

W.M.A.C. SNOSHU-NEWS

“FIRST TIME AT CURLYS”

As our friends in the Great White North would say, “it’s a beauty eh”. Well that was the feeling I took away from my inaugural run at Curly’s. Great course and a great day.

Having missed the series last year due to injury I was glad to be back in the game for 2008 and this race was on my list. I had never run it before and other than the harrowing downhill I wasn’t sure what to expect so the plan was to arrive early and talk to the veterans. Nine o’clock turned out to be plenty early and after probing for info I had acquired valuable course knowledge but still had an hour to spare before the gun. The weather was nice and sunny so killing some extra time was no problem.

Sure enough, the race lived up to its reputation and without too much detail I’d like to share some of my experience.

The start was typical; goes out like a sprint and then settles in. I saw a couple of young high school age lads, who went out with the leaders, stopped and gasping for air on the side of the road just before the first left turn into the woods. Ah youth.

From that turn, as we all know, it’s nothing but lung and leg busting work to the top of the “ski” run so there’s no need to elaborate. I wasn’t sure how I would handle the long and fast decent but as fate would have it my legs and brain were in sync and I managed to have an inspired, crash free run. At one point I thought a helmet might not be a bad idea but quickly overcame that mental interruption and got back to concentrating on the next turn.

At the bottom I realized just how important the time spent asking about the course was because originally I thought that’s where the race finished. Nope. Thinking about it afterward reminded me of Mt. Toby where you still have those 4 hilly miles to go after the plunge down from the summit. Anyway to make a long story short, I suffered though that last hilly mile and as a bonus managed to miss a turn, something not uncommon at this race from what I gathered. With a “no, its this way” yell from Abby Woods I did an about face and got back onto the course without losing too much time or momentum. Lots of winding trail coupled with one last incline almost did me in but then things leveled out and views of the distant finish line put some life back in the old muscles. Across the field and up that last bit of “beach sand” snow and it was straight into the finish. Crossing the line in a state of oxygen deprivation I took up my usual “hands on knees, I hope I don’t puke” position while trying to regain some semblance of normal breathing. Before long I could stand upright and the grimace on my face relaxed. The race was over and I had a healthy respect for the skiers of Curly’s era.

A bottle of Gaterade, a Clif Bar, and a banana later it was time to compare race notes and think about a post race warm down. Originally Abby, Tim Mahoney and I were going to do an easy out and back on the lower section of the course but instead joined forces with Dave Dunham, Ben Nephew, and Tim Van



Orden for a 5 mile loop up to the top of and around Berry Mountain. Not exactly a short outing but Dave’s enthusiasm is contagious and heading out with the Big Dogs was something I didn’t want to pass up. As it turned out the pace was easy, the sun was shining, the snow packed, and the company fun. All in all a “beauty day”.

Paul Bazanchuk

’08 CRR NEW AGE GROUP RECORDS

Age	New Record Holder	Time
12	Shaun Pero	1:07:14
14	Andy George	54:01
15	Lee Sacco	51:08
29	Abby Woods	36:29
32	Chelynn Tetreault	45:19
35	Scott Livingston	38:03
38	Holly Atkinson	52:46
39	Tim Van Orden	32:59
42	Patrick McGrath	44:52
43	Dave Dunham	32:02
44	Britt Brewer	36:16
45	Edward Alibozek	38:17
49	Denise Dion	54:45
50	Maureen Roberts	56:14
52	Bob Dion	39:19
53	Paul Bazanchuk	36:45
54	Jack Casey	40:32
56	Mike Lahey	42:55
59	Alan Bates	39:59
60	Laura Clark	56:39
61	Martin Glendon	51:39
62	Walter Lempart	50:57
65	Sibyl Jacobsen	1:12:16
66	Bill Hart	1:07:28
68	Ed Alibozek Jr	49:15
78	Richard Busa	1:01:35

THE SHUFFLE... WHAT ONCE WAS SOUTH NOW IS NORTH...

Another weekend and another challenging snowshoe race. I started the weekend with a Friday afternoon/evening snowshoe slog on the Merrimack River trail. I call it a slog because the trail had been really beat up by the heavy rains and high temperatures of earlier in the day. We ran through some very nice firmly packed snow, then areas of slush, water, and bare ground. The good parts were very good and the bad parts were plain awful. I guessed that the slushy sections would be solid rutted ice by Monday morning and estimated that about ½ mile of trail was bare ground. The call to cancel the race was tough, but I wouldn't want people to come out and have a bad experience due to poor conditions.

Saturday morning dawned clear and cold. I got in the car at 5 AM for a drive to Western Mass. I plotted out a nice stop along the way in "Blissville" an interestingly named burg in Orange. I went for an easy three mile run on the hilly and sometimes icy roads in Warwick, Orange, and Royalston. It was a nice way to break up the ride to North Pond and also knocked three more towns off of my list.

I was happy to see a close-to-full parking lot when I arrived at North Pond (or was I at South Pond?). I signed up and headed out for a warm-up. I noticed on my way out that the Albany Running Exchange had brought a van. That is a great sign for the sport when teams are showing up. I haven't been able to get a full team to come out; Tim Mahoney and I have been the only CMS runners so far this year. A lot of my teammates are concentrating on indoor track which runs parallel to the SS season.

I got in an "easy" three miles and got back to the car with just enough time to get changed and log a mile in snowshoes. I always try to run part of the course to see what the terrain is like and how the footing will be. This time I headed out counter-clockwise so that I'd be able to check out the last ½ mile of the race. I had some flash-backs to previous runs at North Pond but all of the races tend to merge into one vague memory. I do clearly remember Ken Clark pulling away from me over the last part of the course and wishing I knew how much distance was left. I went out ½ mile with just Ed's footprints and some flagging to guide me. It looked like the conditions would be fair... not fast but not really slow either. I put a stick in the ground at ½ mile to go and headed back to the start. The stick would give me a good mark in the race where I could throw down anything I had left and kick for the line.

I met up with Tim Van Orden and Tim Mahoney right before the start, so I knew there would be some tough competition. I wasn't sure who had come from ARE but figured they had a couple of fast guys, I also didn't see Ethan Nedeau who was one of the top rookies last year (with a win at Hallockville and a third place at Northfield). After a short course description by Ed we were ready to go. He noted that the conditions seemed fast and that the course record might be in jeopardy. I thought "maybe, but not by me!" Ed called out "Go" and go we did, with snow flying everyone headed down the untracked snow for the single-track.

I edged to the front and could see Tim VO on my right. I pushed just a little harder to get to the single-track first. We took the right and I immediately felt tired and flat. It already felt too fast and we weren't even ¼ mile into the race. I relaxed the pace a little and waited for someone to say "on your left", in which case I would've let them by. I was probably feeling flat due to slightly increasing mileage over the last month, it has been a while since I consistently hit 90+ per week and I'm still getting used to that.

I snuck a peek at about a mile in and was surprised to see five guys right in line behind me. I was feeling slow and was thinking "I hate fast races, give me some big hills or deep snow". I really like the type of race where you really have to grind along slowly, which is probably why I like mountain running so much. It seemed that pretty soon after that we started climbing and I started to feel "in the groove". I pushed the climb and glanced at my watch. "Fifteen minutes, great I'm about ½ way done". I had gapped the group but didn't dare look back. "Push the flat, push the flats then recover on the down".

I started the downhill part with a small lead. "Recover, stay on your feet, push, don't let them come back, don't let it come down to a kick or you'll lose". I started looking for the stick marking ½ mile to go. Man, it took a long time to reach that point. I almost wiped-out a few times on the rolling downhill and on a couple of the bushwhacks where we cut into the woods to avoid some bare spots. Once I saw the stick I relaxed a little and took a look behind. I couldn't see anyone, but you never know... so I kept pushing right to the line. It was a great feeling to get my first win of 2008. *It was also special as this was my 1,000th race!*

The five guys behind me battled right to the line with only twenty seconds separating places 2 – 5 and another 32 seconds to sixth. Abby Woods had another strong performance, taking the win in 7th place overall. I did a relaxing three mile warm-down with Tim VO and then headed out to run in Philipston, Templeton, and Hubbardston on my way home. I'm looking forward to the first "double" of the season with Cobble Mountain and Curly's back-to-back this weekend. That should be great preparation for the "triple" in February!

