

W.M.A.C. SNOSHU-NEWS

"Our Friend" ANDY KEEFE... July 10, 1930 to March 8, 2013

This article titled "An Eighty Year Old's Perspective on Nationals" was originally printed in SnoNews 8.7, in 2010. Laura Clark informed us that our friend Andy Keefe passed away on March 8th, 2013. Let this account by Andy serve as a reminder for us.

Highland Forest Park in Fabius, NY, a few miles SW of Syracuse, was apparently a perfect venue for The 10th USSSA National Snowshoe Championships. The facilities included Skyline Lodge, a XC ski lodge large enough to allow the 381 racers and their support groups to register, renew acquaintances, and generally enjoy the weekend which was blessed with 40 degree sunny weather and lots of snow. LOTS of snow! There was a solid base of about 1 foot of old, hard packed snow, with a more recent covering of 1 ½ to 2 ft of wet, slippery, unstable loose snow. Saturday held the championship races followed by a 5k citizen's race. Awards ceremony followed the races with a very unusual podium built of packed frozen snow.

The 5k and 10k courses were the same for the 1st and the last miles. The start area was uphill for about a half mile or more and after two previous starts the men's 10k was almost unbelievable. The course was post holed, rutted, loose wet snow that moved sideways with each step so that 132 runners were in a tight packed group, stumbling, pushing, cursing, falling and trying to keep clear when it was impossible to run in a straight line. There actually was a "rooster tail" of snow. Thankfully about 5 minutes into the race we hit a road where it was possible to get some traction.

The course quickly got tough again as we entered a very narrow single track with 2 ft sides, a loose, fluid bottom and twists and turns that gave the impression that the lead runners were coming right at you a few times. This was a killer for me and many others. My legs were so tired negotiating the tight turns that they were actually getting numb. Having trained extensively for this race doing 7 to 8 mile runs on groomed, hard packed trails with a few inches of snow and ice, this soft, moving, and deep surface was devastating.

As the course crossed or went parallel to the perimeter road, there was a bus that took spectators to various points where the race went by. My own pit crew (my daughter Patricia) was there at 4 different spots to give me water and encouragement. It was also a chance for several men to decide they had had enough and drop out.

After the single track came some beautiful woods trail, with two downed trees across it – one to go over and another to go under. By this time I was like Jackson Browne, *Running on empty*. Another single track appeared, but this one had a hard packed bottom and was less daunting than the first. At one point it came close enough to the finish line that I could hear the announcement as runners crossed the finish line. I thought I must be getting done and livened up. Then the trail turned and the voices were no longer heard. Many minutes and few kilometers later I heard them again and then started down the longest, steepest hill I had ever seen. There was absolutely no

footing in the moving wet slop and I skidded, stumbled and wished my way down, falling only a few times. At the bottom I turned left and looked up the longest, steepest hill I had ever seen. And now I had to climb it. It required lifting the knees to the chest to step up the steep slope. And still the back slip in the loose mess. At the finish line I was finished and did a face plant. I bounced up unaided and felt the deep euphoria of having just finished by far the most difficult, grueling race that I had ever run.

Then the awards were presented on the ice and snow podium. The U.S. men, women and juniors were named being the first 5 finishers in each category, then the first three finishers who received the gold, silver and bronze medals, then the age category gold silver and bronze. Finally Mark Elmore called Rich Busa and me for our category. It seems like sometimes it's harder to get to the start line than it is to continue to the finish line. For those who grumbled about someone getting a medal with such a poor time, I hope they write down that time and then come back in 45 or 50 years and beat it.

Andy Keefe / 2010

From Laura Clark: "...Andy Keefe, the Saratoga Stryders version of Rich Busa, passed away Friday, March 8. He did many of our snowshoe races, as well as Nationals and often traveled with Paul Smith's to Canadian snowshoe events. His favorite race was I Love Woodford. He, his wife Peggy and daughter Patricia were our expert caterers for Winterfest and Camp Saratoga Snowshoe Races. We last saw him at this year's Winterfest. He will be missed."



MOORE STATE PARK 3.5 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

February 16, 2013

Moore State Park

Paxton, Massachusetts

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
01.	Steve Dowsett	25	27:12	100.00
02.	Dave Dunham	48	27:48	97.30
03.	Ken Clark	50	32:16	94.59
04.	Peter Malinowski	58	33:39	91.89
05.	Anthony Tievli	39	33:55	89.19
06.	Mike Roberts	38	34:31	86.49
07.	Eric Bailey	38	34:55	83.78
08.	Kevin Maier	29	35:14	81.08
09.	Jim Grady	51	36:10	78.38
10.	Joe Hamm	55	36:45	75.68
11.	Lori Muhr	47	36:48	72.97
12.	Alison Cleary	28	37:17	70.27
13.	Kevin Longo	38	37:53	67.57
14.	Bill Morse	61	38:16	64.86
15.	Phil Bricker	59	38:38	62.16
16.	Rider Muhr	12	39:17	59.46
17.	Jeff Hattem	61	39:56	56.76
18.	Timothy Kasulinous	37	41:11	54.05
19.	Melissa Bailey	32	42:49	51.35
20.	Whitney Marshall	25	42:49	48.65
21.	Naomi Tetherly	37	43:09	45.95
22.	Karl Molitoris	57	44:33	43.24
23.	Bob Kolb	51	46:06	40.54
24.	Elizabeth Goldrosen	47	46:47	37.84
25.	Patricia Kasulinous	37	46:59	35.14
26.	Denise Dion	54	47:20	32.43
27.	Laurel Shortell	46	48:33	29.73
28.	Bob Massaro	69	50:32	27.03
29.	Laura Kidman	44	52:08	24.32
30.	Mark Akeson	42	52:53	21.62
31.	John Goldrosen	62	53:21	18.92
32.	Wendy Akeson	44	53:22	16.22
33.	Richard Busa	83	58:05	13.51
34.	Krista Schepanovsky	45	1:00:08	10.81
35.	Jamie Howard	47	1:02:01	8.11
36.	Konrad Karolczuk	60	1:02:02	5.41
37.	Bob Dion	57	DNF	2.70

