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# WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES 2001

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After two WMAC Snowshoe Series events this season, I find myself thinking the activity is in really good shape. It has really come a long way over the past six years; back then just a few of us were snowshoeing around these parts.

The amount of people participating is much more plentiful than any of us had imagined. When we started holding snowshoe "fun runs" we would get three or four snowshoers. I look back at notes and see the few names who participated at those initial journeys: Karl Molitoris, Chip Tuthill, and Georgie Hendricks. Over the early years and along the way Paul Hartwig began to join in, and occasionally there was John Tremblay and Poncho Mach.

When the South Pond Shuffle made its debut, back in '98, we were thinking we could attract a dozen competitors. Silently, we were hoping that we would get twenty. It went really well and 35 people raced that day. Of those, thirty needed to borrow loaner snowshoes. This year we had 82 participants and only six or seven needed to borrow shoes.

Here in 2001, the concern about snowshoes isn't about having enough loaners. It's about size. The powers that be (U.S. Snowshoe Association) regarding snowshoe racing have suddenly decided to make the minimal size requirement a mere 7' x 20", down from the previous 200" square inches (8" x 25").

This bothers me, for a couple reasons. First, let me stress that I am a truly paranoid person, so take my thoughts with a grain of salt. Having that out of the way, here is my first problem. Over the last four years we have helped people get involved in snowshoeing and snowshoe racing, and through the good graces of Sherpa and Redfeather Snowshoe Companies, have made available to our participants the loaner shoes for purchase. They have all been 8" x 25". Well, after selling most interested snowshoers a pair of shoes that size, how do you get them to buy more snowshoes? Easy, make the new size requirement smaller.

There is no way we are currently in favor of changing our size requirement, just for this reason alone. If the majority of participants at the WMAC Snowshoe Series are WMAC members, and they are using 8" x 25" shoes, then that's where we will keep the requirement. My paranoia causes me to look at the whole thing as a ploy to get people to buy the same thing twice. Shame on those responsible, if greed has anything to do with the lowering size restriction.

I just can't feel right about contributing to making people feel as though they have to shell out more money to participate and be competitive at our events, by allowing the influx of smaller regulation snowshoes. Suddenly it becomes a series based on equipment, and the ability to own the newest, lightest pieces.

Next, snowshoeing should be about snowshoeing. You should have the feeling of working through the woods wearing snowshoes, and it shouldn't be exactly like running with sneakers. The navigating and turning become different with the larger size shoes on. This should be part of the appeal. Crossing a stream becomes a little more challenging. Would any of us want the forest to be groomed to perfection, or is the trail supposed to reflect the uncertainty of nature? A downed tree across the path in Savoy or Hawley? Do you leap over it, or crawl under it? Wearing decently sized snowshoes influences all these decisions. It increases our intimacy with the woods.

There are snowshoe races where each competitor races around a quarter mile groomed track. The smaller sized shoes would be a benefit at something like this. I think that the WMAC Snowshoe Series is more about the forest and being in it, than the speed of racing. I worry that too small a shoe will change the focus to the fastest way of covering a course, rather than noticing the frozen crackling ice over Tyler Swamp during the

South Pond Shuffle, or the rising of Greylock suddenly hitting us right between the eyes during the Glen 5km.

I am not always a total idiot, or as my good friend Steve Roulier recently said, "you're a goofball, but sometimes you make sense". I hope I am making some sense here. When I spend a morning working the finish line at South Pond, and the majority of the finishers remark about how pretty the course was, or what a great time they had snowshoeing, it all is very clear to me. I think we realize where our participants are coming from. On those couple occasions each season, when someone grabs hold of snowshoeing so intensely it makes me smile, I know we have attained our purpose for that year. Having a Ron DiNicola enjoy the sport so much last year was more than any of us as organizers could ever ask for. It was about seeing the gleam in a man's eye.

By making the legal size requirement smaller, it will draw more people to the sport because it will be closer to "running" as most know it. I have always liked the idea that eight people out of ten who try snowshoeing and even snowshoe racing tend to love it, and two out of ten hate it and never return. It is one of those things that you either love or hate, right from the start, there isn't any real "growing into it over time". The 7" x 20" size really doesn't treat snowshoeing for what it is anymore. It becomes all about speed and running, which while that is the idea of a race isn't really what we have always tried to stress to the participants. We like to think of our events as a chance to explore the woods during winter by a different means of travel. When it is all over with, everyone hangs around and eats out of the same pot. We hope the activity would be about sharing. I for one hope that the sport of snowshoe racing doesn't develop into a quest for the smallest, lightest equipment. After all, it looks as though Herder, Van Dyke, Dunham, Schmitt, Clark, Pelton, Dragon, Molnar, Hannon and Dion are able to propel themselves through the miles plenty fast as it is, with the 8" x 25" models. How much faster do we all really have to be, anyway?

*Farmer Ed / January 22, 2001*

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## AGE GROUP CHAMPS 2001

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The WMAC Snowshoe Series was decided as follows: Points were awarded to all finishers, based on number of participants in each race. The overall champion is decided by total number of points for the best 5 out of 6 possible scores. (Double Points at Hawley Kiln). Top point producers in ten year age categories, both men and women, will be declared age group champions. You must complete at least 3 out of the 6 events to be eligible for an age group title, with the top 4 out of 6 scores counting. (Only the Overall Champion is decided by best 5).

<b>01 - 19</b>	Justin McCarthy	43		
<b>20 - 29</b>	Leigh Schmitt	386	&	Lisa Deggendorf 208
<b>30 - 39</b>	Ken Clark	381	&	Darlene McCarthy 215
<b>40 - 49</b>	Bob Dion	368	&	Debbie Briggs 210
<b>50 - 59</b>	David Boles	299	&	Carol Kane 251
<b>60 - 69</b>	Ed Alibozek Jr	262		
<b>70 - 79</b>	Richard Busa	180		

What a season! We would especially like to honor the nine individuals who raced all six events: Dave Boles, Richard Busa, Ken Clark, Bob Dion, Larry Dragon, Meg Dunne, Carol Kane, Konrad Karolczuk and Tom Skrocki. Participating at snowshoe events for six out of eight weeks is tough! Thanks.

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## HAWLEY KILN SNOWSHOE RACE 2001: THE VIEW FROM THE FIREHOUSE

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*WorShamer* - I was just at the end of a flu-like affliction with low-grade fever, sore throat, cough, and lots of snot, so I could not run the Hawley Kiln snowshoe race. The Farmer Man suggested that I come along for the ride and help out if I wasn't going to run. I told him that was fine, but whatever happens, "Don't stick me helping with the food!" He said fine.

We met at Holyoke and carpooled from there in the Bozekmobile, which Ed's wife occasionally allows him to drive. I had brought Ed a big ol' coffee roll with dripping crusty sugar all over it, but he decided to save it for the ride home.

On the final approach to Hawley Ed said, "Man, I gotta drop some biscuits bad!" I told him that he ought to do what he did at Greylock Snowshoe race; hold it until he got to the parking area, then bombs away! But nooooooo! He had to stop the van in the middle of the road, get out and run around the back, then jump over a plowed up snow bank. Little did he know that it was icy on the other side. He slid like a hockey puck down the hill, and by the time he had come to a stop he had accomplished what he had set out to do plus hurt his back. Oh well, I told him he should have waited until the parking lot.

We were the first ones to arrive at the firehouse, and we set up registration upstairs on a big table. Ed assigned me a special task; as people registered I had to hand them a WMAC snowshoe newsletter, a HammerGel packet, and a HammerGel brochure. I also had to handle the cash that was pouring in.

During registration it was amusing to see the expression on people's faces when they heard there were no bathrooms. I wanted to say as a joke, "Go downstairs and to the front of the building." As cold as it was, with whipping wind, this was not a good day for a novice to learn to poop in the woods. Some people actually registered, then drove back down to a little place on route 116 to pee in a warm place. Can you believe that? If you are gonna run in the woods in the middle of winter you sure as heck have to learn to excrete in the woods in the middle of winter. Those of you who are excretion weenies will be referred to one of four experts for mental re-programming and a demonstration of the proper technique: Carol Kane, Beth Herder, Dave "SteamerMan" Boles, or Tracy Reusch. The main thing to remember is to not pee on your clothes in a wind chill factor of -10 degrees. If your task is more complicated seek the cover of a group of hemlock trees.

After Ed got everyone off at the starting line (where was Tracy Van Dyke this year?) I ambled out to view the old Hawley kiln, after which the race is named. As I was on my way back to the firehouse John Scalise was approaching with a certain very interesting young lady named Kim in tow. During my conversation with Kim I tried to convince her to call John by his special nickname "Bandit." John got a worried look on his face when I was doing this, but don't worry, John, I didn't let the cat out of the bag. I did notice that John had to stand on the first step of the stairway leading to the second floor to kiss Kim.

Back inside the firehouse Chris Dunne had all the food going on the stove that Ellen Mach had brought. He had the Donnalee chili going, the Mark Syrett corn chowder heating, and some hotdogs steaming. Ed told me to come out to the finish line to help him, but when I showed up out there it turned out that I now had a different assignment. Ed wanted me to go help Chris with the FOOD! In my mind I was contemplating what method I was going to use to kill him, but went back inside to keep Chris company while fiddling with napkins, spoons, rolls, and eating about four bowls of chili and three hotdogs before any runners got in.

When all was over the runners had finished off about 45 hotdogs, 3 ¾ gallons of chili, and about 2 gallons of the Mark Syrett special-recipe corn chowder. People just loved Mark Syrett's corn chowder. Mark said he was teaching Missy Heeb how to make his special recipe. Some people asked for teabags and I told them we didn't teabag at snowshoe events.

When Chris Dunne left I had to take over all the food responsibilities. My job was to hold a big wooden spatula and stir the chili so it wouldn't burn to the bottom of the pan. I was well practiced at this kind of action. Meg was really happy because she got to eat Chris' cookies.

I have a much better understanding of how to set up the food after watching people come in and look clueless when they were hungry. People don't actually "look" for hotdog rolls, bowls, napkins, or spoons. They just look puzzled, and you have to anticipate what they need by watching their eyes. If they look at the chili or chowder they need a bowl. If they take the top off the hotdogs, they need a roll. An amusing thing was to watch people go about getting their hotdogs the wrong way. They would get out a hot dog with the tongs, then look for a roll; it's hard to get a hotdog roll separated from the others, out of the plastic bag, and spread open with only one available hand. All the hotdog veterans would, of course, get the roll ready first. I've arrived at the conclusion that it would be easier to serve the person than let them flounder after food on their own. After running four or seven miles on snowshoes, people seemed too tired to think.

We were really cramped for space in that hot-food serving area. I made a mental note to myself. If I help out with food again be sure to bring my cattle prod. That way I can give people a gentle prompt to move on after getting their food, rather than standing in front of the food socializing while others behind them look longingly at all the hot food they can't get to.

One thing I noticed today is that Tom Skrocki's pony tail wasn't limp, but he did let himself get beaten by a girl. The last time he ran part of this course a paling sickness came over him for some reason and he bonked bigtime. It may have something to do with the fact that he was following me up a hill two days after I had eaten bowlfuls of pinto beans laced with vinegar, a southern delicacy.

Later I asked Ed how he liked the coffee roll I had brought him. He told me that while sitting in the van at the finish line John Scalise found and ate the big ol' coffee roll I had brought for Ed. Ed told me that John was trying to impress Kim, and he said, "Hey Kim, watch me eat this big ol' coffee roll!" And he ate it. Kim watched awestruck in amazement breathing in shallow little pant-breaths as John tore into the coffee roll. When he had finished he had little white sugar crumbs all over his mouth, chin, upper lip, and nose. Next time I will bring Kim her own coffee roll.

I have no idea what happened out on the snowshoe course since I was stuck with the food all the time inside the firehouse. I couldn't even walk out to the final half mile where people come out of the single-track onto the road. The food had to be watched. I think people had a good time. I do know that Carol Kane enjoyed watching me stir that chili.

We have several items for the lost-and-found. A sports bra and one pair of women's underpants with the monogram "Rhonda" on them were found hanging on the front of the firetruck. Maybe I'll actually get to run in the next race. Or would I rather do FOOD?

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### YOU KNOW IT'S TIME FOR SPRING WHEN...

