

W.M.A.C. SNOSHU-NEWS

INTO THE DEEPWOODS

This New Year's Day eight Stryders bravely ventured into the land that global warming forgot to snowshoe in temperatures barely inching past the zero mark. Jim Carlson, Christine McKnight, Maureen Roberts, Peggy McKeown, and Jeffrey and Laney Lutzker assembled at the Clark household for a two-hour romp in the snow. Those who showed up on time headed out with me in the lead to explore a mixture of privately owned, county and Nature Conservancy trails.

The key concept here is: "with me in the lead." Suffice it to say that we all encountered unexpected adventures along the way. Very quickly our group splintered as the Lutzkers bounded off into the wilderness. This would have been fine, except that they had no idea where they were going. The good thing is that the side trails had yet to be snowmobiled, leaving decision-making to the minimum. The bad thing is that Jeffrey and Laney promptly veered right and chose to tackle the course backwards. Which would have been OK, except that a trail with six inches of new powder, run backward, does little to enhance my navigational memory.

About an hour into the journey, Chris decided to turn back, leaving Jim, Peggy and I tracking the Lutzkers. Fortunately, they were wearing Atlas snowshoes, whose bell shape was easy to pick out from our rounder Dions. But then disaster struck when a snowmobiler covered their tracks, leaving me unsure of where they were and more importantly, where we were. Backtracking, I led our group down an inviting powdery trail which led back towards home.

Meanwhile #1, back at the ranch, my Jeff waited for the straggler, who turned out to be Maureen. Except that she didn't know he was in the house waiting and headed out following two diverging sets of tracks. So Maureen made bird noises to attract our attention. She is pretty good at that because we thought she was a bird and ignored her. Maureen could see us and Jeff could see her, but neither team could make contact.

Meanwhile #2, Chris hitched a ride with Patrick, a nearby snowmobiler who already knows I am nuts. He threw in a free farm tour, proudly showing off his horses and bantam hens. Patrick dropped Chris off near Jeff and Maureen and all three headed back home.

They also met Kevin (not Kevin Joyce) a skier and snowshoer who was building a bridge across some dicey trail.

Meanwhile #3, Laney and Jeffrey progressed as far as The Preserve off Ruggles, where they made the acquaintance of Mike who gave them a lift back to 91 Louden. Ironically, if they had just pressed onward, they would have looped back onto the correct trail, provided they could recognize it. Jim, Peggy and I miraculously caught up to my Jeff's group and we all negotiated the final stretch together.

Peggy, however, did not negotiate as successfully as the rest of us and tripped over the same hidden downed tree that Laney and I did on the way out. So after all had departed, I decided I might as well get in my scheduled long run of three hours and headed back out to flag the offending tree.

One of the purposes of this expedition, besides having an adventure, was to introduce Jim's GPS to the course. This was not a resounding success, but Jim took a measurement at the two mile mark and Jeffrey and Laney clocked 2.5 miles from The Preserve to Louden, so I'm guessing my route is somewhere around 5.5-6 miles, which is pretty much what I'd expected based on my sneaker running time. And when you get right down to it, this is one of those hard facts that I wasn't sure I really wanted to know. If the route were short, what would happen to all my diligently logged 2008 training miles? I can live very nicely with approximate knowledge rather than exact certainty.

One thing is for certain, I bet those snowmobilers had a good laugh as they sat around the campfire Thursday evening and traded rescue stories!

laura clark



*Ernie Alleva, London Niles and Laura Clark near the finish at Greylock Glen
Photo Courtesy of Berkshiresports.org – Beth Herder*

RUN FOR THE DOUGH AT WOODFORD

Lured by the promise of lingering snow and prodded by the recent economic downturn, eighty-six athletes ran for the dough in the Batten Kill Valley Runners' *I Love Woodford* 3.5 mile snowshoe race. While the dough turned out to be of the yeasty variety, it was apparent that to the participants it was even more valuable than the green papery product. The bread line at the finish rivaled that of any depression era queue with cold, wet and very hungry runners grabbing for the Vermont Bread Company loaves. Most prized was the Sunflower Sesame with Oatmeal and Sprouted Wheat following closely at its heels. It was clear to all that cold cash would remain just that in the pristine natural setting of the Woodford State Park.

Even as runners pulled into the parking lot it was apparent that while the ailing economy did not discourage their numbers, it did affect the way they chose to participate. Finally, more of us heeded race director Jack Quinn's warnings about limited parking and arranged carpools, forgetting that gas is so remarkably cheap in Vermont it would have been more cost-effective for each and every New York State snowshoer to drive his own vehicle. Thirteen Saratoga Stryders competed, taking a total of five parking spaces. While I'll admit we could have been greener, this was the first race of the season and we all forgot how to dress and hauled a mountain of extraneous gear.

Not as many of us showed up wearing new holiday duds. That will have to wait for the later season sales, although I did brave the cold briefly to show off my new rose top which exactly matched the stripe on my new black tights, courtesy of Santa Jeff. Pink was also the color of the day at the registration table. Spiffiest fashion statement was made by the Tetreault twins, Chelynn and Michele, who donned matching outfits, mercifully in different colors. As they are not prone to dual appearances at races, although they do double up as massage therapists in Northampton,, this came as quite a shock to many who were under the impression that there was just one of them. Prize for the Retro Look went to Jack Quinn who sported down-home coveralls, negotiated the ice-bound parking lot on skates and tamped down the trail wearing antique wooden snowshoes. Many of those who still sported last year's look will have rectified the situation by the next race, having purchased one of the Dion's spiffy long-sleeved wicking shirts.

Once the race got underway I found myself running with almost the same cast of characters as last year: Dave Boles, Jim Carlson, Martin Glendon, Bob Massaro and Denise Dion. Laurel Shortell, despite offering the pre-race disclaimer that she hadn't run in a month, soon sprinted ahead and was lost from view. Dave and Jim led our pack and I tried hard to remember lessons learned from last year. Despite feeling really good, I did not sprint ahead, knowing that even on my best day it would be a stretch to pass Jim. Lo and behold, I gradually moved up in rank through the courteous attrition of other runners, until it was just our core group battling it out.

Then Denise took a fall and it seemed to me as if she was going to move aside to recover. Later, Bob told me that she had fallen by the wayside because her body was all twisted up. With Bob and Martin doing most of the Heave Ho! work, I bent down to retrieve her vest and mittens, cleverly inserting myself in the lead as I stretched to grasp the fallen items. Since I knew Jim is

stronger on the uphill, I tired several times to pass him on the twisty downhill, but each time he blocked me aside with a nifty football lunge. It's a good thing he is my friend or else I would have been really mad. I knew that he was right, though, because with all the ups and downs that remained, we would have been playing leapfrog the rest of the way.

Naturally, I lost it on the final stretch, proving once again to any doubters that I am not sprinter material. Later, as we studied the race results boards, Edward Alibozek reminded his Dad, Old Farmer Ed, that he used to always finish in thirty-fourth place. No matter what the distance or how many participants, he would always be number thirty-four. Now that would be something to aim for. At Woodford, I finished in forty-ninth place. Which isn't too shabby, rather on the edge of middle, but still on the first page of results. Bob and Denise were right behind, but they could as easily have been right up front. Jim, Martin and Dave were of, course, ahead. It is reassuring to know about where you should stand in the pecking order, but it does have an air of sameness. But forty-ninth place would be more about strategic planning and the ability to count while moving in a forward direction and light years away from minutes per mile. A goal like that would put me in the middle of the bread line, not too greedy, but early enough for the Sunflower Sesame.

laura clark

REMAINING 2009 DION RACING SERIES

Saturday, January 24, 2009 HOOT TOOT & WHISTLE	Readsboro, VT 5 KM
Sunday, January 25, 2009 CURLY's RECORD RUN	Pittsfield, MA 4 Miles
Saturday, January 31, 2009 NORTHFIELD MTN	Northfield, MA 3.9 Miles
Sunday, February 1, 2009 SARATOGA WINTERFEST	Saratoga, NY 5 KM
Saturday, February 7, 2009 SIDE-HILLER	C. Sandwich, NH 4 Miles
Sunday, February 8, 2009 MOODY SPRING	W. Hawley, MA 5 Miles
Saturday, February 14, 2009 CAMP SARATOGA	Wilton, NY 8.25 KM
Saturday, February 21, 2009 COVERED BRIDGE	Adams, MA 13 Miles
Sunday, February 22, 2009 HALLOCKVILLE POND	W. Hawley, MA 3.8 Miles
Saturday, February 28, 2009 HAWLEY KILN NOTCH	Hawley, MA 5.0 Miles
Saturday, March 14, 2009 MASSACHUSETTS STATE CHAMPS	Northfield, MA 3 to 5 Miles
Saturday, March 21, 2009 CATAMOUNT SUNSET SNOWSHOE	Hillsdale, NY 3.0 Miles

7TH ANNUAL I LOVE WOODFORD 3.3 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

December 28, 2008

Woodford State Park

Woodford, VT

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
01.	Josh Ferenc	M27	23:44	100.00
02.	Jim Johnson	M31	24:32	98.84
03.	Mathew Cartier	M33	24:50	97.67
04.	Dave Dunham	M44	25:15	96.51
05.	Tim Mahoney	M29	25:22	95.35
06.	James Pawlicki	M34	25:30	94.19
07.	Mathew Westerlund	M36	26:10	93.02
08.	Jay Kolodzinski	M29	27:40	91.86
09.	Steve Wolfe	M44	27:48	90.70
10.	Ken Clark	M46	28:01	89.53
11.	Abby Woods	F30	28:08	88.37
12.	Edward Alibozek	M46	28:50	87.21
13.	Eddie Habeck III	M31	29:07	86.05
14.	Allan Bates	M60	29:20	84.88
15.	Larry Dragon	M48	29:45	83.72
16.	Clinton Morse	M46	29:59	82.56
17.	Sheila Kolodzinski	F26	30:22	81.40
18.	Amy Lane	F29	30:33	80.23
19.	Wayne Stocker	M54	30:57	79.07
20.	Chelynn Tetreault	F33	31:20	77.91
21.	John Pelton	M69	31:35	76.74
22.	Mike Laney	M57	31:39	75.58
23.	Bob Austin	M53	31:40	74.42
24.	Richard Chipman	M48	31:46	73.26
25.	Bill Morse	M57	31:47	72.09
26.	Meaghan Mathews	F26	32:01	70.93
27.	Michael Caslin	M42	32:14	69.77
28.	Daniel Berheide	M30	33:12	68.60
29.	Howard Bassett	M48	33:49	67.44
30.	David Durfee	M47	34:18	66.28
31.	Mike Kent	M45	34:35	65.12
32.	Jan Rancatti	M48	36:07	63.95
33.	Ed Alibozek Jr	M69	36:14	62.79
34.	Wally Lempart	M63	36:21	61.63
35.	Michele Tetreault	F33	36:26	60.47
36.	Rich Tanchgk	M57	36:27	59.30
37.	John Perry	M46	36:27	58.14
38.	Madeleine Bonneville	F27	36:32	56.98
39.	Michael Bates	M16	36:38	55.81
40.	Bob Dion	M53	36:38	54.65
41.	Laurel Shortell	F42	37:17	53.49
42.	Martin Glendon	M62	37:34	52.33
43.	Erin Clark	F20	37:42	51.16
44.	Patty Duffy	F40	37:48	50.00
45.	Jim Carlson	M60	37:50	48.84
46.	Tim Rothfuss	M39	37:50	47.67
47.	David Boles	M62	37:52	46.51
48.	Peggy McKeown	F51	37:54	45.35
49.	Laura Clark	F61	38:08	44.19
50.	Denise Dion	F50	38:30	43.02
51.	Bob Massaro	M65	38:31	41.86
52.	Tracey Jeffreys	F38	38:32	40.70
53.	Mona Funicello	F34	38:36	39.53
54.	Chuck Trimarchi	M62	39:19	38.37