Photos courtesy of Dave Dunham



BIG YELLOW TAXI

You're probably asking, now what does the title of a Joni Mitchell song have to do with snowshoeing? Not much really but I'll touch on that later.

After 40 years of visiting and 20 years as a non resident property owner, Terry and I moved to New Hampshire last summer to become full time residents in the Mt. Washington Valley (MWV). Back in mid February we traveled down to WMass for our annual family tradition of attending the Banff Mt. Film Tour in Lenox and to visit with our daughter who lives in the Berkshires. Checking the WMAC/Dion snowshoe race schedule I decided to enter the Moody Springs race in Hallockville on Sunday.

I had run this race twice before. Once when it was shortened/changed due to lack of snow (2006) and once in semi deep powder conditions (2011). This time it would be the "regular" course and firmer snow conditions.

I arrived at the venue early enough to catch up; however briefly, with folks I know who make these events more than just a race. The one disappointment was that the fireplace in the AmeriCorp building was not burning due to safety issues. It was a bit cold in the pavilion but Ed's usual smile and cheery greeting added the needed warmth to the morning.



Before the race, Tim Mahoney, Tim Van Orden, and myself headed out on the course for a warm-up. It was a good thing because I had forgotten how long of a hill we'd be coming back up to the finish. A quick change to a dry shirt and it was over to the start to join the other 53 lovers of all things snowshoeing.

After a few directions from Ed we were off and running. The Tim's were out front and gone in no time. I was in the "chase" (like we'd ever catch them) group. As we were turning right onto the first section of single track I was with Ken Clark and told him to go ahead. We ran together through the woods, across the brook, and up the hill. We exited the single track for a short bit onto snow machine trail then turned left back into the woods and more single track. Ken put a gap on me there that only got bigger once we were back on the road to the finish. I crossed the line a minute behind him pretty spent from the effort. Handshakes, high fives, and gasping smiles at the line; gotta love the vibe at these races.

So now it was back to the pavilion for a few snacks and a bit more catching up before the five-hour ride up to Conway. It's also time now to get back to the title of this piece.

Living in a mountain town is great, never a shortage of things to do outdoors. You can pick from any number of activities in each season. One of the biggest surprises I had was the lack of interest in trail and snowshoe running. I knew mountain biking and Nordic skiing were big up here but seriously, you've got 750,000 acres of National Forest in your back yard. There is a small group, and I do mean small, that I've met who do spend their running hours off the roads but that group shrinks as winter approaches and the trails "close" (become snow covered), as I've heard it referred to. Snowshoe running/racing isn't even on the radar.

Back in WMass it was nothing to get a half dozen folks together for an impromptu run on Seven Sisters or thanks to WMAC, find a snowshoe race most weekends once the first snow fell.



On that weekend visit to what I now know is the New England if not national mecca of snowshoe racing, I was running in PSF and as I was about to descend the Turner Trail I found these lyrics from Joni Mitchell's song playing in my head:

"...you don't know what you've got Till it's gone..."

Enjoy.

Paul Bazanchuk

MOODY SPRING 5.7 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

February 17, 2013 Dubuque State Forest Hawley, Massachusetts

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
01.	Tim Mahoney	33	0:50:23	100.00
02.	Tim Van Orden	44	0:50:24	98.15
03.	Ken Clark	50	0:53:49	96.30
04.	Paul Bazanchuk	58	0:54:59	94.44
05.	Robert Mccarthy	45	0:56:01	92.59
06.	Alan Bates	64	0:57:12	90.74
07.	Jim Devine	52	0:59:40	88.89
08.	Ned James	58	0:59:55	87.04
09.	Wayne Stocker	58	1:00:53	85.19
10.	Ted Cowles	54	1:01:47	83.33
11.	Pete Katapski	53	1:02:30	81.48
12.	Dawn Roberts	41	1:03:10	79.63
13.	Kelsey Allen	29	1:03:54	77.78
14.	Dylan Quinn	15	1:04:48	75.93
15.	Jeff Clark	55	1:05:21	74.07
16.	Jan Rancatti	52	1:06:46	72.22
17.	David Sutherland	50	1:07:38	70.37
18.	Mike Lahey	61	1:08:01	68.52
19.	Theresa Apple	52	1:10:35	66.67
20.	Steve Roulier	49	1:11:53	64.81
21.	Nick Jubok	57	1:13:02	62.96
22.	Rich Godin	57	1:13:43	61.11
23.	Hector Morera	45	1:13:56	59.26
24.	David Gubala	51	1:14:07	57.41
25.	David Cameron	42	1:15:45	55.56
26.	Ginny Patsun	44	1:15:50	53.70
27.	Fred Pilon	67	1:16:58	51.85
28.	Bob Worsham	67	1:17:27	50.00
29.	Bruce Shenker	60	1:18:27	48.15
30.	Laura Fusari	32	1:19:47	46.30
31.	Steve Murphy	48	1:19:49	44.44
32.	Ed Alibozek, Jr	73	1:20:11	42.59
33.	Brian Carvalho	35	1:20:25	40.74
34.	Col Vankerckvoorde	52	1:21:20	38.89
35.	Laura Clark	65	1:21:50	37.04
36.	Stan Serafin	59	1:22:10	35.19
37.	Jen Kuzmich	54	1:23:23	33.33
38.	Laurel Shortell	46	1:24:08	31.48
39.	Wally Lempart	67	1:25:49	29.63
40.	Martin Glendon	66	1:26:06	27.78
41.	Peter Finley	51	1:26:08	25.93
42.	Jen Ferriss	41	1:26:11	24.07
43.	Jan Allardt	50	1:26:47	22.22
44.	Jim Carlson	65	1:26:56	20.37
45.	Steve Mitchell	71	1:27:13	18.52
46.	Jim Sheehan	60	1:29:46	16.67
47.	Karl Schipul	35	1:38:29	14.81
48.	Jamie Howard	47	1:43:04	12.96
49.	Konrad Karolczuk	60	1:45:54	11.11
50.	Cathy Sheehan	52	1:48:19	9.26
51.	Jenika Conboy	40	1:54:47	7.41
52.	Jeff Clark	66	2:05:00	5.56
53.	Art Gulliver	74	2:06:00	3.70
54.	Edward Alibozek	50	2:15:30	1.85