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- ...once again, you are surprised to find yourself running Moody Springs and chowing down on pancakes with maple syrup afterwards.
- ...you begin to take the Bear Warning signs seriously.
- ...you look at the schedule to see when the next race is and... OMYGOSH...it's a trail race!
- ...you find yourself stocking up on bargain snowshoes.
- ...you begin to notice lots of itty-bitty bunny prints in the snow.
- ...the groundhogs refuse to stay in their holes where they belong.
- ...your normal winter gear suddenly seems too hot.
- ...the snow is either too slushy or rock hard.
- ...you begin to remember grass and dirt.....

*See you on the trails!*  
*Laura Clark*

**4<sup>th</sup> Annual HAWLEY KILN KLASSIC SNOWSHOE RACES**  
**WMAC February 17, 2001 Dubuque State Forest - Halway, MA WMAC**

**7 Mile**

<b>01. Dave Dunham</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>Bradford, MA</b>	<b>1:01:20</b>	<b>148pt</b>
02. Leigh Schmitt	28	S. Deerfield, MA	1:05:31	146
03. Ken Clark	38	Enfield, CT	1:07:55	144
04. Robert Molnar	25	Bradford, MA	1:12:07	142
05. Bob Dion	45	Readsboro, VT	1:13:08	140
06. Doug Thunen	21	Briarcliff, NY	1:14:45	138
07. Dave Hannon	30	Waltham, MA	1:15:40	136
08. J.D. Bilodeau	30	Northampton, MA	1:17:39	134
09. John Pelton	61	West Rupert, VT	1:17:45	132
10. Gene Katapski	44	Jermyn, PA	1:19:23	130
11. Dave Loutzenheiser	34	Cambridge, MA	1:20:30	128
12. Jason Reed	21	Amherst, MA	1:21:12	126
13. Scott Livingston	26	Vernon, CT	1:22:03	124
14. Alex Peterson	30	New Haven, CT	1:22:08	122
<b>15. Tracy Clements</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>New Haven, CT</b>	<b>1:22:19</b>	<b>120</b>
16. Seth Roberts	49	Longmeadow, MA	1:22:53	118
17. Thomas Skrocki	40	Amesbury, MA	1:23:23	116
18. Ed Buckley	42	Southampton, MA	1:23:30	114
19. Eric Frazer	29	New Haven, CT	1:24:13	112
20. Deborah Schieffer	26	Vernon, CT	1:25:28	110
21. David Boles	54	New Paltz, NY	1:26:03	108
22. Jack Quinn	62	Sandgate, VT	1:26:12	106
23. James Ruddock	33	S. Deerfield, M	1:26:43	104
24. Kelly Harrington	26	Schenectedy, NY	1:28:00	102
25. Ed Alibozek Jr .	61	Adams, MA	1:29:59	100
26. Pete Katapski	41	Lake Ariel, PA	1:32:32	98
27. Marc Lombard	36	Greenfield, MA	1:32:53	96
28. Chris Kyle	25	Watertown, CT	1:35:00	94
29. Karl Molitoris	45	Stafford, CT	1:35:10	92
30. John Frey	32	Northampton, MA	1:35:30	90
31. Carol Kane	55	Weston, CT	1:35:35	88
32. Peter Lipka	49	Adams, MA	1:35:40	86
33. Darlene McCarthy	38	North Adams, MA	1:37:10	84
34. Debbie Briggs	49	Rhinebeck, NY	1:38:39	82
35. Lisa Deggendorf	26	S. Deerfield, MA	1:40:25	80
36. Bill Ross	36	Maynard, MA	1:41:16	78
37. Larry McAndrew	42	Westfield, MA	1:44:53	76
38. Missy Heeb	35	Amherst, MA	1:47:39	74
39. Mark Syrett	52	Hampden, MA	1:48:40	72
40. Ken Fairman	57	Granby, MA	1:51:53	70
41. Richard Busa	71	Marlboro, MA	1:52:45	68
42. Ron DiNicola	50	Salem, NH	1:54:45	66
43. Art Gulliver	62	Leominster, MA	2:01:00	64
44. Laura Clark	53	Saratoga, NY	2:01:59	62
45. Stan Tiska	43	Hinsdale, MA	2:02:35	60
46. Rhonda Dearing	42	Sandwich, MA	2:08:15	58
47. Mark Dearing	47	Sandwich, MA	2:14:40	56
48. Jeff Clark	54	Saratoga, NY	2:20:55	54
49. Konrad Karolczuk	48	Windsor Lcks, CT	2:52:00	52
50. Larry Dragon	40	Cheshire, MA	2:57:01	50
51. Michelle A. Filiault	33	Adams, MA	2:57:02	48

We finally caved in to Tom McCrumm's desire to host a second race at Hawley Kiln, a 4.5 mile "shorter" version without the big climbs the 7 miler is famous for. The first two-miles was shared by both races, but the shorter race took the "Notch Trail" back around to the snowmobile road.

There was no way we could have expected 23 people to race the short course. Next year, the two race courses will earn their own points, with the shorter version not being placed at the bottom of the points totals. Live and learn, that's our motto.

*Ed*

**4.5 Mile**

<b>01. Kenneth Deary</b>	<b>48</b>	<b>Dudley, MA</b>	<b>0:53:27</b>	<b>46</b>
02. Paul Hartwig	44	Adams, MA	0:54:15	44
<b>03. Dana Ong</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>Northampton, MA</b>	<b>0:55:55</b>	<b>42</b>
04. Tom McCrumm	52	Ashfield, MA	0:56:55	40
05. Martin Glendon	54	Windsor, MA	0:56:56	38
06. Claudine Preite	34	North Adams, MA	0:57:00	36
07. Bonnie Fachini	32	Lanesboro, MA	1:08:00	34
08. Keslie Stewart	30	San Francisco, CA	1:08:55	32
09. Sue Kacenski	40	Lanesboro, MA	1:09:30	30
10. Leon Beverly	73	Stamford, VT	1:11:20	28
11. Drue Greene	30	Middlebury, CT	1:12:35	26
12. Jules Seltzer	65	Tyringham, MA	1:14:05	24
13. Brian McCarthy	40	North Adams, MA	1:14:20	22
14. Martha Hojnowski	36	Pownal, VT	1:18:35	20
15. Phillip Capella	39	Suffield, CT	1:19:28	18
16. Maria Capella	39	Suffield, CT	1:19:30	16
17. Mark Blomstrom	28	Waterbury, CT	1:22:50	14
18. Justin McCarthy	11	North Adams, MA	1:26:55	12
19. Meg Dunne	40	Rosendale, NY	1:33:30	10
20. Ellen Mach	58	Adams, MA	timeless	08
21. Elaine Buckley (6 mi)	45	Southampton, MA	2:03:15	06
22. Maureen Roberts (4 mi)	43	Gansevoort, NY	0:52:00	04
23. Ted Greve (4 mi)	60	Gansevoort, NY	0:52:00	02

**HKK R.D. REPORT**

I guess that the little town of Hawley surprised everyone again, with its ability to have a climate all its own. Each year we get calls about whether or not there is any snow for the Kiln event, and so far we have been very fortunate. The conditions in the forest were super (other than the branches littered all over despite us removing hundreds the day before, it was a little windy up there!)

Thanks everyone who helped make the Hawley Kiln Klassic such a huge success.

The Hawley Fire Fighters Association, foremost. Greg Cox and Jane Grant especially for opening up the building and supporting us for the last four years.

We had wonderful food for the post race gathering, specific thanks to Donnalee for making the chili, Marc Lombard for picking up the sodas donated by Coca-cola Greenfield and for bringing his famous pasta and meat dish, Mark (Slug) Syrett for the corn chowder, and of course anyone else who brought along something for everyone to snack on.

The snowshoe series wouldn't exist without the WMAC; thanks for all the support, especially:

Konrad Karolczuk and John Scalise for helping mark the trail.

We are more than fortunate regarding the wide spread of landscape we are allowed to play on. Thanks to Dubuque State Forest and the new forest ranger, Dennis Shulda.

Redfeather and Baldass snowshoe companies.

Laura and Jeff Clark for bringing all those snowshoes.

And thanks to all the runners for showing up. It was great to see everyone have a good time and I hope to see you all there next year.

*Ed*

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## THE HAWLEY KOW KLASSIC 2001

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They just don't get any better than this... Hawley Kow it was windy. And sunny. And cold. And simply fantastic...

Hawley Kow where did all the snow come from? Heavy snow, slick snow. Last year, powdery and deep, this year, heavy and slick. Snowshoes whistled on the downhill...

Hawley Kow are all race directors direction impaired? Tom McCrumm should write all the directions to all the races...

Hawley Kow Big Ed ran fast. That's because he cheated and took 3 headers down the steep icy downhill road. Plus he had the flu so he was warmer than the rest of us. He wore his cute little dangly earrings again. Hmmm, wonder if those give him special powers...

Hawley Kow Karl, no orange shorts?

Hawley Kow will someone steal those orange plastic pants already? They are not attractive and they are not lucky... they are ridiculous...

Hawley Kow course records were set all over the place. Somehow the course didn't seem as difficult. The long long uphill wasn't as long this year, and the icy downhill were fast, man...

Hawley Kow... who was that guy that stepped aside to let me go by, then stomped on the back of my snowshoes... then cursed out loud as I fell on my face... who was that????

Hawley Kow Deb, you got to call the wedding off... Scott's getting too fast...

Hawley Kow that was fun playing tag and power stalking up the hills, Karl... too bad I started my kick too soon and you left me in your wake...

Hawley Kow... Marc saves the day! I finish the race and boom, I'm sitting in a chair, totally wrapped in a blanket, out of the wind... what else you got in that vehicle Marc?

Hawley Kow... John and Kim were recording finishers from the car... at least that's what they said they were doing... nice and warm...

Hawley Kow... Bob can stir a mean Five Star Donnalee Firehouse Chili. No double boilers needed here, no sir. Bob also did a good job of pointing out the trash. Everything was neat and tidy in this department, yes indeed, neat and tidy. He also got to ordering people around and he wouldn't let anyone else stir. That's what happens when you give someone a little power. He wouldn't touch the hot dogs with his bare hands, but I saw him shoot a couple honkers into the chili...

Hawley Kow... give it up with the regulation snowshoe size already...

Hawley Kow... that was good corn chowder, Missy, er, I mean Mark, er, I mean Missy...

Hawley Kow... Lisa needed a stretcher to get down the stairs with that bum knee...

Hawley Kow... people stayed around so long, like they were having a good time...

Hawley Kow Ed, we'll miss you as RD next year... you have gone above and beyond... thanks to all the Ed helpers, esp Donnalee for the support and that great chili...

Hawley Kow... Marc's gonna do it next year. He'll be swell, he'll be great!

Hawley Kow... if I hadn't gone 10 miles out of my way on the way home, I would have missed Monadnock...

*Hawley Kow Kaniac*

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## BIG FOOT AT HAWLEY KILN

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Seeing all my pals dashing about the parking lot in the wind blown snow as I arrived got me going. I love the blistering cold.

The crew was on top of registration, sweet, quick and easy... I even scored a shirt from the Saratoga "Winter Feast". I really wanted one, as my picture is on the front, or a fair likeness anyway...

I signed up for the long one, much to Rich Busa's dismay. He said, "aw shucks, your doing the long one, I wanted to beat you in the short one". Well, Rich you could tell by our positions at the long/short course split how that would have ended. I was dying on the single track. Lets just say, for the sake of argument, I got spanked again. So I can move on to the point of the story...

I learned a lot from this race. I learned that doing the same thing over and over again, expecting a different result, is basically fruitless. My problem? Not that my feet are too big, but the shoes. I have Red Feather, Black Hawks. A super shoe by all means. They float well and hinge just right. But, like myself, they are a bit wider than necessary...

I know, I know. I have whined before. But, this time, the excuse is real. Well, for the most part... I know everyone bangs their ankles and trips. I know people catch the snow off camber and get a bit twisted; part of the fun. But try it with snow shoes that are taking up at least 2" wider than the rest of the folks digging the groove ahead of you...

Those aircraft aluminum frames sounded like wind chimes, as it banged my ankles, because the outer edge of the shoe bounced off the edge of the trail with every step, slamming it back into the other foot. In the shallow stuff, I actually picked up my pace by doing what looked like the dance steps from the "Charleston"... \*grin\*, just not as graceful or pretty.

The worse thing I did was favor my bad ankle by making sure it landed well in the groove... This caused my other foot to stride on the beveled wall of the opposite edge of the groove, like running down the road with one foot on the curb. I even mentioned to Ed before the race started, "I may be a woosie and remove my shoes". I should have...

But, the ankle is ok, just not a smart decision to keep pounding it.

