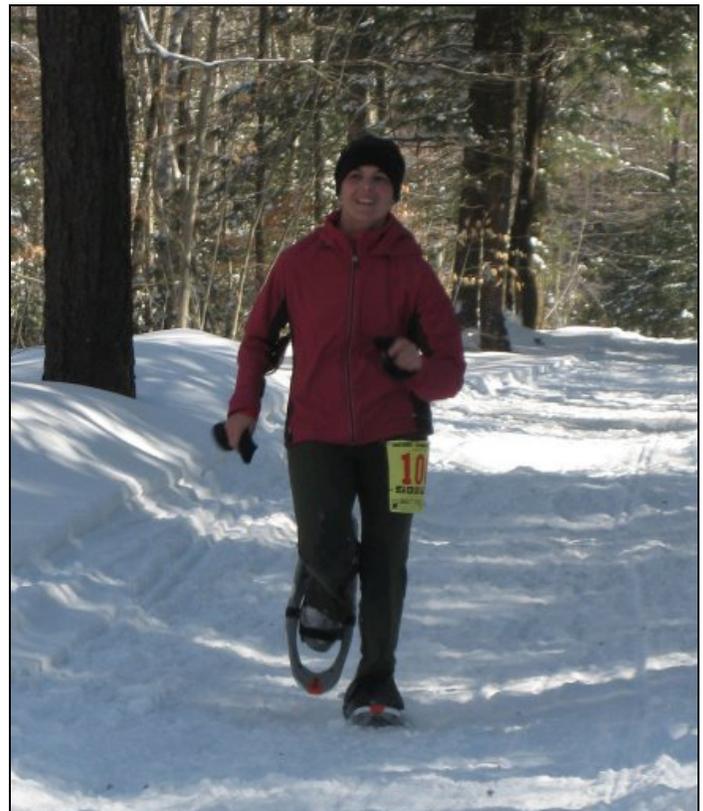
Dubuque State Forest

West Hawley, MA

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08.	Andy Illidge	41	0:55:16	80.56
09.	Eddie Habeck	30	0:59:29	77.78
10.	Peter Malinowski	53	1:01:00	75.00
11.	John Pelton	68	1:01:55	72.22
12.	Mike Lahey	56	1:03:05	69.44
13.	Chelynn Tetreault	32	1:04:32	66.67
14.	Nick Jubok	51	1:07:12	63.89
15.	Howard Bassett	47	1:09:11	61.11
16.	Vince Kirby	51	1:09:20	58.33
17.	Jessica Hageman	32	1:10:00	55.56
18.	Richard Godin	52	1:10:05	52.78
19.	Wally Lempert	62	1:11:16	50.00
20.	Mark Kelsey	56	1:11:23	47.22
21.	Laurel Shortell	41	1:12:15	44.44
22.	Tom Ryan	47	1:17:56	41.67
23.	Denise Dion	49	1:18:05	38.89
24.	Laura Clark	60	1:21:00	36.11
25.	Bob Massaro	64	1:25:41	33.33
26.	Kelly Short	27	1:29:25	30.56
27.	Richard Busa	78	1:41:08	27.78
28.	Bill Milkiewicz	53	1:44:06	25.00
29.	Kate Hayes	59	1:47:23	22.22
30.	Jamie Howard	42	1:50:30	19.44
31.	Bill Glendon	62	1:52:26	16.67
32.	Konrad Karolczuk	55	1:52:27	13.89
33.	Stephanie Rodriguez	29	1:52:28	11.11
34.	Judy McCrumm	60	2:00:01	8.33
35.	Tom McCrumm	61	2:00:02	5.56
36.	Edward Alibozek	45	2:15:00	2.78



'08 Moody Spring Overall Champs Ben Nephew and Chelynn Tetreault



Moody Spring Start up Hallockville Road...



Snowshoe Race Postponed Because of Snow

I can't believe I am writing this. When did we ever think we would postpone a snowshoe race because of snow? Not sleet, rain or sun, but snow, the one absolutely essential ingredient for snowshoe races!

Probably only a few old timers remember last time Hawley occurred in the middle of a significant snowstorm. Jeff and I were still hauling Redfeathers to all the races, SnowPerson Bob Dion wasn't invented yet, we got to see a real fire truck and the toughest part of the race was clambering over the snow banks surrounding the firehouse fortress. Sometimes, if we were especially lucky, someone would arrive early and chisel primitive steps into the snow, which were useful if you could make it over the icy parking lot without landing on your back.

On that particular Hawley day, Jeff and I awoke at approximately 4 AM, shoveled (NOT snowblowed—we were purists then) our driveway, drove through unplowed Williamsburg and up horrendous Hawley backloads, ran the race, drove home, and then shoveled some more. Were we that much younger then? Or does all that effort just go to show you how much energy is left when we are not faced with double header weekends? Oh yeah, and back then Hawley was around seven miles.

But the memories remain constant. Hawley is still the coldest place on earth, the parking lot is as slick as ever, and at least one person gets their car stuck in a snowbank.

I always remember Bob Worsham writing fondly of Hawley's start, marveling at how the breath just seems to get sucked right out of you. I would like to think this is due to the impossible wind and not to the fact that I am getting older. Perhaps this is so because Bob wrote that observation many years ago and it is still happening.

The winding woods section is always so beautiful. Someday I'd like to just hike through so I could actually see it! Because of the many twists and turns it is difficult to gauge just where you stand in the lineup. One minute there is no one ahead of you and suddenly around the next bend there is another runner to pass. It is especially tricky when you leave the single track for the final straight road stretch. You swear there is no one behind you and all of a sudden you find yourself sprinting to the line with someone who was invisible just moments before.