Old Farmer Ed leading a pack just prior to missing the turn!



Photo by Bob Birkby - www.berkshiresports.org

I really appreciate all the help today, from everyone who pitched in. I also really appreciate all of you who keep participating at these events. It makes it fun to organize, as you are a really awesome group.

As I went back onto the course to clean up the markers late this afternoon, I realized how relaxing it is to take all the ribbons and arrows down. Just out there with my dog Tippi, quiet for the most part. It took four trips around that loop to get the track set right and all the flagging up, from Thursday to this morning. Taking it down only lasted about two-hours!

I was pleased to see my little pine/hemlock-branch bridge made it through the day! That has become a tradition for this course.

One really neat thing I want to point out, is the blue blazes along the last 1.3 miles of single-track, from Moody Spring back to Hallockville Road. I painted those in the fall of 1999 with my old dog Dusty. The blazes still show up, which is a really nice reminder of my old dog.

I hope some of you noticed or learned where Moody Spring is (you passed within a few feet of it, and it was running (I drank, did you?)).

If anyone is really interested in Hawley/Dubuque, Bob Worsham loves that forest as much as anyone, and I am sure he would be glad to talk about it! Email me and I'll get you in touch with the Wusham.

Farmer Ed
edtrnews@yahoo.com

MOODY AT MOODY

Just when you think you get the routine down, along comes Moody to show that you don't know as much as you think you did. Jeff and I thought we were prepared for Moody's notoriously icy parking lot incline, a worthy rival to Woodford's tire-spinning slope. Annie had straightened her studs, thrown on an impressive coat of road grime to demonstrate her tough attitude and tucked shovel, rope and kitty litter handily in her trunk. We were ready!

We turned confidently into the snow-flanked AmeriCorps entrance to discover: dirt and gravel. Annie's outdoor temperature gage registered 10 degrees and if she knew how to factor in wind chill, it would have read considerably below zero, at a discomfort level we who were about to race were better off not knowing. Apparently, spring had emerged briefly on the road but had little effect on the stockpiled woodland snow. Normally accustomed to getting in our prerace warm up rescuing floundering vehicles, we were at a loss as to how to spend all that extra time. At least until we stepped outside our heated cruiser and realized we needed to pile on more layers.

Despite the fact that we were well into our ninth week of snowshoeing, it was difficult to recognize the same folks we had raced with week after week. For the third time since 1998, I wore my red Stone Cat lined jacket with the hood up, over my hat and earmuffs. Jen Ferriss donned a new hooded blue windbreaker for the occasion. Fortunately, Peter Finley and Jim Carlson were at least recognizable in their standard orange wool hunting caps. Jen Kuzmich willingly embraced the Target concept, delighted that wearing the vest would add an extra layer of warmth.

Others seemed to have difficulty even with standard gear. My Jeff, for example, decided it was a good idea to put on his shoes, attached to his snowshoes, while still enjoying Annie's warmth. He was in the cramped driver position, battling with shoes, snowshoes and steering wheel. Jen and I watched, fascinated, as he twisted and turned octopus-style. Emerging victorious, he stepped outside, only to realize that he would now have to pussy foot down the rocky incline, wearing down his crampons each step of the way. Despite my having emailed doom and gloom weather predictions to all our Stryder team, Peter Finley arrived properly suited up except for the anklets he insisted on wearing. Go figure!

We lined up dutifully across the road, a motley crew huddling behind the Herder's spectator car, which also served as a heating device for the brave timers: Sweep, Beth and Farmer Ed. For once, the stem of the lollipop loop was not entirely worn away by the persistent snowmobilers and we were treated to a smooth ride rather than the normal jarring affair. I hung back a bit, having battled a nasty cold and persistent headache all week. I probably shouldn't have been racing and hence promised myself that once I caught up to Jeff, who had started early, that I would either hang with him or perhaps even turn around and call it a day.

