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Check the web page for results & updates

Check us out on the web at

www.runwmac.com

Contact us at

The Hot Line 413 - 743 - 5124

Club Officers ... poncherosa@yahoo.com

Newsletter wdanecki@charter.net

Write us at:

WMAC
P.O. Box 356
Adams, MA. 01220

Greylock Trails with Tales & Tails

by Laura Clark

As befits the highest peak in Massachusetts, Mt. Greylock sits shrouded in mist and surrounded by legend. There is the Bellows Pipe Ghost, the Bernard Farm Trail airplane wreck and, in winter, an outbreak of bunny-sized Bigfoot tracks. One persistent story seasonally spun after the Greylock Half by old-timers soaking their feet in the pond, is that of the "one and only" Greylock Marathon in 1998. Those who were there, like Henry V's band of brothers, command respect when they drawl, "If you think the half was tough today, you should have been there in '98 for the full!" No princess "Once upon a time, "but pure blood and guts.

'Ninety-eight was a long time ago by human standards, enough to make retellings the stuff of legend rather than fact. It took us eight years to forget the pain, but not the glory. WMACers were more than ready for a rematch. So Darlene McCarthy, who had never before directed a race, logically decided that it would be a good idea to start her career with a 26.2 mile event. You can see where I'm going here...Ultimately, seventy-three of us thought it would be fun to circumnavigate the summit of Mt. Greylock for four to nine hours on a course whose profile resembled the EKG of a heart patient in serious trouble. Interviewed shortly after the event, before amnesia had a chance to set in, Darlene stated "I guess the reason I chose a marathon first was because we (she and hubby, Brian) were so naïve!!! I didn't see a problem with it."

Edward Alibozek and his Dad, who spent half the summer training on the proposed route, did see one slight problem: at least a third of the field would probably not be able to make the two cutoffs. So he proposed an early bird special, minus the breakfast, at (gulp) 7:00 AM. This was a great idea, especially if you had the foresight to bring a headlamp to the registration tent. Not only did this adaptation give some of us a fighting chance of finishing, the two-wave start relieved the usual congestion at the outhouse line. An unexpected side benefit was that it saved us from muttering to ourselves the entire way. Both waves got to meet and greet each other as we passed or got passed and some of the faster runners even took a "break" to slog and chat.

If the truth be told, there were actually three waves. After initiating the early bird, Edward woke up even before the worm. He, his Dad, Paul Hartwig and Tippi departed at 6:30 accompanied by rolls of marking tape. Thank them for not getting lost, or at least for not getting lost as badly as you might have.

Now here's the rest of the story... Normally dogs are allowed to participate only as water stop support crew (St. Bernards are a natural for this duty), pre-race cheerleaders, food taste testers or post-race therapy companions. But because of the pre-early start and the fact that the three friends needed a herding dog to keep them on task, Tippi was allowed to join in the fun. This was fitting since all proceeds from the trek were to benefit the Sonsini Animal Shelter.

Tippi, being a former shelter/rescue dog herself, understood her responsibility: she represented all other tailed species. So she pretty much avoided the usual doggie side trips and stayed firmly on task, tail held high for her pack to follow. She also knew that when she was on the trail with her person, it was more likely than not to be an all day affair. So unlike many dogs, she was not in the least bit tempted to speed up when passed by other runners. They were not pack members - just differently-paced individuals sharing the same course.

Continued next page:

Trails with Tails cont:

The only truly difficult moment, both for Tippi and her person, came when a hiker approached the Deer Hill Trail from the Wrong Direction. While Tippi was fine with anyone traveling at a faster rate of speed, they better be traveling the Right Way. Her tolerance level plummeted to zero and her herding instinct took over. Edward was embarrassed, Tippi frustrated. Tippi knew the score. If she could just get that hiker turned around and headed in the correct direction she would earn one more entry for her friends at the animal shelter.

While the swifter travelers relied mainly on water stops and brief trail encounters for companionship, others preferred to brave the wilderness in semi-permanent packs. Rich Busa, Karen McWhirt and I were roughly committed to staying more or less together. What this really meant was that when I fell behind, I could catch Karen and Rich on the uphill. I use the term "fell" literally, too, as I took the time to log surf on one of the brief muddy sections. You'd think after all the mud this year, I would know better. But there were times when I became leader of the pack regardless of the slant the terrain took. Does that mean I am getting better or did they feel I needed some positive reinforcement?

