

W.M.A.C. SNOSHU-NEWS

SATURDAY THE 13TH -- ANOTHER LUCKY DAY AT CAMP

After seven lucky years of hosting the Camp Saratoga Snowshoe Race, the Saturday, February 13th date didn't faze us at all. By this time Jeff and I had so many long time volunteers and participants in place that things ran about as smoothly as could be expected for *The Year of No Snow*. The only confusion arose from the fact that some folks figured the 13th was close enough to Valentine's Day to warrant the Barbershop Quartet's love ballads. I guess that bit of frivolity is forever stuck in folks' minds and Camp is destined be the Valentines' Day Race of choice no matter what the date.

What I could have used, however, was a part-time secretary to answer all the emails I received from far-flung National Snowshoe qualifier hopefuls. But maybe not—I did get to make some new email buddies and it was fun to put names to faces once everyone took the leap of faith required to pack their duffels and head off to camp. After the conceptual snow at Winterfest 5K the previous week, it was difficult to believe that Camp would be any better.

From farthest away came Anna Gonzalez's group of nine friends from the Washington DC area, none of whom had ever snowshoed before. In January they had decided to travel up North for a long President's Day weekend vacation in the snow. With two major blizzards paralyzing the DC area during the week leading up to the race, you would think they would have just stayed home and played in their own snow. But who can resist the childhood lure of a day in camp? Hopefully, they brought some of their good snow karma with them to sprinkle on our drought-ridden snowbelt.

We were also proud to host four members of the storied 10th Mountain Division stationed at Ft. Drum, NY. The 10th Mountain was formed during World War II in anticipation of the need for rugged outdoorsmen who would feel right at home ousting German defenders from their Alpine lairs. Adams, Mass, the home base of our own Dion Snowshoe Series, had the honor of sending twenty-two Thunderbolt skiers to the original unit, the most from any US town. Many who survived the brutal attack on Riva Ridge initiated the current downhill ski boom by developing ski resorts at Vail and Aspen. Coach Bill Bowerman, of Nike fame, acquired some of his legendary toughness as a muleskinner in this division, hauling the wounded to medical facilities and supplies back to the troops. As the US Military's most deployed unit, the 10th is currently engaged in dangerous operations in Iraq and Afghanistan.*

With so many guest athletes making the journey to Camp, registration went by in a blur of activity. At one point, my brain automatically reverted to librarian mode as I urged registrants to take their name tags (i.e. race bibs), much as I would have spoken to three year-olds before storytime. Luckily Candi Schermerhorn breached the line of runners to give me a much-needed break.

With this unusual flurry of activity, I almost forgot the Awarding of the Target Ceremony. The Target, designed by



Jim Carlson, is a homemade bull's-eye affixed to a safety vest. Before each race, one of our regulars is selected to wear the vest, the assumption being that the wearer will be spurred forward to superhuman efforts since all the other racers will be aiming for him, much like Clark Kent donning his symbolic cape. Most of the time it seems to work out pretty well.

Occasionally, there is a bit of manipulation involved, as when Bob Massaro was purposefully awarded the status symbol last week. We knew he would naturally hand it over to his twelve year-old protégée, London Niles at Camp., Last year Bob and London won our Barnyard Award for Best Snowshoe Duo as Bob mentored London through his first year of racing. This year London has returned older, faster, wiser and a true WMACer, preferring challenging slopes to flat and fast routes. He has totally outstripped all his older buddies, moving his way up in the ranks towards the halfway mark. But he hasn't forgotten us -- he always heads back on the course to cheer on his last year's companions. And despite the solid field of Nationals age-group competitors, all of whom were well into their teens, London achieved his goal of qualifying.

It took a giant leap of faith for this diverse group of runners to ignore the online Winterfest pictures and the brown highway landscape. Through careful management, however, Pieter Litchfield nurtured our limited snow, grooming it just enough to preserve it but not too much to use it up. The combination of Nationals hopefuls and flattish snow produced some extremely fast times. So much so that Don Ziegler, our perennial road crossing marshal was almost caught off guard when the first

SATURDAY THE 13TH (continued)



runners blew by a mere fifteen minutes after the start. Edward Alibozek, who founded our snowshoe series and usually places in the top ten at this event, marveled that the top twenty spots were dominated by the younger crowd. Edward, 47, got bumped to 27th place, exclaiming, "This is what happens when we get what we ask for...more younger people at the events."

And what is a day at Camp without the customary camp stove? Local participants brought all manner of chilies and stews to a kitchen ably supervised by Andy, Peggy and Patricia Keefe and Dawn Pallor. Each year it seems they return with a new addition to the repertoire. This time it was a state-of-the-art hot dog spit which not only grilled sixty hot dogs but provided entertainment as well. Many participants also brought nifty raffle items, including Rich Busa with a huge supply of glow-in-the-dark clothing and Michael DellaRocco with enough lighting devices to keep us safe in the woods when darkness ambushes ambition. After scarfing up raffle prizes at three races in a row, Rich, who still straight-facedly claims that he never wins anything, donated his Hammer Gel product to a 10th Mountain Division trooper. Rich served as a paratrooper in the Korean War and was touched when the soldier thanked him for his service to his country. A very lucky day in Camp indeed!

The following day, Jeff and I returned to Camp to police up any stray ribbons and flags. We figured we needed the exercise. On the drive home, Jeff shouted, "Ha, Snow, you're melting and we don't care anymore!" Then it began to snow.

laura clark

*I'm a librarian after all, so here's your reading list:

Bowman and the Men of Oregon, by Kenny Moore, 2006.

The Boys of Winter: Life and Death in the U.S. Ski Troops during the Second World War, by Charles Sanders, 2005. Learn all about those boys from Adams.

The Last Ridge, by McKay Jenkins, 2003.

The Last Ridge: The Uphill Battles of the 10th Mt Division

None Left Behind, by Charles Sasser, 2009

Photos by Brian Teague- C Fred Joslyn; John Pelton & Stan Tiska; Laurel Shortell and Peter Finley.

EATING CROW

It is far easier to crow like a rooster than eating crow, but this time I'm eating crow. Camp Saratoga proved to be as challenging as I remember, even though Jim Carlson said, "This is your kind of race, Pete." After all, he said, "This is a runner's race." What he failed to take into consideration is that my longest race last year was only 4.25 miles long with a 10 minute per mile pace.

My biggest mistake wasn't listening to Jim, but thinking I would eventually catch up to Laura Clark, after being tucked behind Bob Massaro at 2 miles. Laura must have been wearing a stealth jacket because I never saw her. Thinking back now, I should have never passed Laurel Shortell early on as well. But these things can't be helped when you are still an amateur among seasoned veterans.

Before the race, I asked Konrad to point out a certain SnoNews contributor to me. As luck would have it, the very same Jamie Howard caught up to me around 3.5 miles and easily passed me.

From that point on, I was not hoping to catch anyone, but merely to maintain my position. My legs turned into rubber after 4 miles, which made that last hilly section rather difficult to navigate. At the bottom of one of the hills, I almost ran into a tree instead of taking a sharp left turn.

But don't get me wrong, I had a great time. But races like this separate those who train seriously and those who stop by a Stewart's afterwards and get a milkshake or an ice cream cone. And, yes, Laura is back on her throne where she should be.