But miraculously, my headache vanished and by the time I sighted Jeff I had just finished passing Farmer Ed, who promptly returned the favor as I stopped for a swig from Jeff's water bottle. We did this a lot until the Farmer finally pulled

ahead for good. I hope I can run like that when I am 73—but I can't even run like that now so I don't know why I even consider that as a possibility.



Pete Katapski, on his annual journey from PA!

And miracle of miracles, as I overtook Jen K, wearing the first Target, I discovered myself almost within reach of Target #2 worn by Brian Carvalho. I was surprised, figuring him for a fast runner, or at least faster than me. But then he pulled off the trail and appeared to be bending down in typical snowshoe dysfunction stance. On closer inspection, his footgear appeared in good shape, but his legs were another matter entirely. Apparently Brian had thought it would be a good idea to wear shorts on a -10 degree day. This worked out fine on the packed snowmobile section but rapidly deteriorated once he hit the single track with all its loose snow, forcing him to pause every few minutes to de-ice his lobster legs. So for a brief moment in time I had overtaken not one, but two Targets, at least until Brian's legs had a chance to recover on the return lollipop stick.

After crossing the finish, two things happened simultaneously. Farmer Ed and Stan Serafin requested that I write about them. So I am. Heading back, a few others joined the chorus. And this is a valid point. We are so spread out in these races that I tend to recount the adventures of my own group. And if you think about it, that's not always so exciting. Some days Jen Ferriss, Jim Carlson or Jen Kuzmich may finish ahead. Some days I do. We all have our own special troupes and it is rather nice to be able to gauge your performance on a route devoid of mile markers or year-to-year consistency, but I guess it can get rather boring. So next time you see me, tell me your story, or better yet, write it up yourself!

The second thing that happened was that my headache came back. Probably not because of the aforesaid incident but just because snowshoeing on great snow with great friends is a good remedy, if only temporarily, for whatever ails you.

laura clark

Visit www.berkshiresports.org for a complete set of photographs from this event as well as others!

MOODY SPRINGS SNOWSHOE 2013: A PLACE IN MY HEART

In November of 1999 I wrote my first story about Moody Springs for the WMAC Newsletter. At that time the race did not exist, and three of us had wheel-measured what turned out to be a nine-mile course in preparation for its first running on March 4th, 2000. The following is my story from that day of wheeling.

“WHEELING MOODY SPRINGS” (1999)

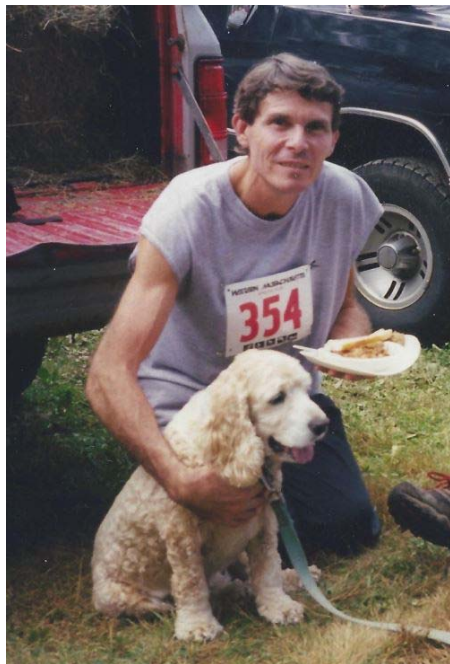
On Friday November 26th three little boys with the giggles ran away from home and went to Hawley-Dubuque State forest. The purpose was to play and wheel the Moody Springs snowshoe course for the race on March 4th 2000. Besides me, the other two little boys were Ed Alibozek and Karl Molitoris.

It was really fun. It had to be a hike because we were wheeling with a wheel that measured in feet. It had three digits, so as it turned it went back to zero every thousand feet. Now you may think, “So what?” The problem is that the thing turned over so fast that if you missed one, you would be off by a thousand feet. So as we walked we were constantly looking at the readout. You also might think it’s easy to remember how many thousands you’ve accumulated right? Wrong! It took three of us to keep track of the friggin’ readout. This made for some quite funny rhymes to remember the most recent thousand.

Ed and Karl operated the wheel most of the time. This left me free to make fun of them and to think about funny things to write about the rest of you based on things I heard them say. I was also able to sightsee along the trail since I am rarely walking in the woods as I did today.

With about a half a mile to go they let ME use the wheel. I fell behind because I am so compulsive about making a mistake with the measurement that I had to look at the stupid thing about every 50 feet. I decided that I would make a motion for the Western Mass Athletic Club to buy a wheel with seven digits on it. I can’t stand the anxiety of missing a whole thousand feet.

Oh, another reason we walked is that I didn’t want to re-injure any part of my leg by running too soon (like Wapack, Soapstone Assault, Breakneck, Monroe). Because of this we were able to bring Dusty, Ed’s great little dog who loves to hike but can’t run anymore. Ed was amazed that I let him bring his dog in my car. I didn’t think it was any big deal. I had a dog blanket in the back seat that I use for my own dog. Dusty had a great time with us.



He has one little quirk though; he likes to walk only behind Ed. If I passed Dusty on the trail while he was climbing a log, he would immediately be passing me within seconds to regain his position behind Ed. It made me feel like I was in a race. Maybe he just liked the smell of Ed’s feet.

When we started the hike it was misting. About two miles into an 8 mile walk it started raining. We ended up getting soaked to the bone, but I didn’t care. It was better than sitting home on my day off watching Ricki Lake. This hike did wonders to raise me out of my lack-of-running-doldrums by spending time in the woods laughing with the other little boys. I didn’t really do much; I just played. Afterwards my hands were so cold and wet, I could hardly change my socks. Dusty promptly curled up on the dog blanket and put his chin on Ed’s leg.