Inevitably, though, discipline fell apart. Karen moved ahead to run with Will Danecki who was struggling with cramps and was falling behind his group. This was an instinctive reaction on her part since she has paced both Will and Rob Scott through the o'dark portions of many 100 milers. She would make an excellent animal rescue person since she seems to gravitate to those in trouble. Feeling slightly bereft, Rich and I picked up Greg Taylor, hoping that as an experienced 100 miler, he would have had the good sense to bring a headlamp. It seems that the rain hit us just as we were entering an intensely forested section on Deer Hill Trail. It was a dark and stormy night and we almost expected Snoopy the Red Baron to crash into our section of mountain.

The 18.4 water stop was wonderful. Not only could we see again, but we were on familiar Greylock Half territory. At twenty miles, Rich decided he was almost home and headed for the barbecue like a horse heading for the barn. Greg lagged behind and I was all alone. But I didn't mind. I knew I would finish and I knew I would come in under nine hours (my goal). I must confess I probably could have been a bit faster, but I wanted to savor the familiar woods and feel good about what I had accomplished. I revisited all the places where I usually get lost, either in the half or in a snowshoe race, and they were all well marked. Apparently, again, the course markers had done their homework and reread my past articles before they headed out. I felt the same sense of accomplishment as someone who is on her way to completing her first marathon.

Greylock was not my first trail marathon, but definitely my most challenging so far. Naturally, I wanted more. The two likeliest candidates, in the Northeast at least, would be Jay Mountain Marathon in the Adirondacks and the Monster Marathon in the Finger Lakes. A guy in a Jay Tshirt who passed me on the trail said he said he thought Greylock was tougher. But perhaps that's just because that's where he was at the moment. Rich has tamed the Monster ten times so far, but not lately. He believes

Greylock has it over Monster. But just to be sure, we plan to challenge the Monster next year, roughly three weeks before round two of Greylock. We'll let you know...

Laura Clark

Greylock Trail Marathon

Greylock Glen ... Adams, MA. 9 / 24 / 06

Cool ...Breezy ...Cloudy ... Rainy ... Some Sun ... Low 60's

WMAC Members in Bold:

	<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>ST.</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>GT %</u>
1	Ben Nephew	M 31	MA	3:59:01	100.00%
2	Peter Keeney	M 40	ME	4:29:25	88.72%
3	Topher Sabot	M 30	MA	4:35:16	86.83%
4	Dave Hannon	M 35	MA	4:44:58	83.88%
5	Bob Dion	M 51	VT	4:54:46	81.09%
6	Brennan Tarrier	M 28	NY	4:56:40	80.57%
7	Rob Higley	M 52	MA	4:58:35	80.05%
8	Jim Nelson	M 42	CT	5:02:52	78.92%
9	Curt Pandiscio	M 45	CT	5:02:52	78.92%
10	Bob Sharkey	M 54	RI	5:12:17	76.54%
11	Rick Tillotson	M 49	CT	5:13:01	76.36%
12	Ken Clark	M 44	CT	5:18:00	75.16%
13	Ed Buckley	M 48	MA	5:20:48	74.51%
14	Jon Stellwagon	M 26	CT	5:27:37	72.96%
15	David Wilson	M 44	MA	5:29:34	72.52%
16	<u>Nancy Kleinrock</u> 1 st	F F 46	NY	5:34:24	71.48%
17	Steve Jensen	M 45	CT	5:40:35	70.18%
18	Jeff List	M 47	MA	5:44:09	69.45%
19	<u>Abby Kingman</u>	F 44	MA	5:47:48	68.72%
20	Eric Moore	M 40	NY	5:49:54	68.31%
21	<u>Jenny Townsend</u>	F 30	NY	5:54:01	67.52%
22	<u>April Martin</u>	F 44	NY	5:55:08	67.30%
23	Mike Belcourt	M 44	CT	5:55:40	67.20%
24	Jason Tanner	M 28	NY	5:58:46	66.62%
25	Stewart Dutfield	M 51	NY	5:59:32	66.48%
26	Baron Richardson	M 43	NH	5:59:53	66.42%
27	Pete Lipka	M 54	MA	6:03:00	65.84%
28	Scott Slater	M 28	CT	6:05:46	65.35%
29	Bill Morse	M 55	MA	6:07:43	65.00%
30	Richard Schulten	M 58	CT	6:07:51	64.98%
31	<u>Sarah Slater</u>	F 28	CT	6:07:51	64.98%
32	Kevin Gianni	M 27	CT	6:10:00	64.60%
33	Fred Pilon	M 60	MA	6:10:43	64.47%
34	Charles Joyal	M 36	MA	6:13:53	63.93%
35	Steve Roulier	M 43	MA	6:13:53	63.93%
36	Bruce Marvonek	M 53	CT	6:15:47	63.60%
37	Dan Danecki	M 47	MA	6:27:55	61.62%
38	Brent Richardson	M 41	NH	6:30:24	61.22%
39	Phil Bricker	M 52	MA	6:31:19	61.08%
40	Will Danecki	M 56	CT	6:32:22	60.92%

