

WMAC SNOWSHOE SERIES 2000

SOUTH POND OBSERVATIONS

Geoff Going is the only person who puts on weight when he snowshoes...he must have had 50 lbs of frozen mud slide attached to him...

Nobody wanted to run behind Geoff because when we hit soft powdery snow, he started his snowblower routine, covering himself and everyone within 50 yards. All you could hear as we entered the trail and hit the soft billowy snow was "Awe, Gee Geoff!"...

Nobody wanted to run behind Geoff anyway cause all he does is complain and moan and groan....

Avoid streams at all cost...

Don't forget your Smartwool Sox...maybe a couple extra...

Putting moleskin on the chewed-up ankles does nothing for the bruised calves...

How can snowshoes that have 37 minutes of racing time on them look like someone chewed the tips off the backs?...

I would imagine that snowshoeing is a lot different when there is snow....

Do you ever fall backwards while snowshoeing... is falling forward the best technique?...

Thank you to Ed and John and everyone who made this day so special and funny and wondrous..... Off to Greylock!!!!

Carol Kane

The Saratoga Winterfest 5km is Sunday , February 6th at noon. This is the 3rd race of our series, hope to see many of you there.

THOUGHTS FROM GREYLOCK

Congratulations to the 30 or so brave soles who scorned the cold, proving once again that "if you have it they will come." (from the movie *Field of Dreams*)

You know it's cold when...

You find yourself engulfed by actual white tornadoes and you're not even shopping for cleaning supplies.

When Karl Moltoris wears tights and is proud of it.

When at least half of the other guys on the course are wearing not one, but two, pairs of tights and are not ashamed to admit it.

When some of us go so far as to wear hiking boots and not running shoes, thus sacrificing potentials seconds of possible speed.

When you can't tell who anyone is because only their eyes peep through their face masks.

Even if you could tell who they were, they're all in their cars anyway, trying to stay warm.

When you abandon the idea of setting your stopwatch since you don't want to expose any skin to the frigid air.

When some people begin before the official because it's simply too cold to wait around.

When running uphill against the wind gets you as breathless as a cold plunge in the ocean

When you hear yourself muttering, "Saratoga will have heated bathrooms and a heated refreshment area." (Paid commercial announcement)

When global warming seems like a good idea after all.

Laura Clark

SOUTH POND TURNS UP THE HEAT!

The South Pond Shuffle snowshoe race, directed by Farmer Ed Alibozek, went off smoothly on January 15th, 2000. Thanks to the snow dance done by Blue Eyes earlier in the week, South Pond got enough snow for the race to be run on snowshoes rather than running shoes. Eastern Mountain Sports of Hadley, MA provided the loaner snowshoes for those who did not have them. Fifty-nine of us took off at the start at 10:37 AM with the exact time noted by Karl Molitoris.

Now I don't want to seem like a weenie, but it was COLD. When you took your gloves off to put on or adjust your snowshoes your hands had trouble working. Even under these conditions two brave souls ran in shorts. One was Karl and the other was Andy (What, me worry?) Illidge. Now if I had legs like Karl I'd show them off all the time, but, Andy, put your pants back on! It turns out that Beth Herder and I were pacing behind Andy when he fell in a stream with those bare legs. Ouch! As he stood up and commenced the process of freezing to death, Beth and I heard him utter the phrase, "Oh, Jeeee-eee-ahn, what shall I do now? It makes me feel cold!"

The snow was soft and powdery, but it had no base. This resulted in your feet and legs taking a pretty hard pounding from the frozen ground and the rocks under the snow. It also made for a very fast race. The speedsters really flew, with the race being won by Leigh Schmitt, one awesome snowshoer. Kenny Clark had a fantastic race, finishing second and beating out some very tough competition like Dave Dunham, Bryan Dragon, and Dave Hannon. I think it was the Sherpa Bolt Racer snowshoes he had acquired, plus some good training in the hills of Somers, CT.

I had a good race finishing in 39:48, four minutes faster than my 1998 time. My '98 time got me 8th place, but running four minutes faster today got me 12th place in this talented field. I attribute my own success to Beth Herder pacing in front of me. With about half a mile to go I think the hard ground triggered a cramp in my calf, then I took a hard fall, and Beth was gone. Jim Priete and The Dion then passed me in the frozen mud bogs, but no one else overtook me.

My daughter, Erin, came in at 47:45, with her friend Dave 50 seconds behind her. Erin managed to run the course as planned this time, without doing the second loop. Farmer Ed later asked me if Erin hung around with me after the race; I think he was wondering if she was embarrassed to be seen with someone as deranged as I. Actually, Erin revels in my strangeness and cultivates it in herself. To see what I mean, on the way here on the Mass Pike it was Erin's job to hold the dollar and dime to pay the toll at the I-91 exit. Two miles before the exit she said to me, "Dad, I dropped the dime." I surveyed the sea of Polar Fleece, gloves, coats, and blankets that surrounded her, wondering how the dime would ever be found in time. Just as I was getting that annoyed look on my face about a coin being lost in the car, she started laughing at me. She hadn't dropped it. She knows what I'm like; she's that way too!

As I said, it was cold. After finishing I was watching others come in and noticing how ice had formed on them from frozen sweat. Karl had a layer of ice on top of his ears! Stan Tiska's beard was so full of little ice balls that it looked like he had been eating . . . um, a dozen glazed donuts.