Peter Finley



<http://www.pbase.com/fateague/cs2010ss>

7th CAMP SARATOGA 8KM SNOWSHOE RACE

February 13, 2010

Camp Saratoga

Wilton, NY

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS	PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
01.	C Fred Joslyn	26	0:29:45	100.00	54.	Kaitlyn Skelley	26	0:44:53	56.91
02.	Matthew Russell	26	0:30:25	99.19	55.	Thomas Ryan	49	0:44:57	56.10
03.	J Matthew Medeiros	24	0:31:15	98.37	56.	Kevin Ryan	31	0:45:02	55.28
04.	Tim Van Orden	41	0:31:51	97.56	57.	Frank Paone	52	0:45:05	54.47
05.	Ross Krause	30	0:33:11	96.75	58.	Jeff Coulter	45	0:45:10	53.66
06.	Andrew Kless	23	0:33:24	95.93	59.	Nick Henderson	25	0:45:17	52.85
07.	Connor Devine	16	0:33:29	95.12	60.	<u>Lisa D'Aniello</u>	23	<u>0:45:37</u>	<u>52.03</u>
08.	Matt Westerlund	37	0:33:45	94.31	61.	John Pelton	70	0:46:10	51.22
09.	Shaun Donegan	24	0:33:57	93.50	62.	Bob Dion	54	0:46:24	50.41
10.	Thomas O'Grady	24	0:33:59	92.68	63.	Floyd Lampart	63	0:46:37	49.59
11.	Brandon Mulligan	17	0:34:03	91.87	64.	Joe Bouck	47	0:47:00	48.78
12.	Ahmed Elasser	47	0:34:38	91.06	65.	Chris Imperial	29	0:47:19	47.97
13.	Jeff Dengate	32	0:35:21	90.24	66.	Greg Ulm	14	0:47:32	47.15
14.	Robbie Olsen	26	0:35:33	89.43	67.	London Niles	12	0:47:36	46.34
15.	Taylor Della Rocco	15	0:36:29	88.62	68.	Michael Della Rocco	58	0:47:46	45.53
16.	Jason Pare	37	0:36:41	87.80	69.	Vincent Kirby	53	0:47:57	44.72
17.	Richard Gallagher	29	0:37:16	86.99	70.	<u>Caroline Pailsen</u>	26	<u>0:48:07</u>	<u>43.90</u>
18.	Jim Pelton	35	0:37:28	86.18	71.	Alexander Chlopecki	37	0:48:29	43.09
19.	Brian Northan	34	0:37:43	85.37	72.	Wally Lempart	64	0:48:30	42.28
20.	Ken Clark	47	0:37:57	84.55	73.	Jeff Hattem	58	0:48:42	41.46
21.	Charles Petraske	32	0:38:10	83.74	74.	Corey Phelan	14	0:48:59	40.65
22.	Brian Dodge	56	0:38:25	82.93	75.	Matthew Farrauto	37	0:49:04	39.84
23.	Richard Teal	32	0:38:30	82.11	76.	Charles Brockett	64	0:49:50	39.02
24.	Miguel Contreras	25	0:38:35	81.30	77.	Conor Daley	20	0:49:57	38.21
25.	Cody Donohue	15	0:38:42	80.49	78.	<u>Kathleen Furlani</u>	61	<u>0:50:01</u>	<u>37.40</u>
26.	David Peterson	51	0:38:51	79.67	79.	David Kuennen	29	0:50:25	36.59
27.	Edward Alibozek	47	0:39:34	78.86	80.	<u>Sarah Dzikowicz</u>	39	<u>0:50:34</u>	<u>35.77</u>
28.	Chelynn Tetreault	34	0:40:00	78.05	81.	Kim E. Scott	41	0:50:35	34.96
29.	Thomas Scott	28	0:40:04	77.24	82.	Carol Dodge	53	0:50:51	34.15
30.	Neal Colburn	15	0:40:48	76.42	83.	<u>Maxine Stent</u>	46	<u>0:50:59</u>	<u>33.33</u>
31.	Ashley Krause	32	0:41:12	75.61	84.	<u>Peggy McKeown</u>	52	<u>0:51:12</u>	<u>32.52</u>
32.	<u>Carissa Stepien</u>	29	<u>0:41:40</u>	<u>74.80</u>	85.	Brandon Gray	31	0:51:23	31.71
33.	Tom Tift	51	0:41:54	73.98	86.	<u>Joann Lynch</u>	44	<u>0:51:39</u>	<u>30.89</u>
34.	Andrew Wahila	25	0:42:09	73.17	87.	Douglas Fox	57	0:51:48	30.08
35.	Mark Yarnell	29	0:42:27	72.36	88.	Ed Alibozek Jr	70	0:52:01	29.27
36.	<u>Jessica Hageman</u>	34	<u>0:42:32</u>	<u>71.54</u>	89.	J.J. Favat	65	0:52:40	28.46
37.	Eric Kimmelman	45	0:42:50	70.73	90.	<u>Maureen Roberts</u>	52	<u>0:52:52</u>	<u>27.64</u>
38.	<u>Rachel Brandenburg</u>	26	<u>0:43:02</u>	<u>69.92</u>	91.	Chris Johnson	51	0:52:53	26.83
39.	Scott Sperling	26	0:43:08	69.11	92.	Dave Wilber	50	0:53:01	26.02
40.	Ian Hutchinson	45	0:43:08	68.29	93.	Ed Decker Sr	55	0:54:01	25.20
41.	Todd Rowe	41	0:43:12	67.48	94.	Tara Crumb	25	0:54:22	24.39
42.	Steve Rivers	48	0:43:14	66.67	95.	<u>Angela Squadere</u>	38	<u>0:54:38</u>	<u>23.58</u>
43.	Ken Stannard	25	0:43:22	65.85	96.	Jim Carlson	62	0:54:49	22.76
44.	Mike Lahey	58	0:43:28	65.04	97.	<u>Diane Gray</u>	46	<u>0:55:02</u>	<u>21.95</u>
45.	Sean Curtis	17	0:43:50	64.23	98.	<u>Mary Rivers</u>	48	<u>0:55:03</u>	<u>21.14</u>
46.	Glenn Tryson	56	0:43:53	63.41	99.	<u>Kathy Schmermund</u>	24	<u>0:56:08</u>	<u>20.33</u>
47.	Dave Shumpert	39	0:43:58	62.60	100.	<u>Anna Gonzalez</u>	24	<u>0:56:15</u>	<u>19.51</u>
48.	Robert Lynch	37	0:44:03	61.79	101.	<u>Laura Clark</u>	62	<u>0:56:29</u>	<u>18.70</u>
49.	<u>Sara Brenner</u>	30	<u>0:44:12</u>	<u>60.98</u>	102.	Thomas Wright	62	0:57:12	17.89
50.	Jonathan Schaller	47	0:44:13	60.16	103.	Bob Massaro	66	0:57:14	17.07
51.	Tim Ratowski	37	0:44:33	59.35	104.	<u>Laurel Shortell</u>	43	<u>0:57:48</u>	<u>16.26</u>
52.	Jeff Clark	52	0:44:43	58.54	105.	Jamie Howard	44	0:59:10	15.45
53.	Eric Recene	39	0:44:45	57.72	106.	Steve Obermeyer	48	0:59:50	14.63

7th CAMP SARATOGA 8KM SNOWSHOE RACE RESULTS AND PHOTOS

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
107.	Phyllis Fox	57	1:00:08	13.82
108.	Peter Finley	48	1:00:44	13.01
109.	Kathleen Tersigni	39	1:01:12	12.20
110.	David Ulm	54	1:02:50	11.38
111.	Jill Wyman	30	1:03:14	10.57
112.	Susan Johnson	49	1:03:23	9.76
113.	Richard Busa	80	1:05:59	8.94
114.	Konrad Karolczuk	57	1:06:07	8.13
115.	Cathy Biss	62	1:07:19	7.32
116.	Janet Tryson	56	1:08:35	6.50
117.	Walt Kolodzinski	67	1:08:52	5.69
118.	Alison Kerr	25	1:09:13	4.88
119.	Xena Onderdonk	40	1:09:21	4.07
120.	Rebecca Armstrong	41	1:09:43	3.25
121.	Ellie George	54	1:10:00	2.44
122.	Ray Lee Jr	67	1:13:33	1.63
123.	Andy Keefe	79	1:25:38	0.81

Top three women at 2010 Camp Saratoga Snowshoe Race:

Chelynn Tetreault	28 th overall	40:00
Ashley Krause	31 st overall	41:12
Carissa Stepien	32 nd overall	41:40



A TRIBUTE TO *THE BOYS OF WINTER*

If you read only one book this year, *The Boys of Winter* by Charles Saunders should be it. As WMAC members who have long enjoyed/anticipated/dreaded our Thunderbolt encounters, this tribute to the 10th Mountain Division lends some perspective into the lure of our favorite gathering place, Mount Greylock.

