

W.M.A.C SNOSHU-NEWS

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21ST OPENING DAY AT GREENWOOD GALLOP

After last year's winter wonderland it is easy to forget that winter and snow aren't always natural playmates. Christmas came and went and I reassured myself with memories of past season's late starts. Remember the year that Jack Quinn's day-after-Christmas Woodford kept getting postponed until it finally appeared sometime in March? Or the second week in January when snow finally hit South Pond, giving the select few who braved the storm the infamous train plow run? Or Ed Alibozek's early January North Pond Race when he begged folks not to come because conditions were so marginal? I remember one year when snow didn't actually arrive until Curly's. So we are still ahead of the historical game with a mid-January start.

Incredibly, there were three races scheduled for January 17: Greenwood Gallop, Cock-a-Doodle-Do in Saranac and the Central Mass Striders event in Moore Park. Theresa Apple did an excellent job filling in for Ed and keeping us all informed of these options. In fact, perhaps too well as Jeff Clark clicked one of the links she provided and registered on line for Saranac instead of Greenwood which he actually ran. Difficult to be in two places at once! I, on the other hand, made out like a bandit as Tim Van Orden not only let other snowshoe race directors race for free but also took \$15 off admission to his March 12 NE Region Championship for anyone who showed up at Greenwood. But being a race director, I again got in for free! Hopefully, there will be a lot more RDs next year with this enticement.

Annie proudly chauffeured Jen Ferriss, Karen Provencher and I to Mt. Prospect as Karen, after last year's scary trip past Mt. Prospect on our way to Hoot /N Toot, refused to drive that

route without adequate snow tires. Annie, fully armored and studded, was a natural choice. I was getting all sorts of flack about leaving too early that morning, but even after enduring the ribbing, and despite the fact that Annie entered the parking lot just as Bob Dion was posting his race sign, she still failed to beat Laurel Shortell's Sam to the choicest spot.

Because of the underlying ice, Tim had shortened the route to two 2.5K loops of the relay course. Tim always surprises us with his innovations. Last year it was the array of colored flags keeping us on track for the over-under-around and through route. This year he did the same thing with a fleet of college party red plastic drinking cups. He swears this was because the flags were having a tough time penetrating the ice, but I think he was hoping someone would take the hint and buy him a beer. I remembered how tough one loop of the relay course was during Nationals and was wondering if I could hold out for two. While pretty much everyone except the winners hike at least part of the mountain, the relay doesn't allow for that luxury. There were ups that were not up enough to hike in good conscience, but to make up for it, two magical downhill segments fortuitously appeared without any seriously steep payback.

Before the start, I was a portrait of indecision, hovering between short and long cleats. While Bob said short cleats were better since the snow was not deep, Tim insisted that longer ones would fit the bill with their better grip. In the end, I decided to go with Tim as he designed the course, but until I got the hang of it, I felt as if I were running on stilts. Rebounding, I passed Laurel briefly on the downhill approaching the false finish but was not able to hold onto it,

21ST OPENING DAY AT GREENWOOD GALLOP (continued)

mirroring Annie’s second-place attempt in our own personal race-within-a race.

Afterwards, it was great to catch up with old friends, some of whom we see only during snowshoe season. While we were enjoying indoor facilities, basking in the warmth of the fireplace and sipping hot drinks, one cross-country skier overheard us and said she, too prefers less posh surroundings. We looked at her blankly, thinking of outdoor registrations, his and her snowbanks and in-car changing stations. I guess it’s all a matter of perspective.

Tim helped us make lemonade from lemons, or in this case, snow from ice and we were all relieved that the 21st season was finally

underway. Tim Catalano, author of *Running the Edge*, writes in *Running Times* that “We don’t have the power to change an experience—an experience is what it is. But we do have the power to change how we experience that experience. ...you can focus on all the good stuff, and it turns out to be a pretty amazing day. And the thing is, it’s the same damn day.”