This year the "Erin Worsham Award" goes to Rhonda Dearing and Bill Glendon. This annual award is given by Farmer Ed to those who run a second loop in a one-loop race.

I discovered at South Pond that Carol Kane could do some pretty amazing things with her mouth other than just eating bugs in a summer trail race. Carol was eating chili and dropped her spoon. She caught it in cradled forearms, but couldn't retrieve it with either hand without dropping it to the ground. Before I could lift it off of her forearms, she had contorted her body and retrieved it with her mouth. Right away she knew that she would later be reading about this special mouth talent. For some reason on the way home after two hours of a three-hour drive Carol found herself having to crack the windows in her Jeep Cherokee. Farmer Ed told me it was HOT chili. By the way, a gallon of Donnalee's chili will be auctioned off at Greylock Glen January 22nd.

One highlight of my adventure was running into two of the three Charlie's Angels, Claudine Priete and Darlene McCarthy. I tried to talk them into going camping with me next weekend at Dunbar Brook. Deb (Pony Tail) Schieffer appeared very exhilarated and excited after her first snowshoe race, but she wondered if we would all be warmer if the events were moved to April. However, Deb still managed to look cute even with frozen spittle dribbling from the corners of her mouth. The Ice Worm Cameth in the form of Mark Syrett, who totally avoided the warmth of the wood stove lest he revert to slug status.

We can thank Savoy State Forest park ranger Tim Zelazo, for the warmth and hot water. Tim recently installed the wood stove in the small building, chopped wood, and set up the extension cord, which powered our hot water for chocolate.

The finish line was handled by John (Sly) Scalise, Meg Dunn, and Debbie Briggs. Meg and Debbie came all the way from NY to help out. The expert cooks were Poncho Mach and Curly Voll. Curly said that this cold weather catering is easy, and that next year he was going to serve poached salmon to the crowd.

Now it's on to the first annual Greylock Glen 5K snowshoe race Saturday January 22, 2000. I want to see some of you there who didn't make it today. How about it Gina? Cher?

Worshamer

Worsham@neca.com

3rd Annual SOUTH POND SHUFFLE 4 Mile Snowshoe Race January 15, 2000

AGE GROUP WINNERS

12 - 15	David Bennett	14	1:26:20
16 - 19	Bryan Dragon	16	34:30
20 - 29	Deborah Schieffer	25	40:40
	Leigh Schmitt	27	30:19
30 - 39	Darlene McCarthy	37	51:15
	Ken Clark	37	30:24
40 - 49	Beth Herder	41	39:07
	Bob Dion	44	39:24
50 - 59	Carol Kane	54	48:19
	Bob Worsham	54	39:48
60 - 69	John Pelton	60	36:48
70 - 79	Richard Busa	70	56:41

Every performer set a new course record with the one exception being the 01 - 15 year old division. Congratulations all age group winners!!!!

3RD ANNUAL SOUTH POND SHUFFLE 4 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE**JANUARY 15, 2000****SAVOY STATE FOREST****FLORIDA / SAVOY, MA**

01	Leigh Schmitt	27	South Deerfield, MA	30:19	118 points
02	Ken Clark	37	Somers, CT	30:24	116 points
03	Dave Dunham	35	Bradford, MA	30:37	114 points
04	Bryan Dragon	16	Cheshire, MA	34:30	112 points
05	Dave Hannon	28	North Providence, RI	35:30	110 points
06	John Pelton	60	West Rupert, VT	36:48	108 points
07	Steve Cangemi	38	Red Hook, NY	36:58	106 points
08	James Tosca	23	Sandwich, MA	37:15	104 points
09	Beth Herder	41	Pittsfield, MA	39:07	102 points
10	Bob Dion	44	Readsboro, VT	39:24	100 points
11	Jim Preite	35	North Adams, MA	39:29	98 points
12	Bob Worsham	54	Woodstock, CT	39:48	96 points
13	Larry Dragon	39	Cheshire, MA	40:08	94 points
14	Bruce Marvonek	46	Stafford Springs, CT	40:12	92 points
15	Ed Buckley	41	Southampton, MA	40:16	90 points
16	Mark Dearing	46	Sandwich, MA	40:23	88 points
17	Jack Quinn	61	Sandgate, VT	40:36	86 points
18	Deborah Schieffer	25	Prospect, CT	40:40	84 points
19	Karl Molitoris	44	Stafford Springs, CT	42:28	82 points
20	Scott Bradley	45	Pittsfield, MA	42:39	80 points
21	Eric Moore	33	North Adams, MA	43:32	78 points
22	Paul Hartwig	43	Adams, MA	43:50	76 points
23	James Ruddock	32	South Deerfield, MA	44:26	74 points
24	Greg Loomis	25	Framingham, MA	44:38	72 points
25	Ed Alibozek Jr	60	Adams, MA	44:55	70 points
26	Marc Lombard	35	Greenfield, MA	45:00	68 points
27	Andy Illidge	33	Piscataway, NJ	47:41	66 points
28	Kathleen Aubin	44	Manchester, NH	47:44	64 points
29	Erin Worsham	22	Woodstock, CT	47:45	62 points
30	Lisa Deggendori	25	South Deerfield, MA	48:07	60 points
31	Bob Wurtele	55	Manchester, NH	48:10	58 points
32	Chris Dunne	40	Rosendale, NY	48:13	56 points
33	Carol Kane	54	Weston, CT	48:19	54 points
34	Dave Durand	21	Willington, CT	48:35	52 points
35	Garrett Buckley	23	Southampton, MA	49:16	50 points
36	Geoff Going	53	Bristol, RI	49:52	48 points
37	Laura Clark	52	Saratoga Springs, NY	50:38	46 points
38	Darlene McCarthy	37	North Adams, MA	51:15	44 points
39	Bill Donovan	45	North Adams, MA	52:38	42 points
40	Larry McAndrew	41	Westfield, MA	53:07	40 points
41	Ron Dinicola	49	Salem, NH	53:40	38 points
42	Stan Tiska	42	Hinsdale, MA	55:41	36 points
43	Martin Glendon	53	Windsor, MA	56:34	34 points
44	Richard Busa	70	Marlboro, MA	56:41	32 points
45	Art Gulliver	61	Leominster, MA	58:22	30 points
46	Jim Carlson	52	Gansevort, NY	58:30	28 points
47	Leon Beverly	73	Stamford, VT	58:36	26 points
48	Claudine Preite	33	North Adams, MA	59:59	24 points
49	Brian Beausoleil	41	Warren, RI	1:00:09	22 points
50	Mark Syrett	51	Hampden, MA	1:08:54	20 points
51	David Bennett	14	Red Bank, NJ	1:26:20	18 points
52	Nancy Bennett	42	Redbank, NJ	1:28:23	16 points
53	Konrad Karolczuk	47	Windsor Locks, CT	1:29:02	14 points
54	Maria Capella	38	Suffield, CT	1:29:03	12 points
55	Phillip Capella	38	Suffield, CT	1:29:04	10 points
56	Karin Bradley	43	Pittsfield, MA	1:46:30	8 points
57	Ellen Mach	57	Adams, MA	1:46:31	6 points
58	Rhonda Dearing	41	Sandwich, MA	2:05:00	4 points
59	Bill Glendon	53	Dalton, MA	2:05:01	2 points