As I was lying in bed Friday night getting ready to fall asleep I started thinking about that course. The images that ran through my head were striking. It is such a beautiful area. The course takes you through different types of woods. There are oaks, birches, beeches, and maples, then there are hemlock and pine sections. There is dirt road to go fast and single track winding trail to plug away at. There are a couple of single track long downhills through the trees that will be great fun. It seemed like there were no hard uphill; in fact Ed designed this whole course to be downhill all the way. The funny thing is that it is a loop that returns to the starting point, so I don’t know how he did that.

One part of the course takes you along the bottom of a gorge with a stream to your right. This was beautiful now, and with snow and ice it will really be a sight to see. One of the uphill has a nice view of a little falls to the left. Moody Springs, after which the race is named, is quite small. It will not be a bubbling “hot springs” as you might imagine. It is a small pipe from which water flows from a hillside. You might miss it if you blink your eyes going by it. Or you could mistake it for a sewer piper coming from an outhouse up by the camping shelter.

Ed named the course after those springs. In my best needling voice, I told him that I bet a lot of people would miss the springs and say, “Where were the springs? I didn’t see any springs!” I decided that Ed should tell them that the springs consisted of that beautiful stream that gushed over and around the boulders through the middle of that gorge. That will impress them.

The predominant types of trees in this forest will make for a “green” run in the middle of winter. I like that kind forest. People will experience a real trip in this race. Everyone who snowshoes this course will appreciate the effort that Ed went to in order to find a beautiful place for us to spend a day. The parking lot seems ample (if it’s plowed), and remember that runners get a free breakfast at Tom McCrumm’s South Face Farm Sugar House after the race (real maple syrup). In fact Tom McCrumm and some mountain biking friends built part of the single track trail in this race. Hope to see you all at this event. I will be the one with syrup on my face.

Photo: Bob Worsham in younger days, with Ed's old spaniel Dusty (1986-2000).

WORSHAM'S MOODY CONTINUED

Nuggets -- During the hike I learned that the beautiful Miss Ellen (Mach) was one of Ed's teachers when he was in high school. I learned that a woman runner with a worried look on her face at Watery Hill was overheard saying, "Can a fart be lumpy?" I learned that Ed is working on a sequel for the newsletter that will be titled "Being Sue Johnston for a Day."

END OF 1999 STORY

PRESENT DAY, 2012 STORY

A lot has happened in the snowshoe series since the year 2000. There were only five races then. Now there are so many that some weekends have two races, and there is a New Hampshire series as well. Also, the Moody Springs course has changed over the years from the original nine-mile distance to the present 5.7 miles. The three miles of single-track in the present race was also in the original race. This year near the end of single-track trail we turned left and went right out to the open road for a little over a mile return to the finish. In the old race we turned right on trail, not going out to the road, and staying in single-track heading down a long gentle downhill to an eventual crossing of Basin Brook, then a long downhill along the brook on the "Basin Brook Trail." This was absolutely beautiful in the winter time running through a gorge with a boulder-strewn brook to your right and the boulders covered in snow and ice. We eventually climbed out of that gorge to the left on a long steep uphill back to open road for the return to the parking lot. I don't know how we did nine miles in the deep snow of Hawley.

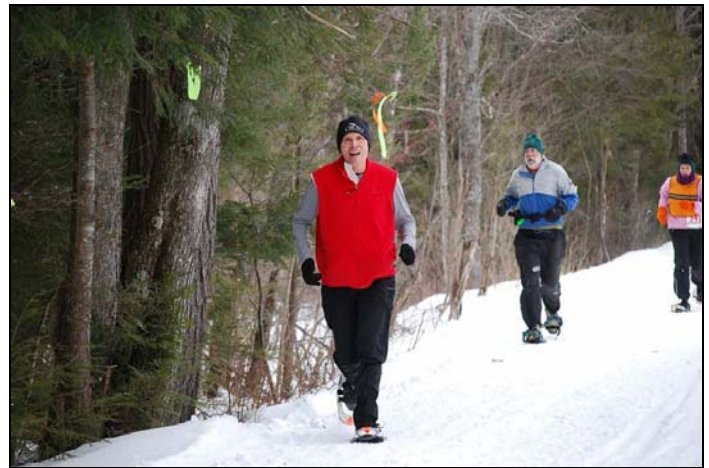
One of my favorite sections of the single-track trail in both races is where you cross a road then head across a short field past a camp shelter. A couple hundred yards past this camp shelter you hit a long curvy downhill section where you can jump out into space with each stride, slide a bit, then take your next plunge. I can't do that as fast as I used to, but it's still fun. At the bottom of this roller coaster ride we crossed the little stream where Farmer Ed had made a bridge of pine branches and snow. The steep uphill climb from that point is now curvy switchback; it used to be that we would go straight up that hill with no switchbacks at all. After reaching the top of this hill another 100 yards puts you at the Moody Spring. You didn't see it unless you knew it was there. It is a treasure in the middle of a deep forest for trail running because you can replenish your water supply several times without having to carry a backpack.

The race used to be staged from a parking lot on route 8A rather than from the enclosed AmeriCorps camp building next to Hallockville Pond. We seemed so much tougher then. Or maybe we were just younger.