Dave Dunham

Dave Dunham's Breakdown of 1,000 races

Total	Type	Wins	Win %
55	Snowshoe	17	30.91%
462	Road	178	38.53%
109	XC	32	29.36%
102	Indoor	32	31.37%
102	Outdoor	40	39.22%
102	Mountain	17	16.67%
66	Trail	27	40.91%
2	Triathlon	0	0.00%
1000	Total All	343	34.30%

WMAC

NORTH POND 3.3 MILE CLOCKWISE SNOWSHOE RACE

WMAC

January 19th, 2008 Savoy Mountain State Forest Florida / Savoy, MA

#	Name	Age	Time	Points
01.	Dave Dunham	43	0:29:40	100.00
02.	Josh Merlis	26	0:30:16	98.33
03.	Ethan Nedeau	34	0:30:26	96.67
04.	Tim Mahoney	28	0:30:33	95.00
05.	Tim Van Orden	39	0:33:36	93.33
06.	Andrew McCarthy	24	0:31:08	91.67
07.	Abby Woods	29	0:32:33	90.00
08.	Jay Kolodzinski	28	0:33:15	88.33
09.	Paul Bazanchuck	53	0:33:25	86.67
10.	Ken Clark	45	0:33:51	85.00
11.	Chris Chromczak	23	0:34:15	83.33
12.	Edward Alibozek	45	0:34:22	81.67
13.	Thierry Carriere	31	0:34:30	80.00
14.	Jack Casey	54	0:34:35	78.33
15.	Greg Rems	31	0:34:55	76.67
16.	Charles Petrashe	30	0:35:31	75.00
17.	Paul Mueller	23	0:36:13	73.33
18.	Alan Bates	59	0:36:17	71.67
19.	Peter Malinowski	53	0:37:11	70.00
20.	Todd Hogobian	38	0:37:17	68.33
21.	Mike Lahey	56	0:37:55	66.67
22.	Nick Jubok	51	0:39:13	65.00
23.	David Newman	27	0:39:49	63.33
24.	David Shumbert	37	0:40:13	61.67
25.	Phil Bricker	54	0:40:35	60.00
26.	Steve Roulier	44	0:40:37	58.33
27.	Dan Buttrick	27	0:40:43	56.67
28.	Barry Braun	49	0:40:45	55.00
29.	Vince Kirby	51	0:40:49	53.33
30.	Larry Dragon	47	0:42:50	51.67
31.	Jan Rancatti	47	0:43:24	50.00
32.	Rich Godin	52	0:43:33	48.33
33.	Erin Clark	19	0:43:36	46.67
34.	Martin Glendon	61	0:44:09	45.00
35.	Howard Bassett	47	0:44:12	43.33
36.	Darlene McCarthy	45	0:45:08	41.67
37.	Jim Carlson	60	0:46:09	40.00
38.	Emily Gravelle	21	0:46:13	38.33
39.	Laurel Shortell	41	0:46:17	36.67
40.	Ed Alibozek Jr	68	0:46:23	35.00
41.	Chloe McGrath	16	0:46:24	33.33
42.	Laura Clark	60	0:46:35	31.67
43.	Dave Boles	61	0:46:36	30.00
44.	Juergen Reher	58	0:46:37	28.33
45.	Diana Rodriquez	26	0:47:40	26.67
46.	Bob Massaro	64	0:48:23	25.00
47.	Walt Kolodzinski	65	0:51:19	23.33
48.	Darlene Buttrick	27	0:52:50	21.67
49.	Peter Finley	46	0:53:30	20.00
50.	Itziar Garcia	45	0:54:43	18.33
51.	Rich Busa	78	0:54:55	16.67
52.	Bree Carlson	28	0:55:02	15.00
53.	Jamie Howard	42	1:00:47	13.33
54.	Cheryl Couchman	37	1:00:57	11.67
55.	Jan Deveau	53	1:03:51	10.00
56.	William Milkewicz	53	1:04:39	8.33

#	Name	Age	Time	Points
57.	Bill Glendon	61	1:08:34	6.67
58.	Konrad Karolczuk	55	1:08:35	5.00
59.	Karen Chan	48	1:12:16	3.33
60.	Uzma Qureshi	46	1:12:18	1.67



Dan Buttrick, Barry Braun and Vince Kirby at North Pond.



Jamie Howard is another fixture on our snowshoe circuit.

Another fine day at a cold Savoy! It was very impressive wins by Dave Dunham and Abby Woods, under difficult footing conditions.

Thanks to the Savoy Mountain Staff for making us comfortable, and to Paul Hartwig and Beth Herder for doing so much.

SPRING AHEAD/FALL BACK AT NORTH POND

Spring comes early this year, on Sunday March 9th to be exact. This is either in response to Al Gore's new career as doom and gloom global warming prophet or as a perceived need to save on fuel consumption. Either way, it's a bummer for us. Basically it means that not only will we be having our final snowshoe race, the Northfield Mass Snowshoe Championship, in balmy spring weather conditions, but also that those of us who go to Nationals or the renegades who elect to try their luck at the Pittsfield, Vt. Snowshoe Marathon will lose an hour's sleep at an extremely crucial point in their snowshoe racing season.



Ever aware of these future challenges, your fearless WMAC race directors have built a few practice runs into their schedule of events, complete with the typical confusion attendant on all spring ahead and fall back savings bank deadlines. It all began when the North Pond event was delayed a week and bumped over into neighboring South Pond territory. We knew we would be running North one day and South the next but only a select few realized that we would be running the North Pond 3.3 miler in clockwise or spring ahead mode. And even fewer realized that the Saturday route was really North Pond/South Pond Baby Loop and that Sunday's would be the reverse South Pond Baby Loop/North Pond.

On Saturday I did, in fact, feel as if I were driving through a time warp, observing home owners in Grafton, at a relatively high elevation, raking their lawns and miles later, Pond dwellers busy plowing their driveways. Moreover, skies were clear and sunny and temps were pleasantly chilly but not impossibly brutal. A perfect spring ahead day. The Albany Running Exchange Team was out in full force and in definite camping mode. They made a grand entrance, arriving in their new white and blue ARE van and immediately pitched their blue and white tarp next to the Pond shack. The ARE Club was originally composed of SUNY Albany students but has now expanded to include young professionals and older folks who enjoy a dose of low key fun. Apparently, they are doing something right, since after only a few brief years of existence they are able to afford the trappings of success: tents, with poles, snowman, deer and gorilla costumes and a van to haul it all in. Which kind of makes the rest of us, forced to change in cramped cars, wonder what we have been doing wrong. Not that we're jealous or anything.

Earlier in the week, we had been treated to one of those New England-type "if you don't like the weather, just wait a few minutes" days, with a mixed bag of precipitation including, but not limited to: sleet, snow, freezing rain, dogs and frogs and occasional imitation golf balls. When the race began and we attacked the inevitable flat melee leading to the forest, I kept on glancing toward my rear, thinking that someone was tapping on my shoulder. The tap was very persistent, very forceful and quickly becoming annoying. Surrounded by shoers determined to earn a decent place on the narrow trails to come, there was nowhere I could move to accommodate the impatient person behind me. It wasn't until later that I realized those taps were caused by random ice missiles launched by expertly churning Dion crampons.

The footing was difficult, with the trail littered by iceberg-sized chunks broken off by snowshoes deviating from the established pattern. Which meant that if you were following someone whose stride length was slightly different from yours, you were in trouble. Remembering my lesson at Woodford two years earlier, I resolved to pass only on the downhill. This worked out pretty well at first as I leapfrogged past Jim Carlson, Emily Gravelle, and the new, improved Laurel Shortell without getting too winded to maintain my lead.

Inevitably, though, Jim passed me again. And we both piled up behind Dave Boles who looked as if his back were giving him trouble. We maintained a respectful distance in sympathy with his plight and also because we were negotiating an uphill section. And despite his troubles, Dave launched sporadic surges at critical junctures. Naturally, this allowed the rest of the train we had just dispatched to catch up. Going against all previously discussed strategy, Jim struck out uphill and I followed in his too-big footsteps. Jim recovered nicely. I did not. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the rest of the train approached the straightaway and used their pent-up energy to zoom ahead. Surrounded on either side by yellow jackets (Laurel and I), Jim made a heroic surge and beat Laurel by a close 8 seconds, to win the invisible yellow jersey in true spring ahead fashion.