SOUTH POND SHUFFLE 2000 RACE DIRECTOR REPORT

The South Pond Shuffle went on with great success as was anticipated. It was a beautiful day and just enough snow to shuffle along. We had 59 runners, a healthy rise from last year. Some records were broke and plenty of food was eaten. As a matter of fact almost all the records were broken and a lot of food was eaten.

We would like to thank all the volunteers who made this event possible: Tim Zelazo, who had the stove put in which everyone seemed to enjoy (I know I did)! Debbie Briggs and Meg Dunne the worlds greatest timers. I can see now how Curly Voll beat me out last year as volunteer of the year, his hot dogs stayed hot even in sub 0 temps. Thanks to Poncho for keeping the chili hot; Kenny Clark, Konrad, Paul, the Worshamer and anyone else who was nice enough to bring extra snowshoes. Beth Herder for a wonderful raffle, how many prizes were there? Finally, thanks everyone who brought along a little extra food, it is appreciated.

These things don't happen without much help from groups. Giving us a hand were:

Western Mass Athletic Club; Eastern Mountain Sports; Runners World; Hammer Nutrition - "Hammergel"; Coca Cola Greenfield; Trailrunner Magazine; Eric Perez, for another wonderful tee shirt design; Tim and Kenny at Savoy State Forest, and NewEnglandTrailRunner.com Every one of you participating, Thank You!!

It was really great to see lots of friendly faces again. Thanks again to everyone who showed up and hope you had as good a time as we did putting it on.

John Scalise

OLD FARMER RAMBLINGS

Too cold to do any farming today (1/17), temperature didn't get above 0 degrees, will try a little writing....

- Just wondering if Steve Roulier is still in the area?
- Noticed Konrad picking up 14 points (Southpond). Is that because he brought his whole family and finished ahead of them? Well, he's in a tough division with Bob, Bruce, Karl, Scott, Paul and Bill Donovan.
- Name the runner that gets better with age... "clue" she uses white ski poles.
- Myself, I had visions of doing all the races to accumulate all the points possible, to win those Converse shoes (60 age group) until the younger farmer called with the bad news, "Pelton" (the guy who won 3 gold medals in Florida, senior olympics) was competing :(
- Andy, better move back to CT, I don't think Piscataway NJ will ever have snow or slush for you to train on.
- Geoff, you're in the same boat as Andy, no snow in RI. Do it my way, the treadmill... (take off the cleats).
- Special thanks to Marc Lombard for pulling me out from under those hemlock branches and helping me up. I was like a fish (big fish) out of water flopping around. I fell a record 11 times, then made a boo-boo. I passed Marc with 200 yds. to go. "Dana would be proud of me".
- When did Larry Dragon realize his son has his genes? The big guy is improving like crazy...
- I have a tough time with names and asked this familiar face, "How did you do Ken?" "If I were Ken, I would 'a came in 2nd, but my name is Bruce Marvonek."
- Noticed a lot of new faces & cities, or maybe I'm losing that too.
- There is always someone who enjoys this South Pond course so much, they do an extra loop.
- Can't wait to battle Richard & Leon (age category 70-99).
- Karen & Ellen, thanks for the encouragement where it counts... on the course :(
- They are as smooth as they come, 2 girls at the finish line, Meg and Debbie. :(0)

Old Farmer Ed

THE SOUTH POND SHUFFLE.... OF MICE, MOUSETRAPS & MADNESS

Following Watery Hill, I was breathing a sigh of ambivalent relief that the trail racing season was over. No compulsion to drive 3 hours to a trail run for a while. Sure would miss everybody, but reflections and rest were in order. Don't get me wrong, I love snow! Haven't yet outgrown sledding, snowman-making, snowball fights and forts and angels in the snow. So running + snow made perfect sense to me and after all the casual, nonchalant, blase' chatter on the list regarding the first snowshoe race of 2000, I was feeling pretty smug and confident about this new venture. After all, I had about 18 minutes practice on my 10K's and dutifully read the the pages on racing in a snowshoe how-to book...all 2 pages having to do with racing. I was ready!