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
55.	Ernie Alleva	M57	39:44	37.21
56.	Joe Bouck	M46	39:50	36.05
57.	John Orsini	M47	39:51	34.88
58.	Darlene McCarthy	F46	40:15	33.72
59.	Erinn McCarthy	F26	40:56	32.56
60.	Heidi West	F42	41:09	31.40
61.	Edward Steele	M43	41:20	30.23
62.	Jacqueline Lemieux	F42	41:40	29.07
63.	Chris Johnson	M51	41:43	27.91
64.	Brian McCarthy	M47	41:48	26.74
65.	Maureen Roberts	F50	42:13	25.58
66.	John Harrington	M46	42:22	24.42
67.	Stephen Mitchell	M67	42:26	23.26
68.	Jenn Schermerhorn	F27	43:17	22.09
69.	Jodie Lahey	F30	43:25	20.93
70.	Jamie Howard	M43	43:59	19.77
71.	Craig Fitzgerald	M40	44:36	18.60
72.	Niles London	M11	45:43	17.44
73.	Walter Kolodzinski	M66	48:24	16.28
74.	Jason Powers	M34	49:25	15.12
75.	Jess Powers	F28	49:26	13.95
76.	Christine McKnight	F61	53:13	12.79
77.	Bill Milkiewicz	M53	54:30	11.63
78.	Susan Mitchell	F55	56:46	10.47
79.	Bill Glendon	M62	59:30	9.30
80.	Konrad Karolczuk	M56	59:32	8.14
81.	Jeff Clark	M62	1:10:00	6.98
82.	Elizabeth Wood	F09	1:12:01	5.81
83.	Rhonda Wood	F41	1:12:03	4.65
84.	Andy Keefe	M78	1:12:22	3.49
85.	Jennifer Jennings	F48	1:12:23	2.33
86.	Julie Wetherell	F45	1:12:23	1.16



Photo courtesy of Kristin & Jim Johnson.

From left, Dion, Pelton, Lahey, Stocker with Dragon trailing with crowd. Jack Quinn Race Director

I LOVE WOODFORD

I love Woodford. Last time I ran it was 2005. In early '06, I worked hard, trained, ran at Nationals in Bolton Valley and got a third place medal; of course, Rich Busa got the gold. During the summer I ran as many 5K and 10Ks as I could, with great expectations of joining Mark Enright in Italy for the Ciaspolada in early January '07. I paid for my trip and then started feeling a little strange – probably nerves. Then I was suddenly down to about 100 pounds and barely able to speak. I was immediately referred to a surgeon for a biopsy and then on to an oncologist who said three to six months unless you get lucky. My son Mike, who has lived in Florida for twenty years, took my place in the Ciaspolada and came in respectably-- four thousand something out of almost seven thousand finishers.

By December '06 it was three hours of chemo every week and I lost my hair, then my teeth, most of my eyesight and, worst of all, my confidence. Then, by spring of '07 I got lucky. I got up to 119 pounds and started walking and lifting light weights. By January '08 I was able to complete the Brave the Blizzard Snowshoe Race and then in November the Turkey Trot in Saratoga.

I sent in my application for Woodford. With zero self-confidence I vacillated, go-don't-go. Emails with the Lance Armstrong Foundation said "Do it!" My wife said, "Do it!" Laura called and asked if I wanted a ride. I said, "No, I'm not going." My wife said "Live Strong." Jim Carlson called and asked if I wanted a ride. I said yes. Then excuses by the dozen came to my mind, but I couldn't back out now.

So I went, and on a warm, icy day I skated across the frozen parking lot, across Route 9 and onto the start line. Start slow, I said to myself. So I walked to the hill and up the hill. When I got to the single track I found myself in a group of about seven people and had started a slow jog along the path. After a half hour I started to wonder how come "rolling hills" always seem to head up, but never down. Along we went. Someone who I never saw again passed me and then we hit the melting streams and wet holes, more ice damage and downed branches. My crampon on the left shoe pierced and stuck in a small branch and before I knew it I was face down and out flat with a cramp in my left hamstring. A running mate helped me up and we continued on at a slower pace. Is that possible?

Then a young lady in our group lost one snowshoe, so we all waited for her to get started again. After all, we were not in contention for anything. So on we went to the finish line and all crossed about the same time. The volunteers at the finish were very, very glad to see and be rid of us.

Somewhere in those snowy woods something quietly happened. I got my own self-worth and self-confidence back. Now I'm ready to resume life as I once knew it. Live Strong! I Love Woodford!

Andy Keefe

It was fantastic to see Andy back snowshoeing with us again for the start of the 2009 Dion Series! Andy has been a regular with us since Saratoga Spa Winterfest in 2003.

AN INVITATION

Congratulations on a great start to the WMAC/DION snowshoe series! I have been following from afar and continue to be amazed at the growth of snowshoe racing in New England. Much of that is thanks to the WMAC and your efforts in particular. To that end I have a proposition for you.

We at acidotic RACING, LLC have made the promotion of snowshoe racing our #1 priority and we are currently in the process of developing a regional snowshoe championship to debut in the winter of 2010. The objective for the event will be to draw snowshoers from all over New England to one championship race and hold a year end snowshoe celebration. I'd love to have your support because a New England Championship isn't truly legitimate without the WMAC's loyal snowshoe competitors. Here's my proposition;

- * acidotic RACING, LLC will hold a New England Snowshoe Championship the weekend of March 20/21 2010 at a location here in NH (TBD)
- * acidotic RACING, LLC will defer their own snowshoe sponsor and invite DION Snowshoes to be the title (and exclusive snowshoe) sponsor
- * acidotic RACING, LLC will be responsible for all promotion and event management
- * acidotic RACING, LLC will host the event at one location for two (2) years at which time other New England sites will be considered on a rotating basis
- * acidotic RACING, LLC will use the event as the Granite State Snowshoe Series Championship and award series points
- * acidotic RACING, LLC will welcome a WMAC/DION representative to consult on the course design
- * acidotic RACING, LLC will use the event to promote snowshoe racing throughout New England

in return,

- * WMAC will promote the event on their website
- * WMAC will consider awarding WMAC/DION series points
- * WMAC will participate in the promotion and management of the event to the extent they are interested and able

I do understand that the development of the Granite State Snowshoe Series is a double-edged sword. I think we've helped increase interest in the sport, but unfortunately there are a limited number of winter dates available and our races do conflict with the WMAC schedule. This New England Snowshoe Championship would give both of our competitors the opportunity to race against the best snowshoers that New England has to offer. It would also be a great way for us to work collaboratively for a common cause.

I do look forward to hearing your thoughts on the matter.

With warmest regards.

Chris J. Dunn

acidotic RACING, LLC

Strafford, NEW HAMPSHIRE

<http://www.acidoticroacing.com>

<http://www.RACEacidotic2.blogspot.com>

So, tell us what you think snowshoers!! Send thoughts to edtnews@yahoo.com

WOODFORD: THE HOTTEST SNOWSHOE RACE!

I will always remember the 7th Annual I Love Woodford 3.5 miler as the hottest snowshoe race I have ever done. Not hot as in attractive, that's my wife; but hot as in warm, you know... temperatures!

After racing in over 40 snowshoe races in the last 5 years, something always sticks out at each event as a way to remember that event. You have last years snow squall at South Pond that started right before the race and lasted through its entirety and seemed to exist only at Savoy State Forest. Then in 2005, the snowstorms the evenings prior to the races at South Pond and Curlys that made the racers snowshoe through unbroken snow. The classic scene of the two people sitting in lawn chairs in the field watching snowshoers race at the first Sidehill. Then who could forget the bitter cold wind chills and sub freezing temperatures at 2004's Curlys Record Run that froze all the condiments for the hotdogs? I could go through every event I have done and something probably sticks out as a fond memory and will be one of the first things I will remember when recollecting about that race. However, nothing in my memory sticks out about snowshoeing in warm temperatures that would make it the focal point of remembering a race, that is until Woodford '09.

The weeks leading up to the usually first race of the series were both promising and detrimental. Promising because we got snow, something other years we were in short supply of. However, very detrimental for the fact that the Ice Storm of Dec 12th hammered the State Forests where we compete. The damage from those storms will be sure to haunt us for years to come. Yet as we look beyond the ice storm because that is an entirely different story to write about, it appeared Mother Nature was cooperating with the snowshoe series in terms of snow. The weekend before the first race, the entire area was inundated with snow. It appeared that the snow that fell that weekend would surely be around for the next three months. How wrong that assumption was. Beginning on Christmas the mercury was rising and the snow was melting. Then the two days prior to Woodford the rain started falling. The rain combined with the warmer temps and snow eating fog appeared that it would put a possible halt on Woodford in the minds of many snowshoe enthusiasts. I was talking to other possible snowshoers and we were wondering if Woodford was going to be a go? That Saturday night the meteorologists were calling for sixty-degree temperatures in the Connecticut River Valley on Sunday. Those temps combined with all rain we received the two days prior was starting to make me think that Woodford might be canceled. However, without the official cancellation word from Ed Alibozek via email or the website I knew that Woodford must be a go! I figured that Woodford State Park, being high a top the Green Mountains National Forest must have been spared a beating from Mother Natures latest round of precipitation.

That Sunday morning, getting ready was a bit confusing and difficult. It was warm here in Agawam MA, but who knew what would be in store for us in Woodford. Not wanting to bring too little gear and clothing but also not wanting to be over packed, Sheila and I did the next best thing, prepare for the worst and hope for the best. How little did I know at that time that I only needed to bring my favorite wicking shirt and I'd be all set. After a quick breakfast, we met Bob Massaro who we

would be joining for the trip to Woodford. Also accompanying us was recent 50-mile finisher Patty Duffy. This was the second year we would all be making this trip together. While we were driving north, my father Walter, who would be celebrating his 66th birthday today, was joining his best friends Wally Lempart and Bill "Milky" Milkeiwicz on there own drive north. This is now Wally and Bill's third season snowshoeing and both have agreed that since my father got them snowshoeing, they have witnessed winter fly by and also gained a lot of new friends and seen some great new places and wonderful scenery.

Well the ride to Woodford was talkative as always with many questions being tossed around like, "I wonder how the course is?" Well as we drove further up Route 9 we could see the damage from the ice storm but we could also see that snow did exist at the higher elevations. Another thing that we were monitoring was the outside air temp on the rearview mirror as we continued west towards the state park.