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Greylock Marathon results cont:

	<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>ST.</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>GT %</u>
41	Norm Richardson Jr	M 43	MA	6:32:45	60.86%
42	Wayne Stocker	M 52	MA	6:33:39	60.72%
43	Rob Whalen	M 52	CT	6:36:49	60.23%
44	Steve Shaum	M 40	NY	6:37:25	60.14%
45	Andrew Wolfe	M 42	NH	6:42:26	59.39%
46	Bob Worsham	M 60	CT	6:43:17	59.27%
47	Robert Scott	M 52	CT	6:52:43	57.91%
48	<u>Carol Kane</u>	F 61	CT	6:53:04	57.86%
49	Michele Roy	F 36	MA	6:53:24	57.82%
50	<u>Elaine Romano</u>	F 49	CT	6:58:15	57.15%
51	Dom Romano	M 51	CT	6:58:16	57.14%
52	John Loring	M 59	MA	7:01:08	56.76%
53	<u>Patricia Clark</u>	F 46	MA	7:09:33	55.64%
54	Chris Johnson	M 49	MA	7:10:31	55.52%
55	<u>Barb Sorrell</u>	F 49	NY	7:19:30	54.38%
56	Charles Thayer	M 62	VT	7:23:55	53.84%
57	Peter Lyons	M 41	MA	7:26:24	53.54%
58	Ed Jr Alibozek	M 66	MA	7:29:23	53.19%
59	Edward Alibozek	M 43	CT	7:29:23	53.19%
60	Paul Hartwig	M 46	MA	7:29:23	53.19%
61	<u>Karen McWhirt</u>	F 45	CT	8:09:25	48.84%
62	<u>P. J. Peterman</u>	F 54	NY	8:12:41	48.51%
63	Jim Miner	M 57	NY	8:12:42	48.51%
64	Richard Busa	M 76	MA	8:14:35	48.33%
65	<u>Laura Clark</u>	F 59	NY	8:28:14	47.03%
66	Greg Taylor	M 60	NY	8:41:56	45.79%
67	Ross Davison	M 44	KY	8:59:00	44.34%

Mt. Greylock Marathon: Not Created Equal

by Nancy Kleinrock

All marathons are not created equal, especially when they're run on trails. Some trail marathons, by necessity, are partially run and partially hiked. Many find the Finger Lakes Runners Club's beautiful Monster Marathon to fall into this category, but the terrain per se does not preclude the fittest among us to run the ups, nor does it limit those with even a moderate gift of nimbleness to safely billygoat down the descents. As much as I love the Monster—and I do—recent experience has taught me that this race no longer qualifies as the "toughest marathon in the East." That recent experience came in the form of the Mt. Greylock Marathon, which my partner Steve Shaum and I ran—and hiked—on September 24. Mt. Greylock is set in the Berkshires, rising roughly 2300' from its base to an elevation of 3491', and marks the highest point in Massachusetts. While we circumnavigated the mountain instead of reaching its apex, the impeccably marked no-retracing-your-steps loop course climbed the bulk of that mountain several times. While the total elevation of the race was barely more than at Monster (6000' vs. 5560'), it was the terrain that not only added challenge to Mt. Greylock, but in fact imposed the need to hike the steepest of the ups—and there were plenty of extended climbs that qualified—as well as to carefully pick one's way down the most technical of the descents. Well, perhaps not everyone used caution:

Ben Nephew, who owns the Finger Lakes 50s 50K course record of 3:56, veritably flew through this year's Mt. Greylock Marathon in 3:59 (note the longer time for the shorter distance), with the next finisher not arriving for another half hour. The rest of us mere mortals exercised greater prudence as we navigated the beauty and diversity of the race's trails.

The Mt. Greylock Marathon has only existed in official form once before, in 1998, and is now directed by Brian and Darlene McCarthy. Its trails offer a bit of everything. Sure, there are ups and downs, but the extensive network of single-track trail in the Mt. Greylock State Reservation features expanses of hardwoods just bursting into color, stretches of stately pines, gently coursing streams, lush undergrowth, an eerie plane crash site, and a few short stretches of meadow in full early-autumn bloom. The variety continued underfoot, with an assortment of footing options—only we didn't have the luxury to pick and choose, but had to sample them all in succession: comfortable hardpack, soft pine needles, slick rock, gnarly roots, sucking mud, grass, puddly regions, and an abandoned dirt road with the attendant hazards of close-packed fist-sized rocks. Not having appreciable knowledge of these trails, and therefore the adventure they would bring, it was both useful and comforting to have been able to peruse the elevation chart on the registration form and know that the final miles would be smoothly downhill. The weather also followed an inescapable progression, as the day went from a no-shivering, high-humidity 8:00 am start (with an option to start at 7:00 for slower participants), to a tease of lifting clouds, only to be followed by socked-in conditions when I reached the primary chance for a stunning view at Stoney Ledge, just past the halfway mark. A light rain started as I approached the highest point of the trail, conveniently coinciding with a muddy slog, but the sun began to dapple the way toward the finish line, only to be replaced by threatening darkness as I entered the final stretch of deep woods and unleashing its power in a thunderstorm shortly after I crossed the line in 5:34.