I would arrive early, soak up all the knowledge and just observe (Worsham stealth-style). Pretty good plan. But lolligagging on Rt 2, and dutifully checking Ed's mile marks along the way, found me late as usual and frantic to find the start.

As I flew by the parking area and skidded to a stop, reality started setting in. What was I thinking? First of all, who were all these people? No one was recognizable with clothes on! Then Stan emerged from the woods. Hi Stan, don't you take your snowshoes off to cross the road...Stan...Stan? Guess not! Then the first glimpse of actual snowshoers bounding back and forth, warming up. Just put it in reverse and go home. Too late. Total madness, as I sit in my car in shock. Okay, get out of the car and say hello to everyone and ask where the bathrooms are. Do I put my snowshoes on to go to the bathroom? Or to go get my number? What if I pee on my snowshoes? Help?

Takes me 15 minutes to strap on my shoes. Just a bit nervous, but friends make me feel welcome. Good to see everyone. Ed and John are working like beavers to make sure things are going according to plan. Meet Erin Worsham. Gosh, she is pretty. Shoot, it's cold. What to wear...no time. Good thing I put my heat packs in my mittens an hour ago.

Okay, on the line. Hi Richard, Ken, Ron, Andy, Chris, is that you Deb? It was comforting that at least the start was familiar, with RD Ed giving instructions that only the front row could hear but were faintly interested in, and everyone else totally ignoring him. Feeling better. Geoff and I decide that the back of the pack is a good place to start a nice fun run, as I peel back my layers of sleeves and set my watch to "chrono." Sorry Geoff, habit.

Ed says go and we're off. No Jeremiah Johnson here! The serenity of Savoy is violated. For a split second I hang back. I get this mental picture....mice in mousetraps, tryin to run those dad-blamed things off of their feet. Okay, now I get it, nice road, probably some jeep trail and meadow, not too bad..gettin the hang of it...wait... trail...TRAILS?... no way! Rocks and roots and stream crossings and obstacles? Get out! Maybe it's a groomed trail.

Okay, just follow the person in front, try to keep up and develop technique. Ron demonstrated excellent falling techniques. Where is everybody? No PR's today! About 15 minutes into it, I overhear Geoff say, "Oh I'm sorry to see that." He had witnessed Laura Clark falling into a stream crossing. Missed that technique. Totally unfazed, she pops up and continues. Hearty group, these shoers.

Blast down the hills. Got that technique down. Chris races past me in the last 1/4 mile...nice goin! Sprint to the finish. Got that technique down also. It's over before you know and not a second too soon. Thanks Meg...She takes my pull tab and asks me if I need oxygen. Instant freeze...run to the car to change and join the rest of the frozen sardines in the warming hut...such a relief...such good chili and bread...such red legs on Andy...holy cow....don't know whether they were magenta from the fall in the stream or the burn from the stove....such a nice ending to a day that started out so bizarre....

Carol Kane

SNOWSHOERS... YEAH, WE'RE DIFFERENT

A woman I met at the South Pond Shuffle reminded me about the Nike ad, "Runners...yeah, we're different." You know the one I mean. It features the above quote illustrated with a series of gross pictures that would delight any seven year-old. The photo I recall depicts a runner blowing his nose without the aid of a handkerchief, something we have all done as seven year-olds and now again as runners with the practical outlook of that unselfconscious age. Anyway, as we pulled up to the parking lot, I exited the car with one thought uppermost in my mind and headed toward some promising looking wooden structures with gender-specific doors. Puzzled, I noticed that both men and women were streaming in and out of the door marked "men." I quickly decided that I didn't care either, and opened the door, only to discover the registration area. This was nice, especially since it was heated, but not quite what I had in mind at the moment. So I tried the door labeled "women" and finally located the stalls. "Too bad about the guys," I thought, "but how considerate of Edward Alibozek to leave our facilities intact." I eagerly stepped into one of the stalls, only to find nothing...no plumbing, not even a hole in the floor. As I went outdoors to continue my quest, I noticed a woman standing expectantly, facing a large bush. "Is this the line?" I asked, already knowing the answer. It was then she replied with the aforementioned Nike words of wisdom.

Just how different all those who participated in this year's version of the South Pond Shuffle are from ordinary mortals was made immediately clear the minute my husband and I stepped out of our controlled car environment into the -4 degrees plus wind chill. Jeff decided to come along this time since he had enjoyed reading the WMAC trail newsletters and was looking forward to meeting some "true wackos." He wasn't disappointed. Even before we stepped out, he noted that the guy next to us was stripping down. And this was not some kind of macho disco where bare chests are required - the subzero temperature was a bit too warm for his tastes. And then there was Karl Molitoris and Andy Illidge who reversed the procedure, dressing sensibly on top, but with their bare legs proudly defying the subzero weather. While I was a bit dubious about the wisdom of this approach, I was suitably impressed by the fact that two consecutive people were even able to *find* their shorts in the middle of winter.