SPRING AHEAD/FALL BACK (cont)

All together 60 shoe'ers enjoyed the spring ahead Saturday tour. Sunday however, the day of the counter-clockwise fall back into winter loop, featured temperatures in the single digits. The ARE tribe had apparently taken a field trip to warmer climes, not to mention fully half of the Saturday participants, leaving 30 intrepid soles to brave winter conditions. Of these 30, however, an impressive 20 were repeat performers, eager to enjoy another premier day and rack up some more WMAC points.

This testifies that some of us are truly obsessed with acquiring points, with the gossip at the Barnyard now favoring Laurel Shortell for female points leader as well as for her customary Streak title. Rich Busa, a shoe-in for the Silverback award, has now set his sights elsewhere and reports in a worried tone that both a 97 and a 98 year-old have qualified for Nationals in the 70+ age group. Competition is heating up! Despite his considerably younger age, Rich, a longtime member of the Old Goat Snowshoe Club, is a sure bet for the most experienced snowshoe racer. New to the running scene is Rich Godin, Rich Busa's friend who frequently accompanies Rich to races and spends the intervening time hiking and taking photos. He completed his maiden voyage in 32nd place and the next day moved up to an impressive 11th.



The best thing about Sunday's winter version was that we were treated to an old-fashioned snowstorm to rival that of the infamous North Pond Train race where everyone formed a huge train, taking their turn at breaking trail. This time, however, while the snow came down fast and furious, the trail was already trampled by the previous day's forward trek.

We all reported that the counter-clockwise version is definitely the easier of the two routes but I wonder if we would have reached a similar conclusion had we ventured that way on Day #1. The second day I noticed that I was a bit more relaxed about my pace, partially because of the previous day's effort and partially because there were fewer trains blocking the route. This time around, Martin Glendon provided the photo finish, coming out of nowhere in the final sprint to miss passing me by a mere one second. Paul Hartwig got a good shot of Martin's snow angel collapse and my subsequent Frosty the Snowman imitation.

Winter or Spring, we sure know how to have fun! *Laura*

A UNIQUE WAY TO RUN (AND RACE, TOO)!

On Sunday, January 6, 2008, (the official last day of Christmas) I joined my son Jay, his father Walt and Empire One Running Club's Vice President Bob Massaro for a trip to Guilderland, NY (near Albany) to run the Brave the Blizzard Snowshoe Race. This was my first snowshoe race so it warrants an article for Snowshoe News (says Jay!).

For quite a long time now, Jay had been keeping me well informed about his other running activity; namely, snowshoe racing. He kept telling me that I should try one sometime. I was only half eager to do so but it finally all came together on Sunday, January 6, 2008. It was a perfect day for such an activity--not too cold, no wind, no sun either but that was okay.

We all met at the Holyoke Elks at 7:30 a.m. and then piled into Bob's vehicle. Thanks, Bob, for driving and for providing a very relaxing ride up to Guilderland, NY.

Jay assured me that I would have no trouble during my first snowshoe race because it was probably the easiest one around and only three miles in distance. I had only been on snowshoes once about a year before when Jay let me borrow his for a "test jaunt" around my backyard.

Upon arrival, we all signed up and Jay set me up on a pair of snowshoes, which I borrowed from Bob. Then came the fun; it was time to practice. Suddenly, I realized how much energy and endurance running on snowshoes really entails. I was bound and determined though, to do my best. The race finally started and I felt so caught up in a whirlwind of people with snow flying everywhere. To make the race even more challenging, the first quarter of a mile was run on un-broken snow--no plowed path, so as to make it a bit more challenging.

After getting onto a plowed path, it was single file for quite a while. Getting past someone was really quite challenging. I found myself having to really concentrate on where I was putting my feet and how I was balancing my body.

More than halfway through the race, I caught up to Walt--thinking now for sure I would be able to beat him. But only for a very short period of time did I manage to stay ahead of him. He got by me and beat me by 56 seconds. I had to remind myself that this was not a road race and that I had never done a snowshoe race before!

About seventy-five yards from the finish line coming down a hill, Jay was able to snap my picture. I was sure I was going to fall down as the hill seemed a lot steeper than it really was.

There were 115 finishers and I was happy to place #63 with a time of 49:30. It was a real surprise to find out that the course was not 3 miles but actually 4.1 miles--longer than we thought it was going to be. A delicious pancake breakfast followed and awards were given out. It was a very challenging and rewarding experience. I hope to run another snowshoe race soon!

Kathy Furlani

Prior Photos – Martin Glendon & Howard Bassett; Chelynn Tetreault & Mike Lahey; Laura Clark.

WMAC SOUTH POND 3.3 MILE COUNTER-CLOCKWISE SNOWSHOE RACE WMAC
January 20th, 2008 Savoy Mountain State Forest Florida / Savoy, MA

#	Name	Age	Time	Points
01.	Jay Kolodzinski	28	0:28:45	100.00
02.	Abby Woods	29	0:29:10	96.67
03.	Paul Bazanchuck	53	0:29:43	93.33
04.	Bob Dion	52	0:31:48	90.00
05.	Jack Casey	54	0:32:26	86.67
06.	Chelynn Tetreault	32	0:34:06	83.33
07.	Mike Lahey	56	0:34:07	80.00
08.	Nick Jubok	51	0:34:35	76.67
09.	Alan Bates	59	0:34:55	73.33
10.	Howard Bassett	47	0:38:05	70.00
11.	Rich Godin	52	0:38:08	66.67
12.	Richard Kelly	46	0:38:28	63.33
13.	Larry Dragon	47	0:38:52	60.00
14.	Vince Kirby	51	0:39:20	56.67
15.	Patrick McGrath	43	0:39:56	53.33
16.	Chloe McGrath	16	0:39:57	50.00
17.	Ed Alibozek Jr	68	0:39:58	46.67
18.	Laurel Shortell	41	0:41:17	43.33
19.	Laura Clark	60	0:42:40	40.00
20.	Martin Glendon	61	0:42:41	36.67
21.	Bob Massaro	64	0:42:51	33.33
22.	Chris Sammartano	51	0:43:11	30.00
23.	Dave Wilbur	48	0:45:00	26.67
24.	Edward Alibozek	45	0:45:30	23.33
25.	Denise Dion	49	0:46:55	20.00
26.	Rich Busa	78	0:51:32	16.67
27.	Ginny Kelly	45	0:56:28	13.33
28.	Jeff Clark	62	1:02:00	10.00
29.	Bill Glendon	61	1:02:57	6.67
30.	Konrad Karolczuk	55	1:02:58	3.33



We were warned of temperatures in the single digits, but I don't think it was that cold. We were not warned about the snowstorm that started about 15 minutes before the race and lasted a couple hours. It made for a really great race and I am hopeful that it will be banked in all participants' memory as another of the "memorable ones".

Once we had the line-up set, it looked like Abby Woods had a really good chance at winning this race outright. Jay Kolodzinski went out brutally hard in an attempt to win this one him-self, and managed to have a beautiful race taking his first snowshoe win. Abby finished second overall, twenty-five seconds behind Jay. Paul Bazanchuck took third position, and was the third runner to break thirty-minutes.

I would like to thank everyone who supported our weekend of snowshoeing at Savoy Mountain. I also am very appreciative of everyone who helped out in some way. I especially want to thank Mike Lahey who went out immediately after finishing to remove two races worth of ribbons for us. I was really too tired to want to do this myself.

Young Farmer Ed

THE INCONVENIENT TRUTH SURROUNDING NORTH & SOUTH POND

Was it a coincidence that I was watching the video “An Inconvenient Truth” when I received word that North Pond was canceled? After having been hit hard during the month of December with immense snow, I watched, as so many others did, as record-breaking temperatures melted the snow away.

I recall talking to Sheila about how much snow we had on the ground, saying “With 20 inches of snow on the ground there is no way it is going to go anywhere till the end of March.” She neither agreed nor disagreed, but I was certain that it was here to stay. With such a great snow base, how could it melt? Now I recall a warm spell last winter that showed us what 70 degrees felt like in early January, but two years in a row?

Mother Earth treated us to some wonderful weather, that is, if you like it warm. A few years ago I would have been overjoyed with 60’s in January. I still am, as long as it doesn’t melt the snow. Yet, I know the laws of nature, and when the temp gets above 32 Fahrenheit, snow melts! It wasn’t just one day though, it was the entire week. So that entire week I was living in constant fear that North Pond would be canceled. I knew the Farmer and his gang of trail markers/trail packers would find a course if possible. I had my doubts, even though I knew the mountains of Savoy held snow better than here in the valley. So I kept my fingers crossed and continued to watch the snowman melt away in my front yard and see grass appear in the snowshoe tracks around the yard.