By laura clark

GREENWOOD GALLOP MILESTONES

All-time WMAC finishes
London Niles – 50

Jennifer Ferriss - 40
Brian Northan - 40

By dave dunham

**21ST GREENWOOD GALLOP 5K
Jan 17th, Mt Prospect, Woodford VT**

Place	Name	Age	Time	Points
1	Tim Mahoney	36	23:36	100.00
2	Conner Devine	22	23:56	96.77
3	Carson Thurber	32	26:00	93.55
4	Josh Katzman	39	26:08	90.32
5	Brian Northan	40	26:59	87.10
5	Mike Owens	42	26:59	87.10
7	Sam Harding	17	27:39	80.65
8	Josh Dillingham	30	27:59	77.42
9	London Niles	18	29:53	74.19
10	Ben Kimball	44	30:39	70.97
11	Meghan Paugh	30	31:25	67.74
12	Jim Devine	55	31:25	64.52
13	Jeff Clark	58	31:38	61.29
14	Jess Northan	40	32:30	58.06
15	Bob Dion	60	32:56	54.84
16	Mary Scheerer		33:50	51.61
17	Jan Rancatti	55	34:04	48.39
18	Karen Provencher	61	34:05	45.16
19	Todd Howell	37	35:40	41.94
20	James Kavanagh	35	36:06	38.71
21	Jennifer Ferriss	44	36:28	35.48
22	Shari Hymes	53	37:01	32.26
23	Jennifer Gatz	44	38:28	29.03
24	Theresa Apple	54	38:43	25.81
25	Kathleen Furlani	67	39:52	22.58
26	Pat Rosier	57	40:50	19.35
27	Denise Dion	57	41:00	16.13
28	Laurel Shortell	49	41:24	12.90
29	Matthew Miczek	43	41:30	9.68
30	Laura Clark	68	42:09	6.45
31	Julie Kegresse	44	45:12	3.23



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With a Hoot and a Toot and a Whistle...

...we once more enthusiastically bounded off on the Hoosac/Wilmington narrow gauge rail trail delighted to be mounting Dions and not Yaks in this Year of El Nino, 2016. The more than adequate snow coverage was delightful but did make it appear as if we were running on a totally different trail than during a snow year. Somehow, there seemed to be fewer rollers, mostly because there was less accumulated snow. Passing on the narrow trail was no longer problematic as the surface area was much wider due to the lack of snowbanks. It was a good day for the speedsters; less so for those who rely on guts and leg strength.

The normally hair-raising car ride past the windmill mountains was tame, too, as the absence of layered ice produced a complacent, Ho-Hum trip. That was probably just as well for me as I left my house, eager to get to Kohl's and pick up the rest of my carpool, only to realize I had forgotten to pick up Jen Ferriss, just a mile past my house! I was not going to tell her, but embarrassingly she noticed Annie speeding by. Although due to my forgetfulness, Annie had not of prayer of beating Laurel Shortell's Sam into the parking lot, she did manage to secure the last available spot in prime school territory.

I thought we had plenty of time and was taken by surprise when Bob Dion issued a bus-boarding call. Turned out he was having the same kind of day I was as he thought his race began at the usual 10 and instead of 10:30. In my hurry to get ready, I forgot to secure my gators, which caused the excess material to flap against the snow, leading me to trip repeatedly as if I had been at the tail end of a marathon effort. Actually, this had never been a problem before so how should I have known? I spent frustrating minutes trying to get in the flow, but every time I succeeded I stumbled. The stress eventually proved too much for my front strap, as it scraped against the snow and loosened.

After I had fixed that, I thought I was home free. Until I fell. Hard. On my good knee. Luckily, Richard Godin was behind me

and scraped me up and surprisingly, everything seemed to work OK. Gentleman that he is, he stayed behind to make sure I could still function and then politely passed me.

Surprisingly, my knee felt fine the next day and I ran three hours. Monday, it was still fine and I was able to enter our inaugural Lunchtime Library Stair Climb workout. Which was a good thing as it was my idea.

The race seemed fairly long for a three mile effort, but then again I wasn't having my best day. Later on, though, and much to my relief, I learned that the course had reconfigured to something closer to 3.5 miles. The Saratoga Stryders carpooled a large contingent, with five of us winning railroad spikes. Jen Ferriss broke her bad luck record, probably handing it to me, and joyfully spiked. So too did Maureen Roberts, Michael DellaRocco and Karen Provencher. Steve Mitchell, at 74 years young, had the biggest success story, picking it up during the last mile of track and overtaking Laurel Shortell. Watch out for Steve as he is seriously training for Ironman Lake Placid and will be even tougher to beat as the season progresses. My 60 year age group has spiraled out of my league, with Karen Provencher and Kathleen Furlani leading the pack. I figure in two years, I will turn 70 and have a year to collect hardware before Kathleen catches up. Notably, and apropos of nothing, two of the spikers, Jen and Kathleen were wearing white. I am so jealous! I so much admire folks who can wear snow white without griming it after a hard effort.