The course, too, was different from last year's, not in direction, but in the quantity and quality of the snow. While breaking the trail proved to be much simpler this time, the fallen branches still not completely covered by snow gave everyone ample opportunity to practice their hurdling techniques. There seemed to be a lot more babbling brooks than I recalled from last year, but fortunately I remembered what happens to snowshoes after they get wet, and I was careful approach the water with the proper respect. For a while, this worked well. I used the momentum attained from leaping over the streams to carry me past quite a few more cautious runners. After a couple of miles, I found myself at the head of my group. More importantly, I had passed two women, Carol Kane and Lisa Deggendori. Carol, I figured, was probably in my age group. Feeling strong, looking good...

But, of course, being the astute readers that you are, you have already sensed that something momentous was about to occur. After all, tales worth the telling have a twist of fate to keep them interesting. And this one does, too. Just ahead of me was a large river (OK, so it was a less than wimpy brook). Before me were two choices, barge on through or tightrope across a rather thin branch balanced across a waterfall (OK, a ripple). Displaying probable good sense and definite adaptability, I took the direct route and promptly fell up to my knees into a watery black hole. I could sense the relief of the fellow travelers stacked up behind me as they now knew which option not to take. As I struggled along dragging 10 extra pounds of ice, I appreciated Lisa's extreme tact when she said, "How 'bout if I take the lead and give you a chance to recover a bit." As I watched snowshoe after snowshoe disappear around the bend, I was sorely tempted to throw in the towel and give the EMTs an exciting rescue opportunity. Then I realized that could be possible at another race (Saratoga), but not here. I was on my own.

It was then that I remembered about frostbite. In every book I'd ever read about Alaska, whenever the dogsledders fell into the lake, they immediately

stopped their journey, built a fire and dried themselves off. But since I had no matches, I had to continue on, however slowly. By practicing the power of positive thinking, chanting Hail Marys and remembering to bend my toes with every step, I began to feel marginally better. By the last loop, I even started to run better and foolishly entertained thoughts of regaining lost time. But while I was moving faster, I couldn't help but come to a dead stop whenever I encountered anything remotely resembling a flowing brook. I was really getting annoyed at myself, but at least I wasn't getting any wetter.

As in all romantic movies, I sprinted across the finish line right into the arms of my husband, who by this time was wondering what had happened to me. I was feeling great and wanted to watch the rest of the finishers come in, but for some odd reason, he insisted on returning to the car to put on my dry boots. This was easier said than done. Not only were my snowshoe straps welded onto my sneakers, but my laces were frozen solid. And, of course, they were double knotted. Concerned, Jeff asked, "Does anyone have a cigarette lighter?" This inquiry was met by stunned silence and stares of disbelief. I suggested that maybe asking for a match might be more appropriate, but by this time somebody had appeared with a portable camp heater (read blow torch). I didn't catch his name, but he was the same be-prepared boy scout who had brought along portable camp chairs in case he felt like sitting down and enjoying the -4 degree temperatures. Anyway, Jeff finally got my shoe untied, escaping with mere third degree burns on his fingers, while I was kept busy fanning the steam away from my slightly singed tights. To add insult to injury, my extra pair of boots were wet, having encountered my overturned water bottle.

Later on, back in the "women" side of the building, I struck up a conversation with the guy in the stall next to me. He was doing the Iditapup race tomorrow, a mere 20 miles up and down a mountain, and asked me to join him. I declined politely, thinking all the while, "Thank God I have to work." At the refreshment table I overheard Andy describing his close encounter with a mermaid and I figured he must have fallen into the exact same hole. While neither of us won our age group, would we have wanted to after all? Perhaps an entertaining war story to tell our grandchildren is better than humdrum glory. At any rate, one question still remains unanswered, will Andy again risk wearing shorts to Greylock, or will he decide that is just one difference too many?*

By the time you read this, of course, we will already know the answer, and my ending won't seem nearly as clever to you as it does to me.

Laura Clark

WMAC WINTER SCHEDULE

Sunday, Feb. 06, 2000 1st Saratoga Snowshoe Fest ***** Laura Clark	Saratoga Sprgs, NY 5km 518-581-1278
Sunday Feb. 13, 2000 Moby Dick Bob Dion / Eric Moore	Lanesborough, MA 16 miles 802-423-7537 413-663-8232
Saturday, Feb. 19, 2000 3rd Annual Hawley Kiln Classic ***** Edward Alibozek	Hawley, MA 7 miles 860-668-7484
March 4th, 2000 Moody Springs' ***** Edward Alibozek	West Hawley, MA 15 km 860-668-7484

***** Snowshoe Series Event

WMAC events online? please check www.runwmac.com .
Click the Snowshoe button while you are there!!