The Thursday prior to North Pond, my father brought home a movie from the Library. (As an aside, if you want to save money and not rent videos at Blockbuster and alike, go to your local library, it’s all free, with your library card.) Back to the topic, the movie he brought home was, “An Inconvenient Truth”, and it would also soon be an inconvenient omen.

Having never seen the movie, but being very curious about it, my father and I watched it in awe. In case you are unfamiliar with this film it is the Al Gore film about global warming. I knew about many of the subjects in the movie from my years studying at Umass and traveling abroad. I could relate to it and understand the principals. My father, who wasn’t as familiar with the topics, thought it was very easy for the lay person to understand. I have heard people call it propaganda, and to some it may be, however, having seen deforestation in Ecuador, kids swimming in rivers that are downstream of sewage runoffs in Honduras, acres of overpopulated shanty towns in South Africa, and witnessing Hurricane Katrina destruction first hand, I don’t think it is the case! It is the possible future of what is to come if we don’t fix things! What brings the movie home to me is how our weather is changing. We are not supposed to be having January thaws in the 60’s for over a week, especially if it can cancel a snowshoe race! So at the end of the movie I went to check my email before bed to determine the weekend plans. Having come to terms with what I just watched, I should have predicted North Pond’s outcome! It was canceled due to water flowing on about 30% of the course! Blame it on global warming? Not yet!

Well this wasn’t the time to start pouting; it was time to start looking at the extended forecast. For that, who better to contact, but my future father in law, Sheila’s Dad. He told me that we

would be seeing some cooler temperatures the next week with a couple of storms that could possibly dump some significant snow. He also said the first storm would be Sunday into Monday. Well this was just what I wanted to hear. Like I have said in a previous article, this guy knows his stuff; I mean 30+ years of looking at weather maps, how could he be wrong?

He hit the nail on the head with the Sunday Evening storm, and just like I had hoped I was snowshoeing on Monday. Tuesday night, Sheila and I snowshoed for 76 minutes at the Mt Tom State Reservation. We ran for 41 minutes and then hiked to the summit and back in another 35 minutes. If you have never visited the Mt Tom State Reservation, I would highly suggest it. I consider it a crown jewel of not only our state park system but also of the city of Holyoke! It is 2,082 acres of forest nestled in the heart of the Pioneer Valley. Surrounded by cities on all sides, it is an island of forest fun for the snowshoer in you. Besides, in the winter, it offers over 20 miles of great snowshoe trails. You will also have stunning views of the valley from the mountaintop and if you are lucky you could have many wildlife encounters besides seeing 47 different tree species. The two best encounters I have had in the park were almost hitting a deer on my mountain bike and having a great blue heron fly about two feet above my head as I startled it from its nesting spot. To not ever visit this state facility would be a great injustice to the outdoor enthusiast in you!

On Thursday, two days before the North Pond Snowshoe race, and like many of you, I am awaiting Farmer Ed’s email on “what will be occurring” Saturday, possibly Sunday and of course on Monday! Sometimes the anticipation is too much to bear and it is amazing what a week can do! The forecast is calling for snow with possible rain mixed in. Is Savoy/Florida immune from the rain due to its elevation? Could North and South Pond loops be blanketed in a layer of knee deep fresh powder? Only Mother Nature knows the answer and she won’t tell us until after she has done her work. However, what she is telling us is that unless we start contributing to the solution to fight the inconvenient truth, we may have to travel a lot further north for the snowshoe series. What can we do? Well I think we do an excellent job already. As we all are like-minded folks, we do an excellent job carpooling to events! This keeps our greenhouse gases down and doesn’t support the oil rich gas companies! We also support our local merchants like Dion Snowshoes and the South Face Farm Sugarhouse and we keep the events low key and green by having them in State Parks!

When I awoke Friday I was overcome with joyous celebration as I checked my email because Farmer Ed and his father came through! They would be having an event both days at Savoy! It stated that Old Farmer Ed said it would be only “B conditions”, but heck we all never got all “A”’s in school. Even though a “B” isn’t as good as an “A”, it is way better than a “D” or “F” and a “B” meant we would be snowshoeing! That’s all I needed to hear!

To keep in touch with my theme, on Friday night I was very disappointed to hear that Dave Dunham’s Merrimack River Snowshoe race had been canceled due to a lack of snow. That storm we had on Thursday night/Friday morning dumped rain on Andover and the snow that was on the ground vanished. I

INCONVENIENT TRUTH (continued)



Jay Kolodzinski, Paul Bazanchuk and Abby Woods all broke 30 minutes!

was saddened by this news, as I would have been able to attend the event because of it being held on MLK day and had the day off from school. Nevertheless, is this warm spell melting the snow part of the inconvenient truth we may all be facing? It is a very controversial subject and I am no expert to go preaching my thoughts and beliefs on the topic. Yet, I do believe we can all live a little better to help save the planet and in doing so, we will have snow in the winter for many more years to come, and most importantly stop having to make us cancel races! Well enough with global warming and this snow melt stuff, Saturday and Sunday meant races at Savoy. Weekend races, here I come!!!!

Going into races I usually have one goal in mind and that is to finish. If I start thinking about other things, my mind gets clogged and things sometimes go bad. Upon arrival Saturday I saw the usual friendly faces, the people we have all come to grow and love. They are the extended family we look forward to seeing every weekend; sometimes we see them more than our actual family. So with the registration in the old CCC cabin and the wood stove going strong, I signed up like the other 60 racers. According to the Farmer, the course would be the North Pond Loop and it would be one of the faster ones in the history of the North Pond race. I did my usually short warm up and saw my pacers for the race. After short instructions from the Farmer, we lined up at the starting line and when we heard the words "Go" the snow started flying like in so many races before. I comfortably held back at the start, as I am trying a new strategy this year, start off slow and pick it up towards the middle. Who knows how this is going to work since we have no mile markers to help us measure the distance we have gone, but it seems like a good plan. So as we pass the benches on the North Pond loop, I tucked in behind Kenny Clark and decided to snowshoe comfortably till I felt the urge to push it. Well I got the urge to surge a little too early and it cost me. As we ascended the final uphill, Abby Woods, who is in her rookie year, passed me. I knew the downhill would be soon approaching and my goal was to go "balls to the walls" on the downhill and then just run at a faster clip to the finish. I must give Abby some major kudo's, she didn't allow me to pass her on the downhill. Instead she slowly pulled away. I was running my hardest and felt like I was going to catch her but my fortune be what it may, I caught the front of my snowshoe on some of

INCONVENIENT TRUTH (continued)

the icy snow and went down. Now this fall has two main points of significance. First, I lost all my momentum and decided I would not have the strength to catch her (another day I thought). Second, I had a first time experience of falling. I was sweating really hard and had my sleeves rolled up and my forearms exposed to the air. The icy layer that was covering the snow gashed my arm. I drew blood! In 35 snowshoe races in 5 years I had never drawn blood from a fall. And it wasn't like a small cut, it was numerous little gashes. I didn't even realize it at first until about 10 seconds later when I regained my strides that I realized I was cut. The blood that was pouring out of my arm was freezing as it made contact with the air and was turning into slush. So instead of having running blood down my arm I had frozen red slush all over my arm. A little disgusting, but in the world of snowshoeing and trail racing, a much needed credit to add to the resume. So after the fall I managed to run to the finish without letting Paul Bazanchuk, who was 10 seconds behind me, beat me. A goal I knew he had in mind.

After finishing, we were treated to the wonderful delicatessens of Paul Hartwig who had prepared the hot dogs & chili. With day 1 now complete and the Day 2 race only being 23 hours away, I pondered what to do. I was undecided about coming back, due to a death in the extended family, yet doing the travel time in my head and figuring out how long it would take to race the same course in reverse, I decided it was possible.

Sunday morning arrived as usual, but I really didn't want to go. The main reason being that I was nestled and all cozy in bed. I had a tough time deciding if I should make the drive to Savoy. Well at 7:50, I decided I would. With a mug full of hot chocolate in hand, I headed north. I avoided numerous radar traps on I-91 and Rt.2 thanks due to previous journeys. Upon arriving at the forest with not too much time left to spare, I felt the pressure I was going to have on my shoulders the entire race. Ed informed me as I signed up that I might have a shot at winning the race. Great, I thought to myself. I mean, it was exciting to think about, but the fact is Ed also said my main competition would be Abby Woods, the girl who schooled me yesterday. I was a tad bit scared. Besides Abby, Bob Dion and Paul Bazanchuk were also present and on any day each of them could take the race.