Notes: Watery Hill used to be a 6-hour trail race run on a 3-mile loop in Plainfield, MA. Ellen Mach is the better half of Poncho & Ellen, long-time WMAcCers. I ended up buying a 5-digit wheel that measures 99,999 feet before it resets to zero. You can measure almost 20 miles until a reset. Sue Johnston is a fantastic ultra-runner that used to live in the area, but moved out west.

WorShamer

BIRK'S MOODY PHOTOS



Bob Worsham, still at it after all these years....



Jenika Conboy, participating at her 1st snowshoe race!



One of the originals, Art Gulliver, competing since 1998!

Visit www.berkshiresports.org for a complete set of photographs from this event as well as others!

3rd SOMEWHAT ANNUAL MOBY DICK 7.5-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

February 23, 2013

Greylock Visitor Center

Lanesborough, MA

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
01.	Ross Krause	33	1:14:50	100.00
02.	Tim Van Orden	44	1:20:22	98.18
03.	Rich Teal	35	1:21:35	96.36
04.	Ben Corwin	20	1:21:36	94.55
05.	Ken Clark	50	1:26:45	92.73
06.	Bryan Stapleton	23	1:30:10	90.91
07.	David Loutzenheiser	46	1:31:46	89.09
08.	Blair Robinson	21	1:33:55	87.27
09.	Jim Devine	52	1:33:55	85.45
10.	Ted Cowles	54	1:33:56	83.64
11.	Nick Tooker	33	1:35:44	81.82
12.	Wayne Stocker	58	1:37:08	80.00
13.	Peter Malinowski	58	1:40:20	78.18
14.	Jim Sullivan	34	1:41:10	76.36
15.	Brock Anello	34	1:42:20	74.55
16.	Jeff Clark	55	1:48:10	72.73
17.	David Sutherland	50	1:48:12	70.91
18.	George Daniels	51	1:49:41	69.09
19.	Mike Lahey	61	1:53:11	67.27
20.	Francis Bock	37	1:54:30	65.45
21.	Rich Godin	57	1:56:20	63.64
<u>22.</u>	<u>Sarah Dzikowicz</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>1:56:23</u>	<u>61.82</u>
<u>23.</u>	<u>Helen Coty-Curtis</u>	<u>44</u>	<u>1:56:37</u>	<u>60.00</u>
24.	Bob Worsham	69	1:59:50	58.18
25.	Phil Bricker	59	2:00:04	56.36
<u>26.</u>	<u>Laurel Shortell</u>	<u>46</u>	<u>2:03:58</u>	<u>54.55</u>
27.	Gary Hebert	48	2:04:03	52.73
28.	Jeff Hattem	61	2:06:33	50.91
29.	Laura Clark	65	2:06:37	49.09
30.	Joanne Lynch	47	2:06:40	47.27
31.	Cindy Scannell	55	2:08:39	45.45
32.	Jen Kuzmich	54	2:08:50	43.64
33.	Jess Dockendorff	31	2:09:39	41.82
<u>34.</u>	<u>Amanda Lowe</u>	<u>27</u>	<u>2:10:45</u>	<u>40.00</u>
35.	Joel Boucher	59	2:10:47	38.18
<u>36.</u>	<u>Ginny Patsun</u>	<u>44</u>	<u>2:11:02</u>	<u>36.36</u>
37.	Martin Glendon	66	2:11:03	34.55
38.	Col Vankerckvoorde	52	2:11:04	32.73
39.	Steve Mitchell	71	2:12:44	30.91
40.	Maureen Roberts	55	2:13:32	29.09
41.	Pat Rosier	55	2:15:06	27.27
42.	Stan Serafin	59	2:15:07	25.45
43.	Jen Ferriss	41	2:15:34	23.64
44.	Bob Massaro	69	2:21:26	21.82
45.	Ray Lee	70	2:22:00	20.00
46.	Julie Gardner	41	2:24:20	18.18
47.	Edward Alibozek	50	2:30:00	16.36
<u>48.</u>	<u>Barb Sorrell</u>	<u>55</u>	<u>2:35:40</u>	<u>14.55</u>
49.	Jamie Howard	47	2:39:59	12.73
50.	Rich Busa	83	2:49:00	10.91
51.	Konrad Karolczuk	60	2:51:50	9.09
52.	Greg Taylor	66	3:01:42	7.27
53.	Jeff Clark	66	3:10:00	5.45

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
<u>54.</u>	<u>Sweep Voll</u>	<u>52</u>	<u>3:11:00</u>	<u>3.64</u>
<u>55.</u>	<u>Beth Herder</u>	<u>54</u>	<u>3:11:01</u>	<u>1.82</u>
56.	Art Gulliver	74		1.00



Top: Ross Krause; Bottom: Wayne Stocker

MOBY DICK SNOWSHOE 2013: MATTHEW BRADLEY

Saturday morning's Moby Dick snowshoe race at the Mount Greylock State Reservation was the antepenultimate in this season's Western Massachusetts Athletic Club (WMAC)/Dion race series. Having never attended a snowshoe race, I did not know quite what to expect. I was a competitive cross-country runner in high school and was briefly a member of a college team before realizing that the competition took away from the running for me. The way in which I have discovered and taken to snowshoe trekking in my mid-30s is as absolutely non-competitive as most people can probably imagine. I was left wondering if perhaps snowshoe racing might split the difference.

Race registration was underway when I arrived at the just reopened and still under renovation Mount Greylock Visitor Center shortly before 0900. I met race director Ed Alibozek face-to-face for the first time at the registration table and he hooked me up with a pair of Dion snowshoes to strap on while covering the goings-on. Sweet!