1ST ANNUAL GREYLOCK GLEN 5KM SNOWSHOE RACE

JANUARY 22, 2000 MT GREYLOCK STATE RESERVATION ADAMS, MA

01	Dave Dunham	35	Bradford, MA	25:56	35 points
02	Ken Clark	37	Somers, CT	25:58	34 points
03	Bryan Dragon	16	Cheshire, MA	29:01	33 points
04	John Pelton	60	West Rupert, VT	29:33	32 points
05	Larry Dragon	39	Cheshire, MA	31:28	31 points
06	E. Alibozek	37	Suffield, CT	32:05	30 points
07	Beth Herder	41	Pittsfield, MA	32:45	29 points
08	Bob Dion	44	Readsboro, VT	32:54	28 points
09	Jim Preite	35	N. Adams, MA	33:07	27 points
10	Scott Bradley	45	Pittsfield, MA	34:59	26 points
11	James Ruddock	32	S. Deerfield, MA	35:23	25 points
12	Marc Lombard	35	Greenfield, MA	36:23	24 points
13	Dave Boles	53	New Paltz, NY	36:26	23 points
14	Ed Alibozek Jr	60	Adams, MA	36:44	22 points
15	Carol Kane	54	Weston, CT	37:17	21 points
16	Karl Molitoris	44	Stafford, CT	37:30	20 points
17	Brad Herder	41	Pittsfield, MA	37:46	19 points
18	Todd Worsham	19	Woodstock, CT	38:52	18 points
19	Dar McCarthy	37	N. Adams, MA	40:01	17 points
20	Laura Clark	52	Saratoga, NY	41:37	16 points
21	Paula Flack	38	Manchester, CT	41:58	15 points
22	Bob Worsham	54	Woodstock, CT	42:10	14 points
23	Peter Lipka	48	Adams, MA	42:51	13 points
24	Ron Dinicola	49	Salem, NH	43:46	12 points
25	Martin Glendon	53	Windsor, MA	44:45	11 points
26	Richard Busa	70	Marlboro, MA	46:36	10 points
27	Claudine Preite	33	N. Adams, MA	47:58	9 points
28	Charlie Acquista	29	Adams, MA	48:10	8 points
29	Stan Tiska	42	Hinsdale, MA	56:20	7 points
30	Joshua Tiska	17	Hinsdale, MA	1:03:14	6 points
31	Phillip Capella	38	Suffield, CT	1:05:22	5 points
32	Maria Capella	38	Suffield, CT	1:05:23	4 points
33	K. Karolczuk	47	W. Locks, CT	1:05:25	3 points
34	Karin Bradley	43	Pittsfield, MA	1:10:39	2 points
35	Ellen Mach	57	Adams, MA	1:10:41	1 points

Greylock Glen Race Report:

A lesson in winter running gear was available at the 1st Greylock Glen 5km Snowshoe Race January 22nd. It figured to be cold (it was, -8 in downtown Adams with 20 - 40 mph wind gust throughout the day driving the wind-chill into the low numbers). Everyone survived though, and most even hung around for over an hour eating hot dogs.

Ask any of the group participating this day what they wore, I am sure that each could give very functional hints... surviving a 30 below wind chill race isn't easy to do and still smile (which everyone did).

It was a wonderfully organized first time event directed by Paul Hartwig with help from former WMAC president Poncho Mach and current Prez Gotha Swann. 35 starters and finishers, about 10 pre-registrants stayed home most likely due to the temperatures but somehow 5 or 6 people actually came out to register race day... wow.

It ended up being as hard fought an event as the South Pond race a week ago, this time Dave Dunham blasted through the fields of the glen to finish two seconds ahead of 1999 Snowshoe Champion Kenny Clark. Both gentlemen took turns leading and breaking trail (the drifts were fairly high in the middle 2.5 miles winding through the woods), and it came down to the sprint finish under the watchful eye of Greylock. 1998 Snowshoe Champion Bryan Dragon (16 years old) finished 3rd overall followed by 60 year old John Pelton.

In the woman's race it was again Beth Herder cracking the top ten with a 7th place overall - followed by Carol Kane (15th), and a trio of Darlene McCarthy (19th), Laura Clark (20th) and Paula Flack (21st) rounding out the top 5 ladies.

Looking up at the Tower from the base of Greylock had many wondering how much colder it could be up there this day... it looked so crisp that the whole thing seemed as though it could crack and crumble down upon us.

Thanks to the people who volunteered in such frigid conditions and the performers on the race course.

Lastly, Bob Dion provided the workmanship on long sleeve sweatshirts with the Greylock Glen logo (dueling snowshoes!) for this event... they are fantastic!!

Sidenote: The night before the race Paul Hartwig and I snowshoed the course at 8:00 P.M., under the moon. It was one of those experiences that I doubt I will ever forget... wind blowing snow so hard we could barely see in spots... everything lit up we thought it was snowmobiles (only the moon)... and the cold like I have never felt before (40 below with the wind chill)... give night time snowshoeing a chance - you'll love it!

Edward Alibozek

AGE GROUP WINNERS / RECORD HOLDERS

16 - 19	Bryan Dragon	16	29:01
20 - 29	Charlie Acquista	29	48:10
30 - 39	Darlene McCarthy	37	40:01
	Dave Dunham	35	25:56
40 - 49	Beth Herder	41	32:45
	Bob Dion	44	32:54
50 - 59	Carol Kane	54	37:17
	David Boles	53	36:26
60 - 69	John Pelton	60	29:33
70 - 79	Richard Busa	70	46:36

ENOUGH FOR OUR CHOSEN FORM OF WINTER RECREATION

Saturday January 16 was the South Pond Shuffle 4 mile snowshoe race at Savoy State Forest, Massachusetts. A week before the race, the northeast still hadn't received any snow. The record for latest first snow was set two weeks earlier, and the snowlessness was continuing. Finally snow came through the region the week before South Pond. It didn't provide a deep base of snow, but it was enough for our chosen form of winter recreation.