Dave Wilbur has become a fixture on the 2008 WMAC Snowshoe Circuit!

INCONVENIENT TRUTH (continued)

Sunday's race was going to be held in reverse of what we ran yesterday and in my opinion would be an easier direction to run. The trail was also much more packed and would allow for faster conditions. In Dave Dunham fashion, Ed Alibozek had a racer, Bob Dion, start the race, as Ed wanted to take pictures a few hundred yards from the start. A very significant note to this race was that 15 minutes prior to the start the snow started flying and would continue for the entirety of the event.

From the start of the race I took the lead. I don't like doing this because you have a lot of pressure put on you immediately. Within the first few minutes the falling snow was making it hard to see. Bob Dion who was in second at that point, yelled to me, "I need Rich Busa's Goggles". Typically I wouldn't have thought about it but in today's race I am sure everyone wished they had a pair of goggles. Well as we snowshoed on through the course, I wanted so bad to look behind me and see where Bob, Abby, and Paul were. I could hear one person behind me because of the snowshoes hitting the ground but had no idea who it was. I thought it was Bob because he had made the goggle comment right after we hit the single track, however, I was unsure. As we made our way up the gradual hill I was feeling great, yet I knew my great, might be one of my competitors awesome!

Towards the summit of the uphill the trail hooked left and out of the corner of my eye I caught the person behind me and realized it was not Bob like I suspected, but Abby. All kind of things started going through my mind. Then behind her, in the distance I could see Paul. I knew I had to kick on the afterburners and use some of the saved energy from yesterday to pull ahead and take the lead for good. When I hit that downhill I did just that. As I was moving along, I was taking note of the woods and how different they look in the summer when I run the Savoy 20. At the point I could see South Pond, I took a glance back and could see Abby in the far off distance. I thought to myself that this could be it, a first ever snowshoe win. However, I was not taking anything for granted, especially knowing how I had some great competition right behind me, and that they were all vying for me. I wouldn't look back again till I crossed the finish line.

When I came out of the woods, I could see Paul Hartwig and Farmer Ed way off in the distance, and knew only less than 100 yards stood between me and a first ever snowshoe win. In 30 seconds, I crossed the line and instead of celebrating my first place position, I cheered on Abby as she was just coming out of the woods. When she finished she looked just as exhausted as I was. Soon after, Paul came blazing down the path. The 3 of us all broke 30 minutes on a cold and unexpected snowy day. It was an amazing race and I must thank Abby and Paul for pushing me. I believe the race could have gone to any one of us and today was just my day; however, they are great snowshoers and their day will come. I must also give congratulations to all the other snowshoers who raced both days at Savoy and remember this is only the first of only a handful of double headers this year.

To close up my story I must say it feels good to win a snowshoe race and hope to win another in the future. The highlight of my weekend is a quote I must comment on. I will also say it is my favorite quote so far this year. It was a conversation between old high-school buddies Steve Roulier and Ed Alibozek. Ed asked Steve, "How did you feel?" to which Steve responded, "I felt like S***, but loved every minute of it!" Now if that doesn't describe ones love for snowshoeing, I don't know what does!!!

Jay Kolodzinski

WINTER HEALING

We are ungainly in our metal snow shoes tied to feet. Ungainly, as we trudge, trudge about the crusty snow, making headway in a slow and awkward way.

But winter needs such trudging, captured in such effort. Winter is a trudging season, so unlike the glide of Summer. So unlike Springs green grace and Falls breezy moan.

Perfection here in these events, the gather of like minded souls. Around a pot of warm, these efforts seem to mend us, thaw our hearts in this time of planets deep tilt.

And in an hour or two or three, this lonely winter man, will join such things. Strap racket upon summer shoes, make way for a winters sweat. Make way for a grunt, a groan, a spoon full of love.

Jan Roth

7th Annual

GREAT POND MT SNOWSHOE

Great Pond Mt Conservation Trust

East Orland, Maine

January 27, 2008

1 Mile Snowshoe Walk

01	Janet Carptenter	33:22
02	George Hunt	34:10
03	Gene Behrenshouser	34:10

4 Mile Snowshoe Run

01.	Stan Pelleter	1:00.49
02.	Tom Kirby	1:00.50
03.	Bob Salesi	1:06.15
04.	James Sohns	1:15.36
05.	Browen Pierson	1:19.08
06.	Ed Raymaker	1:19:52
07.	Angela McQuilkin	1:20:37
08.	David McQuilkin	1:20:38
09.	Andrew Tyne	1:23:41
10.	Ted Pierson	1:43.29

Overall Past Winners

'02	Peter Keeney*, Rue Babcock*
'03	Tom Kirby@, Beth Lawson@, Judson Cake*
'04	Peter Keeney*, Allison Bell*
'05	Thomas Kirby**, Beth Lawson**
'07	Andy Tyne^, Jennifer Noonan^

*2.2 Mile, **2 Mile, @ 1.1 Mile, ^ 1 Mile
No event in 2006

DOUBLE-D DOUBLE SS WEEKEND

It was another great weekend for snowshoe racing, and the first opportunity this season to race in New Hampshire. You really have to get in as many races as you can when the snow allows, or at least that is what I tell my wife when I talk about the weekend plans.

The weekend started with the *relatively* short drive up to Gilford, NH. I had planned on doing a run up and down Red Hill prior to the race but then had a change of heart, figuring that I'd need all my energy for the race. Driving through Center Harbor I saw a thriving ice-fishing village on the lake and I also saw a thermometer that showed "12". It LOOKED colder than that.

I was one of the first vehicles to park at the Cross-Country ski area so I had ample time to organize my gear. Laurel was one of the early arrivals as well, the streak continues! The race directors seemed very organized. They had a lot of volunteers and registration was quick and easy. They had a cozy building for us to hang out in and it started to bustle with activity as it got closer to race time. It seemed like every time I turned around I bumped into someone I knew. The most common phrase I overheard was "I've snowshoed before, but this is my first race". Easily half of the field was new to the sport.

I did a warm-up with Scott Graham, who beat me in the first Baystate (Lowell, MA) marathon back in 1989. We were Greater Lowell Road Runner teammates for many years and keep contact now and again via email. Scott was one of the gang doing his first snowshoe race. After three miles on the roads, with lots of talk of the old days and skiing and just about everything, I changed into snowshoes and checked out the last ½ mile of the course.



Jay Curry on his way to an 8th place finish at Cobble Mtn!



USSSA Rep Bill Morse made the top ten at Cobble Mtn!

The course appeared to be very well marked with surveyor flags and the surface was groomed trail. All indications were for fast running (ugh!). After final instructions, including cautions about the big climb up Cobble Mountain, the field set off. I found myself in the lead after the first couple of minutes. The footing was fast, but the course was challenging. Even the "flat" first 2K had a fair amount of climb and some short drops as well. I tried to work the climb and took a look back near the top to see if anyone was in sight. Just before the summit (1,403') I was surprised as we skirted around the highest part and started to drop. I thought I'd have to come back up after the race to get credit for climbing the mountain if we didn't hit the true summit. I was wrong; the trail twisted a bit then crossed the top.

The descent was tough. There was not much straight trail, so you had to decelerate in order to stay in control. After getting off the single-track we hit some great downhill snow on a straight that was a blast to come down. The course had marshals all over the place along with flags and K markers, so it was impossible to go off (unless you really tried to) and it was easy to mark your progress. I love having K markers or mile markers, they give me a sense of reaching the goal. It helps me break the race down into manageable pieces.

I pushed hard for the last Kilometer and reached the finish line in first place, my first snowshoe victory in New Hampshire in six years. I zipped out for a warm-down and took pictures of as many finishers as I could. The field of 45 finishers is probably the second biggest field to finish a snowshoe race in NH, behind the 49 in Atkinson in 2006. There was plenty of food and prizes after the race; a great job by first time RD's!

After the race I did a quick change and drove 30 miles to Moultonborough to climb up Red Hill (2,029'). I had put it off, but still wanted to run up and down this to get a few extra miles and more importantly to visit one of the New Hampshire fire towers I hadn't been to. I'm working on a bunch of different lists and fire towers is one of my favorites. Obviously if they have a fire tower, they have a great view. I decided to use Kahtoola's instead of snowshoes for the run as the trail looked

DOUBLE-D DOUBLE SS WEEKEND (continued)

To be solidly packed. I jogged to the top in 22 minutes, spent a couple of minutes taking pictures and climbing the tower before zipping back down in 14 minutes. My hamstring really tightened up on the ride home, the position of sitting and driving seems to be the worst thing for my (previously torn) hamstring.