For it was from the small town of Adams that twenty-two young men who lived for nothing more than a perfect Thunderbolt run heard their country's call and lent their mountain skills in defense of the freedoms they cherished. While the 10th Mountain Division saw action late in World War II, in that small space of time they sustained nearly one thousand fatalities and four thousand wounded.

Among the fatalities was Rudy Konieczny, Adams' Thunderbolt ski hero who transferred his risk taking to the battlefield saving countless comrades in the process. Rudy was buried with full military honors at Veterans' Memorial Plot in Adams' Bellevue Cemetery. As Sanders writes, "From Rudy Konieczny's gravesite, the ski trail that runs from just below the War Memorial Tower atop Mount Greylock down to the old Thiel farm is clearly visible." The next time you run Greylock, take a few minutes to honor Rudy and the rest of these boys who unhesitatingly sacrificed their lives for America.

Those who did return include Coach Bill Bowerman, who gave us Nike waffle trainers, Ed Ketchledge, a leading member of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks and Bob Lewis who pioneered hiking and skiing programs for the handicapped. All told, over two thousand members brought downhill skiing to America, developing Sugarbush, Vail, Aspen, Jackson Hole and other premier ski resorts. The list goes on and makes you wonder what could have been accomplished had more survived.

But as Sanders poignantly points out, we honor these fallen heroes in our hearts every time we venture into the mountains that they so loved. To know "...that once someone stood exactly where we are now standing, understood exactly the joy that we are now feeling, and gave it all up to make *our* time here possible" is the best way to honor them.

Laura Clark

CAMP SARATOGA MILESTONES

Edward Alibozek reached 6,000 points (6,078.03).

Frank Paone 500 points (520.29).

Jim Carlson 50 races.

Chelynn Tetrault 25 races.

Jeff Clark, Jeff Coulter, Charles Petraske, Eric Recene and Matt Westerlund 10 races.

Dave Dunham

ANKLE FLEXIBILITY RESEARCH

New Balance is doing a research study on ankle flexibility. Details (and questionnaire) below. Please pass this along to others who might be interested. They can fill out the questionnaire below and sent it to Pedro Rodrigues at:

Pedro.Rodrigues@newbalance.com

He can answer specific questions also.

The following is from Mr. Rodrigues.

In terms of the study, it would be one visit to the lab, lasting approx 3.5 hrs.

To give you a little more info on the study, we are looking at how ankle flexibility influences the mechanics and coordination of the entire lower extremity. In order to do this, we would first measure your ankle range of motion using a specialized device and our high speed motion capture system. Once your ankle range of motion is determined, we would have you run in normal running shoes, and then in shoes with orthotics while our high speed motion capture system again captures your movements.

To qualify for the study I would need to know a little more info:

1. Do you currently have knee pain? If so where exactly on the knee pain at this point?
2. Has your knee cap ever dislocated?
3. Does your knee ever lock?
4. Do you feel any cracking/popping under the knee cap?
5. Do you have pain with prolonged sitting (i.e. at the movies), squatting, stairs, kneeling?
6. Have you ever had the injury diagnosed by a doctor? any treatments (ie orthotics)?
7. Have you ever had any lower extremity surgeries?
8. Do you have any other injuries?
9. What is your shoe size?

Pedro Rodrigues MS PT
New Balance Sports Research Lab

MOBY DICK BUSA: A WHALE OF A TAIL

Thar she blows! Thar she blows! A hump like a Snowhill! It is Moby Dick!

Attributed to Captain Ahab on the Moby application

What does Moby Dick have to do with Mt. Greylock? And more importantly what does the mythical great white whale have to do with our snowshoe race? As a college English major who has never actually read *Moby Dick*, but with plenty of pre-internet Cliff Note expertise, let me enlighten you. It seems that Herman Melville, like all great transcendentalists, retired to the country to seek his inspiration. In this case, Pittsfield Mass, where he spent his time gazing at Mt. Greylock and dreaming of the sea.

This seems a bit of a stretch, but bear with me. Apparently our beloved snow-covered high peak reminded him of the famous white whale Mocha Dick breaching the surface to capsize hapless harpooners. Long before the days of sonar sensing when the hunted had at least an even chance, Mocha was said to have taken revenge on over one hundred whaling vessels.

While the harpoonists have long since been forgotten, Mocha has been immortalized in literature as Moby Dick, the white whale that Captain Ahab is determined to conquer. Somewhere along the way, college professors eager for publishing credit have turned this work from a good story into an allegory of our daily struggles toward unattainable goals, with Moby representing our hopes and dreams. In a way, I guess that's not too far off as WMACERs met their own personal Moby Dick during this 7.3 mile snowshoe race over the hump and into the spout itself (go to the results page to see photo of Laura capsized, displacing barnacles on the way down).

Once upon a time, before the advent of Dion Snowshoes, Bob Dion organized a 16-mile round trip journey on the road from Bascomb Lodge to the top of Greylock. Inevitably, this event was postponed multiple times each winter due to icy treacherous roads until it was ultimately held in late March, when the hump was deemed only mildly life-threatening. The year when a severe snow squall sprayed our line of happy mountaineers was one of the few times I thought it might perhaps be a relief to be swallowed by the Whale.

But as snowshoeing became the winter pastime of choice, Moby was left in peace until 2003 brought us the first Moby Dick snowshoe race. I really enjoyed the deep powder and intense live-or-die feeling and have lobbied ever since for a rematch. But the Barnyard animals were indifferent and perhaps secretly fearful. The hens cackled, the cows moaned and the donkeys brayed. Only Tippi, in typical canine fashion, remained steadfastly enthusiastic.

Well, seven lucky years later and Farmer Ed Jr's Barnyard, nestled in the shadow of Greylock, caught the scent of Whale and decided it was time. Or else they just got tired of my whining. Moby rose to the challenge, spraying impressive plumes of foamy powder, producing an ocean's worth of snow.

My first inkling of what lay ahead was when Brad Herder, who had skied over the hump for countless eons, got lost and nearly ran out of daylight. He closed his email with the hopeful "I think we'll all be fine on Saturday. Bring breadcrumbs." The next day Edward Alibozek attempted the ascent and at least had the good sense to bring Tippi along. But if Brad and Edward got lost marking their own race, what hope would there be for the likes of Rich Busa and I?

The snow was so deep, however, that ours was the only clearly defined path. To get lost would mean deliberately stepping out of Moby's wake and heading out alone and half-submerged into uncharted territory. Still, following in the wake of faster shoes wasn't any easier. Even when I managed to gain purchase inside a previous footprint that had not dissolved into drifting powder, I quickly slid back toward Moby's spout.

Moby represents a zest for life, a passion for challenge and an overriding sense of family. The real Mocha Dick was known to glide peacefully alongside sailing vessels, reacting only when he or a member of his pod was threatened. At our snowshoe Moby, London Niles awarded his Target vest to his friend Bob Dion. They paced companionably for a while, long enough to discover that the previous evening both had run aground on some hefty furniture and broken a toe. London struggled, so much so that I spotted him just ahead of me on the final mile. Not knowing he was injured, I was pleased that I was so close to him, a place I had not managed all year. But then a distressing thought hit me-- who would cheer me on as I approached the finish? As if reading my thoughts his five year-old sister Solitaire piped up with hearty encouragement. We expect much from her professional cheerleading abilities as she is currently taking baton lessons.