When I reached Savoy, temperature was -4F. I wore lots of clothing before the run, but didn't dress too unusually for the run itself. I wore a fleece top over a poly-propylene shirt, with the same general two layer approach on my hands. I wore a single pair of tights, and a nice, snug fleece ear band. I wore a neoprene face-mask, more to keep my neck warm than for face protection. Just before the race, I decided I wanted to use four pins for my number rather than the two I already had in place. I went into the registration area, made toasty by a nice wood stove, and got some pins. Race Director Ed's heir presumptive, John Scalise, pinned the number on for me, rather than having me take off my gloves and doing it myself. How many race directors provide such service?

In spite of the frigid weather, 60 snowshoers lined up for the start. Of the 60, two chose to run in shorts. I overheard someone say, "The worst thing you can do is overdress". Maybe I'm just a pessimist, but I can think of plenty of worse things I could do, including running in shorts when the temperature is below zero.

There is a nice wide starting line, but soon the course narrows to a hiking trail. Given the limited snow, passing will be possible, but I want a good start anyway. I go out hard, but make sure I stay behind Ken Clark, and other known speed meisters. I settle in back of the lead pack, a position where I am generally comfortable. I stay right behind one runner, as the pack leaves us behind. Before long, the pace feels too slow. When I get an opening, I run right, out of the tracks, and pass quickly. I open a gap in short order. I'm running faster than I ever have run for a long stretch with snowshoes. It feels faster than I have run since my New Year's marathons with or without snowshoes. It's not me and some new found fitness. The shallow snow conditions make it easy to cruise.

Breathing is a little tricky. It is cold enough that I like breathing through the mask, but I'm running fast enough, that I really need unobstructed passageways. I pull the mask down, and breath the cold air directly. It hurts a little, but it feels good to be getting such lungfuls.

More than midway through the run, my right snowshoe started swinging from left to right. I was guessing that I had lost the back strap of the binding. I've never had anything like this happen before. It was late enough in the run that I didn't bother stopping to check my equipment. It turns out this is just as well; there was nothing I could have done.

This shoe instability made it difficult to pick my way through technical sections. Before long, a runner caught up to me. I asked him if he wanted the trail. He said he was happy where he was. I wouldn't be happy trying to run behind someone whose shoe is flapping off, but if he's happy, I'm happy.

We reach a point where the trail turns, and I begin to follow the blue ribbons right. I look left and also see blue ribbons. Ah! This is the end of the loop, and it's time to turn back to the start. I quickly change directions. As the trailing runner changes directions he takes an impressive spill.

I'm unlikely to fall anymore today. I've reached a stasis, where I barely lift my right shoe off the ground. It makes it hard to pick my way through rough spots, impossible to run fast, but should bring me to the finish. As we finally reach the field where the course begins and ends, the runner behind me, John Pelton, takes off in a kick. He looks great after all that running. There was a point in the day when I was looking forward to a big finish. Now I just want to finish with two snowshoes on. I finish in 36:58, breaking the old course record, though I'm only in seventh place.

Sixteen runners broke Bob Dion's two year old course record of 40:30. Leigh Schmitt's winning time of 30:19, broke his winning time from last year by a good 20 minutes. The snow was fast. We would have liked more snow, but at least it was fast snow.

Soon after finishing, I examine my right snowshoe. I was surprised to find all the binding straps properly in place. I was surprised and saddened to see that I had torn the bottom of the bootie that comprises the Good Thunder binding. With this tear, there is nothing to keep my foot and snowshoe in proper alignment. I thought I would have to get a new bootie, but Kris from Good Thunder told me to send the shoes. It looks like I'll be without snowshoe for at least a couple of weeks.

For me the day has to be seen as a mixed success. Breaking my binding is a big disappointment. Everything else was great. The run was challenging and fun. The Alibozeks and Machs provided the food, Debbie Briggs and Meg Dunne traveled all the way from the Hudson Valley to keep time, and everyone else added the fellowship for which WMAC events are famous.

We are getting serious snow today, the first big storm of the season. I just spoke with Kris from Good Thunder who said they would be sending my shoes back today or tomorrow. I sure hope they get here by the weekend!

*Steven Cangemi
January 25, 2000*

SNOWSHOE SERIES POINTS UPDATE

MALE		FEMALE	
TOTAL POINTS (SOUTH POND + GREYLOCK GLEN)			
01 - 19			
Bryan Dragon	145 (112 + 33)		
David Bennett	18 (18 + 0)		
Todd Worsham	18 (0 + 18)		
20 - 29			
Leigh Schmitt	118 (118 + 0)	Deborah Schieffer	84 (84 + 0)
Dave Hannon	110 (110 + 0)	Erin Worsham	62 (62 + 0)
James Tosca	104 (104 + 0)	Lisa Deggendori	60 (60 + 0)
30 - 39			
Ken Clark	150 (116 + 34)	Darlene McCarthy	61 (44 + 17)
Dave Dunham	149 (114 + 35)	Claudine Preite	33 (24 + 9)
Larry Dragon	125 (94 + 31)	Maria Capella	16 (12 + 4)
Jim Preite	125 (98 + 27)		
40 - 49			
Bob Dion	128 (100 + 28)	Beth Herder	131 (102 + 29)
Scott Bradley	106 (80 + 26)	Kathleen Aubin	64 (64 + 0)
Karl Molitoris	102 (82 + 20)	Nancy Bennett	16 (16 + 0)
50 - 59			
Bob Worsham	110 (96 + 14)	Carol Kane	75 (54 + 21)
Bob Wurtele	58 (58 + 0)	Laura Clark	62 (46 + 16)
Geoff Going	48 (48 + 0)	Ellen Mach	7 (6 + 1)
60 - 69			
John Pelton	140 (108 + 32)		
Ed Alibozeck Jr	92 (70 + 22)		
Jack Quinn	86 (86 + 0)		
70 - 79			
Richard Busa	42 (32 + 10)		
Leon Beverly	26 (26 + 0)		