I knew the shoes were a poor choice since the thick crusty stuff at "South Pond" two years back. That year I was laying down when Rich went by... Battered and exhausted from trying to run with my shoes beneath the crust... Nice guy though, he did not even kick me on the way by. He did not even laugh like the others when I got swamped down dragging four and five foot chunks of thick crust on top of my shoes. They laughed as I lifted them like tombstones and rolled them off my feet...

Last year Rich went on by after I picked up a 12 foot long log, through the front of my shoe, tripping me up. I was rolling down a short hill last I saw him... Next year... it will all be different... Next year when Rich goes by I will be wearing a state of the art pair of snow shoes...

The after party was great... Super food, though I missed out on Slug Runner and Mtn. Missy's Chowder. Seems as though there is a copy write issue on the recipe. But one thing is for sure, it was good.

The crowd mixed and chatted. A small group of us took a moment to knitting plans for an ultra coming soon. I got to see people I have missed for some time. Lots of hugs, handshakes and smiles, smiles from each and everyone...

Then, it was time to go... A sweet memory till we meet again...

Thanks to all who worked to put it on, and thanks to all those who shared the day...

*Stan*

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## HOW TO SPEND WINTER BREAK IN FLORIDA FOR LESS THAN \$15 ROUND TRIP, INCLUDING SNACKS

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Nowadays, kids get far too many vacations. 'Way back when I was in school and we didn't have to worry about political correctness, we had Christmas vacation, Easter vacation and summer vacation. And this was in a Jewish neighborhood. By the time I was ready for college, awareness had grown slightly, and we were happy to add Rosh Hashanah to our list of holidays. And they were called vacations, not breaks, implying well-earned playtimes, not interruptions. And why would anyone even need a break from snow? An interruption from November's gray, early-dark days or March's cold, rainy muddiness would make infinitely more sense.

All of these rational feelings aside, this year Jeff suggested that we join the mainstream and travel to Florida for winter break. He said I would feel right at home and we could even take our vast fleet of loaner snowshoes. Reluctantly, I agreed. We packed the car the night before and left early the next morning to avoid the predicted winter weather disaster. All our early riser points were for naught, however, as we soon found ourselves heading directly into a snow squall. It was difficult to see the road, let alone the scenery. After we made the obligatory Stewarts snack stop, things became curiuser and curiuser. We found ourselves encased in our own little white tornado, with road signs spinning madly out of control. Although we were nowhere near Kansas, Jeff suggested I put on my Redfeathers, click my heels together, and slowly chant, "There's no place like Florida." Even though my name isn't Dorothy, and Redfeathers aren't party shoes, things began to happen. After a roller coaster ride through a series of hairpin turns, we spotted a sign that read, "Welcome to Florida."

Further along the road we passed the usual touristy Mom and Pop motels and sleazy tropical bars. Puzzlingly, they seemed to be almost deserted, surrounded by pathless mountains of sparkling white sand. Finally, I understood why we brought the snowshoes. Not only could we gain access to the motel, but we could make a tidy profit renting out the loaners to less prepared tourists.

Jeff, however, ignored the motels and pressed onward, eager to show me the rest of Florida. We passed lots of typical tourist sights – kayak rental shops, extremely white frozen water slides and even a bear crossing sign. Jeff patiently explained that bears with insomnia avoid the inconvenience of hibernation by heading south in the winter. After a series of expert maneuvers over nameless back roads, Jeff pulled up by the Hawley Fire Station. We slid into the last parking spot just as a ferocious wind surrounded our car with blistering white sand. "Hurry!" Jeff shouted over the roaring I assumed was the sound of ocean breakers pounding the rocks. "It's almost start time!" So we grabbed the loaners, clambered none too steadily over the sand dunes, entered the firehouse and got our tickets. We had only enough time to pin our tickets to our clothes for proper identification purposes and to hurriedly strap on our snowshoes. Ed Alibozek, the extremely enthusiastic tour guide was eager to lead us to our first tourist destination of the day, the famous Hawley Kiln.

Literature available in the Fire House, taken from the April 1999 Southern New England Snow Shoe Newsletter, stated that the Hawley Kiln was built in 1870 by Albert Dyer for the purpose of supplying William Bassett's farmhouse with a plentiful supply of charcoal. This kiln has the distinction of being the premiere historical site in the Hawley State Forest. Clearly, this is an important relic from the past. How else could tourists be supplied with enough charcoal to barbecue all those 'gaitors, not to mention bears? I was excited. So was everyone else. They were jumping up and down stomping their Redfeathers, checking their watches and straining to hear Ed's directions over the blowing sand. I wondered if the beach was near the kiln, but before I could ask, Ed shouted at us and we were off! So many people so eager to experience Nature and History, both at the same time.

Unfortunately, the clatter of our snowshoes prevented any lengthy conversations. I tried to ask my nearest companion exactly where the kiln was and if we were all supposed to regroup there. But he just waved and sprinted past me. Everyone seemed to have their own personal agenda and an urgent need to get on with it. Try as I might, I could not seem to get into

any kind of rhythm and soon found myself alone, with no tour guide in sight. After trudging up many steep hills and flying down some disproportionately shorter ones, I realized that despite the many weathered faces at the start, this was not your typical Elder Hostel, hand-holding event. Although there were many blue ribbon markers to follow, none of them seemed to lead to the famous kiln. As I ran down this maze, I was passed by a Mad Hatter, dressed all in black except for the hint of a white stripe. By this time I was "running" in my survival shuffle mode and he easily passed me with his efficient walking stride, mumbling something about looking for a borrowed water bottle which he had set down somewhere along the trail. What a relief! I thought we were going to have to search for a White Rabbit.

By this time I found myself on the wide trail leading back to the fire station. Much to my puzzlement, tour guide Ed was still standing there, greeting the elated tourists as they returned, one by one, from their individual quests. Did the Mad Hatter find his water bottle? Did the bear find his cave? Did anyone find the Hawley Kiln? I'm not sure about any of these answers, but I know I found my own personal Wall somewhere out there, as well as a great big hug and lots of delicious cookies at the end.

Maybe the Hawley Kiln isn't so much a destination as a journey. Winter break in Florida was a pretty good idea after all!

*Laura Clark*

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### WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES LOOKING GOOD

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The WMAC Snowshoe Series is in good hands. Those hands are all of you participating. It is really no longer a series run by a couple race directors, but a collective.

The two original events, South Pond and Hawley Kiln, have new race directors. It was hard to let something like these go, after being there for start up. But for the series to continue proper, it is best to have some interested, ambitious people taking over, with their own ideas.

John Scalise did a great job at South Pond, and handles the opening race again next year. He has worked at this event for three out of the four years, so the event is in really solid hands.

Marc Lombard has been one of the most enthusiastic WMAC club members I have ever witnessed, and he has wanted to direct a race. It was a perfect opportunity to pass along Hawley Kiln, as that forest has special meaning to him. From talking to Marc I know he aspires to organize a new trail race of his own, and he feels taking over an established event will start him on the road towards that dream.

We know the series is important to you, because we have witnessed participants helping out at the events without being asked. Gotha Swann showing up early to unload all the equipment at South Pond. K2 jumping in to handle registration with Gotha at the Glen. In one of the most giving gestures I have witnessed in a while, Kenny Clark spending 45 minutes before the Glen 5km dragging load after load of fire wood from Paul's truck to the barrel in a sled. Marc Lombard and Slug cooking up delicious pots of food for South Pond. Laura and Jeff Clark grabbing hold of the sport and bringing it to the Saratoga area and beyond. Everyone who brings a little something for others to eat, it is appreciated and noticed! Knowing how much people are willing to give to make these events a success is heartwarming. We know a great many of you contribute along the way, bringing food, writing articles, hauling snowshoes all over the northeast. As long as so many of you care and continue to participate both by running and helping, I think this series is going to be just fine in the years to come.

*Edward Alibozek  
February 1, 2001*

# 2nd Annual MOODY SPRING SNOWSHOE RACES

WMAC

March 3, 2001

Dubuque State Forest - West Halway, MA

WMAC

## 9 Mile

01. Dave Dunham	36	Bradford, MA	1:17:00	58 pt
02. Leigh Schmitt	28	S. Deerfield, MA	1:21:50	57
03. Ken Clark	38	Enfield, CT	1:26:18	56
04. Peter Keeney	35	Bar Harbor, ME	1:29:17	55
05. Robert Molnar	25	Bradford, MA	1:32:25	54
06. Bob Dion	45	Readsboro, VT	1:33:43	53
07. Dave Hannon	30	Waltham, MA	1:34:35	52
08. John Pelton	61	West Rupert, VT	1:36:22	51
09. Dave Wallace	48	Dalton, MA	1:38:22	50
10. Kelly Harrington	26	Schenectedy, NY	1:41:30	49
11. Seth Roberts	49	Longmeadow, MA	1:42:50	48
12. Thomas Skrocki	40	Amesbury, MA	1:44:25	47
13. John Carey	39	Millbury, MA	1:44:43	46
14. David Boles	54	New Paltz, NY	1:46:40	45
15. Ed Buckley	42	Southampton, MA	1:46:41	44
16. Ed Alibozek Jr.	61	Adams, MA	1:47:35	43
17. James Ruddock	33	S. Deerfield, M	1:48:00	42
18. Bruce Marvonek	47	Stafford, CT	1:49:45	41
19. Bob Worsham	55	Woodstock, CT	1:53:35	40
20. Scott Bradley	46	Pittsfield, MA	1:54:54	39
21. Peter Lipka	49	Adams, MA	1:55:16	38
22. Darlene McCarthy	38	North Adams, MA	1:56:59	37
23. Carol Kane	55	Weston, CT	1:57:25	36
24. Karl Molitoris	45	Stafford, CT	1:57:57	35
25. Eric Iannacone	28	Amherst, MA	1:59:07	34
26. Debbie Briggs	49	Rhinebeck, NY	1:59:27	33
27. Marc Lombard	36	Greenfield, MA	2:02:15	32
28. Nick Jubock	44	Yorktown Hts, NY	2:02:42	31
29. Tricia Grenier	24	Portsmouth, RI	2:03:56	30
30. Garreth Buckley	24	Southampton, MA	2:11:18	29
31. Laura Clark	53	Saratoga, NY	2:14:40	28
32. Mark Syrett	52	Hampden, MA	2:16:20	27
33. Bill Herrington	52	Pittsford, VT	2:16:24	26
34. Richard Busa	71	Marlboro, MA	2:20:29	25
35. Art Gulliver	62	Leominster, MA	2:25:46	24
36. Ron DiNicola	50	Salem, NH	2:29:59	23
37. Lisa Swan	29	Albany, NY	2:46:30	22
38. Konrad Karolczuk	48	Windsor Lcks, CT	3:08:35	21

## 4.5 Mile

01. Ken Fairman	57	Granby, MA	1:21:08	20 pt
02. Claudine Preite	34	North Adams, MA	1:22:20	19
03. Chris Dunne	41	Rosendale, NY	1:22:59	18
04. Kenneth Deary	48	Dudley, MA	1:25:54	17
05. Missy Heeb	35	Amherst, MA	1:27:08	16
06. Martin Glendon	54	Windsor, MA	1:27:17	15
07. Wendy Hession	23		1:27:39	14
08. Jeff Clark	54	Saratoga, NY	1:55:52	13
09. Martha Hojnowski	36	Pownal, VT	2:02:38	12
10. Gotha Swann	50	Pittsfield, MA	2:08:50	11
11. Paul Hartwig	44	Adams, MA	2:08:51	10
12. Meg Dunne	40	Rosendale, NY	2:14:14	09
13. Maria Capella	39	Suffield, CT	2:15:11	08
14. Phillip Capella	39	Suffield, CT	2:15:12	07
15. Larry Dragon	40	Cheshire, MA	2:19:00	06
16. Michelle Filiault	33	Adams, MA	2:19:01	05
17. Brian McCarthy	40	North Adams, MA	2:18:30	04
18. Ellen Mach	58	Adams, MA	0:57:00	03
19. Gerry Bland	54	Suffield, CT	1:30:00	02
20. Steve Estes	58	Suffield, CT	1:30:00	01

Thanks everyone for participating at the 2nd Annual Moody Spring snowshoe races. It was a near perfect day for it, the temperature was in the mid 20's (our cups of water were freezing fairly quickly) and the snow base and fresh powder on top made the trails in the forest just fantastic. We had some nice sunshine too, and almost 100% smiling faces.