Afterwards, many commented that Moby was an old-fashioned wilderness race complete with deep snow, new vistas to explore and lots of time to do so in the company of good friends. Best of all, after seven patient years of waiting, I finally got my wish.

laura clark

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WMAC

2010 DION SNOWSHOE RACING SERIES

WMAC

MOBY DICK BUSA 7.3-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

February 20, 2010 Mt Greylock State Reservation Lanesborough, MA

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
01.	Brian Rusiecki	31	1:05:30	100.00
02.	Tim Van Orden	40	1:05:59	98.36
03.	Matt Westerlund	37	1:06:08	96.72
04.	Tim Mahoney	30	1:06:45	95.08
05.	Ken Clark	47	1:12:19	93.44
06.	Josh Merlis	28	1:13:26	91.80
07.	Amy Lane	30	1:16:21	90.16
08.	Rob Mccarthy	42	1:16:24	88.52
09.	Steve Dowsett	22	1:17:02	86.89
10.	Jack Casey	56	1:20:11	85.25
11.	Pete Malinowski	55	1:21:48	83.61
12.	Nick Jubok	53	1:23:24	81.97
13.	Domingo Elias	37	1:23:49	80.33
14.	Scott Brew	44	1:24:21	78.69
15.	Sheryl Wheeler	47	1:24:45	77.05
16.	Richard Teal	32	1:27:07	75.41
17.	Mike Lahey	58	1:27:33	73.77
18.	Dan Buttrick	29	1:28:07	72.13
19.	Nico Scibelli	47	1:28:08	70.49
20.	Todd Brown	45	1:29:45	68.85
21.	Randy Zucco	39	1:29:47	67.21
22.	Dave Almand	35	1:34:20	65.57
23.	Brennan Tarrier	31	1:34:45	63.93
24.	Jessica Hageman	34	1:35:01	62.30
25.	Steve Legnard	33	1:35:04	60.66
26.	John Pelton	70	1:36:44	59.02
27.	Holly Atkinson	40	1:38:27	57.38
28.	Vince Kirby	53	1:39:23	55.74
29.	Bob Dion	54	1:39:29	54.10
30.	John Butler	43	1:39:42	52.46
31.	Will Danecki	59	1:40:08	50.82
32.	Denise Dion	51	1:41:49	49.18
33.	Bob Worsham	64	1:43:52	47.54
34.	Paul Wescott	30	1:46:01	45.90
35.	Kathleen Furlani	61	1:46:14	44.26
36.	Karl Molitoris	54	1:47:30	42.62
37.	Sarah Dzikowicz	39	1:47:35	40.98
38.	London Niles	12	1:48:47	39.34
39.	Laura Clark	62	1:49:10	37.70
40.	Darlene Mccarthy	47	1:49:42	36.07
41.	Kim Brown	38	1:51:52	34.43
42.	Pat Rosier	51	1:53:11	32.79
43.	Bob Massaro	66	1:54:30	31.15
44.	Chris Johnson	52	1:56:28	29.51
45.	Holly Alexandre	38	1:56:29	27.87
46.	Meirak Werbel	38	1:56:31	26.23
47.	Martin Glendon	63	1:56:35	24.59
48.	Laurel Shortell	43	2:00:13	22.95
49.	Dave Boles	63	2:01:25	21.31
50.	Barb Sorrell	52	2:04:55	19.67
51.	Jackie Lemieux	43	2:08:25	18.03
52.	Richard Busa	80	2:10:48	16.39
53.	Jamie Howard	44	2:13:34	14.75
54.	Bill Glendon	64	2:13:56	13.11

#	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
55.	Konrad Karolczuk	57	2:14:46	11.48
56.	Walt Kolodzinski	67	2:15:38	9.84
57.	Ken Fairman	66	2:22:01	8.20
58.	Meghan Foley	23	2:23:41	6.56
59.	Alison Kerr	25	2:26:11	4.92
60.	Greg Taylor	63	2:26:15	3.28
61.	Gary Millett	65	2:28:51	1.64



Amy Lane pushing through fresh powder dropping off Round Rock before joining the Northrup Trail.

Photos all courtesy of Brad Herder

www.berkshiresports.org

Snowshoes all courtesy of Dion Snowshoe Company (although Karl may be wearing Northern Lites or Crescent Moon?)

www.dionsnowshoes.com

MOBY DICK BUSA 7.3-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE



Top – Karl Molitoris; Bottom – Laura Clark

Top – Denise Dion; Bottom – London Niles & Bob Dion

MOBY DICK SNOWSHOE 2010; A SQUISHY KIND OF DAY

When is Covered Bridge not Covered Bridge? Answer: When it is Moby Dick! Covered Bridge (without the bridge) was actually held the day of the Greylock Glen race. It turned out that there was another event planned in the Glen area on February 20th. To avoid a conflict and general parking mess, Farmer Ed came up with a pretty good idea. He moved the Covered Bridge race (but not the bridge), to the southern end of the Greylock Reservation area. A race or fun run used to be held in mid-winter at the Greylock Visitors' Center in Lanesborough, Ma; it was called Moby Dick. With the proliferation of the snowshoe series races, Moby Dick was dropped as an annual event. This was an opportunity to resurrect it, to an extent, and Farmer Ed did that.

Why is it called Moby Dick you might ask if you are a relative newcomer to the series. If you were inside the Visitors' Center you saw a 3-D map of the Greylock Reservation area. The whole thing, from north to south looks like a big whale, with Greylock Mountain as the head, the mountain ridge running south as the back, and the southern end flattening out as the tail. Hence, Moby Dick. In the old race runners ran only on Rockwell Road all the way to the tower at the top of Greylock Mountain, then back, for a 16 mile run. Those who were really crazy continued past the top and down the north side, then back up, then back to the Visitors' Center for a little over 30 miles. You could do it on running shoes or snowshoes, could lollygag around or be seriously competitive, but everybody always had fun. It was a long day.

Anyway, Ed mapped out a course that totally avoided Rockwell Road except for one brief crossing, and about a mile-and-a-half for the race to the finish. We went out a wide trail on the east side of the ridge, which turned into nice single-track after a bit. This gave plenty of time to adjust to where you should be position-wise without anyone blocking a long conga line behind them. Upon hitting single-track I found myself behind the best looking set of legs in the race. The problem is that they didn't belong to a woman; they belonged to Karl Molitoris, with whom I had carpooled to the race. He was wearing his infamous orange shorts with bare legs exposed to snow and wind and the gaze of all the titillated young women everywhere. Myself, I wanted to be looking at women's legs in tights, so I passed him with that in mind and tried to catch up to something a little more pleasing to my eye.

Unfortunately, I didn't encounter this, but did manage to catch London Niles and Bob Dion just before the halfway point and paced with them for awhile after crossing Rockwell Road. We hit an open area that was quite windy, and I was happy to get back into the closed woods on the trail on the west side of the ridge. There was a nice steep downhill that involved a little "skiing" action, and Brad Herder was taking pictures at that point. In awhile London, who had been leading us through this area, seemed to get a little tired, and Dion passed him. Wanting to keep the Dion in my sights, since he had the bulls-eye this race, I passed too and encouraged London to stick with me.

Dion, being the "Downhill Racer" of old, quickly put a lot of distance between him and me on the gentle down slopes in this section. Once I got to the road he was nowhere in sight, so I just tried to settle in to the fastest pace that I could sustain for that

last mile-and-a-half. After going for a half-mile I got up the nerve to look over my shoulder to see who was there. I didn't see anyone so that was a relief; after all I did have to hold on to my 33rd position. We do compete in the middle of the pack too you know!

It was uneventful the rest of the way in, and my main concern was to make sure I stayed on a part of the road that had enough snow that my cleats wouldn't go through. On curves snowmobiles had worn some thin spots. Hitting the final curves and going back into the woods to the finish was a great feeling. Beth Herder welcomed me at the finish line. I noticed that Bob Dion finally finished ahead of his wife in a race (but I didn't).