I made my way out of the Visitor Center and across the parking lot towards the starting line. Judging by clothing and gear, there was a notable road runner and mountain biker presence amongst the participants. Along the way a first time snowshoe racer was heard to say, "Even more laid back than a traditional trail race! Who knew such a thing was possible!" His initial impression seemed pretty dead-on when the 56 registered racers were easily enticed into performing a pre-race Harlem Shake.

The atmosphere may have been laid back but the course was not. The participants found wet and increasingly deep "unpackable" snow as they gained 900 feet in just over three miles from the Visitor Center parking lot up to Rounds Rock before beginning their descent. Easthampton resident Ross Krause was the first male and overall finisher of the 7.3 mile course in a time of 1:14:50. Williams College student Blair Robinson was the first female and eighth overall finisher with a time of 1:33:55. First time snowshoe racer and long time trail runner Bryan Stapleton—who had made the drive to Berkshire Country from Providence, Rhode Island—characterized the race as "quite a bit more difficult than trail running" but certainly enjoyable. Eighty-three year old Marlborough, Massachusetts, resident Rich Busa described the course conditions as "really

hard." And with eight Vermont 100 Mile Endurance Run finishes under his belt he certainly has background for judgement!

But while times were recorded and series points were awarded, it was clear that competition was not the emphasis of the races in this series. Race director Ed Alibozek characterized the WMAC/Dion series as an opportunity for the athletically inclined to find enjoyment via time spent in the woods and interacting with a community of regular participants. "We think of the racers as links in a chain," Alibozek said. "The last is as important as the first."

Northampton resident Laurel Shortell typified this spirit. She said that "[t]oday, I just had fun!" and that it was "good just to see nice people" at the race, as always. In addition, she had achieved a personal milestone with the completion of her 150th consecutive scheduled WMAC/Dion event since taking up snowshoe racing twelve seasons ago.

Now in its eighteenth season, the WMAC/Dion series is the nation's longest running snowshoe racing series. Ed noted that when the size of the core group of regular participants in the series races began to near 100 individuals that additional snowshoe racing series began to appear in the Northeast. He viewed this not as a failure of the WMAC to continue to grow the series. Rather, he felt that it was difficult to maintain a face-to-face community at larger numbers of participants and that the creation of the additional series was a natural fissioning allowing for a sense of community to remain intact all around. Laurel echoed Ed's sentiment in regards to the importance of community, stating that she felt that a healthy sense of community was a far better metric for the health of the WMAC/Dion series than was number of individual participants. Ed went on to state that any hypothetical end of the racing series mattered less to him than a loss of the community which the series has and continues to foster.

The penultimate event of the season is scheduled for next Saturday with the Hawley Kiln Notch race in West Hawley, Massachusetts. The season is scheduled to wrap up on March 10th with the Mount Prospect race in Woodford, Vermont.

Here is a link to the race report at Snowshoe Magazine:

<http://www.snowshoemag.com/2013/02/24/race-report-the-2013-wmacdion-moby-dick/>

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LAURA CLARK'S "THROUGH THE MIST AT MOBY DICK"

Since it was first published in 1851 Herman Melville's classic *Moby Dick* has come to symbolize everyman's quest for something beyond day-to-day trivia, a reach outside the box towards a larger justification. And while it seems ridiculous to tagline such a quest onto a mere race, on February 23, 2013, the branding was entirely appropriate.

The Moby Dick Snowshoe race is based from the Lanesboro Visitor's Center on Mt. Greylock, the largest mountain in Massachusetts. The sheer girth of this mountain is so vast that there are entrances and trailheads shooting off from various surrounding towns. It is said that while sitting in his house in Pittsfield, Massachusetts Herman Melville gazed upward at Greylock's snow-covered profile and imagined the great white whale breaking the sea foam in the misty ocean swells. Hence, the name for this particular Western Mass Athletic Club/Dion Snowshoe Series 7.5 mile race.

Those of you who have snowshoed recognize that 7.5 miles is a long way to run up and down a mountain. A lot can happen. And as with any mountain race there were a many surprises along the way. Some of us were old hands; some were attempting their first snowshoe race. We won't go into questioning why anyone would pick such a challenging event for a first: it is all part of the quest mentality. Others had the usual time/distance race goals. One had more a complex cumulative goal. Those on the most telling quest weren't even there.

As we all know the most significant aspect of any trail event is the weather. This is even more so over an expansive space like Greylock, which lumbers through multiple ecosystems. Last year we braved below zero blizzard conditions and furious snow squalls which kept even our faithful greeter, the white lab Aspen, anchored closely to the Visitor's Center. This year was a balmy thirty degrees without a trace of the usual wind chill. So our main concern was not overdressing after enduring weeks of negative degrees. But once again, Lady Greylock foiled our expectations.