Upon arrival at the parking area, which is where the pre and post race activities are, we witnessed a rare sight. Jack Quinn, the race director, was ice-skating through the parking lot. The parking lot was a glare sheet of ice; if there had not been snow to snowshoe on and everyone brought their ice skates we could have had a hockey tournament. After Bob carefully parked the vehicle we went to register. I have to admit, all I could picture was someone driving in the lot and going just a little fast on the ice and taking a out a few cars. Thankfully that didn't happen. As the four of us exited the vehicle we learned that putting your snowshoes on immediately would very much assist in getting through the parking lot as the ice wanted to kick your feet out from underneath you. As I went to register us, I saw the wonderful new Dion Snowshoe signs that are going to be present at all of the races. They are highly visible and will definitely help promote the company and the sport. After registering us, Sheila and I got our gear on and started to make our way across the highway to get in a warm-up, not before socializing and catching up with the familiar and friendly faces of winter.

This would be my 6th Woodford and Sheila's 4th, so we were both very familiar with the course. I did go off course last year but I do consider myself very well tuned on the nature of this course. The two of us were bundled up to start our warm-up because the temperatures were hovering in the low fifties and by just walking around we weren't very warm. Well everyone who raced that day knew that once you got your body moving it didn't take long before you were sweating. We did about a fifteen-minute warm-up and after that I decided that today's race would only require a short sleeve wicking tee-shirt. That would be the first time I ever snowshoed in short sleeve. I thought about wearing shorts, but opted not to unlike a few brave souls including Marty Glendon, because I didn't want the snow kicking up on the back of my legs and making them cold. With the stage set, a warm-up in place, 86 fellow snowshoers marking the line, and a hard packed trail this would be the warmest snowshoe race I ever did.

With 9 months separating today's race and the last snowshoe race I did, I had to quickly remember how to not go out too fast and moderately pace myself around Adams Reservoir. Already

HOTTEST SNOWSHOE RACE (CONT)

hot before the start due to the warm-up and having on extra clothing I didn't have to worry about overheating. For I had taken off all my under armor and now just had a short sleeve shirt. After the gun went off and the racers went down the first long straight-a-way, I maintained a nice stride and I nestled behind Kenny Clark in what would be another neck and neck race with him.

Once I hit the single trek I couldn't believe how warm it was and that I was actually racing on snowshoes in such a warm temperature. I was sweating profusely trying to stay in Ken's shadow. There were 7 racers ahead of us but they quickly vanished out of sight as we continued to trudge through the single trek. I was amazed at how much water and how many streams there actually were on this course because I had never seen that due to deep snow conditions previous years. The course was completely do-able but I had to be very careful where I placed my feet due to some exposed rocks. As Ken and I approached what I think was approximately half way I could hear what I knew where snowshoers behind us. I didn't look back because I knew there were approaching fast. I didn't feel like Ken and I were slowing down from our previous pace on the single track, so I figured whoever was approaching us was possibly pushing it a little harder than we were. After going down what I would call the biggest hill on the single trek right before you hit the area where you race under the hemlocks, I caught a quick glance behind me and saw 2 racers. One was Abby Woods and the other was Steve Wolfe. They had closed the gap and once we started under the hemlocks we were racing in a train of four people, Ken, Abby, Steve, and myself. The train stayed this way for approximately 3-4 minutes due to the trail conditions not providing great areas to pass. I could tell everybody was hot due to sleeves being rolled up and gloves being non-existent. Soon Abby must have gotten frustrated and yelled to pass. Ken and I let her pass us and now she was leading the train. I felt really good and decided that I should try to go with her. After Ken let me pass him I now followed Abby. As we continued the loop around the reservoir I knew we were nearing the end and had to make my move. Besides feeling very hot, I felt really good. I knew I would have a great kick and as I was thinking this, Abby who was in front of me caught her snowshoe on something and went down. This occurred on a short section of downhill and when I realized she had fallen I was already at the bottom of the short downhill and could see Ken and Steve assisting her up. At this same time I saw Tim Van Orden videotaping and knew the finish was very near. I already had momentum built up and decided this was the point to give it my all. I pushed it really hard for the remainder of the single track and when I reached the open field I went all out. That is all out until I hit the section of slush/water in front of the headquarters building. There was about a twenty-foot section of the road that was a slush/water mixture and about 3 inches deep. When I ran through this I went from feeling very fast to almost a turtles pace. My sneakers became very wet after running through this section and the remaining 100 yards would be a slow trot. As I approached the finish line I was hot and sweaty with soaking wet sneakers. I crossed the line with what would be my best time at Woodford. As I was making my way through the chute my comrades in the train were finishing

HOTTEST SNOWSHOE RACE (CONT)

seconds behind me. Handshakes and good jobs followed and then some comments on how warm it was racing out there.

After putting on a long sleeve shirt so I wouldn't chill I waited two minutes to see my wife finish in what would be our first snowshoe race together as a married couple. Sheila said she felt great after finishing and was glad she started off slow and didn't burn out at the start. She said it was a much better feeling being strong towards the end than being tired from a fast start. Sheila and I then ran down the road to cheer on the snowshoers who were now finishing. Our plan was to run until we met my father and then run him in. This was my father's first race since knee surgery on May 5th if you don't include him walking an orienteering race in October. He hadn't done any racing before surgery since he blew his knee out at the Hallockville Apple Orchard Snowshoe Race in February. The Doctor told him he tore his meniscus and he was done and should retire once surgery fixed the problem. I guess doctors don't know people like us. I always ask my father, who was celebrating his 66th birthday today, "Why don't you slow down and relax." His reply is, "When I'm dead, then I'll slow down, until then I am enjoying the ride." Good motto I guess. Well Sheila and I saw my father much sooner than we expected and he looked good. He was wearing his new bionic knee braces that are state of the art and he seemed to be in a good rhythm. We asked him how he was doing and of course he uttered some rhetoric about how he felt great but should have been 10 minutes faster. Sheila then smiled and told him in a nice voice, "Be happy you're doing this well." We then paced him to his finish, which he was actually happy with and we then waited for his friend Milky to cross the line. Once Milky finished, the four of us grabbed our bread and we made our way to get the post race feast.

Back in the lot we were treated to a great spread of food. It seemed like everyone was talking about the warmth of the day and I must say it was quite a warm day. Other years people would be bundled up or leaving early due to the frigid conditions that may have existed but this year people were wearing light overcoats and hanging around longer. I knew it was very warm because I usually must change right away and this year I was eating food and socializing while my feet were soaking wet from running through the water at the end of the course. Now if the weather was cold my toes would have had frostbite.

Like always I must thank the race directors, Jack Quinn and John Pelton for putting on an excellent event and also thank John for doing the tree clearing on the course. The food spread was excellent and my prize of the loaf of bread tasted great the next morning with a cup of coffee. The first race of the now Dion Snowshoe Series will always be remembered in my mind as the hottest snowshoe race I have ever raced in.

Jay Kolodzinski



DOUBLE "D" "KICK OFF" 2008 WMAC DION SNOWSHOE SERIES

Sunday was the kick-off of the WMAC Dion snowshoe series. I've won the series the last 2-years, which is kind of weird as my times now are much slower than "back in the day". Sometimes it just pays to keep showing up! I checked with the RD to make sure the race was on as the temps and rain have done a number on the snow not too mention the ice storm which littered trails with debris (and left Dan without cable for 2 WHOLE DAYS!). I volunteered to add some markings to the course as Woodford has a tendency to be way under-marked.

I met up with Dreamy Jim and Double-J (along with the lovely & talented Kristen) at the River to reduce our carbon footprint by carpooling. Jim (double-j, not dreamy) started in on me before he even got in the car and his non-stop harassment became the background noise for the entire ride. We made good time to Woodford (less than 3 hrs) and found the parking lot already occupied by a fair number of fellow snowshoers. The lot was an ice rink, solid ice with a nice layer of water on top to make it super slippery. Traversing the parking lot would be the most difficult part of the day. I didn't have much time to say "hi" to all of the familiar faces, I hope no one felt I snubbed them.

I headed out an hour before the start to make sure I had enough time to mark the course. At 3.5 miles I wasn't sure if it would take me 30 minutes or an hour, so much depends on snow depth and how much of the trail has been broken. The course was fairly well packed, although not marked in any manner whatsoever. I'd run Woodford three times previously and was pretty confident of the course. Basically you just follow the blue rectangle trail. There were plenty of markers on trees and you could almost make out where the trail had been broken. I was able to put out 100 flags and made it back to the starting line in 38 minutes. I predicted 25-30 minutes to race it (for me), I was feeling pretty tired already and my feet were freezing from running in a lot of slushy snow.

The skies cleared out just before the start and the temps were well into the 40's when we hit the trail at a sprint. Josh Ferenc took it out hard and had established his lead in the first 600m before we hit the single-track trail. Jim J was about 1/2 way between the lead and the chase group at that point, and I settled into 6th place with Jim P and another guy a couple of steps in front. I felt tired already, but was looking forward to the rolling hills and the twisting turns where I tend to run better (compared to the fast straight start). About a mile in Matt Cartier pulled ahead of the chase group and slowly closed on Jim J. I shot around Jim P and soon after Tim Mahoney went around Jim as well. I pushed really hard when I got into fourth and soon after worried that I pushed too hard and wouldn't have anything left.

On the final short climb with about 3/4 mile to go I could see Jim J and Matt ahead and I also took a glance back to check out where Jim P and Tim were. It seemed like I was about as far behind Matt as they were behind me. I tried to push; I was worried that over the last 400m both Tim and Jim P would be able to close on me as they both have superior speed. I had just enough distance to hold them off, with numerous glimpses back to check where they were.

Josh won the race for the second year in a row, with Jim J maybe 30 seconds back in second place in his first snowshoe race. Matt took third just under 25 minutes and I came in at 25:15 for fourth place. Tim and Jim P were 5th and 6th respectively, only a few seconds back. We caught our breath at the finish line and watched Abby Woods zoom in for the win. That was her sixth WMAC snowshoe victory which ties her with Cheryl Wheeler for the second most. The women's leader is Kelli Lusk with 17 wins!

We (the CMS crew) headed out for one more loop around Woodford State Park picking up the flagging. It was amazing how much the course had been packed down by the passage of 83 runners. Despite all of us being pretty beat, we made it around again in just over 33 minutes. Needless to say, we were all pretty tired and hungry when we got back to the parking lot. They had a nice spread including hot beverages that we all happily absorbed. The camaraderie was also present with circles of folks standing around sharing tales of the day. All in all an excellent start to what I hope will be a great snowshoe racing season!

Dave Dunham

2010 USSSA NATIONALS ALERT

Hi Folks,

It was just determined earlier this week that the USSSA's 2010 National Snowshoe Championships will not rotate to Alaska, but will return to the Northeastern U.S.. Look over your events across the northeastern U.S. and see which would be best suited to hosting a national event.

Perhaps there are other venues near major cities and airports that have reliable snow in the first half of March that you would consider. Give it some thought and let me know if anyone has any questions. You can find the USSSA Event Bid Application Form on our website. There is no fee to submit a bid. Thanks for your assistance and Happy New Year to all!

Sincerely,
Mark Elmore
USSSA
snowshoeguy@yahoo.com

This is really great news for us in the Northeast, although sad news for Alaska. Everyone who can give Mark a few minutes should send him an email and be encouraging toward the event. If any of you have ideas regarding locations, I am sure Mark and the USSSA Board would appreciate the insight.

Last time we had Nationals in the Northeast, at Bolton Valley, Vermont, it was a really great day, and loads of fun seeing so many of our series enthusiast participating.