I hope that the weather and snow conditions in Hawley surprised some of you who haven't played here before. It is a really great spot for holding snow. I would like to say that the Dubuque State Forest crew (Dennis Shulda and Dave Brown) really helped us out a lot over the last two events. Dave was out on Friday getting the parking area plowed and sanded, and he also ran the groomer along all the roads to smooth each bump out.

Like the Kiln Race, we split things up into 2 races. The 6 miler was the same course as the 9, except the middle 3 mile loop on the Gould Meadow / Moody Spring trails was taken out.

Ken Fairman had a beautiful race to win overall. I know it has probably been a while since he has won a race outright. Nice job Kenny! Ken has been troubled by nagging foot ailments for over a year, it has been great to see him participating all winter with us.

2nd overall, and 1st woman was Claudine Preite. It was a smart decision on the Priete's part to have Jim watch the children and allow Claudine to race. At the first South Pond race four years ago, Claudine was walking along on snowshoes. As the years have wandered on, she has turned into a pretty good snowshoe racer. This is a sport where with a little dedication, you can improve well from year to year. Great race Claudine!

In the 9 miler (measured at 8.6 miles by the infamous Karl Marxitoris), Dave Dunham separated himself from 2nd place Leigh Schmitt somewhere between miles 3 and 6. Dave has entered and won five events in the WMAC Snowshoe series this year, and also finished 1st at the Global Snowshoe Challenge in New York State, against some competitors from Colorado who are sponsored athletes. Dave came into this season in incredible shape, and it seems like the further the events go, the more dominating he gets. It is hard to look at finish times from year to year to get an idea about how fast someone is, but the times Dave posted at the 5 WMAC events are mind blowing. It was a really special season for him, and us. Having quality racers like Dave, Leigh, Kenny, Robert and Bob showing up week after week to these little events in the middle of nowhere has helped to establish our series. Thanks Dave, for giving all of us someone to chase after, and try each week to gain on.

The ladies 9 miler was a battle. Carol Kane was leading the entire event until the last downhill half-mile. Darlene McCarthy rolled by, and finished 26 seconds ahead. These two young ladies have been going back and forth the last two years at these things, usually finishing in the top 5 each time. It was really great to see them competing for the overall win at an event. Darlene just seems to never slow down, no matter what the distance of the race. Her pace is one of the most unwavering I have witnessed. Great running ladies, the training is paying off!

Thanks to the helpers, Lisa for directing the first turn; Sweep and Curly for the finish line; Pat for the water stop; Tom Skrocki and K2 for marking the course; Gotha, Terry and Tom for removing the ribbons; Rich Busa brought his friend Rich Godin to help out!; Tom McCrumm for having us at the Sugarhouse. I hope I mentioned everyone, I try to get this part right.

Putting on these events was really a joy. We really appreciate all the kind words, seeing so many smiles on one day is priceless. We get a charge out of making a few people a little happier for a brief moment in time. If more folks could just get out and exert themselves a little, and then sit down in a group and have some snacks after... the world might be a better place. Crazy, but we believe it. Thanks everyone. You don't all know how happy you have made me the last couple years.

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## BLOWING CHUNKS AT MOODY SPRINGS

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Due to the fact that I had watch Survivor and then go meet a tow truck to have my son's car towed at 11:00 PM this story is going to be a piece of literary crap.

My first problem at Moody Springs Snowshoe Race was deciding where to park. I arrived very early so every space was empty. It was an irregularly shaped lot, so where do I park? I drove around in that lot for five minutes before deciding where to park. Finally I decided to park in the exact same place as I did last year. Good choice!

This year for me the race was all about regulatory mechanisms. I think the only one who reads this that knows what that means is Dr. Missy Heeb. Basically, it's all about eating, drinking, peeing, dumping, burning calories, and spewing. I ate a coffee roll in the wee hours of the morn, I drank tons of water to hydrate. All of this made me pee (behind the garage with Darlene McCarthy) and dump (up in the woods). Then I burned a zillion calories chasing that Skrocki and Dave Boles. I'm sure Dave beat me this year because he remembered to take his Ritalin, Then upon crossing the finish line I promptly spewed my guts out three times in front of the beautiful Sweep Voll, who was writing finish info.

She was quite impressed with my performance. So much so that she said she was going to break up with her betrothed, Bob Birk, and take up with me, but only if I brushed my teeth first.

The snow was good with a fresh 3 or 4 inches that week. The day was nice because it was sort of sunny and we had a bunch of people from Noo Yawk, Briggs, Boles, Dunnes, Braccos, and somebody whose car got crunched in the parking lot.

So who won? Dave Dunham, of course, won the race overall, and Darlene McCarthy was first woman. Darlene edged out the Kaniac who couldn't manage to suck it up that day. Darlene is getting better and better all the time and will be a real trail animal to be reckoned with this season. What I don't understand is how a small skinny little guy can be such a powerful runner who kicks everybody's butt. I'm gonna have to learn his secrets.

It's really funny that after snowshoeing nine miles and being completely wet with sweat, one does not care who sees them as they change into fresh clothes. I personally changed on the back of a Jeep's bumper with no pants on and only a towel to cover up. Others were much more brazen than I.

One of the highlights after the race was Curley Voll playing bumper cars with a VW from NY. Way to go Curley. He won.

Then it was on to the sugar house where Tom McCrumm was eagerly waiting for all the appetites. Something is grossly wrong this year though at the sugar house. Last year Tom had maple sap cooking in that big vat and this warmed up the waiting area. This year none was cooking. I think it has something to do with the long winter and all the cold which made no sap available yet. Anyway, this is truly a great breakfast place, one step away from heaven. There's nothing more fun than stuffing your mouth with pancakes, sausage, and eggs.

I ate with Sweep, Andrew (Sweep's nephew), Curley, Eddie, Konrad, and Kaniac. Kaniac ate the most food of anybody, increasing her body weight by 20%. I bought a half gallon of syrup on the way out. In the parking lot I said good bye to everybody, gave Eddie a hug, then got in the car and played with my socks. I subsequently learned that Tom McCrumm likes micro-brewed beer. So much so that he might actually spend hours drinking it. He deserves it though for having the snowshoe crowd to his place and for constructing those trails that we ran on today.

So, that's it for the 2001 snowshoe season. Thanks to Ed and the other race directors for giving us a diversion in the middle of winter. See you all on the trail running circuit.

*WorShamer*

- Miss Ellen was in the forest and Poncho was in tow; however, he was there for the food. Dion had a rubber band contraption on his Sherpas.
- Skrocki had a rubber band contraption on his . . . pony tail.
- Sweep gave Missy a hat.
- If you carpool with someone and tell them that you need space for your stuff, how come every square inch is already taken?
- Best snowshoeing beer, Rolling Rock.
- Best \_\_\_\_\_ vodka, Citron and Mandarin.

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## A RACE / PANCAKE ODYSSEY

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Just when you think things can't get any better along comes a day like we had for Moody Spring. If the Snowshoe Series had to end, it couldn't have ended on a more wonderful day... How wonderful was it? Do I have to spell it out? OK, I will...

**M** is for Markings. This course was so well marked thanks to a couple of canines named Tippi and "?". They had some help from Tom, K2 and Ed. No one but no one could have gotten lost on this course. Thanks guys. It was really appreciated.

**O** is for Out of sight conditions. With a couple inches of new snow atop a deep deep base, these were just ideal conditions. The snow underneath was a bit slippery, but fantastic. The trails were well worked also, lots of time was put in here, you could tell.

**O** is for Over way too soon. It seemed like we were just building and getting stronger for these races and suddenly we find ourselves at Moody Spring, the final of the six-race series this year.

**D** is for Dave and Darlene, our overall winners at Moody. The longer the stronger for these two. They've had a great snowshoe season.

**Y** is for the great Yellow cardboard/black arrows to show the turns. Course markings for this race really made sense. That's a good system.

**S** is for South Face Farm Sugarhouse and the best breakfast this side of Monadnock AND Greylock. S also stands for Stories at breakfast, Curly Voll canoe stories, while his Grandson, Andrew gobbled down every crumb on both their plates. I bought donuts at the farm before heading for home. After eating four of them, I flung them into the way-back of my Jeep, way out of reach for the rest of the drive home. No self control, they were sooooo good. There were some furry animal hat exchanges going on between two wild women, Missy and Sweep. Tom McCrumm came and sat with us for a bit, he is DA MAN at Southface Farm and has a lot to do with this making this day happen, from trails to breakfast.

**P** has GOT to stand for those Pancakes. I wonder if they would taste as good if we hadn't snowshoe'd our brains out before sitting down to them. My bet is they probably taste better after a "little" exercise.

**R** is for Ribbon Removal after the fun by Gotha Swann.

**I** is for I want to say to Ed, who always says to us, that we make him very happy doing these events... I say it is also the other way around. He makes an awful lot of us happy and fit and fed and hydrated and safe and warm and informed and better people, because of what he does. That's what I want to say...

**N** is for No more hugs in the parking lot... please... this is getting embarrassing.

**G** is for the Grizzly Gang in the parking lot complete with camp stools, loud music, and fermented pancake syrup left over from last year.

. is for a good time. Period! See ya next year!

*Kaniac  
3/2001*

## HAWLEY AND WEST HAWLEY SNOWSHOE AGE GROUP WINNERS

### HAWLEY KILN 7 MILE

20 - 24	Doug Thunen	Briarcliff, NY	1:14:45
25 - 29	Deborah Schieffer Leigh Schmitt	Vernon, CT S. Deerfield, MA	1:25:28 1:05:31
30 - 34	Tracy Clements Dave Hannon	New Haven, CT Waltham, MA	1:22:19 1:15:40
35 - 39	Darlene McCarthy Dave Dunham	N Adams, MA Bradford, MA	1:37:10 1:01:20
40 - 44	Rhonda Dearing Gene Katapski	Sandwich, MA Jermyn, PA	2:08:15 1:19:23
45 - 49	Debbie Briggs Bob Dion	Rhinebeck, NY Readsboro, VT	1:38:39 1:13:08
50 - 54	Laura Clark David Boles	Saratoga, NY New Paultz, NY	2:01:59 1:26:03
55 - 59	Carol Kane Ken Fairman	Weston, CT Granby, MA	1:35:35 1:51:53
60 - 64	John Pelton	West Rupert, VT	1:17:45
65 - 69	None		
70	Richard Busa	Marlboro, MA	1:52:45

### HAWLEY KILN 4.5 MILE

01 - 19	Justin McCarthy	N Adams, MA	1:26:55
25 - 29	Mark Blomstrom	Waterbury, CT	1:22:50
30 - 34	Claudine Preite Drue Greene	N Adams, MA Middlebury, CT	0:57:00 1:12:35
35 - 39	Dana Ong Phillip Capella	NoHo, MA Suffield, CT	0:55:55 1:19:28
40 - 44	Sue Kacenski Paul Hartwig	Lanesboro, MA Adams, MA	1:09:30 0:54:15
45 - 49	Elaine Buckley Kennith Deary	S. Hampton, MA Dudley, MA	2:03:15 0:53:27
50 - 54	Tom McCrumm	Ashfield, MA	0:56:55
55 - 59	Ellen Mach	Adams, MA	2:00:00
60 - 64	None		
65 - 69	Jules Seltzer	Tyringham, MA	1:14:05
70	Leon Beverly	Stamford, VT	1:11:20

### MOODY SPRING 15KM

20 - 24	Tricia Grenier Garreth Buckley	Portsmouth, RI S. Hampton, MA	2:03:56 2:11:18
25 - 29	Lisa Swan Leigh Schmitt	Albany, NY S. Deerfield, MA	2:46:30 1:21:50
30 - 34	Dave Hannon	Waltham, MA	1:34:35
35 - 39	Darlene McCarthy Dave Dunham	N Adams, MA Bradford, MA	1:56:59 1:17:00
40 - 44	Thomas Skrocki	Amesbury, MA	1:44:25
45 - 49	Debbie Briggs Bob Dion	Rhinebeck, NY Readsboro, VT	1:59:27 1:33:43
50 - 54	Laura Clark David Boles	Saratoga, NY New Paultz, NY	2:14:40 1:46:40
55 - 59	Carol Kane Bob Worsham	Weston, CT Woodstock, CT	1:57:25 1:53:35
60 - 64	John Pelton	West Rupert, VT	1:36:22
65 - 69	None		
70	Richard Busa	Marlboro, MA	2:20:29

### MOODY SPRING 10KM

20 - 24	Wendy Hession		1:27:39
25 - 29	<i>Vacant</i>		
30 - 34	Claudine Preite	N Adams, MA	1:22:20
35 - 39	Missy Heeb Phillip Capella	Amherst, MA Suffield, CT	1:27:08 2:15:12
40 - 44	Meg Dunne Chris Dunne	Rosendale, NY Rosendale, NY	2:14:14 1:22:59
45 - 49	Kennith Deary	Dudley, MA	1:25:54
50 - 54	Martin Glendon	Windsor, MA	1:27:17
55 - 59	Ken Fairman	Granby, MA	1:21:08

What a year, we are very glad to end it all up in the hills of Hawley. The WMAC Snowshoe Series was able to make a donation to the Hawley Fire Fighters Association for the 4<sup>th</sup> consecutive year. We hope to send something to the Harrison Parker Scholarship Fund also. Harrison was the Town Historian in Hawley, and sent us a really nice booklet of Hawley State Forest Facts just before he passed on. Thanks to all of you for participating at our events and allowing us to send a little something to these groups.