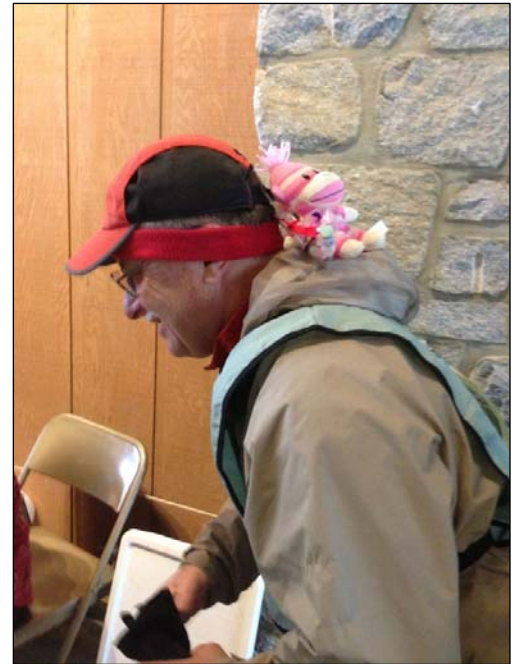
At the ¾ mile mark we turned off the snowmobile trail and Into the Woods. There we encountered foggy mist, a Greylock trademark. Those who figured going up meant getting colder despite the strenuous climb had properly guessed the clothes/energy ratio. Other, like Jess Dockendorff and her friend the Mystery Runner bib #375, pursuing their first snowshoe race, hit widely varying spokes on the pilot's helm. Mystery Runner, dressed in shorts, remained firmly optimistic and in fact finished in the top third. Jess, however, while dressed sensibly, neglected to carry any fuel, figuring she was fast enough to finish well beyond the depletion zone. She was not so fortunate in her lottery attempt. After summiting second woman overall, she gradually bonked on

the supposedly fun downhill. When I encountered her, she was weaving back and forth, grabbing trees for support. Not a good sign. Luckily I had some extra Cliff Shot Bloks to share and I knew Joanne Lynch just behind me had water. I knew this because she had previously shared some with me. Yes, I know, I should have carried but figured I could always eat snow.

We all regrouped at the Visitor's Center sopping wet and shivering--more so than on any of the minus degree days. Go figure. Must have been something about the Lady's misty aspect or her insistence on elevating even ordinary requests to extraordinary undertakings. The beauty of her frost-whiskered trees did not come without a price. While Jess was shivering on the verge of hypothermia, those treating her in their own wet clothing were not much better off. Dr. Maureen Roberts's lips slowly turned blue and she had to hurriedly change before she became the next victim. It is a definite asset to have a doctor on call and Dr. Maureen has served us well during several races this season.

Despite this close call, the lady also revealed a trickster sense of humor.

Jeff Clark, on his quest to complete his 100th snowshoe race before winter vanished, embarked wearing a monkey on his back. This was not a spur-of-the-moment goal or monkey, but one Jeff



and I revisited every night at the dinner table as we totaled past races, factored in snow probability and did all sorts of scary math equations. Originally, he had thought it would be special to celebrate with his half marathon at the Peak Snowshoe races in Pittsfield, Vermont, but in light of this winter's erratic weather patterns, decided to steer determinately towards the great white whale. And he was not disappointed. At registration Sweep Voll presented him with a sweet pink and white sock monkey affixed on his back, guaranteeing him safe passage.

THROUGH THE MIST (continued)

I swear Lady Greylock laughed, so hard in fact that she got into his mind. Jeff, who had started out early, envisioned Tim Van Orden passing him as he did his best Br'er Rabbit imitation falling into the brambles. The catch was that Jeff had no idea there was a briar patch on the course or that TiVo would be passing him at that exact second. But there was, and he did. Shocked to see his dream world become reality, Jeff pitched forward into the underbrush, eager wires entwining themselves around his snowshoes and anchoring him to the spot. Served him right for not initially targeting Moby.



This year Edward Alibozek, a history buff who likes to design trails with tales, changed the route slightly to circle Rounds Rock and come close to the remains of a 1948 plane wreck and the monument to the pilot who lost his life. The aviator was John Newcomb, a World War II Army Air Corps radioman who crashed his twin-engine Cessna while on a mail run to Albany, NY. Now here is the backstory. Recently, when one of our Saratoga Stryders members, Lisa Ippolito, was sorting through her deceased mother's belongings on the day before her funeral, she happened upon a packet of love letters and newspaper articles. They were from John Newcomb, her mother's fiancé. Completing the love story, her mother was to be buried the following day on John's birthday.

Immediately after the race, we texted Lisa to tell her we had located her mother's fiancé's memorial and now knew the exact route to get there! Apparently, Lisa and her sister had no idea of her mother's romance before she became Mrs. Ippolito. I would like to think that even when she realized she was dying of cancer she preferred to keep this part of her life private, leaving a legacy for Lisa and her sister Tina to explore further.

Lisa and her sister will make their own Moby Dick quest this spring, confronting an astute Lady who knows how to keep a secret and cherish the past.

2013 SEASON MILESTONES

MILESTONES FROM MOORE STATE PARK:

Finishes:

Bob Dion	120 Finishes
Jeff Hattem	50 Finishes

Points:

None to Report

MILESTONES FROM MOODY SPRING:

Finishes:

Konrad Karolczuk	130 Finishes
Jeff Clark (the elder)	80 Finishes
Jan Rancatti	40 Finishes

Points:

Mike Lahey passes 6,000 with 6,049.59 total.

MILESTONES FROM MOBY DICK:

Finishes:

Laurel Shortell	150 Finishes
Mike Lahey	90 Finishes
Greg Taylor	30 Finishes
Jeff Clark (the younger)	30 Finishes

Points:

None to Report

From Laura Clark's article, the following photo credits are as follows:

Jeff Clark 100th snowshoe race Photo by Jen Ferriss

Air Crash Monument Photo by Greg Taylor

SnoNews available from 1998 to the present at:

www.runwmac.com/snowshoes/wmac/SnoNews.htm