I gotta say that the after-race food was great for a vegetarian like me. Especially good were those potatoes and potato soup. When you bit into them they had a great salty taste that is exactly what you are looking for after trudging seven miles through the snow. I had a second serving of them and still wanted more, but had to leave some for other people. I think this stuff rivals the corn chowder that used to be so popular a number of years back. Both Missy Heeb (remember her?) and SlugRunner (remember him) claimed that it was their recipe. Somebody told me that Jamie Howard made the potato soup, but I haven't verified that. All I know is that I have to get it.

All-in-all, I loved this course, and was reminded of the courses of the early days of the snowshoe series like the Hawley Kiln Seven Miler or the Moody Springs Nine-miler. You are out there in a winter wonderland for a long time and really get your money's worth. I found a good amount of the course to have a "squishy" texture, and squishy is exactly the way I like it. Brad Herder would call this a "mudder" course. Some people calls it mudder; I calls it squishy. It has been proven statistically that the course was 63% mudder snow and 37% firmer snow.

SnowFlake



DEAR FELLOW TRAIL, MOUNTAIN, ULTRA, and SNOWSHOE RUNNERS,

I'd like to let everyone know that I am now an event supporter with Inov-8. Although there is a great deal of interest in Inov-8 products, access is limited in many regions. I often get asked about Inov-8 products at races, and although I can offer advice about specific models, we are talking about shoes. Being able to actually test the fit of different models tends to help when deciding which shoes to buy. My new position will allow me to:

- Bring samples of shoe models and gear to races**
- Allow runners to test fit shoes and gear**
- Sell shoes and gear at select races**
- Take orders for products that I don't have and either mail them to you, or meet you for race to race delivery**

If you are interested in Inov-8 shoes or gear, please contact me at bcnephew@aol.com and let me know what you would like to see at races to try and/or buy. A current listing of products can be found at inov-8.com.

See you on the trails,

Ben Nephew



Photo by Kristin Wainwright



102ND INTERNATIONAL SNOWSHOE CHAMPIONSHIPS IN LACHINE, QUEBEC

Almost 20 years ago when I got involved in canoe racing, I partnered with some Paul Smiths College graduates and before long I was paddling with the college team which operates as a club, under the name of Paul Smiths Striders. So this January when the club was short on snowshoe runners to enter the 102nd International Snowshoe Championships in Lachine, Quebec, I gladly accepted the invitation.

Brian Wetherell and I drove up to Paul Smiths College Friday January 29, in the afternoon to depart at 6 pm for Canada. Three vans left the college and proceeded to the border crossing at Malone and presented our passports and entered Canada without incident. As Lachine is NW of Montreal, we head thru the unusual traffic patterns of Montreal. It is a maze of concrete walled ramps leading to three levels of one way traffic. With all road signs and directions in French, we relied on the trusty GPS for directions. After some time of going in circles and wrong turn-offs, it dawned on the lead van driver that GPS does not consider altitude and on a tri-level highway it does not necessarily agree with the road which you are on. Finally someone spotted the Holiday Inn and we went in to register only to find it was a different Holiday Inn other than the one in which we had 14 rooms reserved. Back on the highway and another hour of confused travel finally we arrived at the proper Holiday Inn about 11 pm, in time to join the party in progress where the King and Queen of the Championships were crowned.

Late to bed and early to rise (with or without a hangover) never stopped a college student, especially in the North Country. Saturday morning we arrived at the venue in -10 degree F, windy weather. From this moment on, the only words spoken were in French and it was best to just "follow the leader."

First order of business was the qualification of the snowshoes. A wooden box was placed on the ground and we were to try to step into it. Its actual inside dimensions were 26" by 8.5". My Dions went right to the bottom and I was rejected. Fortunately I also had a pair of old Redfeathers that did not go into the box and the toe of the right shoe was adorned with a green ribbon and I was eligible to compete. The rest of the College team had Northern Lites which are wide enough to prevent entering the box, so we were all ready to go.

The course was on an open field with hockey rinks at the side. An oval of about 325 meter perimeter was marked out by several red cones and some red flags. The start line was 100 or so meters from the finish line where several men wrapped in blankets stood ready with stop-watches in hand.

The first event was an 8K snowshoe walk which consisted of 30 laps around the course. This resulted a single track 8 to 10 inches deep in the snow. The first man across the finish line was DQ'd because he lowered his hips during lap 30. However the next four competitors over the line were also Paul Smiths members so we got off to a good start. I competed in the 1500 meter walk (5 laps) and placed 4th with no time for this event as during the discourse in French, some people started before others and it was just go and see what happens.

In 24 of the 26 races, our team won first place. Age groups included open, senior, master and super master (50+) That

meant that the oldest competitor I raced against was 28 years younger than I was. He was 52 years old and also on our team, a 1989 grad. In all we took a total of 60 medals and 12 plaques. My 2 4th place finishes were below the teams standards but quite rewarding personally. Races include 5 min, 1 mi, 800 m, 400 m, 200 m, 100 m, 50 m, and 3 4 x 100 relays, men, women and mixed. In all events the truly strong willed athletes were the final survivors on a cold and windy and long day on an open field.

After returning to the hotel we had dinner at the local Thai restaurant where the proprietor was clearly tri-lingual and very accommodating.

The following day the banquet and awards ceremony was held in a large ballroom and lasted 4 ½ hours as we all trooped back and forth for medals, plaques and photos.

The trip back to Paul Smiths was uneventful and a tired bunch arrived back around 8 pm. Three hours later I was sound asleep at home and very grateful to have experienced such a unique event and cultural exchange.

Andy Keefe

DAVE DUNHAM'S MILESTONES

Milestones from Moby Dick:

Finishes:

Richard Busa and Bob Dion 100 finishes.
Jackie Lemieux 25 finishes.
Tim Mahoney, Karl Molitoris, and London Niles 20.

Points:

Peter Malinowski	2,000 (2,081.43).
Amy Lane	1,000 (1,044.70).
Matt Westerlund	1,000 (1,047.45).
Chris Johnson	500 (510.95).

Milestones from Hallockville Orchard:

Finishes:

Martin Glendon 60 finishes.
Maureen Robers 30 finishes.
Peter Finley 25 finishes.
Art Gulliver 25 finishes.
Tim Van Orden 25 finishes.
Chris Johnson and 20 finishes
Richard Teal 20 finishes.
Mary Lou White 10 finishes.

Points:

Bob Dion	8,000 (8,071.67).
Paul Bazanchuk	2,000 (2,039.51).
Holly Atkinson	1,000 (1,037.44).
Jim Johnson	1,000 (1,092.30).
Erik Wight	1,000 (1,033.94).
Kathy Furlani	500 (530.95).

SNOWSHOE RACE CONSTITUTION HILL

(End of Bridge Street, Lanesboro, Massachusetts)

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 10:30 am

5.5 Kilometers * 1K Fun Run/Walk

Pre-registration \$15/individual or \$35/family

Race day registration \$20/individual or \$45/family

Kids under 16 free

T-shirts for adults, goody bags for all

Prizes and post-race social hour

Sponsored by:

BERKSHIRE NATURAL RESOURCES COUNCIL

with additional support from:

Berkshire County
League of Sportsmen

Berkshire Environmental
Action Team

Registration form and detailed information at:

www.bnrc.net

****Not part of the WMAC DION Racing Series for 2010, but who knows in the future?**

DOUBLEHEADING AT HALLOCKVILLE POND

Many of us followed up our 6.5 mile/7.0 mile=7.3 miler up Moby's hump with the relatively tame 3.8/3.7 mile spin around Hallockville Pond Orchard. Not only do some of us not know where we are going at any given time, but we also have difficulty discerning the actual distances involved even if we precisely follow the designated markers. By now we are experts at interpreting race applications. After adjustments due to snow conditions, a 6.5 mile event can be viewed as an approximation, not as a promise. Gentle, rolling hills could mean just that or relentless up and down terrain, while moderate climbs could be over fairly quickly or endless power hikes. And that is all part of the fun.