We might as well begin the journey early and hopefully get plenty of participants to this years Qualifying Events within our WMAC Dion Series schedule:

Sidehiller in Center Sandwich, NH – February 7th, 2009

Camp Saratoga in Wilton, NY – February 14th, 2009

1st ANNUAL TURNER TRAIL 4.3-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

January 10, 2009

Pittsfield State Forest

Pittsfield, MA

Berry Pond Circuit Road > Taconic Skyline > New Turner Trail (Built in Summer 2008 by Berkshire NEMBA) > Telephone Trail.

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
01.	Corey Watts	20	0:34:23	100.00
02.	Ben Nephew	33	0:35:37	98.48
03.	Matt Cartier	33	0:35:46	96.97
04.	Tim Van Orden	40	0:35:49	95.45
05.	Dave Dunham	44	0:36:07	93.94
06.	Tim Mahoney	29	0:36:39	92.42
07.	Matt Westerlund	36	0:37:01	90.91
08.	Matthew Deady	21	0:37:52	89.39
09.	Geoff Rodriguez	20	0:38:58	87.88
10.	Brian Northan	33	0:39:20	86.36
11.	Ken Clark	46	0:39:26	84.85
12.	Paul Bazanchuk	54	0:39:28	83.33
13.	Abby Woods	30	0:40:02	81.82
14.	Jay Kolodzinski	29	0:40:53	80.30
15.	Todd Brown	44	0:42:23	78.79
16.	Scott Brew	43	0:42:26	77.27
17.	Larry Dragon	48	0:43:32	75.76
18.	Edward Alibozek	46	0:44:20	74.24
19.	Alan Bates	60	0:45:22	72.73
20.	Richard Chipman	48	0:45:45	71.21
21.	Peter Malinowski	54	0:45:48	69.70
22.	Richard Teal	30	0:45:54	68.18
23.	Amy Lane	29	0:46:03	66.67
24.	Bob Dion	53	0:46:46	65.15
25.	Andy Sheldon	38	0:47:13	63.64
26.	Dave Wallace	54	0:47:25	62.12
27.	Mike Lahey	57	0:47:44	60.61
28.	John Pelton	69	0:48:08	59.09
29.	Erik Wight	49	0:48:53	57.58
30.	Matt Thomas	37	0:50:03	56.06
31.	Mercedes Pour	34	0:50:50	54.55
32.	Butch Brennan	XX	0:51:16	53.03
33.	Holly Atkinson	39	0:51:22	51.52
34.	Peter Lipka	57	0:52:54	50.00
35.	Ed Alibozek Jr	69	0:53:57	48.48
36.	Mike Kent	45	0:54:44	46.97
37.	Wally Lempart	63	0:55:25	45.45
38.	Suzie Sacco	XX	0:55:47	43.94
39.	Sweep Voll	48	0:55:47	42.42
40.	Laurel Shortell	42	0:55:57	40.91
41.	Bob Worsham	63	0:56:12	39.39
42.	Jessica Hageman	33	0:56:28	37.88
43.	Jeff Hattem	57	0:57:28	36.36
44.	Bob Massaro	65	0:57:42	34.85
45.	Denise Dion	50	0:58:11	33.33
46.	Laura Clark	61	0:59:11	31.82
47.	Jackie Lemieux	42	1:01:04	30.30
48.	London Niles	11	1:01:08	28.79
49.	Mary Parkman	XX	1:01:58	27.27
50.	Jody Lahey	30	1:02:50	25.76
51.	Jim Carlson	61	1:03:35	24.24

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
52.	Kim Brown	37	1:03:55	22.73
53.	Chuck Trimarki	62	1:05:04	21.21
54.	Colleen Quinn	52	1:07:06	19.70
55.	Jamie Lahey	32	1:07:37	18.18
56.	Jamie Howard	43	1:09:45	16.67
57.	Richard Davis	38	1:12:40	15.15
58.	Douglas McBournie	50	1:13:19	13.64
59.	Walt Kolodzinski	66	1:13:32	12.12
60.	Bill Glendon	62	1:17:57	10.61
61.	Richard Busa	79	1:19:53	9.09
62.	Jeff Clark	62	1:21:27	7.58
63.	Marylou White	53	1:24:39	6.06
64.	Jennifer Jennings	48	1:24:58	4.55
65.	Paul Newman	41	1:25:01	3.03
66.	Bill Milkiewicz	53	1:29:57	1.52

Mary Parkman started late - her "on-course" time was 51:25.



Williams College student Corey Watts wins at Turner Trail 4.3-Mile Snowshoe!

ON THE TURNER TRAIL

If you build it, they will come

The Voice from the *Field of Dreams* knows that miracles require the hard work of a loyal core of believers to bring their promise to fruition. This summer, apparently, The Voice spoke to Beth and Brad Herder who promptly heeded the call to revitalize the Turner Trail in the Pittsfield State Forest. While Beth and Brad were acting upon pure faith and enthusiasm, The Voice knew the ice storm devastation that was in store for the WMACers favorite North/South Pond treks. So when Edward Albiozek sadly announced that the North/South Pond events were in jeopardy, Brad and Beth stepped up to the plate, pleased with the opportunity to showcase a runner's take on the *Field of Dreams*.

According to the application, The Turner Trail Race takes a 5K route up, up, across and then down Pittsfield State Forest. I pictured it as a shorter version of Curley's four mile event. This journey, however, proved to be an ever-expanding Tall Tale. By the time we lined up for Beth's final race instructions, the course had increased by half a mile. Ok, I could deal with that. After all, I was supposedly training for the Pittsfield (VT) Snowshoe Marathon. When the GPS-enhanced individuals huddled at the finish line, we had gained yet another half mile. And tonight, just by sitting at my computer and logging onto the WMAC site, I had traveled another .3 of a mile without even getting out of breath! Evidently, there is more than one miracle involved in this version of the *Field of Dreams*.

While each of the 67 participants was assured of a PR simply by showing up, overall competition as well as inter-group rivalry remained fierce. Those who eschewed a strenuous warm-up before the mile and a half initial climb were by no means exempt from the pre-race competitive parking activity. Jeff and I arrived with well over an hour to spare and were surprised to discover that cars were already hotly contesting prime spots near the hot chocolate, with numbers 1 through 18 already spoken for.

The parking lot rivals windswept Greylock on the discomfort scale. It is usually always cold and windy with no shelter to cower behind. But today, despite a high of barely 5 degrees, the bright sunlight reflected off the newly fallen snow prompted some optimists to slather sunscreen and shed layers of clothing in preparation for the initial uphill. Once, in the shaded woods, however, springtime promises gave way to January reality as the sky clouded in preparation for the evening's storm.

My goal was to stay close to Jim Carlson on this relentless climb, hoping to pass him on the downhill. I knew if I let him and his giant stride get too far ahead I could never catch up. After a seemingly interminable length of time, we arrived at the fabled Skyline Trail with the view stretching beneath us for miles and miles. Then it was on to the reconstructed Turner Trail, which totally lived up to its name, twisting every few seconds in a different direction. Later on, Brad informed me that the original route, named after the Turner who had originally owned the property, was a sheer drop into the gully below—totally unrunable. So Brad tweaked the descent with a few million zigzags and we were in business.

This is as close to a slalom snowshoe course as you will ever get. Initially, it did not seem as reckless as a Northfield downhill plunge, but over time it proved even more tiring as a slight lapse of focus could precipitate a twisted knee or pulled back. I learned this the hard way when I tried to glance back to locate Jim. Instead of pinpointing my rival, I contacted the nearest large tree. Still, I was enjoying myself immensely, trying to let loose and go with the flow. As much as I love downhills, after what seemed like twenty minutes or so I was ready for the fun to end. I never would have thought I'd say that, but I was physically and mentally wiped out. As Edward Albiozek commented, "Now that I know that the downhill does eventually end, I like it better." I'm guessing that section contributed heavily to the newly discovered 1.2 miles.

Brad and Beth Herder built the Turner Trail and we did indeed come. But more than that, like the famed baseball field, it will remain a timeless stage, leaving it to each individual to weave his own drama and populate the course with his own particular cast of friends and fellow competitors.

laura clark



Kim Brown enjoying her 1st Snowshoe Race at Turner Trail In Pittsfield State Forest.

Photo by Brad Herder.

A LONG DAY IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

Well, it has been a while since I did any “bagging” so with a trip to Western Mass for some snowshoe racing I thought the time was right to plan out some interesting runs/hikes. I did a bunch of pre-race planning, lots of map reading and calculating drive and hike times to come up with a do-able plan for the day of the Turner Trail Snowshoe race in Pittsfield.

I was out the door at 4:30 AM with a brief stop at Dunkin Donuts (America, and I, run on Dunkins). For most of the drive I had the near full moon in front of me and a brightening sky behind me. The traffic was negligible at that time of day and I made good time, arriving in Steven’s corner (in the town of Richmond) at 7 AM – 162 miles into my day. I gave myself 1:20 to hike and hoped to get the fire tower on Lenox Mountain and if time permitted hiking along the ridge to Yokun Seat which was #51 on the Mass. 100 highest mountains list. Oddly enough Lenox Mountain which is higher is not on the list. I’m not sure what height differential they used to come up with the list, but really don’t care, if it is listed I hope to hike it.

It was 8 degrees when I got out of the car so I was glad to be testing out my new winter hiking gear. I have a ton of running gear but very little that is meant for hiking. I tried to find the 4-wheel drive road that is shown on the Topo but couldn’t find it. It didn’t really matter as it was pretty obvious where I need to go, just angle up and Northeast and I couldn’t miss the summit. The climb was very steep gaining nearly 800’ in about ¾ of a mile. The surface was 4” of dusty snow and then a solid crust that was easily punched through. The steeper pitches had a lot of ice under that which made the going a bit slow in spots. I hit the ridge and a couple of minutes later was on top (25 minute climb). I took a bunch of pictures of the sunrise and then checked out the woods toward the other mountain. It was pretty thick and I figured I did not have the time to get over and back and then still make it to the race on time. I checked out the fire tower which is no longer used (last staffed in 1988) but still in good shape. The steps for the bottom two landings had been removed to keep people from climbing. I gave it a go anyway, but once I got about 10’ off the ground I figured that one slip could end the hike in a bad way. I shuffled back down to the car, alternating a jog and slide and was back in 15 minutes.

Next up was getting to the race. I took some back roads and was at the Pittsfield state forest by 8:40 AM, which was just a little ahead of schedule. It was really cold and I was shivering in the couple of minutes it took to register. Laurel Shortell was first into the parking lot, not taking any chances on her 80+ consecutive WMAC series races. Tim Mahoney and Abby Woods pulled in right before me. I organized my race gear and with 50 minutes to go headed out for a warm-up. I bumped into Tim Van Orden who looked different with the mountain-man beard and funky hat (he looked even more “unique” when he dressed for the race with basketball shorts over his tights). I heard that it was a mile to the Skyline trail via the Berry Pond Circuit road and figured that’d be a good warm-up. The road climbs steadily and the footing was well packed by snowmobiles. I ran up without snowshoes and hit the turn in 17 minutes. I guessed it was probably around 1.5 miles, and the 11 minutes it took me to run back down clinched it for me that the course was going to be longer than 5 km. I was surprised to bump into Ben Nephew on the way back to the start, I hadn’t

seen him since the summer. I got changed into my race gear and headed out for another mile on snowshoes. The field was looking to be pretty strong with Ben, Tim M, TiVo and Matt Cartier. It looked even stronger when three yutes from Williams College blew by me on the trail.