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## SARATOGA WINTERFEST 2001

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The less than sporty mini van pulled into the picturesque city of Saratoga Springs, carrying within its bowels six hillbilly bumpkins from tobacco growing Connecticut. Idling up along side assorted BMW's, Audi's and Mercedes Benz' the Elvis loving passengers unloaded into the historical relic known as SPA Park.

"Except for the ice skating rink, indoor pool, rest room facilities and the thousand people actively engaging in winter activities you wouldn't know that this wasn't Savoy", said the driver, Farmer Ed.

The tall slender Casanova known as Bobarino observed the parking lot from left to right, and back exactly twice before muttering "I think what my 'heavyset' friend is trying to say is that this facility is a whole new genre in the scheme of snowshoeing, whatever that means."

"What kind of blanket statement is that supposed to be?" said Old Goat.

"All I'm saying is that I guess we'll roll up on this Springs and drop some schoolin' on these simpletons as it pertains to snowshoe racin'", said Bob, as he glances over at Farmer Ed, "Watch and learn how it's done, tubster".

Ken Clark begins his pre race warm up, the only member of the traveling circus with actual potential this bright sunny cold day. Before bounding off down to the imaginary finish he hears Farmer Ed calling out "Put your game face on Kenny, show this bunch your Grade A moves today, take 'em drivin' where there are no roads..."

The elder statesman of Elvis wannabees, Rich Busa, surveys the increasingly crowding parking area and tells no one in particular: "I don't know about the lack of tree cover guys. Oh man this sort of is getting on my nerves, how am I supposed to change here with all sorts of families walking about? Some mother's kid might spot me in a moment of disarray and narc me to the local law enforcement. Could be I spend the night in jail at the Wilcox Motel, if you get my meaning."

"Auggghhhhh Rich, you're no Don Johnson, you know. It won't be like ants on candy. Interest in your 70 year old body, naked or not, won't be a terribly big draw on the SPA park regulars. I would even bet the farm that the minute you start removing clothing, children of all ages start diverting their eyes without mom speaking a word. Of all the ideas you have that are goofy as such, this has got to be the lamest. This is worse than when you thought you could pull that levitation gig floating your way over the Vermont 100 course in 100 degree heat. What did you pull, about a fifty on the scale of a hundred, right? Left you sort of half finished, baked like a potato in the heart of the Green Mountains", rallied the Old Goat as he shook his head walking away.

Boberino Worsham smirked, and handed Farmer Ed a semi clean sock. One lonely tear hung from the corner of a single sad eye, as Ed sniffled a little and accepted the klenex substitute.

"Here you go", said Bob, "dry your eyes big fellow..."

Ed nodded his head, accepted the kindness, and started sobbing full bore.

"Oh, come on now, stop crying like a little girl with a scrapped knee, you portly fool. The Goat didn't mean to ride Richard so hard, you just have to toughen yourself up some. Lets check our ego's at the door and ready ourselves for this snowshoe race."

Meanwhile, a search started for the sixth member of the interlopers, K2, who wandered off with his torso pack tightened and his 20/20 vision set on finding the food table. Priorities were in order for Konrad.

And so it went, on February 4<sup>th</sup>, in the big little town of Saratoga Springs. A snowshoe race was in order, and was expertly organized and promoted by the duo of Laura and Jeff Clark. The finishers numbered 82, but Boberino Worshamer didn't manage all three point one miles. He would have made the finishers the most ever at a WMAC Snowshoe Race. Instead, he faded like a hazy sunset somewhere around mile two and called it a day. It might

have been due to running behind the skyrocket. Hopefully next year we can get a hundred participants at this one.

The course was hard packed, with plenty of snow to save our shoes, but not enough to really cause anyone to slow down any. The two Saratoga events are a real bargain, as one could enter both for a mere \$20. The terrain for these two races is slightly mellower than the hills of Western Mass, so they are a bit better introduction to snowshoeing. Laura and Jeff Clark, along with Tony Mangano from the Frostfare, have done a really great job organizing these events. That they take place in parks is also a little different than the Mass events, and allow for participants to begin snowshoeing without feeling like they are lost in the middle of a really large forest. We believe we are allowing for a fairly wide spectrum of snowshoe conditions. Our events certainly contain most of what is possible for terrain, and running ability. I realize most of you might have a favorite event, but I really don't. I think it's because all of the events hold something special for me. At Winterfest, what I like most is the final climb up out of the "pike" (to quote Karl Molitoris). That is what I think about when I think of this race. I guess I also think about how quickly this fun tends to be over with, and how hard and fast my heart beats during these little three miles. I guess many of us feel like a racehorse...

*Edward Alibozek*

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## WINTER-FAST 2001

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This was the Second Annual Winterfest 5K Snowshoe Race, but it was the First Annual Winter-FAST 5K Snowshoe Race.... This was such a fast snowshoe race, there isn't much to say about it....

Let's see.... sunny, cold, hard pack snow for the most part, with some ice... good for good times... hey, a 5k on ice should produce some fast times... hard on the legs and snowshoes... really nice course except for the quad at the beginning....

It was really early on that Sunday morning and Laura and Jeff were already busy setting up... it's a good thing that Jeff put out all those trail race signs.... does anyone else think that place is confusing???... and let's see if we can get the mileage right from the Northway to the left turn into the Park....

The Bad Little Boys arrived, as usual, in that white mini-van.... hmmm... wonder what goes on in there... given the nature of the inhabitants, one can make some pretty concrete deductions... and I'll bet they don't discuss the stock market or the daily news... no, I don't think so... and they'd probably all run a little faster if they didn't get themselves all razzed up on these trips...

Anyway...everyone was warming up on the ice just before the start... Jeff hollers out, "3 minutes to the start".... and everyone makes their way across the road to the quad... Jeff says go and we're off.... it was a fast start, with lots of sprinting going on... glad we don't have to do that quad twice...

Cross the road and into the woods.... here we go! The one-mile mark split was called out (??) and I knew I was in trouble.... way way too fast... this snow was so incredibly runnable... I love the woods part of this run and crossing over the wooden bridge.... it was familiar and fun...

Well, before you knew it, it was over... left turn... along the road... sprinting for the finish... wait, no, hang a left back into the woods and over the clearest slickest ice I have ever seen... circle around.... there it is... there's the finish... whew!.... short, but tough...

There were pulled muscles and broken snowshoes.... but really really fast times... and some really happy runners...

Thank you Laura and Jeff and all your helpers... thanks for your New York hospitality... it's the sweetest little race!!!

*Kadillac*

## DAVE DUNHAM'S RANDOM THOUGHTS ON THE SNOWSHOE SEASON

**Jan. 13th South Pond Shuffle:** 2 ¼ hours drive to Florida! Robert (Molnar) thought it quite funny when he sent email to Hungary saying that he was “snowshoe racing in Florida”. I Forgot that you really need a place to sit down when putting on snowshoes. Saw a lot of people who had set up camp chairs, next time! Conditions were very good, Sunny 20’s. Much more snow than last year so much so that the start had to be pushed back. Not that tough a course (compared to the others); rolling hills and one long up at 3m. Warmed up on the road 3 miles then ½ mile in snowshoes, felt weird to be in snowshoes again after almost a year.. Out in third, 2nd in first 1/2m took lead @ 2m. Nowhere to pass on the trail, and deep snow on the sides. When Leigh went over the tree that was down, I went under. He almost came down on my head! Pushed hard on the hill. Leigh kept close right to the end. Warmed down 3 miles on the road. Quads very sore after, I think from not doing the “snowshoe shuffle” in a long time. Had about 50 of the most excellent cookies and a couple of cokes. Rich (Bolt) had a bowl of very spicy chili, he spilled some in the car and it ate a hole right through! A most excellent breakfast/lunch! We stopped on the way home to take some pictures on the Whitcomb summit. Great views of Monadnock and Greylock. *108 mile week for me.*

**Jan. 20th Greylock Glen:** 2:50 drive. Thought it would be worse with weather concerns. We had time to stop in N. Adams for a coffee. 20’s and cloudy, quite a bit nicer than last year. Went out with Robert for 3 mile warm up on the roads, another mile in shoes. I Went out in third, Robert was very fast the first ½ mile. Took the lead and pushed on the hill and ran hard from 1 to 2. Tried to relax last mile, worried about racing the Derry 16m the next day. Ken 2nd looked solid coming in, Robert held on for 3rd, Bob Dion and Dave Hannon did some frantic kicking for last 100m after going slightly wrong at the final turn. Leigh cut his head a couple of days before and couldn’t compete. That is why I try to avoid manual labor at all costs! Nice fire going after the race, and a heck of a lot more comfortable than last year. *115 mile week for me.*

**Jan. 20th UNO night orienteering:** Very cold night! Big party at Windblown ski area for the Up North Orienteering club. 1st in snowshoe division, 36:50 for 5k. Robert ran faster but one control was missing, he put his time as one second slower than mine. Robert was National champion in Hungary (for Orienteering) and can kick my butt any time he wants! Pretty cool running with the headlight off in the woods. Only 3 finishers in snowshoe division, most people skied. Beautiful groomed trails, very fast for running (or skiing).

**Jan. 27th, Saratoga Battlefield:** More than four hours drive part through a wicked squall on the high point of the turnpike. Snow showers most of the way. Robert and I were the first ones in the parking lot! Weren’t sure if anyone was coming. Did a 3 mile warm up on the road with Robert, saw a LOT of deer tracks on the side of the road. I was very tired and sore, been having trouble with my ankle and hamstring all season. The race was on a loop course of 4.2m on very fast groomed trail. I went out in a dead sprint with Leigh. Really liked the wide trail, we could run side by side. Pulled away just after the mile. Saw a deer run across the path at just after 2 miles, that was cool. I had to stop in the last ½ mile due to somewhat confusing signage (none said “finish” with an arrow) all of the trails seemed to go in the wrong direction. It was kind of funny, I could see the finish up on the hill but didn’t know how to get there. Only lost a few seconds before a passerby yelled “this way”. I said “you sure?” as I went by and got no response! The up at the end was kind of tough but not too bad. Someone had told me before the start that the “huge” downhill at the start would kill everyone at the finish. Obviously he has not raced any of the tougher courses in the circuit. . Robert broke both shoes (my wife’s Tubbs!!) and tried to fix them. No luck as the rivets had broken. Fastest race in the circuit (per mile). *116 mile week for me.*

Feb. ¾ Raced **Lynn 15k** (48:09-2nd) and **Cape Elizabeth 10m** (53:50-1st), missed the **Saratoga Winterfest** race. *101 mile week* and very sick stomach after the CE 10m. At Wnterfest, Leigh ran 20:00, Ken 20:32. First Female Tracey VanDyke 26:33. 82 finishers. Holy cow! Talk about fast times! Are you sure you guys ran the same course as last year?

**Feb. 10th US Nat Championships:** Plattsburgh NY, 2.5 hours drive to Montpelier the night before. 2.5 hours drive to Plattsburgh. Winds 50+mph, wicked ferry ride! Very windy and snow squalls at the race sight (no electricity). I was checking out my shoes prior to the race and saw that one of the rivets was gone on both shoes. I complained out loud (to no one in particular) that I couldn’t believe that the Tubb’s were broken. A rep. From Tubb’s came over and fixed them with screws! 2 loops of 5k with a couple of good climbs. I took the lead at 3/4m and ended up winning by 5 minutes. Cool views of Camels hump (couching lion) and Mt Kearsarge (Warner NH) during my drive home. 50 finishers (plus another 25 in the citizens race). *104 mile week for me.*

**Feb. 11th Windblown New Ipswich** Up at 5am, tired from yesterday. Set flagging on the course (5 degrees at sunrise) with Robert. Windy but sunny, and man was it cold. Lots of folks hanging out inside before the race. It was great to have indoor facilities! Caught some great views from the top of Barrett Mountain. 40 minutes to set the course with 100 flags and a roll of surveyor tape. I went out with Robert for 1 mile more warm up. The 5k course had each K marked. My K splits were 348 632 407 347 330. The hill (2nd K) was a little over 500’ in just 1K. My fastest race of the year, but the course was groomed and very very fast. Took a big group out for a warm down, picking up flagging. We stopped at the top to take in the incredible scenery. Susannah Landreth ran a heck of a race in 27:52 to finish 6th overall. 21 finishers with most of them being first time racers!