Day two arrived way too soon with a 5 AM alarm. A glance outside showed an inch or more on the ground and snow coming down steadily. I drove very slowly for the first hour then after passing Worcester the roads improved. By the time I hit the CT River the sun was breaking through. I detoured to the October Mt State Forest in Lee and did an easy three mile run in Lee and Washington. Then

over to Pittsfield for Curly's. This day was a lot better than last time I did Curly's (2004) when the temperature hovered right around zero. The turn-out seemed surprisingly low with only an hour to go before the race. I went out for another three miles and felt pretty flat, maybe that was my mind telling my body to take it easy or maybe it was the other way around?

When I returned to the lot, the place was hopping! I swear in that 25 minute window the number of cars doubled. It was good to see a strong turnout for the race. I went out for a mile in snowshoes and placed a couple of sticks at the ½ mile to go mark. I saw Tim Van Orden doing the same; he had put out sticks that spelled "YT" next to the trail. The trail looked to be in fast shape (did I mention that I don't like fast snow?) and it also looked to be very well marked. Last time I raced here I went off course at the base of the Shadow Trail, completely missing the 90 degree turn and continuing on to the parking lot. I remember how mad I was after the race (not mad at the RD's but mad at myself for making what I consider to be a rookie mistake) as the turn was clearly marked. I would definitely be keeping my eyes open and my head on a swivel. during the run.

A big group lined up in the field for final instructions, including a mention that I had better watch where I was going. Then we were off in a burst of speed. Ben Nephew shot to the front. Ben has been racing sparingly since the birth of his child last year, so it was good to see him out there mixing it up. Matt Cartier moved in behind Ben and Tim Mahoney dropped in behind Matt. The order mixed around a bit in the first ¼ mile with Tim moving to the front with me behind him and Matt and Tim Van Orden close behind me. Tim was pushing hard on the hill and I kept as close as possible. I figured my only chance at winning would be to grind it out on the uphill and build up a cushion

before all the descent. Tim missed a sharp right and as I called him back I also moved into the lead. I figured that was as good a time as any to work it and pushed the pace.

As we climbed I kept looking up, scanning the trail and looking for the top, and also when the trail allowed I'd sneak a look back. When we hit the top I glanced back and couldn't see second place. For the rest of the race I ran scared. I figured "they" were closing on me and I had to keep pushing. The downhill was crazy! Some spots were a bit tricky with very little snow and tight turns. I was very aware of my surroundings, constantly looking around for the next pink ribbon and a possible turn. I was very pleased to see a marshal at the turn I missed last time around. It was only after that turn that I started to worry about where the course went. There had been an inch or so of very light fluffy snow that fell that morning and it covered up any tracks that the course setters had made. The trail at this point zigged and zagged all over the place. For the most part I just kept looking for the next pink ribbon and before I knew it I was on the section of trail that I'd warmed up on. I never eased up, taking my second win of the weekend by about 30 seconds. This was a major surprise to me as this was a pretty strong field. This was the first time I'd won three snowshoe races in a row since I won all seven races I entered in 2001.

The final cherry on the ice cream sundae that was the weekend was a warm-down up, over, and around Berry Mountain. I wanted to do this loop as I'd yet to run in Lanesborough or Hancock and Berry Mountain (2,220') and Berry hill (2,200') were two of the Mass. 100 highest summits that I'd yet to visit. Somehow I convinced a bunch of the guys and Abby Woods (women's winner) to go with me. It made for a fun romp, although an hour of snowshoeing pretty much drained the remaining energy I had left. All in all it was another fun weekend tromping around over hill n' dale and hanging out with people who enjoy running around in the woods. A quick glance of the results showed that Laurel (the streak) and I were the only ones who took advantage of the double. I'm not sure how far Laurel drove, but I logged nearly 600 miles and about 10 hours in my car. Good luck to everyone who tries the doubles later this season (and a possible TRIPLE)!



Dave Dunham

Photo's: Tim Van Orden (top); Jack Casey & Andy Illidge (bottom).

WMAC

COBBLE MOUNTAIN 5KM SNOWSHOE RACE

WMAC

January 26th, 2008**Gunstock Mountain Resort****Gilford, NH**

#	Name	Age	Time	Points
01.	Dave Dunham	43	27:46	100.00
02.	Geoff Cunningham	30	29:53	97.78
03.	Jay Kolodzinski	28	30:54	95.55
04.	Brent Tkaczyk	38	32:18	93.33
05.	Peter Malinowski	53	32:36	91.11
06.	Steve Wolfe	43	32:53	88.89
07.	Dan Cooper	35	33:40	86.67
08.	Jay Curry	36	34:13	84.44
09.	Scott Graham	49	35:39	82.22
10.	Bill Morse	56	35:50	80.00
11.	Bob Dunfey	56	36:03	77.78
12.	Sheila Osgood	26	36:05	75.56
13.	Jonathan Kovar	37	36:17	73.33
14.	Steve McCusker	46	36:53	71.11
15.	Andrea McCusker	31	38:26	68.89
16.	Howard Bassett	47	38:56	66.67
17.	Amy Tkaczyk	34	39:13	64.44
18.	Eric Smith	48	40:14	62.22
19.	Joe Merriam	48	41:06	60.00
20.	Chris Sammartano	51	41:16	57.78
21.	Joshua Robert	26	41:39	55.56
22.	Steven Grande	53	42:18	53.33
23.	Diane Gagnon	51	42:59	51.11
24.	Laurell Shortell	41	43:19	48.89
25.	Steph Cooper	40	43:39	46.67
26.	Hilliary Hewitson	35	43:51	44.44
27.	Jeff Hattem	56	44:48	42.22
28.	Ellen Tidd	39	45:44	40.00
29.	Jim Arsenault	49	47:15	37.78
30.	Jeanne Peckiconis	46	47:20	35.56
31.	Maryann Grande	47	47:42	33.33
32.	Michael Amarello	44	48:04	31.11
33.	Nancy Brome	45	49:38	28.89
34.	Ellie Ferguson	47	50:25	26.67
35.	Mark Chrusz	56	50:58	24.44
36.	Don Yeaton	56	51:43	22.22
37.	Sarah Fowler	23	61:06	20.00
38.	Wendy Steward	44	67:06	17.78
39.	Kristen Rutter	27	67:11	15.56
40.	Daniel Chabot	45	67:29	13.33
41.	David McCuin	30	69:12	11.11
42.	Chris Dubois	29	70:10	8.89
43.	Sandra Chabot	44	70:35	6.67
44.	Elizabeth Cronin	40	77:43	4.44
45.	Robert Knowles	70	DNF	2.22



Reports on Sunday were overwhelmingly positive for Cobble Mountain 5km! Dave Dunham continued his winning ways (3rd straight snowshoe victory a day before winning his 4th straight at Curly's Sunday) and Sheila Osgood won her 1st snowshoe race! Sheila is no stranger to snowshoe success as she was a 2006 USSSA National Championship Gold Medal winner for the 20 – 24 age division.

45 Snowshoers is a fantastic turnout for a first year event, congratulations!!

COBBLE MOUNTAIN MAKES SOME GOOD MEMORIES!

A few months ago, when the schedule came out for the upcoming snowshoe season, I was delighted to see a new race



on the schedule. It was the Cobble Mt 5K Snowshoe Race at the Gunstock Ski Resort in Gilford NH. I was originally surprised to see a new race, but with the new boom for this winter sport, my surprise became more of a delight because this race was being held only 10 minutes from where Sheila's Grandparents live. After having talked to Sheila about it, we decided that we would go up to visit her grandparents for the weekend and

then on Saturday morning we would snowshoe in the inaugural race.

We left on Friday evening making the journey through 3 states (MA, VT, & NH) to get to our destination on Lake Winnepesaukee. We arrived at her Grandparents residence, which sits on the Lake, at around 9 pm. After an hour of chatting, catching up, and explaining to her grandmother we would be running on snowshoes, we hit the sack. Now this would be our shortest drive to a snowshoe race so far this season, actually forever, that is if you count us already being in the same town as the race is being held in and not coming from where we actually live.