This year my invisible person turned out to be Denise Dion. I hung behind her most of the race, remembering Jim Carlson's advice to let the person ahead do the work and pass only at the end. I learned that this is not always such good advice if the person ahead of you has a shorter stride. I found myself either off in the deep stuff or trying to match my stride to Denise's dainty steps. Finally, I actually thought, "That's great! Denise is growing taller." But it was just Jeff Hattem who had inserted himself between us. After I passed Jeff I decided it would be less wear and tear to surge ahead. So I did. Days afterwards, thankfully after I'd had the opportunity to relish my performance, Edward reminded me that last year, I had not only won Hawley for the women but had gone on to double header that win the following day at Greylock. Could I have gotten that much older in just one year?

If I could live anywhere I wanted to, I think Hawley would be a likely candidate. My idea of heaven is a small mountain town where plowing driveways is a major occupation and snow is expected, not prayed for.

Next weekend we scatter, some for R&R, some to Nationals and some to Pittsfield, VT to attempt our first snowshoe marathon—whatever were we thinking of? And while we will all have a great time at these major events, I suspect that in the long run it will be the Maple Sugar Hawley outings we will savor the most.

Laura Clark

MAINE SNOWFLAKE SERIES

The Wildlands Snowshoe 1.3 & 4 Miles February 17, 2008 East Orland, ME

Conditions: Cold, Clear Skies with temps in the single numbers. With 7" -12" snow base of half packed/ half powder.

1.3 Mile Non-Competitive Tour

Matt Hamey	Maegan Hamey
Jay Hamey	Ted Pierson
Karen Balas-Cote'	Pam Farrar
Cheri Domina	Joan Stewart
Audrey Carter	John Carter
Russell Lamarre	Kathy Raymaker
Josh Barlow	Heather Barlow

Emma Barlow

4 Mile SS Race

1. Peter Keeney	41M	Bar Harbor	46:21
2. Tom Kirby	51M	Ellsworth	59:44
3. Shannon Horton	30F	Trenton	59:56
4. Ed Raymaker	80M	Ellsworth	1:26:27
5. George Hunt	Sweep		2:25:04
6. Jennifer Riefler	Sweep		2:25:04

Special thanks to the trail crew and all volunteers including: Cheri Domina, Helen Kazura, Dick Hale, Karen Keeney, Pat Riefler, Jennifer Riefler, Jake Maier, George Hunt, and Paul Devore for making this a quality event. Also Ryan King computer expertise.

Thanks from Maine!
Peter Keeney



HAWLEY KILN "NOTCH" 5.0-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE**March 2, 2008****Dubuque State Forest****Hawley, MA**

01. Ken Clark	45	0:50:15	100.00
02. Ben Nephew	32	0:52:23	97.87
03. Tim Mahoney	28	0:52:40	95.74
04. Abby Woods	29	0:54:20	93.62
05. Ross Krause	28	0:55:09	91.49
06. Peter Lagoy	48	0:55:14	89.36
07. Jack Casey	54	0:56:40	87.23
08. Jay Kolodzinski	28	0:58:05	85.11
09. Alan Bates	59	0:58:28	82.98
10. Peter Malinowski	53	1:00:07	80.85
11. Chelynn Tetreault	32	1:02:05	78.72
12. Wayne Stocker	53	1:02:06	76.60
13. Norm Sheppard	50	1:02:46	74.47
14. Mike Lahey	56	1:03:03	72.34
15. John Pelton	68	1:03:06	70.21
16. Sheila Osgood	26	1:04:22	68.09
17. Bill Morse	56	1:04:34	65.96
18. Vince Kirby	51	1:05:42	63.83
19. Patrick McGrath	42	1:07:38	61.70
20. Dan Cooper	35	1:08:14	59.57
21. Tom Denny	48	1:09:13	57.45
22. Rich Godin	52	1:09:38	55.32
23. Phil Bricker	54	1:10:26	53.19
24. Ashley Krause	30	1:10:40	51.06
25. Laurel Shortell	41	1:10:58	48.94
26. Bob Worsham	62	1:11:09	46.81
27. Ed Alibozek Jr	68	1:12:58	44.68
28. Jim Carlson	60	1:13:46	42.55
29. Dave Wilber	48	1:14:05	40.43
30. Laura Clark	60	1:15:03	38.30
31. Denise Dion	49	1:15:11	36.17
32. Holly Atkinson	38	1:15:58	34.04
33. Jeff Hattem	52	1:16:59	31.91
34. Bob Massaro	64	1:20:44	29.79
35. Howard Bassett	47	1:21:20	27.66
36. Chris Sammartano	51	1:23:02	25.53
37. Ginny Patson	39	1:24:56	23.40
38. Patty Duffy	39	1:28:10	21.28
39. Richard Busa	78	1:28:44	19.15
40. Stephanie Cooper	40	1:29:16	17.02
41. Edward Alibozek	45	1:30:00	14.89
42. Ernie Alleva	56	1:30:55	12.77
43. Art Gulliver	69	1:33:12	10.64
44. Kate Hayes	59	1:35:58	8.51
45. Bill Glendon	62	1:48:40	6.38
46. Konrad Karolczuk	55	1:48:41	4.26
47. Rob Higley	54	1:58:30	2.13



Photos on right, by Rob Higley --

Ken Clark on his way to his 1st Snowshoe Victory in 2008, his 12th snowshoe race of the season! 59 WMAC Snowshoe finishes for Ken all-time!

Jeff Hattem leading Holly Atkinson through the winding trails of Hawley Kiln Klassic "Notch". Jeff was finishing his 5th race of the season and 24th overall WMAC Snowshoe Race. Holly was finishing her second race in two weekends and 3rd overall!