We got some final instructions on where the course went and how it was marked and off we went. I felt lousy right from the start, something about the fast starts just doesn’t agree with me. I thought it would go out a bit controlled as we had a the road for 1.5 miles and there was room to go 5 or 6 across. Ben and two of the Williams kids went to the front and along with Matt they began hammering up the hill. I tucked in behind TiVo and wondered if I’d be able to hold on. One of the Williams kids was first to fall off the lead group and we each moved around him. About half-way up the hill I saw Matt begin to work his way back through the field as the fast start was catching up with him. Man, he seemed to be way over-dressed with a jacket on! He did offer some words (or grunts) of encouragement as I went by him and TiVo as we passed about a mile of climb. I could see Ben had lost the lead to Corey Watts. Watts had last run a WMAC race two years ago. He took the 8 mile race at Covered Bridges in a sprint with his teammate, he also won the 5,000 meters last year at the Dartmouth relays, so it was no surprise that he was schooling the field. I bridged the gap to Tim Mahoney just after we turned onto the Skyline trail (13:52) and tried to get some distance on him during the last of the climb.

Apparently Watts put enough distance on Ben during this great scenic section that Ben didn’t see him turn onto the Turner trail for the descent. I must have been just far enough behind Ben that I didn’t see him miss the turn. I’m not sure how he could have missed it as it was marked with arrows, flags, and surveyor tape and he is an experienced trail runner. Hey, it happens to the best of us. Anyway, I took the turn and glanced back to see Tim still right there. Downhill running is not my strength and this type of downhill was not for me. It seemed like we’d go 50 meters then do a 180 as we switchbacked down the hill. I couldn’t get around the corners without really slowing. I probably should have worn a shoe with a better cleat, but I wanted the lightest possible shoe for the climb. Tim told me afterward that he also had trouble as one foot kept sliding out. I can only imagine how the trail was after 20 or 30 people passed, my guess was that it got churned up and pretty slick.

About ¼ of the way down the hill I heard Tim talking to someone and then on one of the turns I saw that it was Ben. I was really surprised that he was behind, but he was descending fast. He came up behind me and I stepped off the trail to let him by and then tried to draft off of him. That worked for about 200 meters and he pulled ahead. Soon after I heard TiVo charging hard down the hill. By about ½ way down I was pulling off again as he flew by. I tried to go with him with little success. Next up was Matt Cartier who asked me which side I wanted him to go by on. I moved to the right and he hammered by as I mentioned how much it sucked to build a lead on the climb and not be able to hold it. He accelerated away as we hit the bottom. I didn’t realize how little we had to go at that point, nor did it make a difference. Watts took the win in 34:23 with Ben 1:14 behind. It might have been an interesting finish if Ben hadn’t lost a minute on his detour, of course Watts may have been

A LONG DAY (CONTINUED)

running just hard enough to win so you never know. Matt closed to within 9 seconds of Ben as he passed TiVo on the last stretch. I was 21 seconds behind Matt and 18 behind Tim. Tim Mahoney took 6th 32 seconds after I crossed the line. So the CMS guys took 2, 4, 5, 6 and Abby Woods was top woman in 13th place. This was Abby's 7th snowshoe race and her 7th win! The only woman with more WMAC wins is Kelli Lusk (18). Abby's 7 consecutive wins (in races run) is the third best "streak" trailing only my 8 from 2000-2001 and Kelli Lusk's 13 from 02-21-04 to 02-18-07. The longest win streak in consecutively HELD races is Rich Bolt's four wins in 2003.

I quickly changed clothes and headed out for about 2-miles of easy running with Ben & TiVo. Ben let me test out his Kahtoola's which worked well on the packed snow. By 11:20 I was back in the car and speeding off to my next destination. I was already 20 minutes behind schedule and wanted to make sure I hit the remaining mts before sunset. I had planned on scouting out Brodie (now a closed ski area called Snowy Owl) but didn't really have time to stop. It looked do-able and I'm hoping to bag that fire tower before the end of the month. I got a nice view of Greylock from the West which is unusual for me, I've never been on Rt 7 before so I found the view to be great.

I arrived at my next destination, Whitcomb summit in Florida MA, at 12:15 and got my gear on for a bushwhack to a couple of summits. I was surprised by the number of snowmobiles at the abandoned hotel on the summit, there was barely enough room for me to park. There was a snowmobile trail that headed right over Whitcomb hill (2,240') and it continued on right over to Flat Rock Hill (2,195'). The running was a lot better than I expected and I got two miles of packed trail using my Northern Lite snowshoes, but I probably could have gone in running shoes. Neither summit had views so I spent a lot less time than expected, it was also only about 15 degrees and breezy so I was back in the car quickly.

Next up was a 60 mile drive to Athol, which is probably my favorite town name. Actually I went through the Athol and "ended" up in Phillipston. The last mile or so the road got narrower and my left turn was not a plowed road. Luckily I always carry a full set of maps and figured out another approach (which also turned out to be a road that was not plowed all the way through). Prospect Hill (1,383') road did have a pull-out at a gate and a sign that said "hikers welcome". That was a pleasant surprise. I decided to go with my Kahtoola's for this trek as the trail looked to be crusty packed snow. It was only a 6 minute run to the fire tower. There was a large amount of ice storm damage around the clearing and the tower itself had a 2" thick coating of ice. I was glad for the Kahtoola's as I made my way up the 68' tower. The view was worth it. I could see Wachusett mountain to the East and Monadnock loomed in the North. I gingerly made my way down the stairs and then ran back to the car. I was still on schedule with one stop to go.

Forty miles later I arrived in Harvard at Pinnacle hill (612'). This was the easiest fire tower of the day. I could see it about 50 meters away from the road and quickly ran over, shot some pictures and got back in the car. This was the second easiest fire tower to bag so far, behind one that I drove right up to. Thirty-five more miles and I was back home, just before sunset.

A LONG DAY (CONTINUED)

Totals:

341 miles driven

12+ miles run

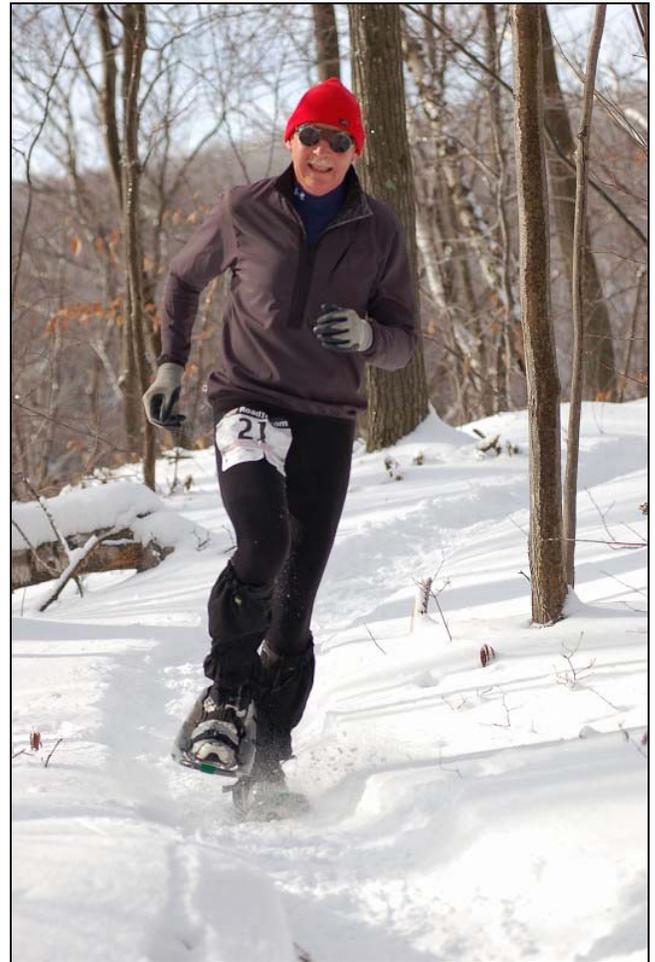
11.25 hours travel

3 fire towers bagged

2 Mass 100 highest bagged

1 ass kicking race (I was on the receiving end of the ass-kicking)

Dave Dunham



Photos www.berkshiresports.org courtesy Beth & Brad Herder. Top-Wally Lempart; Bottom-Richard Chipman. Turner Trail.

GREYLOCK AND BRAVE THE BLIZZARD DOUBLEHEADER

Mount Greylock and Brave the Blizzard (BTB) teamed up for our first doubleheader of the 2009 snowshoe season. Altogether 23 hardy soles braved both races, experiencing conditions at the opposite ends of the mythical global warming scale. On Saturday, Greylock confronted 74 athletes with -5 degree temps, while Sunday's BTB registered a balmy 20 degrees but presented the 173 participants with a challenging drive over snow-covered roads.

For many, the secret to BTB transportation success lay in the luck of the draw. Laurel Shortell, concerned about maintaining her STREAK departed at o'dark thirty and was the first to arrive. She reported that the Mass roads were fine, but the Northway was treacherous. Edward and the "best carpool" crowd discovered that higher NYS gas prices do, in fact, count for something, with excellent conditions coming as a relief after a scary Mass Turnpike experience. Jeff and I found the Northway touch-and-go, but the side roads a mess. Our Stryders carpool, however, disintegrated rapidly after Woodford, with virtually everyone I come into contact with on a regular basis sidelined: Peggy McKeown sprained her ankle on a New Year's Day adventure on my trails, Jim Carlson pulled his hamstring at Turner Trail, Pete Finley woke up one day with floppy foot and Andy Keefe caught a cold.

While many old-timers fondly recalled tales of Greylocks's infamous -20 degree race, we were all surprised that the Glen's customary wind-swept Arctic experience featured a benevolent sun and absolutely still air. The usual cast of characters appeared: Laurel, this time in her pale green jacket, Bill Glendon in his Stars and Stripes apparel, Jeff Clark in his Army Green. Ken Sherpa Clark, as always, sported his yellow Shenipsit Strider singlet and huge Sherpa retro snowshoes. Which kind of makes you wonder if he is the only Shenipsit Strider, or if he has simply bought up all his club's singlets. Bob Massaro, on the other hand, is totally unpredictable, with a different jacket for every race. This causes severe consternation for those who rely on Bob to set the pace since they have no reliable way of locating him. Now that some of us are fooling around with utube videos which make us look blurry fast, it would be nice if we could reliably identify our friends by their fashion preferences.

Despite an obvious fondness for Winter White, both events did exhibit some cautious green tendencies. Paul Hartwig's chili and his wife's delicious cookies were homemade, and ditto for Josh Merlis' pancakes and consumable brownie awards. While Edward urged participants to save their race bibs for Hawley and Hallockville, Josh recycled Hairy Gorilla applications for day-of entrants. Good thing the gorillas were already in hibernation!

BTB was marked by the usual small army of Albany Running Exchange volunteers, who always seem to know exactly where they are going and how long it will take them. Tippi, The Wonder Dog, and her person Edward Alibozek took responsibility for the Greylock trail, aiming doggie signposts and planting people-friendly flags for those with a limited sense of smell. Early Saturday the team surveyed the course again and after everyone had departed, Paul, Peter and Edward

gathered the flags while Tippi marked a few choice spots. Tippi had more sense than the rest of the twenty three repeaters, refusing to rise off the couch when it was time to travel to BTB.