**Feb. 17th 2 ¼ drive to Hawley Kiln:** Slick roads especially last 5 miles, my stomach was in knots watching Robert drive. It was very cold and windy. I did a warm up on road with Robert, we had to turn at 8 minutes out due to a big (huge) dog in the road. Went out pretty hard with Leigh, had to ask the skier to let us by! Forgot how tough this course was, I think I told Robert that it wasn’t that bad, just one major hill. The distance and the snow conditions combined for one long day. Cathy (my Mrs.) didn’t even get out of the car, she figured it was much more comfortable inside (she was right). I ran pretty quick for the first 2m (14:57), very slow for the middle 3m (30:51), then last 2m in 15:32. Did a warm down in shoes 1m and on the road for 3m. Big bonk during the last 2 miles and right through the warmdown. Leigh fell back after 2 miles and finished solid in 65:30, Ken closed on Leigh in the last 2 to take third. Robert ran the middle three only one minute slower than me (despite my inaccurate course description). The damn “stair climb” on the 3m loop was brutal! I fell three or four times on that hill! *120 mile week for me, pretty tired.*

**March 3rd, Moody Springs:** 2 ¼ drive to Hawley again. A lot of snow squalls on the way, but roads weren’t too bad. Nice 2 miles easy on the road with Robert, very slow, a bit slick. Just before the start, got cornered by a snowmobiler. He started jawing with Ken, that we should “watch out”, that the snowmobilers “weren’t happy” about us using “private” trails. Ken was very diplomatic. The same guy was doing about 40 mph and blew by me on the downhill. They don’t seem to understand “multi-use”. I went out with Leigh, hoping it wouldn’t be too fast. I was sick all week. Leigh and Robert also had been sick all week, so I guess all things were even! Running behind Leigh in the first couple of miles was kind of dangerous. He would brush a tree and I’d get blinded with fresh powder! Great running on the roads, and very tough running off the roads. I took a spill just after Moody Spring and got a good slice on my hand. I don’t think there was a tougher stretch this year than the last mile before getting back onto the road. I fell about 10 times! The funny part was that I had just passed a few of the people on the 6 mile course and was moving well. They must’ve wondered how I could run the race, falling down so much! I thought the race would run about 15 minutes slower than last year. Turned out to be about seven minutes slow for me. Leigh looked smooth coming down the hill on his way to winning the WMAC series. Thanks to the RD’s for their work! What a great winter... All in all, a great season for snowshoe racing. I’ve started to ice my ankles (bruised from kicking myself) to help recover from the season! My plans for next year: Get at least two guys to come with me to a race. Once I get someone to run one race they are HOOKED!

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## "BIG FOOT" VIRUS

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Laura Clark has spread a virus throughout Stryderland. She exhibits a gentle demeanor, but is quite capable of steering the most loyal runner from the straight and narrow. Starting last year, Clark began spreading what I would like to call the "Big Foot" Virus. A large Stryder contingent have begun showshoeing because they succumbed to Clark's constant plea: "Just try it!" They were apparently unable to fight off her advances by holding a powdered donut in front of themselves. (Laura's note—we eat a lot of donuts after our Saturday run).

Snowshoeing Stryders may appear to be normal, but this insidious virus has infected them all. Yes, the very mention of another snowshoe race makes them giddy. Other signs of this virus include the following: Firstly, snowshoe racers suffer from collective amnesia. During a race, they must experience exhaustion equivalent to giving birth (Or so they tell me), but all are seen at the start of the very next race smiling uncontrollably.

Secondly, snowshoe racers talk erratically about equipment failure. I've seen them carrying one or both of their snowshoes during a race. Want to make money? Invest in a company that makes snowshoes.

Thirdly, the more advanced cases will babble about the snow conditions. Although snowshoe racers complain about a hard course, they all love their fast times.

And, finally, these competitors drool whenever they discuss how good the food was after the race. To them, a good bowl of chili is just as important as getting a good time.

No vaccine has been developed to cure the "Big Foot" Virus, but there is some reason to hope. Yes, Debbie Choiniere took part in the Winterfest 5K last year, but her desire to race in oversized shoes soon waned. Her absence from this year's Winterfest was duly noted. Could it be that Debra has built up some sort of immunity to this virus? And maybe, just maybe, the Stryders will benefit from studying her remarkable recovery. We can hope, can't we?

*Peter Finley*

Pete Finley's first snowshoe race was this year at Mt. Greylock. He also took pictures at South Pond and helped out at the Frost Faire and Winterfest races. He wrote this for the Saratoga Stryders newsletter. He hopes to be doing the shorter races again next year whenever the snow is sufficiently fluffy to support his achy, brakey knees.

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## MARCH MADNESS AT MOODY

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Once again, it's March and we find ourselves at Moody Springs, running madly on a meandering trail marked out by Tom McCrumm, and afterwards enjoying various maple products at the South Face Farm Sugar House. While the rest of Massachusetts is meditatively perusing seed catalogs and contemplating the annual spring meltdown, we are consulting meteorologists, measuring snow depth and marking out snow dance steps.

Some of us are on a mission. Karl Moltoris, for example, was under orders to return with a mug full of spring water for his Mom's coffee. I was determined to make good on my last chance to finally beat Rich Busa. Most were more than happy just to be there.

Like a springtime adolescent, Moody wears many masks. Sometimes she is siren-like, with slippery banks and melting snow mischievously luring unsuspecting snowshoes. This particular March, she was more secretive, magically visible under delicate mounds of soft snow. But whatever her mood, ours vacillates between enjoyment of the moment and regret that Winter 2001 is now the stuff of memories.

*Laura Clark*

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## E. S. G. / 2001 ODYSSEY

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The Empire State Games, 2001 edition, proved once again that long-distance snowshoers are nothing if not resourceful. Not only did we overcome all the weather Mother Nature could hurl at us over a twenty-four hour period, but we also managed to prove that a determined snowshoer can get lost anywhere.

The odyssey began a few weeks before the race when Jim Tucker, Head Snowshoer, churned out endless Empire State invitations for a huge list of 5K qualifiers. Coming from Paul Smith's College, an environmentally aware facility, he was concerned about releasing one hundred extremely big-footed runners into the sensitive Adirondack woods. So he decided to use the Craig Woods Golf Course in Lake Placid. While lacking in picturesque appeal, this course would be capable of handling the anticipated crowds, plus it was conveniently located near all the major tourist sites and hotels. What a deal!

But then Mother Nature looked down on this perfect arrangement and laughed. She decided that the course was a bit on the boring side. It needed to be spiced up with some snow, sleet and rain, dished out repeatedly and in no particular order. While this played havoc with the anticipated large field, it in no way diminished the enthusiasm of the participants. During the warm up some of us, like Tony Mangano, explored the possibilities offered by the crusty snow-ice. He discovered that by catching the tips of his snowshoes just so, underneath the ice, he could perform a credible somersault. We were all impressed.

When it was time to line up at the start, Mark Elmore, a taller version of Jim Tucker, assured us that the course was as accurate as any other year. While some of us breathed sighs of relief, the more knowledgeable among us exchanged significant raised-eyebrow looks as we surveyed the scene. Golf courses are typically large expanses of open ground punctuated by artificial hills and valleys. This one was no different, except that now the ground was blindingly white and, because of all the Weather out there, it was difficult to distinguish the hills from the valleys. But no matter. A very solid, reliable looking snowmobile had preceded us, carving out the path we were to follow. Up and down, up and down the same big hill, around in a circle and then up and down again. Not much imagination here, fairly straightforward. But leave it to runners intent on *The Gold* to promptly forget about Mark's warning, "Do not follow the left turn into the woods unless you want to join the snowmobile in its shed." Those of us who were not so intent on fame and glory were wondering if the snowmobile had a dry shed and if it would mind sharing.

Since there were no flags, signs or white chalk marks on the course, Mark was betting that athletes who were expending great amounts of mental and physical energy would also be able to pay attention to where they were going. He lost big time. In fact, we proved that we are just as capable of getting lost in the middle of an open field surrounded by fellow snowshoers as we are in a confined woods surrounded by trees. Go figure.

Somewhere in the first third of the race, I spotted the lead runner cruising down the same hill Joann Spinelli and I were trudging up. I remember thinking it would be nice to cheer on the other runners as they, too, rocketed past us. Except no one else did. As I continued trudging, I marveled at how far ahead of the competition the leader was. But just as promptly, I dismissed this random observation to concentrate on the race at hand. I shouldn't have. It turned out that while Gary Fancher was the definite winner of Course A, which happened to be the correct version of the race, there was also a Course B, a Course C, and so on as each group of runners created their own, definitely longer, variation. So while there were overall winners and age group champions, the real winner was the snowmobile, which proved to be the match for most of the human athletes that day.

*Laura Clark*

#	NAME	AGE	TOTAL	MS	HKK	SPA	FF	GG	SPS
1	Ken Clark	38	486.00	56	144	81	76	49	80
2	Bob Dion	45	467.50	53	140	76	74	46.5	78
3	Leigh Schmitt	28	443.00	57	146	82	77		81
4	Dave Dunham	36	416.00	58	148		78	50	82
5	Thomas Skrocki	40	405.00	47	116	69	68	38	67
6	David Boles	54	383.00	45	108	63	64	39	64
7	Robert Molnar	25	360.50	54	142		37.5	48	79
8	Kelly Harrington	26	334.00	49	102		73	42	68
9	Carol Kane	55	318.00	36	88	58	54	31	51
10	Dave Hannon	29	310.50	52	136			46.5	76
11	Ed Alibozek Jr.	61	299.00	43	100	61		37	58
12	James Ruddock	33	294.00	42	104		59	34	55
13	Karl Molitoris	45	261.00	35	92	54		32	48
14	John Pelton	61	253.00	51	132	70			
15	Darlene McCarthy	38	242.00	37	84	51		27	43
16	Seth Roberts	49	237.00	48	118				71
17	Richard Busa	71	225.00	25	68	41	36	20	35
18	Ed Buckley	42	224.00	44	114				66
19	Marc Lombard	36	224.00	32	96			33	63
20	Bob Worsham	55	219.00	40			65	41	73
21	Gene Primomo	43	213.00			73	70		70
22	Debbie Briggs	49	210.00	33	82	47	48		
23	Lisa Degendorf	26	208.00		80	52		29	47
24	Jack Quinn	62	207.00		106			36	65
25	Gene Katapski	44	205.00		130				75
26	Jason Reed	21	200.00		126				74
27	Edward Alibozek	38	188.00			72	72	44	
28	Laura Clark	53	182.00	28	62		33	19	40
29	Mark Syrett	52	178.00	27	72		37	18	24
30	Larry Dragon	40	177.00	6	50	8	66	35	12
31	Paul Hartwig	44	164.00	10	44		58		52
32	Scott Bradley	46	157.00	39			56		62
33	Peter Lipka	49	154.00	38	86			30	
34	Claudine Preite	34	154.00	19	36	40		23	36
35	Tim Austin	30	152.00			75			77
36	Ken Fairman	57	151.00	20	70			24	37
37	Ron Moon	62	147.00			55	51		41
38	John Frey	32	143.00		90				53
39	Paul Evangelista	31	140.00			71	69		
40	Doug Thunen	21	138.00		138				
41	Pete Katapski	41	137.00		98				39
42	J.D. Bilodeau	30	134.00		134				
43	Bill Ross	36	134.00		78			22	34
44	Tim DiGiulio	39	131.00			68	63		
45	Konrad Karolczuk	48	129.00	21	52	12	18	12	14
46	Michael Robertson	28	129.00			67	62		
47	David Loutzenheiser	34	128.00		128				
48	Scott Livingston	26	124.00		124				
49	Ron DiNicola	50	123.00	23	66			16	18
50	Tracey VanDyke	36	123.00			62	61		
51	Alex Peterson	30	122.00		122				
52	Greg Ward	40	121.00			64	57		