Hallockville, with its moderate climbs and abundance of snowmobile roads favors those with fast leg speed. After conquering the White Whale the previous day, it was a relief to contemplate a tamer course. Still, I had my doubts. As an endurance runner, I didn't even begin to warm up until three miles into Moby. With an anticipated 3.8 mile cruise around the pond, I was in trouble.

You could tell who raced the previous day: we approached the start line stiffly, holding onto various sore body parts, smelling of Ben Gay. I could only marvel at Barbara Sorrell who chose to take her doubleheading to new heights, not at Hallockville, but at a road marathon. Not many people warm up for a marathon with a 7.3 mile snowshoe race!

Inspired by her example, I tried to keep up with Maureen Roberts, fresh and rested after a day of downhill skiing. Are we nuts, or what? Apparently skiers expend less effort than Greylock climbers. Maureen exuded energy and enthusiasm that I, just trying to hang on, could not match.

The best part was our circle around the orchard, a mild approximation of the conditions at Moby. My Jeff headed out just after Edward Alibozek returned from checking the course markings, hoping to beat most of the runners and help at the finish line. Upon hitting the orchard loop, he was amazed to discover that the strong wind had all but obliterated Edward's footprints.

I did my best to hang on to my place, working together with Tom McCrumm, Peter Canzone and Darlene McCarthy to push ourselves through to the elusive finish line. The final snowmobile leg seems endless with one hill pretty much the same as the last. I was grateful that there were folks with me to keep up my interest as I tend to fade in the non-woody portions. Together, we pushed ourselves to an 18 second spread at the finish.

One of the really neat things about our events is that by this time of year we all become one big family and look forward to seeing each other every weekend. And that includes people like Peter Canzone from far away Rhode Island who showed up with a van load of neighbors and set up an après-snowshoe party next to the porta potty. Not exactly an ideal location, but definitely on the beaten path. Even folks who are unable to run feel compelled to show up. My Jeff, who was on two different kinds of antibiotics, came to drive, volunteer and finally to run on the second day. Jim Carlson, nursing a sore foot, and Peter Finley,

with an injured snowshoe, ladled the chili. Their smiling faces were as much a part of the day as those who hit the trail.

By Laura Clark

WMAC DION 'SHOER OF THE WEEK

Moby Dick/Hallockville Orchard –

London Niles & Bob Dion - Our youngest SS to finish 20 career races at 12 yrs old and Bob finished his 100th WMAC DION race!

Moby Dick/Hallockville Orchard –

Amy Lane - Two wins in two days, her 6th victory now ranks her tied for 5th most!

Moby Dick/Hallockville Orchard –

Richard Busa - Our oldest competitor, who passed 100 races!

Moby Dick/Hallockville Orchard –

Jim Johnson - A record 6 victories in one year!

Camp Saratoga –

Chelynn Tetreault - Wins USSSA Regional Qualifier at Wilton.

NFM/Saratoga SPA –

Carolyn Stocker - 17 Year old takes impressive win at NFM.

Sidehiller –

Acidotic racing team - The largest club at SH, Acidotic made up fully 20% of the field.

Hoot Toot/Curlys –

Tim Van Orden - Top master both days and two second place finishes overall.

Greylock/BTB –

Jim Johnson - Won both races and 4th consecutive (which ties for most consecutive).

Turner –

Abby Mahoney - 14th consecutive win (in races run), the most consecutive wins in WMAC history.

Woodford –

Konrad Karolczuk - 1st person to finish 100 WMAC Races.

2010 WMAC DION SCHEDULE

February 27, 2010		10:00 A.M.
MOODY SPRING	5.5 Miles	West Hawley, MA
March 07, 2010		9:30 A.M.
HAWLEY KILN NOTCH	5.0 Miles	Hawley, MA
March 13, 2010		9:00 A.M.
NORTHFIELD STATES	3 - 5 Miles	Northfield, MA
March 20, 2010		4:30 P.M.
CATAMOUNT SUNSET	3.0 Miles	Hillsdale, NY

This is all that's left.....

WMAC

2010 DION SNOWSHOE SERIES

WMAC

HALLOCKVILLE POND ORCHARD 3.7 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

February 21, 2010

Dubuque State Forest

Hawley, Massachusetts

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS	PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
01.	Jim Johnson	32	0:22:24	100.00	54.	Tom McCrumm	63	0:40:41	33.75
02.	Tim Van Orden	41	0:24:02	98.75	55.	Peter Canzone	57	0:40:51	32.50
03.	Ross Krause	30	0:24:31	97.50	<u>56.</u>	<u>Darlene McCarthy</u>	<u>47</u>	<u>0:40:53</u>	<u>31.25</u>
04.	Matt Westerlund	37	0:24:49	96.25	<u>57.</u>	<u>Laura Clark</u>	<u>62</u>	<u>0:40:59</u>	<u>30.00</u>
05.	Steve Wolfe	45	0:25:05	95.00	<u>58.</u>	<u>Karen Costello</u>	<u>47</u>	<u>0:41:27</u>	<u>28.75</u>
06.	John Agosto	45	0:26:25	93.75	59.	Martin Glendon	63	0:41:43	27.50
07.	Paul Bazanchuk	55	0:27:13	92.50	60.	Bob Massaro	66	0:41:52	26.25
08.	Eric Wight	50	0:27:24	91.25	61.	Jamie Howard	44	0:43:36	25.00
09.	Domingo Elias	37	0:27:35	90.00	<u>62.</u>	<u>Laurel Shortell</u>	<u>43</u>	<u>0:43:59</u>	<u>23.75</u>
10.	Rich Teal	32	0:28:01	88.75	<u>63.</u>	<u>Jackie Lemieux</u>	<u>43</u>	<u>0:44:16</u>	<u>22.50</u>
11.	Bob McCarthy	42	0:28:03	87.50	64.	Ray Renaud	66	0:46:15	21.25
12.	Amy Lane	30	0:28:14	86.25	<u>65.</u>	<u>Meghan Foley</u>	<u>23</u>	<u>0:47:16</u>	<u>20.00</u>
13.	Damien Callahan	31	0:28:19	85.00	66.	Bill Glendon	64	0:47:20	18.75
14.	Alan Bates	61	0:28:25	83.75	<u>67.</u>	<u>Mary Lou White</u>	<u>54</u>	<u>0:48:53</u>	<u>17.50</u>
15.	Ken Clark	47	0:28:44	82.50	68.	Konrad Karolczuk	57	0:49:20	16.25
16.	Michael Buttrick	24	0:29:18	81.25	69.	Richard Busa	80	0:51:54	15.00
<u>17.</u>	<u>Ashley Krause</u>	<u>32</u>	<u>0:29:38</u>	<u>80.00</u>	70.	Peter Maloney	55	0:52:10	13.75
18.	Dylan Wight	16	0:29:45	78.75	71.	Walt Kolodzinski	67	0:52:26	12.50
19.	Ned James	55	0:30:14	77.50	<u>72.</u>	<u>Karin Bradley</u>	<u>53</u>	<u>0:53:08</u>	<u>11.25</u>
20.	Dan Buttrick	29	0:30:58	76.25	73.	Art Gulliver	71	0:53:09	10.00
21.	Todd Holland	46	0:31:08	75.00	74.	Al Schultz	65	0:56:24	8.75
22.	Jacque Schiffer	45	0:31:24	73.75	<u>75.</u>	<u>Deborah Parker</u>	<u>54</u>	<u>0:57:00</u>	<u>7.50</u>
23.	Randy Zuco	39	0:31:38	72.50	<u>76.</u>	<u>Chris Gregory</u>	<u>44</u>	<u>0:57:00</u>	<u>6.25</u>
24.	Ian Hutchinson	45	0:32:10	71.25	77.	Andy Keefe	79	0:59:14	5.00
<u>25.</u>	<u>Deb Livingston</u>	<u>35</u>	<u>0:32:25</u>	<u>70.00</u>	78.	Jeff Clark	63	1:02:00	3.75
26.	Daniel Ritchie	37	0:33:10	68.75	<u>79.</u>	<u>Carol Gaffney</u>	<u>65</u>	<u>1:06:10</u>	<u>2.50</u>
27.	Bob Woodworth	60	0:33:12	67.50	<u>80.</u>	<u>Barbara Smith</u>	<u>61</u>	<u>1:06:10</u>	<u>1.25</u>
28.	Michael McKenzie	23	0:33:23	66.25	<u>81.</u>	<u>Ellen Mach</u>	<u>xx</u>	<u>No Race</u>	<u>0.50</u>
29.	Mike Lahey	58	0:33:42	65.00	<u>82.</u>	<u>Ann Dobrowolski</u>	<u>xx</u>	<u>No Race</u>	<u>0.50</u>
30.	Chris Boutilier	42	0:34:18	63.75	83.	Peter Finley	xx	No Race	Cook
31.	Tim McKenna	33	0:34:20	62.50	84.	Jim Carlson	xx	No Race	Cook
<u>32.</u>	<u>Lindsey Doermann</u>	<u>28</u>	<u>0:34:22</u>	<u>61.25</u>	85.	Edward Albozek	xx	No Race	Markings
33.	Bob Dion	54	0:34:44	60.00					
34.	Art Roti	37	0:35:00	58.75					
35.	John Pelton	70	0:35:07	57.50					
36.	Scott Bradley	55	0:35:18	56.25					
37.	Jessica Harwood	30	0:35:30	55.00					
38.	Lisa Ritchie	31	0:35:52	53.75					
39.	Tracy Jeffreys	39	0:35:56	52.50					
40.	Wally Lempart	64	0:36:13	51.25					
41.	Rich Godin	54	0:36:18	50.00					
<u>42.</u>	<u>Holly Atkinson</u>	<u>40</u>	<u>0:36:25</u>	<u>48.75</u>					
43.	Will Danecki	59	0:37:06	47.50					
<u>44.</u>	<u>Leah Duran</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>0:37:30</u>	<u>46.25</u>					
45.	Vince Kirby	53	0:37:50	45.00					
46.	Ed Albozek Jr	70	0:38:18	43.75					
47.	Audrey Witter	45	0:38:22	42.50					
<u>48.</u>	<u>Stephanie Boutilier</u>	<u>40</u>	<u>0:39:10</u>	<u>41.25</u>					
49.	Kathy Furlani	61	0:39:16	40.00					
50.	Maureen Roberts	52	0:39:41	38.75					
51.	Matt Connelly	23	0:39:56	37.50					
52.	Chris Johnson	52	0:40:08	36.25					
53.	Denise Dion	51	0:40:10	35.00					