While BTB featured a longer starting line funnel, I recognized many parts of the course. Many of us however, myself included, had difficulty recognizing hazards underneath the snow. In the first mile alone, two runners who were attempting to pass Barb Sorrell and me succumbed to mysterious objects below. During the last mile, I caught my tip, took a header, but recovered in time to retain my place in line. My snowshoe wasn't as fortunate, but thanks to Dion technology, I made it in on two straps. Blizzard the Snowman was similarly lucky when Chloe, The Newfoundland, decided that Blizzard's obligatory carrot nose was an essential part of his equipment and not a tasty snack.

Greylock adventurers were treated to a fortunate combination of the Greylock short course and the Covered Bridge route across the road, reserving the actual Covered Bridge crossing for: The Covered Bridge Race on February 21st. Several times I launched into what I euphemistically term my final sprint, only to reel myself in. The final loop included the old beaver dam section, minus the beaver dam, which in olden days functioned as the first loop.

Both races seemed unsure of exactly how long they were. BTB advertised 4 miles, while Greylock provided a 3.7 mile course map. Afterwards, BTB posted results for a 3.9 mile romp, while Greylock lengthened into a similar 3.9 mile pattern. I'm guessing it was the GPS-enhanced individuals who, in their quest to know exactly where they stand on the planet in any given moment of time, quietly lobbied for exactitude and certainty

Amazingly, 74 runners braved the frigid conditions at Greylock, while 173 crossed the line at BTB. Which means that, for now, Brave the Blizzard has the honor of being the largest snowshoe race in the Northeast, having exceeded Winterfest's 2005 record of 163 finishers. Will Albany Running Exchange's standard be surpassed by an upcoming Dion Series event? The race is on...

Laura Clark



14 years & over 55 snowshoe races directed together has Ed & Paul smiling.

GREYLOCK GLEN 3.9-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

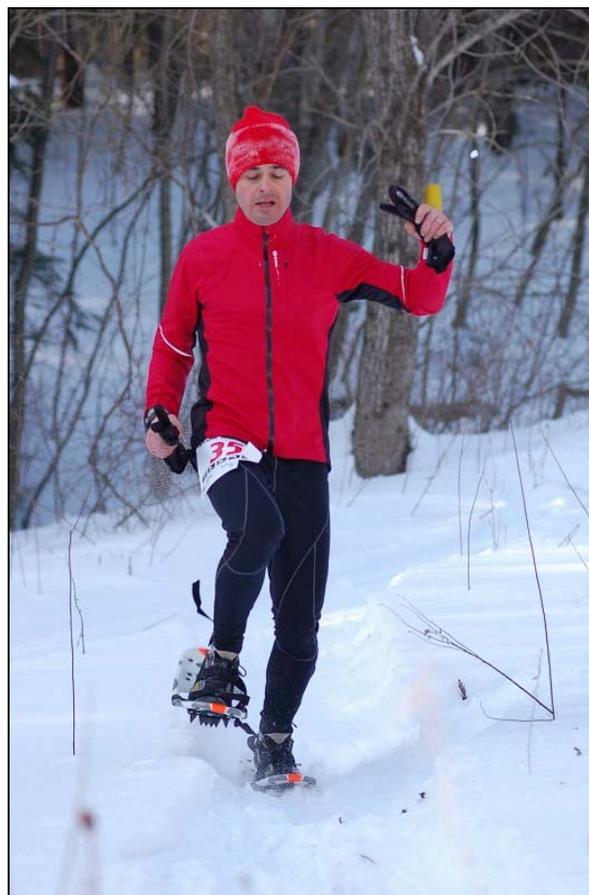
January 17, 2009

Greylock Glen

Adams, MA

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
01.	Justin Fyffe	28	0:29:37	100.00
02.	Ben Nephew	33	0:29:47	98.65
03.	Jim Johnson	31	0:29:51	97.30
04.	Matt Cartier	33	0:30:14	95.95
05.	Dave Dunham	44	0:30:18	94.59
06.	Tim Mahoney	29	0:31:31	93.24
07.	Tim Van Orden	40	0:31:48	91.89
08.	Ken Clark	46	0:33:25	90.54
09.	Abby Woods	30	0:33:41	89.19
10.	Paul Bazanchuk	54	0:33:42	87.84
11.	Jay Kolodzinski	29	0:35:08	86.49
12.	Brian Northan	33	0:35:17	85.14
13.	Larry Dragon	48	0:35:24	83.78
14.	Alan Bates	60	0:35:56	82.43
15.	Chris Taft	28	0:36:43	81.08
16.	Ross Krause	29	0:36:48	79.73
17.	Eddie Habeck III	31	0:36:59	78.38
18.	Erik Wight	49	0:37:08	77.03
19.	Peter Malinowski	54	0:37:21	75.68
20.	Bob Dion	53	0:39:06	74.32
21.	Rich Teal	30	0:39:25	72.97
22.	Chelynn Tetreault	33	0:39:39	71.62
23.	Mike Lahey	57	0:40:07	70.27
24.	Jim Schultz	46	0:40:18	68.92
25.	Dylan Wight	15	0:40:25	67.57
26.	David Durfee	47	0:40:26	66.22
27.	Chris Bernier	27	0:40:32	64.86
28.	Bill Morse	57	0:40:44	63.51
29.	Tim Rudin	38	0:40:52	62.16
30.	Tom Parent	32	0:41:32	60.81
31.	Ashley Krause	31	0:43:21	59.46
32.	Holly Atkinson	39	0:43:21	58.11
33.	Dan Buttrick	28	0:44:24	56.76
34.	John Aldrich	50	0:44:47	55.41
35.	Mike Bates	16	0:44:56	54.05
36.	Peter Lipka	57	0:45:00	52.70
37.	Jessica Hageman	33	0:45:02	51.35
38.	Patrick McGrath	43	0:45:11	50.00
39.	Ed Alibozek Jr	69	0:45:46	48.65
40.	Rich Friedrich	35	0:46:29	47.30
41.	Jan Rancatti	48	0:46:30	45.95
42.	Brad Herder	51	0:46:32	44.59
43.	Theresa Apple	47	0:46:48	43.24
44.	Laurel Shortell	42	0:47:13	41.89
45.	Bob Worsham	63	0:47:15	40.54
46.	Martin Glendon	62	0:48:38	39.19
47.	Bob Massaro	65	0:48:59	37.84
48.	Will Danecki	58	0:49:10	36.49
49.	Denise Dion	50	0:49:31	35.14
50.	Joe Bouch	46	0:49:45	33.78
51.	Jacqueline Lemieux	42	0:49:46	32.43
52.	Mona Funciello	34	0:49:48	31.08
53.	Dave Boles	62	0:50:33	29.73

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
54.	London Niles	11	0:50:35	28.38
55.	Laura Clark	61	0:50:57	27.03
56.	Ernie Alleva	57	0:51:05	25.68
57.	Jodie Lahey	30	0:52:06	24.32
58.	Kathy Furlani	60	0:53:11	22.97
59.	Darlene Buttrick	29	0:53:47	21.62
60.	Paul Hartwig	52	0:54:33	20.27
61.	Edward Alibozek	46	0:54:34	18.92
62.	Bree Carlson	29	0:56:39	17.57
63.	Jamie Lahey	32	0:57:19	16.22
64.	Ken Fairman	65	0:58:45	14.86
65.	Doug McBournie	50	1:00:30	13.51
66.	Mary Lou White	53	1:02:35	12.16
67.	Walt Kolodzinski	66	1:03:44	10.81
68.	Richard Busa	79	1:04:38	9.46
69.	Bill Glendon	62	1:08:30	8.11
70.	Konrad Karolczuk	56	1:08:31	6.76
71.	Bill Milkiewicz	53	1:12:50	5.41
72.	Jeff Clark	62	1:18:06	4.05
73.	Tracy McGrath	41	1:27:18	2.70
74.	Chloe McGrath	17	1:27:19	1.35



Overall Winner Justin Fyffe nears the finish! Photo – Beth Herder

SNOWSHOE DOUBLE - WITH DOUBLE (J)

The last snowshoe double I did was last years Cobble Mountain/Curly's weekend. Well, I'm a year older and it shows. Double-J and I headed out to Adams on Saturday morning, giving ourselves plenty of time to get there without rushing. You never know what the roads are going to be like, but we had no trouble arriving a little ahead of schedule (and right behind Laurel). It was just above zero as we QUICKLY registered and got back into the warm car.

With the "standard" 50 minutes before race time we headed out to warm up. Everything takes longer at a snowshoe race, especially changing gear and never more so than when there are no indoor facilities. Most of the WMAC races are old school style with no indoor facilities due to the remote (and usually beautiful) locations. JJ and I did an easy three miles on the road that circles the Greylock glen. The air was clear and brutally cold but the view of the summit was spectacular.

I quickly changed into race gear, which for this race was the Atlas "bumble-bee" outfit and my direct mount Tubbs 10k snowshoes. I headed out for another 10 minutes of running and a few strides to shake things out while Jim did whatever he does before a race (mostly that is complaining about how lousy he feels). I found out just before the start that the course would be completely different from the other versions of the Glen course. Too bad, I really liked the old course, but I heard that a beaver pond had sprung up and made the old loop unusable. The description of the new course sounded interesting. It would be about 1.5 miles of climb then 2.4 miles of mostly downhill on snowmobile trails. That would suit me fine, I like a tough climb.

The field was the best assembled so far this year with Justin Fyffe the strongest road runner in the group making his debut. Ben Nephew, Matt Cartier, Tim Mahoney, Tim Van Orden and Jim Johnson all could mix it up in the front. I felt that my best strategy would be to get out well before we hit the single-track and try to do as much damage on the climb. I'm not known for my descents so I'd need every second I could get on the climb.

Over 70 runners gathered around the gazebo and after a few thankfully brief instructions we were off. Ben went right to the front with Justin and Jim right behind. Matt was next with Tim Mahoney right behind him and me slightly back. Dang! I thought I was really moving in the first snowmobile section but the guys were already pulling away. I sprinted around Tim just as we got onto the single-track and then around Matt soon after. I was hammering as fast as I could go and it just looked like the top three were moving with no effort at all.

Justin moved to the front on the first climb and eased away from Ben. Jim looked like he was having some trouble and took a couple of spills on the first steep section. I fell on that section as well as I hit some ice. Matt was right behind me and offered some encouragement. Mostly I was encouraged by still being able to see Justin and Ben, and Jim was in low gear and coming back. He actually pulled off the trail and stopped when I caught him. I hoped he was okay, but didn't spare any oxygen to say anything (I was hurting too bad). I hit the mile in 8:40 and the top 1.5 mile sign in 15:30, so it took nearly 7 minutes to do the half mile of tough climb. That hurt!

The downhill was great, I felt like I was flying. It was my kind of descent, nothing too steep and no twists, and it was all great footing on snowmobile trail. For the most part I kept Ben in sight (on the long straights) but soon I heard talk behind me. I could see Matt out of the corner of my eye on a turn and then noticed that Jim was right with him. He had recovered well and was chewing up the downhill. Jim came by soon after and asked "how far?" I said two and a half and a few strides later saw the 2.5 mile sign, so I was pretty accurate. Unfortunately for Jim he told me afterwards that he was asking how far to go, so my info wasn't making sense to him. To quote Marisa Tomei I was "dead on balls accurate".