#	NAME	AGE	TOTAL	MS	HKK	SPA	FF	GG	SPS
53	Tracy Clements	31	120.00		120				
54	John Carey	39	118.00	46					72
55	Eric Frazer	29	112.00		112				
56	Beth Herder	42	112.00					43	69
57	Jeff Allen	55	111.00			59	52		
58	Norm Hecker	40	111.00				71	40	
59	Art Gulliver	62	110.00	24	64				22
60	Deb Schieffer	26	110.00		110				
61	Fred Miller	42	109.00			60	49		
62	Kennith Deary	48	108.00	17	46				45
63	Martin Glendon	54	108.00	15	38			26	29
64	Stan Tiska	43	108.00		60		23		25
65	Jim Preite	36	107.00			39	67		1
66	Barbara Sorrell	43	106.00			42	32		32
67	Jim Carlson	53	101.00			29	27	17	28
68	Brian McCarthy	40	95.00	4	22	28		10	31
69	Dave Wallace	48	95.00	50				45	
70	Chris Kyle	25	94.00		94				
71	Elaine Lutzker	50	94.00			48	46		
72	Charles Trimarchi	54	93.00			46	47		
73	Gwen Williams	42	92.00			49	43		
74	Missy Heeb	35	90.00	16	74				
75	Jeff Clark	54	87.00	13	54		10	4	6
76	Heather Mason	21	87.00			45	42		
77	Gareth Buckley	24	85.00	29					56
78	Michael Halstead	35	80.00			80			
79	Maureen Roberts	43	79.00		4	37	38		
80	Alex Sherwood	25	79.00			79			
81	Michael Jordan	41	78.00			78			
82	Brian Hickey	28	77.00			77			
83	Lisa Swan	29	77.00	22			40	15	
84	Larry McAndrew	42	76.00		76				
85	Chris Lynch	16	75.00				75		
86	Stuart Dutfield	45	74.00			74			
87	Michelle Filiault	33	73.00	5	48	9			11
88	Bill Primomo	45	73.00				35		38
89	Bill Herrington	52	71.00	26			45		
90	JoAnn Spinelli	49	69.00			35	34		
91	Phil Borgese	41	66.00			66			
92	Greg Taylor	54	66.00			24	25		17
93	Dave Dangert	40	65.00			65			
94	Ted Greve	60	62.00		2		39	21	
95	Bruce Piispanen	42	61.00						61
96	Darryl Menard	37	60.00				60		
97	Sean Tobin	29	60.00						60
98	Nick Jubock	44	59.00	31				28	
99	Peter Moore	43	59.00						59
100	Rhonda Dearing	42	58.00		58				
101	Martha Hojnowski	36	58.00	12	20			11	15
102	Dennis Fillmore	48	57.00			57			
103	Bob Wurtele	56	57.00						57
104	Mark Dearing	47	56.00		56				

#	NAME	AGE	TOTAL	MS	HKK	SPA	FF	GG	SPS
105	Theresa Hance	37	56.00			56			
106	Peter Keeney	35	55.00	55					
107	Rich McIntyre	38	55.00				55		
108	Andy Illidge	32	54.00						54
109	Mary Quinn	38	54.00			25	29		
110	Lori Christina	40	53.00			21	16		16
111	Sean Dolton	32	53.00			53			
112	Steve Mitchel	59	53.00				53		
113	Aurora Lamperetta	28	52.00			22	30		
114	Mitchel Gaites	51	50.00				50		
115	Geoff Matter	44	50.00						50
116	Marcia Whitney	48	50.00			50			
117	Lisa Mentzer	32	49.00						49
118	Brad Herder	40	46.00						46
119	Gotha Swann	51	46.00	11			14		21
120	Bob DeMarco	49	44.00			44			
121	Kathleen Rioux	45	44.00						44
122	Rachel Schabut	32	44.00				44		
123	Jules Seltzer	65	44.00		24		13	7	
124	John Braymer	37	43.00			43			
125	Justin McCarthy	11	43.00		12	26		5	
126	Dana Ong	36	42.00		42				
127	Garret Piispanen	14	42.00						42
128	Keith Decker	38	41.00				41		
129	Meg Dunne	40	41.00	9	10	6	6	3	7
130	Bruce Marvonek	47	41.00	41					
131	Tom McCrumm	52	40.00		40				
132	Chris Dunne	41	38.00	18		5	5	2	8
133	Mary Ann McNamara	43	38.00				19		19
134	Clover Schwartz	37	38.00			38			
135	Mark Boudreau	36	36.00			36			
136	Carol Trombley	42	36.00			15	21		
137	Deb Crotty	52	34.00			34			
138	Bonnie Fachini	32	34.00		34				
139	Eric Iannacone	28	34.00	34					
140	Dale Hassett	44	33.00						33
141	Robert Trimarchi	31	33.00			33			
142	Keslie Stewart	30	32.00		32				
143	Todd Venetz	23	32.00			32			
144	Penny Sheedy	42	31.00				31		
145	Mary Stewart	42	31.00			31			
146	Leigh Druckenmiller	35	30.00						30
147	Tricia Grenier	24	30.00	30					
148	Neil Hannon	52	30.00			30			
149	Sue Kacenski	38	30.00		30				
150	Leon Beverly	73	28.00		28				
151	Phillip Capella	39	28.00	7	18				3
152	Brett Siebert	34	28.00				28		
153	Gerry Fogerty	47	27.00			27			
154	Augie Ortiz	40	27.00						27
155	Maria Capella	39	26.00	8	16				2
156	Drue Greene	30	26.00		26				

#	NAME	AGE	TOTAL	MS	HKK	SPA	FF	GG	SPS
157	Jessica Hageman	25	26.00				26		
158	Peter Johnson	45	26.00						26
159	Sarah Glendon	22	25.00					25	
160	Phil Catchpole	53	24.00				24		
161	Gerry Beale	53	23.00				15	8	
162	Darren Drabeck	26	23.00			23			
163	Gary Emery	53	23.00				17	6	
164	George Katsav	56	23.00						23
165	John Sabin	31	22.00				22		
166	Jesse Bentley	14	20.00						20
167	Joan Bleikamp	47	20.00				20		
168	Cathy Taylor	44	20.00			20			
169	Bob McFarland	67	19.00			19			
170	Judy Trief	37	18.00			18			
171	Ellen Mach	58	17.00	3	8			1	5
172	Lisa Valentine	39	17.00			17			
173	Meg O' Leary	30	16.00			16			
174	Mark Blomstrom	28	14.00		14				
175	Ben Dows	24	14.00					14	
176	Wendy Hession	23	14.00	14					
177	Eric Sanborn	37	14.00			14			
178	Mike Baker	40	13.00					13	
179	Eric Perez	24	13.00						13
180	Tim Williams	42	13.00			13			
181	Dee Shufelt	53	12.00				12		
182	Ann Hassig	37	11.00				11		
183	Randall Palmer	46	11.00			11			
184	Marge Rajczewski	61	10.00			10			
185	Emily Rippe	22	10.00						10
186	Peter Finley	39	9.00					9	
187	Chuck Jordan	32	9.00						9
188	Alice Zeiger	64	9.00				9		
189	John Singer	58	8.00				8		
190	Chris Brown	41	7.00				7		
191	Daine Gulbrandson	38	7.00			7			
192	Elaine Buckley	45	6.00		6				
193	Karin Bradley	44	4.00						4
194	Vera Kjellgren-Keck	25	4.00			4			
195	Abby Zoldowski	29	4.00				4		
196	Theresa Keck	48	3.00			3			
197	James Stapleton	25	3.00				3		
198	Gerry Bland	54	2.00	2					
199	Kim Tibbert	20	2.00				2		
200	Suzanne Wonder	40	2.00			2			
201	Robert Columbine	70	1.00			1			
202	Steve Estes	58	1.00	1					

Thank all of you for participating this season. We added an event and had fantastic turnout at each race of the series. The 202 different people who shuffled along our courses is up from 126 people last year. Most of you who try one of our events become repeat performers, that is really appreciated. Our attendance for the six races was pretty solid throughout - 82 at South Pond, 50 at Greylock, 78 at Frostfare, 82 at Winterfest, 74 at Kiln & 58 at Moody. We need to fit in Dave Dunham's event in New Hampshire next season - late January or early February most likely. Other than that, who knows?

*Thanks again - Ed*

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# INTRODUCTION TO SNOWSHOEING

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## HAYSTACK 101

This was to be a great winter. I couldn't wait for the snow to come. I'd gotten a great deal on some Criteriums at my local recreational store and I was chompin' at the bit, waiting to check them out.

### Lesson #1

Ah, new snow and a posting to meet up in Vermont to "run" up Haystack. I hitch a ride with Marc Lombard and we meet up with Bob Dion at the base of a snowmobile trail which we can "run" up before hitting the trail that'll lead us up to the ridge line. We all chat for a minute and then set-to putting these "rackets" on our feet.

Error #1: Shoot! I should've practiced this step in the privacy of my own home. Ugh, I gotta ask for help. Ahem, "hey, uh, could, uh, one of you show me – Oh, never mind, I'll catch up!" I watch them start up the snowy road to the trailhead, which I apparently can't miss. Been there before, so I shuffle as fast as I can up the road to catch up.

Error #2: Hmmm, my toes are numb? My feet aren't wet, it's not that cold – I think I pulled those bindings a bit too tight, as I reach down to loosen em up a bit and the blood rushes painfully into my lifeless toes – I'm definitely practicing putting these puppies on tonight! After awhile, I figure out how to lift my feet a bit so the weirdness of having foot-extensions starts to go away. I finally spot them in the distance. Dion points down to the start of the trail and they both yell something about "water", just as I step into a slushy, pool of half melted ice.

Oops, Error #3: Once those crampons get wet, large ice balls form and create painful lumps to run on – file that away for future reference. I smile as I trudge up after them, and think "at least I'm not at work." I slowly scramble my way up the trail until I come to a fork. This is great, much easier than following runners – there's an obvious trail to follow. I continue up to the top where Bob and Marc are enjoying the view. This is great! We spend a little time pointing out the various peaks to be seen and talk about a longer run out over the ridgeline. We turn to begin our descent and I let the guys out in front since I'm a little sketchy about how I'll fare on the downhill. I watch as both Marc and Dion leap out over a couple of granite boulders and begin to run back down the trail. All I can think is "how on earth did I make it over to this side?" Oh well, here goes – I lept as high as I could and came down with my left leg on target and my right shoe jammed snugly between those two boulders!

Error #4: Don't ever think you can do what the guy in front of you just did. I wiggle my right foot to see how bad it was, hmmm, won't even budge. This is silly –wiggle-wiggle- I yelled for them to wait up, then remembered sound doesn't really travel far with snow around - Ugh, I reached down, took the right shoe off and rolled over the gap, grasped it by the bindings and pulled as hard as I could, ah-free! Sat down in the snow and put it back on. I think, "that's one way of practicing putting them on and off" as I headed down the trail in a combination of running, falling and rolling, ah, the packed road! Ouch! Those ice balls really do hurt!

### Lesson #2

Well, after a few days of practicing on my local golf course, I figure I'm up for another go at Haystack. Lombard's taking some time off and is game to do it again. So, once again, we head on out to Vermont. We have a go on the same route and this time with the bindings a little looser and the snow a bit more packed it's actually a pleasure cruising on up the trail. No water, no ice balls and a broken trail! That's the ticket! We make it comfortably to the top, I pick a new spot to leap over and all is well! Success! As I comfortably cruise back down the trail – only falling down 5 or 6 times – I hit the road and decided to break out some speed

Error #5: Never run full tilt down an icy downhill, there's really no way to brake other than just bailing out and falling, hard on the ice.

## HAYSTACK 101

### Lesson #3

After a bit more trudging around on my own at the gold course, I'm feeling pretty comfortable on my shoes. With a huge dumping of fresh snow and a friend visiting I call up a fellow Net'r to organize another funrun up Haystack. We meet up at the usual place and head on up the snowmobile trail. This time at the fork it's just too tempting and we go straight out on the ridgeline and break new trail. I follow the guys and quickly realize when your legs are the shortest in the group, you're always breaking new trail,

Error #6: Never assume you can comfortably do what 6' tall men can do. Huff, puff as I lift my legs up and down in mid-thigh deep powder.

Error #7: Never assume "running" snow shoes help you "float" all that much, hmmm, there's a lot I need to learn of snowshoes, as I'm thrilled with how great it feels to be back on broken trail. I'm thinking it's time to sign up for one of them there "races." Since that'll be on broken trail for sure . . .