...With a Hoot, a Toot and a Whistle, onward to more snowy white, and not just in clothing selection.

By laura clark



**HOOT, TOOT, & WHISTLE 5K
January 23, 2016 Readsboro VT**

Place	Name	Age	Time	Points
1	Tim Van Orden	47	22:52	100.00
2	Tim Mahoney	36	24:16	98.15
3	Joe Carter	26	25:26	96.30
3	Brian Northan	40	25:42	96.30
5	Mike Owens	42	27:06	92.59
6	Sam Harding	17	27:38	90.74
7	Ted Cowles	57	29:59	88.89
8	Josh Dillingham	30	30:51	87.04
9	Jess Northan	40	30:59	85.19
10	Jim Devine	55	31:11	83.33
11	Molly Frost	35	32:17	81.48
12	Tom Tift	58	32:22	79.63
13	Jeff Clark	58	32:23	77.78
14	James Kavanagh	35	33:33	75.93
15	Jan Rancatti	55	34:14	74.07
16	Karen Provencher	61	34:23	72.22
17	Kimberly Eckhardt	39	35:27	70.37
18	Greg Eckhardt	52	35:29	68.52
19	Mary H. Scheerer	57	35:30	66.67
20	Jen Ferriss	44	36:36	64.81
21	Kim Baker	54	36:43	62.96
22	Joann Lynch	50	37:00	61.11
23	Shari Hymes	53	38:24	59.26
24	Maureen Roberts	58	38:42	57.41
25	Theresa Apple	54	39:39	55.56
26	Sara Bonthuis	55	39:41	53.70
27	Kathleen Furlani	67	41:10	51.85
28	Denise Dion	57	41:47	50.00
29	Stephen Mitchell	74	41:49	48.15
30	Michael DellaRocco	64	41:56	46.30
31	Laurel Shortell	49	42:18	44.44
32	Jim Carlson	68	43:07	42.59
33	Pat Rosier	57	44:17	40.74
34	Gabriela Lucia Zasada	12	44:31	38.89
35	Bridget Spann	46	44:32	37.04
36	Richard Godin	60	45:28	35.19
37	Laura Clark	68	46:12	33.33
38	Dave Heyward	62	46:17	31.48
39	Steve Obermayer	54	48:02	29.63
40	Ric Villarreal	58	52:58	27.78

Place	Name	Age	Time	Points
41	Kathleen Tersigni	45	53:23	25.93
42	Julia Holmgren	12	54:02	24.07
43	Sepp Zammuto	9	54:36	22.22
44	Jules Seltzer	80	59:51	20.37
45	Shirley Iselin	72	1:00:08	18.52
46	Sophia Holmgren	10	1:05:35	16.67
47	Eric Holmgren	43	1:05:41	14.81
48	Richard Busa	86	1:06:35	12.96
49	Marty Glendon	69	1:06:38	11.11
50	Cherie Giddings	65	1:07:47	9.26
51	Tiger Waterman	69	1:07:49	7.41
52	Bill Glendon	69	1:08:16	5.56
53	Mia Holmgren	6	1:22:38	3.70
54	Janet Holmgren	47	1:22:39	1.85



Photo courtesy of Jim Carlson

HOOT TOOT & WHISTLE MILESTONES

All-time WMAC points

Maureen Roberts passed 2,000 points with 2,006.87

All-time WMAC finishes

Tim Mahoney - 50

By dave dunham

Curly's Goes North

Sunday Jan. 31st at Woodford State Park

A hearty thanks to all who attended and donated toward the Curly's Scholarship Fund. Back story to Curly's. Beth and Brad Herder started this race 16 years ago to honor Beth's dad, Curly who, as many of you know, is the picture in the dictionary under the definition of "amazing." Back in the day the Pittsfield State Forest was the site for high school ski races and Curly holds the record for fastest descent of the Shadow Trail. He did it in something like negative 96 seconds :)

In those days you couldn't choose your event. If you were on the ski team, you skied downhill and you jumped--ski jump still visible at the Lulu parking lot of PSF. This wasn't a sport for the fainthearted, as those of you who have run the Shadow or Ghost trails (or have tried the ski jump) in the earlier Curly's races can imagine. Curly was an athlete to the core, and raised his girls to be athletes as well, always encouraging them to do their best in all that they attempted. And they have. Beth, Bobbi, and Sweep are formidable athletes in their own right, and share their father's passion for the outdoors.