In the last ½ mile or so, Justin began to run out of gas and Ben began to close on him. At the same time Jim was closing on both. They ended up crossing the line in that order with only 14 seconds between the three. I kept Matt close but couldn't quite reel him in as he took fourth four second ahead of me. CMS had a strong showing taking 6 of the top 7 and 7 of the top 9. Jim mentioned to Matt how good he'd look in a CMS singlet but he didn't seem to take the bait.

There wasn't much time stand around in wet gear with the temps still in the single digits. Jim and I quickly changed and headed out for another 3 miles on the road, with Justin along. He noted that during one of his 4:30 am runs this week it was 18 below zero, which made today seem comfortable! Jim took a bad spill on the warm-down, I guess we should have used a traction device on our shoes. Live and learn.

After getting some hot cocoa and some cookies we beat feet for Lanesborough. The short drive was made a bit longer due to a closed road cutting across the flank of Mt Greylock. We scouted out the old Brodie mountain ski area (Snowy Owl) but there didn't seem to be a good place to park.

We parked just outside of the entrance and changed clothes once again. I had hoped to hike up in about 45-50 minutes then run down in 10-15 minutes. I felt a bit tired but not dead-on-my-feet. Jim tends to move a bit more slowly than me (except when racing). He takes FOREVER to change clothes and complains the entire time. Unfortunately I'm still not sure when he is serious or not. For example, he told me he was really hung over and he complained about it all day. Later on during the trip he told me he hadn't done any drinking at all.

Anyway, we hiked up Brodie Mountain starting at 1,400' and gaining 1,200' in 1.5 miles. The early going was the steepest going right up the ski slope, and then we hit a nice 4-wheel drive road that was much more gentle. Jim didn't seem to have as much fun as I did. The conditions were perfect, it was cold but there was no wind and it was sunny although the clouds were closing in. We hit the top in 58 minutes and then spent 11 minutes on the tower which had a glass enclosed cab. The outside was coated in a couple of inches of ice which made the going a little tricky.

There were some great views which definitely made it worthwhile. We quickly made our descent via a ski lift which was a lot of fun. There was a good 6" of powder covering the crusty base which was fine for shuffling down the slope.

SNOWSHOE DOUBLE (CONT)

We were back at the car in 32 minutes, for a total trip of 2.9 miles with 1,200 climb and descent in 1:41.

We headed for Albany to our hotel and some rest. Jim went on and on about how he set a course record and ran something like 22 minutes for five miles and how they probably don't use the course anymore because everyone would be depressed at how slow their times were compared to his. He also went on and on about how slow I ran on the descent and how good he is compared to me. It was all true so I couldn't really argue. I got us a room at the Hilton specifically because it had an indoor pool and (I hoped) a whirlpool. It did and soon after checking in we settled in for 20 minutes of hydro-therapy. After dinner I was ready to call it a night, but Jim ended up staying up 'til all hours. Something about the room being cold, I don't know where that came from. I slept with just a sheet and had the blanket thrown on the floor. I guess I never knew how delicate Jim is.

Race day #2 dawned with snow, which was something of a surprise. I had some hotel room coffee then some "lobby" coffee which ranks well below Dunkin's but way above Starbucks. The drive to the race was very short and probably the funniest moment of the trip was Jim's reaction to the snowman at the turn into the school. I dropped off my five extra pair of snowshoes (for loaners) and we headed out for a three mile warm-up.

Jim noted many times that I was running "like an old man", I had to keep reminding him that I am an old man! Racing the day after a race is much harder as you get older. I was already hurting just trying to get loose. We hit the gym and changed gear again; I went with a tights top and CMS technical long sleeve and a single pair of tights on my legs. Both choices were probably one layer short of what would have been comfortable. I did another mile on the trail and headed for the line.

An amazing 173 runners were lined up and nearly half of them had never done a snowshoe race before. Jim planned on going out behind Josh Merlis (the RD and last years winner). I hoped to just stay on my feet and get through the race. We started with a loop around the field that was all powder. It was wild as snow was flying everywhere and you couldn't see at all! Jim went right to the front and had a lead by the end of the first 300m. I was back in 6th place and quickly made my way around a couple of fast starters. I could see Josh in front and his teammate further in front. The last time I saw Jim was on the power line about a mile into the race and he was already nearly a minute ahead of me. So much for sitting behind Josh.

Jim cruised to an easy 2 minute victory on a course that was definitely good for him (flat and fast). I stayed in fourth the entire way and except for long straight-aways couldn't see anyone else. I was pretty much dead tired by the finish. Jim seemed to still have a lot of energy so we headed out for 2 miles before we got too cold to move. My gas tank was pretty much on empty by this point. We hung out for the awards ceremony where a lot of WMAC folks did well in age groups. Then it was off for a town-bagging adventure.

SNOWSHOE DOUBLE (CONT)

The final stop would be at the Pelham and Belchertown line where we'd get 3 miles and bag two towns. Jim swore that I never mentioned anything about a mountain or a tower at this site, but I'm sure I did. We parked at the edge of a driveway after scouting out a trail that seemed to go to the tower. The owner was nice enough to allow us to park on the edge of his property while we did the short run to the tower. It was something of a bonus to get part of the run in on the M & M trail. I've run parts of it in Agawam, Westfield, etc. but any time I can tower bag and town bag AND trail run at the same time is a major bonus.

The run was a gently climbing jog up the M & M to the Mt Lincoln fire tower. We both used Kathoola's instead of snowshoes and they worked fine. We spent a few minutes on top checking out the view then ran down the access road and looped back to the car for a 24 minute run in both towns.

This was a great way to finish the weekend (for me at least, I'm still not sure how Jim felt about all of this). This was also a rare treat as I've done almost all of my town bagging alone.

Totals for the weekend:

2 races – 5th place and 4th place (top 40+ in both)

2 fire towers (I've now visited 38 of the 55 towers in Mass)

2 Mass towns (I've now visited 320 of the 351 towns in Mass)

In all 23 hardy folk did both races (nearly 1/3 of the field from Greylock!)

Edward Alibozek
David Boles
Joe Bouck
Ken Clark
Laura Clark
Jeff Clark
Bob Dion
Larry Dragon
Dave Dunham
Martin Glendon
Bill Glendon
Jessica Hageman
Jim Johnson
Konrad Karolczuk
Mike Lahey
Jodie Lahey
Brian Northan
Jan Rancatti
Laurel Shortell
Richard Teal
Chelynn Tetreault
Stephanie Willie
Chris Winslow

Next weekend will be another double with the Hoot toot and whistle 5k snowshoe on Saturday and Curly's record run 4m snowshoe on Sunday. I'm hoping to also finish off the last three towns in Western Mass (Mt Washington, Sheffield, and New Marborough) and maybe bag a couple of fire towers as well.

Dave Dunham

BRAVE THE BLIZZARD 3.9-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

January 18, 2009

Pine Bush Preserve

Guilderland, NY

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS	#	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
01.	Jim Johnson	31	27:17	100.00	54.	George Baird	53	43:28	69.36
02.	Joseph Hayter	28	29:14	99.42	<u>55.</u>	<u>Stephanie Willie</u>	33	44:17	68.78
03.	Josh Brenner	27	29:53	98.84	56.	Aaron Knobloch	32	44:24	68.20
04.	David Dunham	44	30:39	98.26	<u>57.</u>	<u>Diana Rodriguez</u>	27	44:25	67.63
05.	Ken Clark	46	31:32	97.68	58.	Robert Norman	33	44:35	67.05
06.	Brian Northan	33	31:46	97.10	<u>59.</u>	<u>Laurel Shortell</u>	42	44:42	66.47
07.	Andrew McCarthy	25	32:49	96.53	60.	Martin Glendon	62	44:43	65.89
08.	Andrew Rickert	29	32:59	95.95	<u>61.</u>	<u>Jeanine Mackiewicz</u>	36	44:47	65.31
<u>09.</u>	<u>Leslie Dillon</u>	25	33:15	95.37	62.	Chris Senez	19	44:50	64.74
10.	Edward Alibozek	46	34:13	94.79	63.	Tom Tift	51	44:54	64.16
11.	Ahmed Elasser	46	34:17	94.21	64.	Jan Rancatti	48	45:00	63.58
12.	Ri Fahnestock	29	34:17	93.64	<u>65.</u>	<u>Lisa D'Aniello</u>	22	45:28	63.00
13.	Chris Winslow	29	34:19	93.06	<u>66.</u>	<u>Madeleine Bonneville</u>	27	45:31	62.42
14.	Myron Ferguson	51	34:23	92.48	67.	Charles Brockett	63	45:35	61.85
15.	Andrew Smith	48	34:30	91.90	68.	Joe Bouck	46	45:48	61.27
16.	Russ Hoyer	48	34:36	91.32	69.	Jon Skelly	43	45:50	60.69
17.	Larry Dragon	48	35:02	90.75	<u>70.</u>	<u>Denise Terzian</u>	44	46:55	60.11
18.	Steven Sweeney	53	35:04	90.17	<u>71.</u>	<u>Erin Clark</u>	20	47:01	59.53
19.	David Newman	28	35:36	89.59	<u>72.</u>	<u>Sarah Dzikowicz</u>	38	47:01	58.96
20.	Richard Chipman	48	35:54	89.01	73.	David Boles	62	47:02	58.38
21.	Gene Pimomo	51	36:10	88.43	74.	Charles Trimarchi	62	47:06	57.80
22.	Joe Krisciunas	42	36:15	87.86	<u>75.</u>	<u>Susan Burns</u>	53	47:11	57.22
23.	Drew Anderson	40	36:34	87.28	<u>76.</u>	<u>Barbara Sorrell</u>	51	47:14	56.64
<u>24.</u>	<u>Amy Lane</u>	29	36:55	86.70	<u>77.</u>	<u>Laura Clark</u>	61	47:16	56.07
25.	Patrick Sorsby	33	37:00	86.12	78.	Dan Pollay	39	48:06	55.49
26.	Eric Recene	37	37:15	85.54	<u>79.</u>	<u>Wendy Relyea</u>	46	48:39	54.91
<u>27.</u>	<u>Chelynn Tetreault</u>	33	37:47	84.97	<u>80.</u>	<u>Michele Crisafulli</u>	37	48:39	54.33
28.	Bob Dion	53	38:13	84.39	81.	David Newman	55	49:09	53.75
29.	Richard Teal	30	38:15	83.81	82.	Michael Dellarocco	57	49:25	53.18
30.	Mike Lahey	57	38:25	83.23	83.	Scott MacLachlan	43	49:37	52.60
31.	Jeff Clark	51	38:40	82.65	84.	Robert Nichols	45	49:59	52.02
32.	Matthew Fryer	28	38:55	82.08	<u>85.</u>	<u>Sarah Domermuth</u>	22	50:11	51.44
33.	David Shumpert	38	39:52	81.50	86.	Dan Novak	30	50:54	50.86
34.	E Kimmelman	44	40:27	80.92	87.	William Milak	56	50:59	50.29
35.	Thomas Ryan	48	40:29	80.34	<u>88.</u>	<u>Jodie Lahey</u>	30	51:12	49.71
36.	Bruce Shenker	56	40:40	79.76	<u>89.</u>	<u>Kathleen Goldberg</u>	50	51:17	49.13
37.	Tom Mack	44	40:40	79.19	<u>90.</u>	<u>Laura Milak</u>	52	51:18	48.55
38.	John Paduano	48	41:01	78.61	91.	Dave Wilber	49	51:19	47.97
39.	Glen Tryson	55	41:08	78.03	<u>92.</u>	<u>Donna Charlebois</u>	50	51:57	47.40
40.	Stewart Dutfield	53	41:11	77.45	<u>93.</u>	<u>Annette Cashin</u>	33	52:00	46.82
41.	Chris Varley	44	41:13	76.87	<u>94.</u>	<u>Angela Squadere</u>	37	52:01	46.24
42.	Todd Rowe	40	41:30	76.30	<u>95.</u>	<u>Erinn McCarthy</u>	28	52:12	45.66
<u>43.</u>	<u>Sara Brenner</u>	28	41:32	75.72	96.	Randy Goldberg	49	52:28	45.08
44.	Joshua Katzman	32	41:58	75.14	<u>97.</u>	<u>Laura Lutz</u>	32	52:58	44.51
<u>45.</u>	<u>Jessica Hageman</u>	33	42:07	74.56	<u>98.</u>	<u>Laura Farley</u>	25	53:33	43.93
<u>46.</u>	<u>Jacques Schiffer</u>	44	42:11	73.98	99.	Peter Thomas	61	53:39	43.35
47.	Steven Legnard	32	42:15	73.41	100.	Gary Nowik	41	54:11	42.77
48.	Brendan Dunfee	34	42:26	72.83	<u>101.</u>	<u>Carrie Nowik</u>	40	54:20	42.19
49.	Rich Tanchyk	57	42:47	72.25	<u>102.</u>	<u>Angela Vasilakos</u>	32	54:21	41.62
50.	Frank Paone	51	43:02	71.67	103.	Don VanWelt	59	54:39	41.04
51.	Ed Decker	55	43:08	71.09	<u>104.</u>	<u>Kelley Bauer</u>	43	54:49	40.46
52.	Ryan Walsh	28	43:16	70.52	105.	James Thomas	62	55:23	39.88
53.	Denny Fillmore	56	43:22	69.94	<u>106.</u>	<u>Regina McGarvey</u>	39	55:23	39.30