Jamie Howard turned it up a "Notch" at Hallockville.

Thank all of you for participating at Hallockville Pond. We know how to enjoy ourselves, don't we?

GREYLOCK SNOWSHOE 2010

When is Greylock Glen not Greylock Glen? Answer: When it's Covered Bridge without the bridge!

Konrad Karolczuk, Kenny Clark, Erin Clark, and I met at Holyoke to carpool to Greylock Glen snowshoe race. From Holyoke we took the scenic way out route 9 to route 116 and on to Adams. As we neared route 8 in Adams Kenny said to his daughter Erin, "So what shoes are you running in?" Erin looked puzzled for a moment and said, "Oops, I didn't bring any shoes to run in." Kenny quickly came up with a solution; since we were 1 ½ hours early we headed further up route 8 for Walmart. After picking out the brightest, pinkest shoes she could find to run in we headed back to the glen for the race.

Upon arrival there was no activity at the gazebo. What's up? Also there was a bunch of scenery that looked like construction along the path to the gazebo. Going up the hill to the turnaround point we spotted Farmer Ed up on the hill to the left behind the porto-potty. He waved us down and indicated that the race would be staged from there. No Glen! We soon learned that there was some sort of construction involving that big creek that you cross heading to the gazebo, and Farmer Ed didn't want the snowshoe participants to mess with it or get hurt on it. Of course he did want us to run into the woods where we could slip and slide down a gorge into an ice cold creek, but that would be covered by his insurance.

At first it looked like a one-man show with Ed both registering us and setting up the food equipment. He can put on a snowshoe race at the drop of a Dion Snowshoe hat. Several minutes later the Herders came to the rescue and set up registration in their car right on the road.

There had been problems with enough snow recently and it was hard enough for Ed to design a course on the Glen side of the road that provided a race distance. When he had seen the construction in the Glen he had to very quickly design a race course across the road from the Glen. He didn't want to stage the race from the far side, have people run across the road to the normal course, then run back across the road to the finish. For some reason tar roads and snowshoe cleats don't mix very well. So he quickly designed a course on the fly, marking it that morning before everybody else got there.

So we were all set with a staging area and a course and were all totally oblivious to all Ed's efforts to provide us with a perfect day. The course went out on the snowmobile trail and quickly became a steep uphill. I noticed a lot of people walking up that hill the way one would with skis, of course slipping backward. They should have been just digging in the cleats under the ball of their foot. The first half of the course was steep uphill via winding single track trail, kind of like the Covered Bridge race. It came out on the Cheshire Harbor Trail, actually a forest road, turned left, and headed a long way downhill. I'm slow on the uphill climbs, but was able to take off well on the downhill, and began to catch up to people who had outclimbed me. Eventually, on a long straightaway, I had a view of who was up ahead. I saw Brad Herder about 150 yards ahead with the "bulls eye target" on his back. I made a good go of trying to catch him. However, after the very steep downhill and crossing the bridge, we started back uphill again toward the finish. I knew at that

point I was not going to catch Brad going up that hill, so settled into the effort to keep from getting caught from behind by the Dion. After crossing the finish line my major objective was to try to keep myself from puking, so I strolled off to the woods to dry heave and pee. For some reason after running in the cold and stopping, I tend to launch into retching and dry-heaving for a couple of minutes until it gets out of my system. By the time the race was over the sun was out strong and it was warm and cozy afterwards. Instead of hanging out in the gazebo, we hung out on the hill behind the potty. It was a fun day and on the way home it was DD coffee and donuts and coffee rolls all around.

Bob Worsham



Tumbling down the mountain at Greylock (Moby Dick)

HALLOCKVILLE ORCHARD 3.7M SNOWSHOE RACE – VIEW FROM NH



Part II of my weekend would take me (and DoubleJ) out west to Hawley MA for the Hallockville Orchard 3.7M Snowshoe Race (results). Only the stubbornness of both of us made this one happen. We both had sub-par experiences at Horse Hill the day before. I was hoping that was an aberration and not a trend. The general plan was if one of us went the other would go. If one bailed, the other most likely would skip the race. Well I wasn't going to be the one to say no. The outcome of this battle was no surprise to those who know us. Give the 'W' to stubbornness.

I figured I had to go since I needed new bindings for my snowshoes.... you know... in case we actually get snow this year. Heck, I had a whole pocket full of excuses if I needed them:

- at 2hrs it was fairly close for a WMAC race
- it would be my 6th WMAC race (WMAC snowshoe series is a best of 6)
- \$5 entry (you CAN'T beat that)
- can't help myself...it's a snowshoe race

Once again the drive out did not inspire confidence there would be a snowshoe race. Most of the ground cover on the way out was grass and dirt, with a sprinkling of snow here and there. However, something magical happened when we crossed the Deerfield River in Charlemont and headed up into the hills of Dubuque State Forest. It was snowing!! What is this white stuff falling from the sky? In a matter of minutes we went from grass on the side of the road to 100% snow cover. By the time we got to the registration area (Americorps building) there was probably 1 ft+ of powder everywhere. It was the strangest thing.