The next morning we awoke early to have a bagel and coffee breakfast. As we ate breakfast, we watched all the snowmobiles cruise up and down the ice pulling ice shanties to the hopeful fishing hotspot. And I have heard snowmobiling called a sport? Where does the rider get his exercise? So after eating breakfast we put our gear on, not too much today, as this was a warmer day and made the ten-minute drive to Gunstock.

On our drive we discussed who would be there that we might know. We knew we would be seeing Laurel, as she never misses a race and I had knew Dave Dunham would be there as we talked the previous week at North Pond. Besides the two of them, we didn't know what other familiar and friendly faces we would encounter. Well upon arriving at the parking area we saw Laurel's car and then spotted Dave keeping warm in his car. After we parked, we saw part of WMAC's eastern snowshoe contingent. Jay Curry and Bill Morse made the drive from Dracut and Lynn to this inaugural event. After talking to them in the parking area for a few minutes, we started making our way to the registration building that was across the street and up on a side hill from the parking area. Before we made it to the registration building, we also saw Howard Bassett of Keene,

Peter Malinowski of Beverly, and Jeff Hattem of Natick. After short conversations with all of them we finally made it to where we would get our numbers.

Having pre-registered, we were treated to a Cobble Mt tee shirt along with a bag full of goodies. The bag contained some nice stuff, including a pair of wicking socks, hammergegel, chap-stick, Bar-naked Granola, a \$10 off lift ticket to Gunstock and for you sticker fanatics, a gunstock sticker. I was highly impressed with the treats and we hadn't even started the race yet.

After putting our stuff in the car we decided to get in a nice warm up before tackling the race. We ran a large 2.58 mile loop around the ski area, which was the longest warm-up I have done all season. We were now warmed up and ready to tackle Cobble Mnt.

From the starting area you could see Cobble Mt. It didn't seem that large but looks can definitely deceive. I also started taking note of how many of the races we do that contain the words Mt., Hill, and Pond. Very fitting consider these events should all be in and around natural settings.

Well the parking area wasn't right next to the start. It was across the main paved road to the resort and then up a hill to get to the starting line and registration log cabin. This being the case we decided that instead of equipping our snowshoes on our feet in the parking area, we would opt to do it in the warm log cabin where the registration was. We were not the only ones putting on their gear in the log cabin. The log cabin was packed, as everyone wanted that last minute warmth, even though it wasn't bitterly cold outside. Since it wasn't a large building, the Race Director, Chris Dunn, yelled for everyone to come outside for pre-race directions since there wasn't enough room to do it inside. He gave us the usual directions before a race like, how to keep the orange flags on your left and if they are not your going the wrong way, how he had people at the trails junctions, and a few places to be careful (i.e. climbing over a water pipe) and that he had marked the course with kilometer signs. Chris finished and then told us all to make our way to the start line.

I wished Sheila good luck and gave her a kiss and did some sprints to the start line. The crowd looked large for a first time race. I didn't know how many racers there were but I did do a count of Dion Snowshoes and came up with a tally of 16 racers wearing Dion's! Not bad for a race that is a ways from Southern VT and Western MA. His product is definitely getting out there! I learned only after the race that his snowshoes represented over 1/3 of the total racers in the race. Not only were his snowshoes well represented, but also many of his supporters were wearing the vests and hats. That made for the Redfeather representative who was present to inquire to me, maybe because I had the vest on, on who he was? I told him he made the best racing snowshoe around!

So with a fairly large crowd for a first time race, we were told we would have a minute countdown. The course started on groomed trail and we were told that 70% would be on groomed trails, the only part that wouldn't be would be the trek up and down Cobble Mnt. Well the race started with no glitches. Dave Dunham immediately took the lead and never looked back. He

GOOD MEMORIES (Continued)

captured his 2nd win of the year. I actually was in third for the first 100 yards and soon passed the snowshoer in the second position. I then held onto 2nd for approximately the first 1K. After that first Kilometer the snowshoer in 3rd regained the second spot. He held on to that spot for the remainder of the race. However, I wasn't going down without a fight. After he passed me I kept within 10-15 feet of him. Once we approached the long 1K climb up Cobble Mnt. I was hoping to retake the lead. As he ran up the challenging trail, I was walking. The trail was steep and I noticed he wasn't gaining any distance by running than I was by walking. After the long uphill, we reached a false summit. It was at this point he pulled away. I knew we would soon have a long descent so I tried to strategically wait to push it and then go all out on the downhill to catch him. Well after running through the false summit, we had another short climb before we hit the actual top. We had a course spectator there cheering us on. At that point I decided I would go all out to catch this guy. Well I always thought I was a little crazy when it came to running down hills. Well I met my match. I started to go all out but held back due to almost going down hardcore. My competition took off with no regard for being careless. I, however, having almost gone down due to an icy patch decided it wasn't worth getting hurt. The trail was under some Hemlocks and didn't have a large amount of snow. It had more ice and exposed rocks, so I held back. When I hit the bottom, my competitor opened up a lead that I knew I probably wasn't going to get back. I was right. I ran steadily to the finish to capture a 3rd place spot. Upon finishing, I was not only welcomed to cheering by the crowd, but to Sheila's sister who was now there to cheer us on.

After I finished, I took some deep breaths to regain my proper oxygen levels and slowly started to jog back to reel in Sheila. As I went to get her, I cheered on the WMAC crew that finished ahead of her, including Peter, Jay and Bill. Sheila was right behind Bill and she was also the first female! I gave her all the encouragement I could as I snowshoed behind her and tried to give her that little extra push to the finish! With her sister cheering her from ahead and me from behind she put on an excellent kick to capture her first snowshoe victory in 3 years of being on the circuit. She was very thrilled and was all smiles the rest of the day. Good Job, Baby!

After we finished, her sister joined us and the WMAC crew in the log cabin for delicious



GOOD MEMORIES (Continued)

lemon squares and chocolate chip and peanut butter cookies. We all exchanged stories as we awaited the award ceremonies. The food was excellent, yet something in me did miss the world famous chili, hot dogs and hot chocolate. Yet I knew I would have them in the near future and that a little substitution wasn't going to hurt anything. So before the awards we also partook in the watching of a kids snowshoe sprint that was being held right outside the log cabin. I believe there were 5 or 6 kids who were in the race who could possibly be the snowshoers of the future. The kid's race was quick but very encouraging to see kids taking on the challenge that we adults just endured. Maybe they will like the sport and practice it instead of playing video games! So all the adults cheered on the kids as they sprinted down the groomed trail. It was even encouraging to see that one young boy lost his snowshoe and boot and continued to finish the race. After the kids race, the log cabin was full of snowshoers that were now awaiting the awards ceremonies.



The award ceremony was almost like the Nationals! They had excellent prizes for division winners and also had excellent raffle prizes. They had so many raffle prizes that they started over after everyone had already received a prize. Sheila won a 12 pack of beer for being the first female, which was great for me considering she doesn't drink! Not only was it my lucky day concerning the beer Sheila won, but along with Howard, Bill and Laurel we split a case of beer for being the team with the most runners in the race. Not bad for a morning of snowshoeing!

Well I must say this was an excellent inaugural race. For me it was great because I got a bunch of Red Hook Beer, for Sheila it was winning her first snowshoe race, for Laurel it was continuing her streak, for Dave it was winning his 2nd race of the season, and everyone else that we know, they had their own special reason for liking it. While I must say it had many more frills than most of our WMAC races, however, it didn't make it any better. It was just different; every race has its own kind of unique twist and lure. This one will have its own for everyone who participated in it. As for me, I think it deserves a Barnyard vote for best inaugural race of 2008 season, well so far!