BRAVE THE BLIZZARD 3.9-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

January 18, 2009

Pine Bush Preserve

Guilderland, NY

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
107.	Jeff Baez	29	55:39	38.73
108.	Gail Hein	57	55:50	38.15
109.	Sean Gill	26	56:02	37.57
110.	Mark Brill	61	56:57	36.99
111.	Christina Krisciuna	40	57:05	36.41
112.	Scott Murray	40	57:13	35.84
113.	Chris Nowak	34	57:23	35.26
114.	Cheryl Koenitzer	43	57:29	34.68
115.	Patricia Kundel	49	57:31	34.10
116.	Larry Peleggi	51	57:39	33.52
117.	Katie Hayden	21	58:32	32.95
118.	Kimberly Cardona	35	58:54	32.37
119.	Roxanne Wunsch	45	59:07	31.79
120.	John Dellarocco	47	59:08	31.21
121.	Susan Motler	46	59:17	30.63
122.	Dave Cole	51	59:25	30.06
123.	Janet Tryson	55	1:00:14	29.48
124.	Michael Maguire	48	1:00:35	28.90
125.	Alissa Caton	40	1:01:11	28.32
126.	Linda Cure	48	1:01:13	27.74
127.	Kathleen Tersigni	37	1:01:21	27.17
128.	Tim Vanbangh	32	1:01:22	26.59
129.	Bill Arduser	51	1:01:24	26.01
130.	Patty Paduano	51	1:01:41	25.43
131.	Bill Glendon	62	1:03:01	24.85
132.	Konrad Karolczuk	56	1:03:02	24.28
133.	Helen Rowe	17	1:03:18	23.70
134.	Sibyl Jacobson	66	1:04:02	23.12
135.	Anthony Whitman	26	1:04:21	22.54
136.	Alex Bunin	49	1:04:58	21.96
137.	Bruce Saddler	47	1:05:04	21.39
138.	Uzma Qureshi	47	1:05:33	20.81
139.	Debbie Robinson	49	1:05:54	20.23
140.	Melanie Snay	38	1:05:54	19.65
141.	Margaret Bromirski	37	1:06:02	19.07
142.	Pauline Cavrian	42	1:06:03	18.50
143.	Debbie Tierney	49	1:06:42	17.92
144.	Sue Nealon	58	1:06:46	17.34
145.	Jeff Clark	62	1:06:47	16.76
146.	Greg Taylor	62	1:07:01	16.18
147.	Michelle Leclair	51	1:07:04	15.61
148.	Kapil Kulkarni	33	1:07:20	15.03
149.	Mona Caron	39	1:07:26	14.45
150.	Kathy Fagan	52	1:07:29	13.87
151.	Darryl Caron	45	1:07:30	13.29
152.	Megan Walsh	27	1:07:50	12.72
153.	Douglas Kundel	58	1:11:04	12.14
154.	Sue Seppa	67	1:11:30	11.56
155.	Cindy Carlstead	46	1:12:05	10.98
156.	Susan Phelps	61	1:12:16	10.40
157.	Kimberly Chan	15	1:12:58	9.83
158.	Michelle Umbaugh	31	1:13:17	9.25
159.	Kristen Majkut	34	1:13:18	8.67

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
160.	Alan Schultz	63	1:13:18	8.09
161.	Ray Lee	66	1:16:24	7.51
162.	Mary Ardvser	46	1:16:43	6.94
163.	Anne Wehry	51	1:16:52	6.36
164.	Darlene McGovern	43	1:17:25	5.78
165.	Jessica Shreve	24	1:19:18	5.20
166.	Karen Chan	49	1:19:24	4.62
167.	Emile Munson	14	1:22:03	4.05
168.	Celeste Pomputius	14	1:22:06	3.47
169.	Natalia Choi	16	1:31:39	2.89
170.	Carole Dore	15	1:31:43	2.31
171.	Yuki Nakayama	16	1:31:51	1.73
172.	Meryll Castro	16	1:31:52	1.16
173.	Annie Kyriacon	15	1:38:37	0.58

There it is, the largest number of finishers at a WMAC Dion Racing Series event ever (1996 – 2009).



Longtime WMAC Dion Snowshoe Series Racer Tom Mack leads Tom Ryan over the bridge at Pine Bush. ARE Photo.

POOH HILL 8.5K SNOWSHOE SCRAMBLE

January 10, 2009

East Madison, NH

01. Jim Johnson	31	44:04
02. Steve Wolfe	44	47:27
03. Christopher Smith	42	49:19
04. Crystal Anthony	28	49:30
05. Danny Ferreira	26	49:57
06. Brent Tkacyk	39	51:00
07. Reeder Fahnestock	29	52:35
08. Brian Staveley	32	53:44
09. Leslie Dillon	25	53:52
10. Patrick Smith	46	54:50
11. Dan Cooper	36	54:55
12. Ted Hall	35	55:51
13. Luke Fernandez	22	56:13
14. Amber Cullen	26	56:31
15. Miles Grimshaw	17	56:50
16. Katie Gayman	30	57:19
17. Austin Stonebraker	29	58:09
18. James Porter	34	58:20
19. Scott Graham	50	58:43
20. Sal Genovese	43	59:19
21. Bill Morse	57	59:25
22. Amy Tkaczyk	35	59:30
23. Jonathan Kovar	64	1:00:22
24. Brian Crockett	54	1:00:34
25. Jay Curry	37	1:01:20
26. Elizabeth Hall	20	1:01:38
27. Steve Sprague	17	1:02:02
28. Michael Cushing	37	1:02:46
29. Michael Sallade	29	1:03:04
30. Jay Myers	37	1:03:25
31. Sarah Trautman	18	1:03:50
32. Tim Rothfuss	39	1:04:02
33. Sarah Cox	32	1:04:08
34. Brad Laporte	46	1:04:33
35. Brian Gallagher	59	1:04:59
36. Laurel Valley	46	1:05:27
37. Joe Merriam	49	1:05:46
38. Mike Veazey	29	1:07:25
39. Diane Gagnon	52	1:07:48
40. Trish Shibles	47	1:13:03
41. Scott Mason	51	1:13:23
42. Tom Littlefield	63	1:13:24
43. Sarah Silverberg	26	1:15:55
44. Alex Noordergraaf	40	1:16:06
45. Matt Benelli	38	1:16:15
46. Joy Koblenzer	40	1:17:40
47. Eileen Dunn	26	1:18:04
48. Michael Amarello	45	1:18:12
49. Laura Harding	41	1:18:20
50. Joe Harding	50	1:18:21
51. Gary Reuter	69	1:18:25
52. Lisa Davy	44	1:18:32
53. Art Gray	55	1:19:40
54. Faye Lowery	65	1:20:28
55. Jeanne Peckiconis	47	1:21:08

56. Diane Levesque	55	1:21:26
57. Robert Pease	63	1:22:09
58. Kathy Paradis	54	1:22:52
59. Dave Jefska	52	1:23:20
60. Steven Schusler	52	1:26:16
61. Chris Ebbrecht	48	1:27:24
62. Angela Landry	32	1:28:37
63. Matt Landry	30	1:30:13
64. Karen Boisvert	40	1:32:42
65. Robert Cronan	70	1:33:45
66. Lisa Dresden	27	1:36:38
67. Scott Dresden	27	1:36:39
68. Mary Beth Newell	47	1:51:24
69. Nancy Brome	46	1:51:25
70. Liz Bowden	52	2:00:34
71. Rhonda Bilodeau	45	2:00:35
72. George Brome	47	2:02:11

The Granite State Snowshoe Series debut event was held under sunny skies on a clear and crisp 5 degree day, but it didn't stop 75 snowshoers from trekking to King Pine Ski Resort in East Madison, New Hampshire to challenge Pooh Hill --- and Pooh Hill won as many shoers were reduced to a walk on the long trek to the peak - this author included.

Despite the torture Pooh Hill inflicted upon us, we're all sure to return as acidotic RACING put on another great event --- beautiful and challenging course, great competition, racing gloves for all entrants, and an incredible raffle featuring a pair of Kathoola Snowshoes, 6 cases of RedHook Beer, Road ID Gift Certificates, sweatshirts, t-shirts, sunglasseses, and more.

Frequent racer Jim Johnson of the CMS Polar Bears romped to victory in a blistering 44:04 - close to an 8-minute per mile pace. Johnson took the lead in the first 15 milliseconds of the race and never let up. Home team acidotic RACING's Steve Wolfe quickly set his sights on 2nd place and took the silver in 47:27 with Dungeon Rock Racing's Christopher Smith shoeing in for the Bronze.

Smith's teammate Crystal Anthony was close behind in 4th place to take the women's title. Acidotic's Leslie Dillon and Amber Cullen followed in 2nd and 3rd place.

Acidotic RACING combined speed up front with 4 shoers in the top 10 and 16 shoers overall to take the team title over Dungeon Rock Racing, with BB and N out of Boston taking 3rd.

The New Hampshire snowshoe season continues over the next few weeks with 2 non GSSS events - the Beaver Brook 5K in Hollis on the 17th and the Feel Good Farm 7K on the 24th - then quickly followed by race #2 in the Granite State Snowshoe Series, the Cobble Mountain Classic on the 31st. Cobble Mountain features another killer climb. I can't wait...