After paying the steep entry fee I headed over to Bob Dion for some replacement parts. As is the case nearly every time, Bob had something new and improved. The bindings were now heavily stitched in the area that ripped. He also showed me the new and improved Deep Cleats (more on that later). I picked up my new bindings and headed back to the car for some assembly. Since we actually had snow for the first time in a long time I opted for the Deep Cleats once again. The course would be an out and back lollypop, with the stick run along some well used snowmobile trails and the pop a sort of bushwhack around an orchard in some fairly deep virgin powder. Bob Dion described

the course best: a rolling course, uphill both ways. Jim, Matt Westerlund and myself headed out for a quick 2 mile warm up on the course and met up with Tim Van Orden just before the start. Should be a fairly fast course on well-packed trails.

At the gun Jim took off (as usual) but was followed closely by Tim for about the first mile, before I lost sight of the front two guys. Ross Krause was next in line followed by Matt right on his heels. I hovered about 10 meters back. We would stay that way for nearly 2 to 2 1/2 miles before Ross made his move and put some distance on Matt, and Matt putting a little distance on me. They were always in sight but I just couldn't close the gap. The good news is I felt 100% better today. I was moving well, felt strong and was generally happy with the effort. In the end I finished 5th overall, in a time of 25:05 (2nd masters). Although it was a fast course it was not flat. In fact, I doubt there was a flat section on the entire course. It was always going up or down. Great race.

Afterwards the 5 of us headed back out on the course for a cool down run and for the 2nd day in a row collected all the course markings. This stuff is a lot of work :-)

Finally we headed down to the 'indoor' facilities (a rarity in WMAC races) for some post race grub. It was indoor in the sense you weren't standing outdoors. It was not indoors like warmer than outdoors. It did have a nice fireplace burning though!

Just before leaving I was packing up my stuff and wouldn't you know it BOTH of my Deep Cleats had broke! One of the first times I've used them all year, on a course that actually had snow, and I break both. I quickly headed back down to catch Bob before he took off and got a set of the new and improved Deep Cleats. Now all we need is some snow in New Hampshire...

Steve Wolfe



<http://have2run.blogspot.com>

Chelynn Tetreault took some great photos, along with Scott Livingston. Enjoy!

http://www.printroom.com/ViewGallery.asp?userid=bikeandrun&gallery_id=1931172

<http://www.shutterstock.com/pro/ChelynnTPhotography/snowshoe>

HALLOCKVILLE ORCHARD 3.7M SNOWSHOE RACE – VIEW FROM NH II

Race #12 of the calendar year, snowshoe race # 11 of the 2009-2010 winter season, and 2nd race of the weekend brought me 120 mile out west once again to West Hawley, MA. Hallockville Orchard would be my 7th WMAC race this year (out of the 12 they have had so far in the series). The usual points series has been decided by a 'Best 6' format and I had 5 firsts and 1 3rd (Sidehiller) leading up to this week. Even though I raced yesterday, I decided to head out west with Steve Wolfe, to try to get one more 'W' if possible, to try to secure the series. Out of the 12 WMAC races this year so far, I've won 6, Fyffe has 1, Tilton has 1, Ferenc has 1, Rusiecki has 1, Joslyn has 1, and Van Orden has 1. With only 4 to go now, there won't be an opportunity for anyone else to go and win a total of 6. This was easier said than done however, as Tim has been running his backside off all season and is in great shape. I was a little hesitant on trying to race this today, but Wolfie talked me into it last night and offered to drive, so I couldn't pass it up.

Steve and I headed out at 6:30 and arrived in the parking lot of Dubuque State Forest in just under 2 hrs (with a stop). The parking lot quickly filled up with the usuals and one thing was evident...there was more snow here than practically anywhere I've seen all year. There was snow 'feet' deep off of the roads and trails. A huge change from yesterday and even the last few weeks. After registering at the 'indoor' facilities, Steve and I got ready to go out for our warmup over the course (now running fairly close to the race, only 30 minutes out). We were joined by Matt Westerlund, who is always dangerous and in contention for the 'W' and at the last minute, Tivo, who strolled up into the parking lot relatively early for him (he's usually pulling in 15 minutes before the race). We did a couple miles on the very fast snowmobile roads (groomed access road that would be 90% of the course).

As the race got under way, there was a pack of me, Wolfe, TiVo, Matt, Ross Krause, and one other guy for the first 200 meters or so. I moved up and around to the front and that was essentially it. I ran strong but comfortable...thinking about maybe a 10k pace or so, for this 3.8 out and back course. The course was groomed and solid from all the snowmobile activity and it made for a perfect opportunity to just hammer a steady pace without much getting in the way. I could hear footfalls behind me (Tivo) for the first mile or so (it is 1.6 or so miles up to the orchard on the road, then a large loop around the perimeter of the orchard, and then back down the same route on the way to the finish). Unlike my usual race antics, I never looked back while on the way out. After I couldn't hear the steps anymore, I just kept pluggin' away.

When I hit the left hand turn onto the orchard, I looked to my left and down the hill for the first time and saw Tivo, but I had a good distance on him. I couldn't see anyone else behind him. The section up across the orchard was brutal. It was DEEP, soft powdery snow initially (over a foot deep, that had only been 'blazed' by what looked like 1 pair of snowshoes). It was very slow going through here. As I crested the hill on the field and it began to level off a bit, the snow wasn't as soft, but still nearly as deep...I was post-holing with every other step. I had to go across a couple of intersections where the trails stretch across the fields, and the snow was very deep and sloppy through there...a foot+ of powder all over the place. After circling

around about half of the orchard, it fortunately dumps onto a groomed extension of the road and you come back down the other side to the main road and then it is back to the finish. At this point, I couldn't see Tivo behind me anymore and knew I had to hang on for 1.6 or so miles back to the finish.



I had heard someone say before the start that it seemed like it was 'uphill in both directions'. Well, turned out to be very true. For some reason, it felt like that for most of the way out and back. I kept waiting for some good downhill on the way back, but they just weren't there until the very end (last 200 meters or so is downhill). I just tried to keep up an honest pace as I made my way back against a lot of snowshoe traffic still heading out to the orchard. I took the occasional peek behind, but was alone on the way back and felt 100x better than I did yesterday at Merrimack. About a quarter mile or so from the finish, 4 or 5 snowmobiles came whizzing by me and I got to inhale some nice exhaust for a little bit before coming down across the line for my 6th WMAC win of the season. Tivo came in not too far back, in 2nd (his 2nd 2nd of the weekend).

After the race, Steve, Tim, Ross, and I headed back out and did the course again, and looped around the orchard twice to retrieve all the flags, ribbons, and cones on our way back. That is TWO flag duties I pulled this weekend! That is tiring after a race!!! Good thing the post-race festivities included homemade Chili and hot chocolate in front of a roaring fire in the 'indoor facility' :). Good times.... glad to be back in real snow for a change...

Jim Johnson

<http://doublejrunning.blogspot.com/>

2010
PowerSox U.S.
National
Snowshoe
Championships
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events
to participants
of all ages and
abilities!



Photo of New Yorks'
Lynann Lorenz (#81)
taken at 2009 Nationals
on Mt. Hood in Oregon
by Eric Willis.

Saturday-Sunday March 6th-7th, 2010 @ Highland Forest Park, Fabius, NY

So, you didn't make a qualifier to compete in the National Championships, there are still plenty of events to enjoy...

Saturday March 6th - 1:00pm - Kid's Kilo (Youth 12 yrs. of age and under)

1:15pm - Citizen's 5km Snowshoe Run/Walk

Kidz Zone activities offered for children from 10am-3pm on Sat. March 6th

Sunday March 7th - 10:00am - 4 x 2.5km Snowshoe Team Relay

All Open Events - USSSA Membership and Pre-Qualification is not needed! Loaner Snowshoes will be available!

QUEST 2010!

Join us in our quest to make this the largest snowshoe race ever held in the U.S. east of the Mississippi River! We need to top 360 total participants to reach this goal. Help us make sports history in New York State! Be a part of snowshoe history!! Join us.

*For more information on these events, visit
www.snowshoeracing.com, or call the USSSA*

Sports Director at 518-420-6961.

Day of registration will be available!