Jay Kolodzinski

WMAC

CURLY'S RECORD RUN 4.0 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

WMAC

January 27th, 2008**Pittsfield State Forest****Pittsfield, MA**

#	Name	Age	Time	Points
01.	Dave Dunham	43	0:32:02	100.00
02.	Matt Cartier	32	0:32:32	98.46
03.	Tim Van Orden	39	0:32:59	96.92
04.	Ben Nephew	32	0:33:32	95.38
05.	Tim Mahoney	28	0:33:34	93.85
06.	Britt Brewer	44	0:36:16	92.31
07.	Abby Woods	29	0:36:29	90.77
08.	Paul Bazanchuch	53	0:36:45	89.23
09.	Scott Livingston	35	0:38:03	87.69
10.	Edward Alibozek	45	0:38:17	86.15
11.	Greg Rems	31	0:38:22	84.62
12.	Bob Dion	52	0:39:19	83.08
13.	Dave Wallace	53	0:39:23	81.54
14.	Ken Clark	45	0:39:44	80.00
15.	Andy Illidge	40	0:39:56	78.46
16.	Alan Bates	59	0:39:59	76.92
17.	Jack Casey	54	0:40:32	75.38
18.	Eddie Habeck	30	0:42:03	73.85
19.	Mike Lahey	56	0:42:55	72.31
20.	Deb Livingston	33	0:43:19	70.77
21.	Charles Petraske	30	0:43:46	69.23
22.	Nick Jubok	51	0:44:32	67.69
23.	Patrick McGrath	42	0:44:52	66.15
24.	Chelynn Tetreault	32	0:45:19	64.62
25.	Christopher Pericins	39	0:47:26	63.08
26.	Jan Rancatti	47	0:48:16	61.54
27.	Ed Alibozek Jr	68	0:49:15	60.00
28.	Ginny Patson	39	0:50:53	58.46
29.	Walter Lempart	62	0:50:57	56.92
30.	Lee Sacco	15	0:51:08	55.38
31.	Martin Glendon	61	0:51:39	53.85
32.	Dave Wilber	48	0:52:09	52.31
33.	Spencer Pero	15	0:52:17	50.77
34.	Valerie Savgera	35	0:52:23	49.23
35.	Holly Atkinson	38	0:52:46	47.69
36.	Laurel Shortell	41	0:53:17	46.15
37.	Justin Otten	28	0:53:19	44.62
38.	Andy George	14	0:54:01	43.08
39.	Denise Dion	49	0:54:45	41.54
40.	Bobby Massaro	64	0:55:03	40.00
41.	Maureen Roberts	50	0:56:14	38.46
42.	Laura Clark	60	0:56:39	36.92
43.	Eric Fisher	44	0:56:42	35.38
44.	Jeff Plotkin	42	0:57:39	33.85
45.	Walter Kolodzinski	61	0:58:11	32.31
46.	Shane Wescott	15	1:01:07	30.77
47.	Ernie Alleva	56	1:01:29	29.23
48.	Richard Busa	78	1:01:35	27.69
49.	Joanna Ezinga	56	1:01:56	26.15
50.	Jim Mucci	13	1:03:12	24.62
51.	Pat Rosier	49	1:04:55	23.08
52.	Shaun Pero	12	1:07:14	21.54
53.	Steve Scott	44	1:07:23	20.00
54.	Bill Hart	66	1:07:28	18.46
55.	Bill Milkiewicz	53	1:11:22	16.92
56.	Sibyl Jacobsen	65	1:12:16	15.38

#	Name	Age	Time	Points
57.	Jamie Howard	42	1:13:25	13.85
58.	Jeff Clark	61	1:14:19	12.31
59.	Bill Glendon	61	1:15:03	10.77
60.	Konrad Karolczuk	55	1:15:04	9.23
61.	Kris Kozuch	50	1:20:39	7.69
62.	Anna Wolfe	11	1:21:00	6.15
63.	Maria Accomando	55	1:21:00	4.62
64.	Susan Wilen	44	1:21:00	3.08
65.	Jane Jerdon	56	1:21:00	1.54



'08 CRR Winners Dave Dunham and Abby Woods!

2008 WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES STANDINGS AFTER SIX EVENTS**WOODFORD BTB NORTH POND SOUTH POND COBBLE MTN CURLY'S RECORD RUN****(Up) To BEST FOUR FINISHES**

PL	NAME	AGE	#	TOTAL
1	Dave Dunham	43	4	399.13
2	Tim Van Orden	39	4	385.39
3	Jay Kolodzinski	28	4	379.53
4	Paul Bazanchuk	53	4	361.94
5	Abby Woods	29	4	361.81
6	Edward Alibozek	45	4	340.72
7	Alan Bates	59	4	308.38
8	Mike Lahey	56	4	307.66
9	Ken Clark	45	4	301.96
10	Tim Mahoney	28	3	283.64
11	Britt Brewer	44	3	282.58
12	Nick Jubok	51	4	277.07
13	Bob Dion	52	3	261.62
14	Vince Kirby	51	4	253.19
15	Greg Rems	31	3	252.96
16	Jack Casey	54	3	240.38
17	Howard Bassett	47	4	235.21
18	Martin Glendon	61	4	222.06
19	Ed Alibozek Jr	68	4	201.04
20	Laurel Shortell	41	4	199.65
21	Josh Merlis	26	2	198.33
22	Jan Rancotti	47	3	177.16
23	Pat McGrath	42	3	176.77
24	Laura Clark	60	4	175.45
25	Jay Curry	36	2	171.94
26	Bob Massaro	64	4	168.91
27	John Pelton	68	2	161.43
28	Erin Clark	19	3	161.36
29	Peter Malinowsk	53	2	161.11
30	Dan Cooper	35	2	159.59
31	Sheila Osgood	25	2	155.77
32	Jim Carlson	59	3	155.57
33	Bill Morse	56	2	150.83
34	Eddie Habeck	30	2	148.85
35	Chelynn Tetreault	32	2	147.95
36	Chloe McGrath	16	3	145.83
37	Charles Petraske	30	2	144.23
38	Walter Kolodzinski	65	4	143.75
39	David Shumpert	37	2	143.41
40	Dave Wilber	48	3	132.10
41	Dan Buttrick	27	2	123.63
42	Wally Lempart	62	2	118.38
43	Sam Hurchala	18	2	118.35
44	Ginny Patson	39	2	116.79
45	Rich Godin	52	2	115.00
46	Richard Busa	78	4	112.66
47	Larry Dragon	47	2	111.67
48	Darlene McCarthy	45	2	97.92
49	Peter Finley	46	3	97.68
50	Stephanie Cooper	39	2	89.38
51	Chris Sammartano	51	2	87.78
52	Denise Dion	46	3	84.46
53	Richard Kelly	46	2	84.16
54	Maureen Roberts	50	2	75.96

55	Darleen Buttrick	28	2	72.10
56	Jamie Howard	42	3	68.05
57	Dave Boles	61	2	65.42
58	Jan Roth	58	2	61.69
59	Bill Glendon	61	4	48.37
60	Shaun Pero	12	2	46.54
61	Konrad Karolczuk	55	4	43.25
62	Kate Hayes	59	2	42.06
63	Scott Hunter	62	2	41.71
64	Ginny Kelly	45	2	35.20
65	Jeff Clark	61	3	33.77
66	Cheryl Couchman	37	2	33.41
67	Wilham Milkiewicz	52	3	30.46
68	Uzma Qureshi	46	2	26.89

BEST THREE FINISHES

PL	NAME	AGE	#	TOTAL
01.	Dave Dunham	43	3	300.00
02.	Tim Van Orden	39	3	292.06
03.	Jay Kolodzinski	28	3	291.20
04.	Tim Mahoney	28	3	283.64
05.	Britt Brewer	44	3	282.58
06.	Abby Woods	29	3	277.44
07.	Paul Bazanchuk	53	3	275.27
08.	Bob Dion	52	3	261.62
09.	Edward Alibozek	45	3	259.05
10.	Ken Clark	45	3	257.17
11.	Greg Rems	31	3	252.96
12.	Jack Casey	54	3	240.38
13.	Alan Bates	59	3	236.71
14.	Mike Lahey	56	3	235.79
15.	Nick Jubok	51	3	212.07
16.	Vince Kirby	51	3	199.86
17.	Howard Bassett	47	3	191.88
18.	Jan Rancotti	47	3	177.16
19.	Martin Glendon	61	3	177.06
20.	Pat McGrath	42	3	176.77
21.	Ed Alibozek Jr	68	3	166.04
22.	Erin Clark	19	3	161.36
23.	Jim Carlson	59	3	155.57
24.	Laurel Shortell	41	3	153.50
25.	Chloe McGrath	16	3	145.83
26.	Laura Clark	60	3	138.53
27.	Bob Massaro	64	3	135.58
28.	Dave Wilber	48	3	132.10
29.	Walter Kolodzinski	65	3	120.42
30.	Peter Finley	46	3	97.68
31.	Richard Busa	78	3	95.99
32.	Denise Dion	46	3	84.46
33.	Jamie Howard	42	3	68.05
34.	Bill Glendon	61	3	41.70
35.	Konrad Karolczuk	55	3	38.25
36.	Jeff Clark	61	3	33.77
37.	Wilham Milkiewicz	52	3	30.46