Double Points will be awarded at South Pond & Hawley Kiln Klassic

PIVOT MAN IN A CIRCLED WORK JANUARY 26, 2000

Many times on the way to visit my folks in Adams I talk Donnalee into dropping me off at the Tomb Cemetery on Route 116 in Savoy. It is only a couple more miles on the road to their house, but through the woods it is closer to 6. From the Cemetery you can connect to Brown Road (anyone who has done Poncho Mach's Savoy 20 miler might have a lightbulb go off concerning that one) and then once at the "top" (about a 500' climb I think) it is a beautiful descent of 1800' down through "Little Egypt" to my folks house. I am not making the "Little Egypt" stuff up; it is listed that way on the Cheshire Mass Topo Maps.... There are many reasons why the area I grew up in is called "Little Egypt"; my favorite two are as follows:

- 1) The steepness of the terrain / hills on the Hoosac Range look like pyramids. They are many and stacked up all over the place, with deep gullies between them rushing with brooks.
- 2) Many families of Ali-Bozeks settled in this region, and I guess the "Ali" part has an Egyptian ring to it... who knows...

Anyhow, the run started off in knee-deep powder that took the energy from me quicker than Pete Lipka freezing one of his extremities. No snowmobiles had been through yet so it was a struggle, but wondrous. An hour and five minutes found me finishing just a little less than 2.5 miles. Channel 22 News had reported this area getting 11" of snow but I think they miscalculated some. It usually takes me about 65 minutes to reach my folks house. I started hoping that no search party was already out looking for me.

Once at the top, realizing that the hardest work is over, I start on a smile bursting as pronounced as a rainbow after a rainstorm. The haul up to this point always makes me feel as though I have accomplished something. It isn't necessarily a hard climb normally, but on this day it was plain difficult. I allow myself to rejoice a little more than normal at reaching the high point on the route...

Beginning the descent chisels away a bit at my joy. The snow is just too deep to run in well, even with the snowshoes. Powdery snow this deep just sends you to another planet fatigue wise. Thankfully, the Adams Sno-Drifters Snowmobile Club arrive along on their groomer cleaning the path for the upcoming rush of motorized traffic. They look at me funny from the confines of the tractor like rig pulling the big sled... I was a real long way from any road.

Finally, the section run down past High Bridge and along the banks of the Tophet Brook really lifts my spirit; I have enjoyed this land since childhood. Winding down the hill zigzagging switchbacks in the fine powdered packed snow again brings a smile to my tired face (along with the rest of me). Before long, I am exiting the woods and hitting the open field, arrived and finished. I walk the rest along the road, get to my folks house where my mother ask if I am hungry? I am starving. Seldom could it be better than this (especially for a Wednesday afternoon). It has taken me two hours to finish this route today, I wish I had the energy to have had it last twice that.

edward alibozek

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

BLACK SKI MASKS AND SUPPLEMENTING OUR INCOME

In the answer to head wear I choose the old black ski mask with the eyes cutout.

While digging through my equipment bag at "Greylock" to get my black ski mask out, my hand gun dropped out of the bag onto the ground.

This was an embarrassing moment to be sure. I would like to apologize to those offended, but some of us find it necessary to supplement our income in some fashion...

*Stan *snicker**

NEXT STOP... THUNDERBOLT

A good alternative. Or just something to make you giggle in your belly. Enter the off road skate board. Goes well and rolls well over loose sand and on sod.

First Run:

From the top of a sand covered black top hill I stood on the board and gave it a push. I realized a little late that I could steer it well across the loose sand. However, I lost little speed. By the time I turned it was a little late causing me to strike the side of my truck, that I had strategically parked on the corner. I moved the truck to the other side then tried again.

Second Run:

I made the corner so sharp I almost struck the truck where I parked it. But with a "bird on a wire" like grip on the board I manage to steer away. One more run uneventful on the black top but with a bumpy ride across the lawn at the bottom.

Third Run:

I was now fully trained. To the frozen sand pit I went. I sat on the over hang, feet dangling. I leaned over and held the board under my feet. Wind blowing a smile on my face, I pitched my 42 year old body over the edge and onto the board. I rolled quite well, it was very exciting till I realized I was falling faster than the board.

Unlike running, when you can fall forward and roll over and to your feet, I was side ways. I tried to correct my position by turning to the hill... it was a no go. My feet hit and I was pitched backward. I rolled three times before I could slow enough to turn on my back. I was now sliding down the hill on my butt. I could see the board jetting across the bottom off the hill on the flat part doing quite well for it self, just as my feet dug in and pitched me forward rolling down the hill again. I had to laugh out loud at the bottom.

I ran after the board like a child chasing a sled, grabbed it up and ran toward the hill for a second try but stopped because everything hurt. Ouch. Maybe I will try it again soon. Perhaps I should not have tried it in the dark...

Today I am going to try down hill skiing, the curved end up and pointing down... right? I am off.

*Peace my friends
Stan*