Putting on Curly's Snowshoe race has always been a challenge. Mother Nature continued to test the Voll family by being stingy with the snow, or being so generous with it that some years that the leaders are forced to work together taking turns breaking trail for the first 5.75 miles up the mountain, and then having a free for all sprint the last 1/4 mi. to the finish. Sadly, Curly passed on this past year, but the race continues to honor his memory now by funding a scholarship given to a deserving Pittsfield High School senior who has participated in the track or cross country running teams. Beth and Brad took a well deserved break from directing the race this year, and as the cross country coach at Pittsfield High School, and a longtime friend of the Volls I agreed to direct the race.

This year was no cake walk weather-wise either. Unable to locate any snow in the Pittsfield State Forest I was going to be forced to cancel, until Tim Van Orden called me Thursday afternoon and graciously volunteered to set a course at Woodford State Park, where there was ample snow, and Steve at Prospect Mtn volunteered his parking lot as a carpool central. It was a go!

Tim marked a 3.2 mi roller coaster of a course with our newest marking innovation—red plastic Solo cups and gave the pre-race directions: “I cut down 3 trees on the course yesterday, but there’s a really big one around ½ mile in. You’ll have to crawl under it. There’s a ¾ mile stretch on the pond (worried looks exchanged between the runners), but don’t worry, the ice is a foot thick. It’s winter up here, folks!” While he was busy giving these instructions someone made a snowman at the start line, complete with a red (solo cup) hat. The gun went off (me shouting ‘bang’) and off they went.

Five min. later I was getting out the finishing board and was startled to hear Bob Dion

Curly's Goes North

Sunday Jan. 31st at Woodford State Park

announce, “I’m back. First one!” Turns out he was just beat after yesterday’s PA State Championship race and the long drive back from Philadelphia area. Wife Denise, also beat, kept on going—atta girl Denise! Tim Van Orden was the first one back and exhorted the rest of the finishers to “Touch the gate! You’re not done till you touch the gate!” Seems he should’ve been saying “Collapse on the gate!” because that’s what was happening as each finisher staggered back to the line. Soon we had folks of all descriptions draped over the entrance gate, gasping for breath with clouds of sweat evaporating off their bodies as their chests heaved up and down. All agreed it was challenging, but still a great course, and not a one was lost through the ice. No bottlenecks reported at the ‘big tree across the trail’ site and no concussions suffered from runners whacking their heads on it.

Thanks to the runners’ generous donations, including the Dion’s donating their rental fees, well over \$350 was made for Curly’s Scholarship.

By Theresa Apple

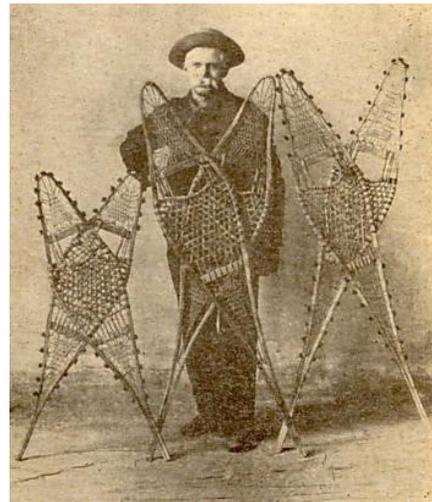


a tad ominous.....

CURLY'S NORTH ~5K

Jan 31st, Mt Prospect, Woodford VT
An Unofficial “group snowshoe run”

Place	Name	Time
1	Tim Van Orden	24:04
2	Carson Thurber	26:36
3	Josh Dillingham	27:27
4	Cathy Pedtke	32:00
5	Meg Paugh	33:08
6	Sion Vaughan-Thomas	33:47
7	Allan Bates	33:53
8	Tom Tift	34:12
9	Jeff Clark	34:26
10	Karen Provencher	36:23
11	Maureen Roberts	42:42
12	Kathleen Furlani	42:54
13	Denise Dion	45:22
14	Laura Clark	47:08
15	Jen Kuzmich	50:37
16	Marty Glendon	50:38
17	Jules Seltzer	1:06:06



MILESTONES REACHED AT CURLY'S

- All-time WMAC finishes
- Denise Dion - 110**
- Martin Glendon - 80**
- Alan Bates - 50**

By dave dunham