*Missy*

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## TOP TEN FEARS / QUESTIONS AT YOUR FIRST SNOWSHOE RACE

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10. Do you need to be able to drive on ice to get there?
9. Hmmm, all the leaves are down – where can I pee?
8. Where on earth do you put your number with all these layers?
7. Water at aid stations – won't it all be frozen?
6. Do I have to wear a unitard like the Dion? I don't think I can!
5. Who has the right of way? Snowshoers or Snowmobilers?
4. Geez, I hope I can still walk the hills.
3. It's like a luge run – how can you pass anyone?
2. Wait, will I actually have to pass someone?
1. Someone's gonna step on my shoes for sure. Ugh, there goes the gun!

*Missy*

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## HUGS, HANDSHAKES & CHEER

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Look how the snow is melting fast.. the season has changed!

I noticed it just a week before the equinox on an early morning run before work. It was sharply cold and bright as the hot yellow sun rose over the low mountain range. The evaporating snow fields made the air thick with haze, blinding me as I jogged over the icy road. "Water bright as the sky from which it came", I thought, spring maiden is here. I always get a little sad in the spring and I don't really know why...

So glad now that I went snowshoeing last Saturday on the North Nipmuck Trail. One more snowshoe before the melt. I got there about an hour or more late but got to see everyone as they made their way back, each doing their own distance. Hugs, handshakes and cheerfull greetings from all. Konrad, Ed and puppy, Debbie, Ken, Gary, Miss and finally back at the car, Karl and Skyrocket. It was a very nice day.

*Slug*



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## "BARNYARD AWARDS" 2001 SNOWSHOE SERIES

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**The DRAGON Award:** Overall Male Champion for the 2001 season is Leigh Schmitt. Leigh totaled 443 points out of a "best" possible 448, and set a new course record at Winterfest. He is also course record holder at our two original events, the South Pond and Hawley Kiln.

**The LAUREL Award:** Overall Female Champion is Carol "Kaniac" Kane. Carol rolled through the series in solid position, coming in 2<sup>nd</sup> at each of the six events and is currently the 50+ age group course record holder at all six of our events.

**Men's Snowshoer of the year:** Dave Dunham won all 5 of the WMAC events he participated at, and holds the course record at Glen, Frostfare and Moody. Dave also ventured to the Global Snowshoe Challenge and easily defeated the competition, including sponsored athletes, to take the Eastern Championship. Topping off a tremendous season, he also managed to fit in directing and winning a snowshoe race at Windblown.

**Honorable mention:** Two time champion ('99 & '00) Ken Clark finishes with the most points in the series, 486 out of a possible 498. Ken finishes 3<sup>rd</sup> on four occasions and 2<sup>nd</sup> twice. It would be hard to find anyone who enjoys the sport more than Kenny. Bob Dion wins his age bracket at 5 out of 6 events, and finishes 2<sup>nd</sup> in total points while setting course records all over the series. Rumor has it, Bob begins designing his own brand of snowshoes this summer!

**Women's Snowshoer of the year:** Carol Kane had just a wonderful season, improving slightly from race to race despite starting out at such a high performance level. Adding in all the beautiful articles she writes for our enjoyment, and the positive vibe she brings to the events, this was an easy decision for us. Thanks Carol!

**Honorable mention:** Beth Herder won the South Pond Shuffle for the 3<sup>rd</sup> season in a row, right on the verge of the top ten over all. She also captured the Glen race for the 2<sup>nd</sup> consecutive season. Tracey Van Dyke won the two Saratoga events in speedy fashion, cementing her in those events history. Darlene McCarthy energized as the season wore on, winning the Moody 15Km and finishing 2<sup>nd</sup> overall to Carol for the ladies title.

**Men's Co-Rookies of the year:** We have to go two deep this season, cause two guys really set themselves apart. First, Robert Molnar came all the way via Hungary to entertain us mightily, especially at the Glen, where it looked as though he was shot out from a canon to lead the race for a bit. Robert was pretty solid throughout the season, with one 3<sup>rd</sup>, two 4<sup>th</sup>'s and a 5<sup>th</sup> place finish to his credit. Secondly, Tom "Skyrocket" Skrocki also had a monster year for a rookie, finishing 5<sup>th</sup> for overall points in the series. Tom helped out magnificently at the Moody Springs event, placing the ribbons up and taking them down the following day.

**Women's Rookie of the year:** Debbie Briggs made it to the WMAC Snowshoe Series and won the 40+ division with solid performances at four events. She also participated at Blue Mountain and Garnet Hill, and directs her own snowshoe race. Great job Debbie, congratulations!

**Honor mentions, Rookie/ Male:** Kelly Herrington had a wonderful year on snowshoes, competing at 5 of 6 events and bringing along friends and family to many of them. Seth Roberts has been trying to make our events for a while, and succeeded this season. He finished strong, top 20 overall, at 3 events. Thanks Seth, for bringing your joy and appreciation to us. The Katapski Brothers, Gene and Pete, came all the way from PA to 2 events, and were very solid. Ron Moon added another tough competitor to the 60+ division, and won his age group title at Frostfare. Finally, Jason Reed and Ken Deary did great and have bright futures.

**Honor mentions, Rookie/ Female:** Barbara Sorrell rolled along the snow at 3 events, and we believe she would have really made some noise at the longer ones. A trio of the Saratoga crowd had beautiful first snowshoe seasons with us: Gwen Williams, Heather Mason and Elaine Lutzker took age group titles at the two middle events. Elaine participated last year too, but she was in a new age bracket this season. Missy Heeb is a really fun

person and compliments the series with her personality and running talent. She also has been know to write some fine poetry, hopefully she will continue to share. Finally, a second trio of young ladies brought steady determination to our series over much of the season. Maureen Roberts, Michelle Filiault and Martha Hojnowski all performed wonderfully over all sorts of terrain. Thanks for allowing us to enjoy the new faces and positive attitudes you bring to each event.

**Performance of the year, Men:** Winning five events is fairly amazing. Finishing in front of strong snowshoes like Leigh, Ken, Dave and Bob week after week make it more amazing. There is no room for a let down by any of the top racers, or the others will chop you up, everyone is hungry at the top of the WMAC Snowshoe Series. While Dave Dunham had outstanding performances at each of the five he entered and won, we believe that Hawley Kiln Klassic was the most amazing race performance this season. The conditions were fairly tough, with all sorts of new snow to struggle through and howling winds to blow a guy backward. Dave won the event by over four minutes and was much closer to the course record than anyone thought he would be. Outstanding race, and season, Dave.

**Performance of the year, Women:** The most outstanding performance by a woman during the 2001 season was Beth Herder's duel domination of her 3<sup>rd</sup> consecutive South Pond Shuffle victory and her 2<sup>nd</sup> consecutive Greylock Glen win (8<sup>th</sup> place overall!!) in January. Beth wasn't even at her top level, which is the scary part. Fantastic consistent racing Beth!

**The K2 Awards:** The most improved snowshoer's are Claudine Preite and Lori Christina for the ladies, and Mark "Slugrunner" Syrett for the men. Claudine improved wonderfully from race to race and ended the season with a 2<sup>nd</sup> overall and 1<sup>st</sup> woman placement at the Moody Spring 6 miler. Lori made huge strides in performance from last season, and deserves mention of this improvement. The Slugrunner is still enjoying the snow like no other, but he has also made himself a racer this year too.

**Race of the year:** The 2<sup>nd</sup> installment of the Greylock Glen 5km was just fantastic. The snow was beautifully layered adorning the area, the temperatures were bearable, and the alternating views of Greylock from around the course was the single most memorable sight of the entire series. Great race, and great job Paul and Judy Hartwig! To top it off, there were no less than four sprints to the finish to add to the excitement.

**The WORSHAM Award:** In honor of Erin Worsham, yearly awarded to the directionally challenged. Following in wife Rhonda's double loop at South Pond footsteps, Mark Dearing wins this easily for starting an additional loop with a half mile to go at the Kiln. He ended up tacking on an extra 3.5 miles. Living on Cape Cod, Mark said he just wanted to get in as much snowshoeing as he possibly could at Hawley.

**HANNON Award:** Given to the top snowshoe article of the year, named after NER's *Trail Troll* Dave Hannon. Well, we started giving this out to multiple personalities, I mean writers, last year, so we will continue - the Old Goat and the Big Man, for "Snowshoe Course Difficulty" and "Left Behind". Great articles! Bob, Carol and Laura - these results flyers wouldn't fly without the three of you again, too. Thanks!

**BEVERLY Award:** Awarded to the top snowshoer over age of 60, in honor of two time champion at South Pond Leon Beverly. Jack Quinn and Ron Moon split the award this season. Each won a divisional title and exhibit the joy of snowshoeing we find refreshing. Thanks fellows!

**Volunteer of the year:** Curly Voll pretty much has this award locked up tighter than a crab's ass, and that's waterproof. He is there for the WMAC, whenever help is needed. Thank you Curly. Runner up is Jeff Clark, who is so dependable sometimes we don't notice... Thanks.

**Comeback of year:** Meg Dunne is back and improving her pace from week to week all winter. She missed all last season to ankle surgery and it appears as though Meg is going to be setting some PR's this season on the trail circuit!

WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES  
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**THANK YOU ALL FOR PARTICIPATING AND SUPPORTING THE SNOWSHOE SERIES!!**

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**AN UNLIKELY COURSE RECORD HOLDER -**

The only other race I've ever won overall was the 4.8 mile Lake Wyola road race in 1979, where I soundly defeated 28 men, women and little children. I managed to do this by telling none of my running friends about the race beforehand. With this victory I also became the course record holder (it was the first running of the race). My record lasted slightly longer than one year, like 27 minutes longer. Interestingly, Ken Clark won that race this year, with a slightly slower time than I had. The course must have lengthened with time (Fun Facts For Kids- did you know that both your nose and your feet keep growing as you age? I use to be an 8 1/2 shoe- now I'm a 10 1/2. My feet put on a growth spurt a few years ago rendering several hundred dollars worth of running shoes useless). In any case, keeping with trail running tradition, where people's times are often included in results when they have started late, or early, or even in one case that I know of, two weeks before, I can say I came in ahead of Ken Clark in this year's Lake Wyola Road Race, by 21 years and 13 seconds.

I decided to run the short Moody Spring course (6 miles) because of the state of my fitness: the 7 mile Hawley race had been no Symphony of Joy for me. There were plenty of runners in the short Hawley, and I figured there would be even more in the short Moody because of the length of the long Moody (9 miles). I just planned to run hard, have fun at the last race of the season, learn some new trails and enjoy the deep snow. The two races start at the same time and share the first and last three miles. After around four miles at my usual shuffle pace, walking the bigger hills, feeling OK, I started the long climb out of the ravine up from the brook by the shelter. Nearing the top of the ravine I passed a couple of people and was shocked to realize that the trail ahead was covered with an inch of undisturbed powder - I was ahead of everyone. And at my age. This gave me a jolt of energy for sure. Could I actually win this thing? I know there were faster runners in the race - where were they? Anyone who has raced understands what Satchel Paige meant when he said "Don't look back -

**- UNDISTURBED POWDER ON THE TRAIL**

something might be gaining on you." Also, I knew the fast long-courers could be along soon. Would I be embarrassed, to be passed by them? (Nope). With about 3/4 mile to go on a stretch of single track I heard a polite but meaningful cough behind me so I stepped aside to let Dave Dunham by. I decided to let him go - his weekly mileage is six times mine and I'm sure he needs encouragement. He would finish his 9 miles four minutes faster than I would my six. He wasn't even breathing hard when he said "Howdy". He went down that chopped up track like it was a sidewalk.

So I rolled down to the finish and again became an unlikely course record holder (this was the first running of the race). Maybe there will be no snow next year and my record will last for two years, a sort of personal record reward, if you will. But as you know, just participating in races is it's own reward. Like Woody Allen said, "Ninety percent of life is just showing up", but watch out - all of a sudden there may be undisturbed powder on the trail ahead. Actually I would prefer the snow. Go global warming! Tons of thanks to Ed and the volunteers for making it all possible. I'm going to volunteer one day myself - I really am.

Speaking of Satchel Paige, he also said "Never run unless you absolutely have to". Well the hell with that. On second thought, I absolutely have to run. Bye

*Ken Fairman  
Course Record Holder  
Moody Spring 10km Snowshoe Race*

Thanks everyone, it has been a fantastic year. Hope to see the lot of you next season, and bring along some friends!!

*Ed*