As one should expect from a long trail race, camaraderie and conversation was the norm when in the company of other participants, and I exchanged fashion tips with one of the two men in kilts, marveled at the comfort of another who was tackling trails for the first time while ramping up to what he hoped would be a sub-3:10 (road) marathon in November, and spent a couple of uphill miles chatting with Abby Kingman, another masters female who pulled away from me toward the top of the steep climb of the Haley Farm Trail. I kept her in sight as we topped out and jarred our way down the Stoney Ridge Trail, met her at the bottom, and trudged together with her partway up the Roaring Brook Trail, where the strength in her legs again enabled her to open a sizable gap. I figured that would be the last I'd see of her, but just as the rain began, I came up behind her again only to hear her regret not toting along the electrolyte-replacement capsules that had been stashed in our goodie bags; that is, she was cramping up. Not that I was sorry to again be the front-running woman, I told her to come get me, but to kindly give me a shout if she were to come up on my shoulder during the last half mile so that we might put on a show as we crossed the open field to the finish.

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Not Created Equal cont:

But it was not to be.

I found myself all alone during the last 5.5 miles, consisting primarily of the old road, although I passed a few who had opted for the early start. The last of the seven aid stations, all but one of which were attended to by friendly and capable volunteers (the seventh was unmanned), came a mere 1.3 miles from the finish; as a side note, I found it a nice touch to have mile markers at those waypoints. Checking my watch and seeing 5:20, I didn't think I would be able to make it in under 5:30, but I would be close. How I missed that one hanging array of the pink ribbons that had accompanied us all along the route is beyond me—maybe I can attribute it to the darkness within the pine grove and impending thunderstorm, but more likely I was just watching the roots beneath my feet instead of the route ahead of me. In any case, I bounded through the barely-a-path that traversed a dense field of goldenrod expecting to find the last stretch to the finish on the other side, but instead found myself at a T intersection with no ribbons. After a brief flounder, I rooted out the way back into the field and returned to the proper, perfectly marked trail and hustled to the end, not knowing whether Abby might have passed me during my few-minute excursion from the intended route. As I crossed the line to the friendly cheers of the McCarthys, their extended family, the finish line crew, and the 15 runners who had finished before me, I incredulously inquired whether I was first or second woman. Turned out the news was good for me and garnered me a double-layer, fleece blanket that was hand-constructed by the McCarthys' daughters. Not only was it a riot of vibrant color, it also was later a crucial factor in dispelling the chill that later overcame me and the numbness in my hands (both usual, but not-so-pleasant occurrences for me).

In addition to the spread of food at the finish, a local massage therapist was there to rub away the impending stiffness, and I credit her able hands with the freshness in my legs the remainder of race day and during the days beyond.

As I was hopping off the table—apparently just 13 minutes later, although the massage felt much longer—Abby ran smoothly across the finish line with a smile, saying that her cramps had abated a couple of miles back. So, good news for both of us, and she took home a small potted mum as an age-group award. All finishers were accorded a personalized piece of the mountain: a rock festooned with a photo of the Mt. Greylock WWI memorial, which tops the mountain, and the name and date of the race. It took a little longer, but Steve eventually earned his, too. I had rinsed off in the pond in the glen that comprised the start/finish, changed into dry clothes, wrapped myself in warm fleece, had a bite or two to eat, and offered a donation to both the animal shelter that the race sponsored and the massage therapist, watching for Steve and giving a shout-out to all who finished in the interim. Now, Steve has been struggling with a variety of tendon issues that have limited his running since the end of 2005 and, in this instance, made him hesitant about participating in Mt. Greylock as recently as the morning of the event. Thus, I was delighted to see him running—not hobbling—to the finish and even happier to hear that all his parts were intact.

Despite the many challenges of elevation and footing that this marathon presented, it also generated appreciably less pounding than a race of the same distance where every step is run. So I now have three trail marathons to my name, with times of 3:54 (Blue Marsh Lake, 2003; first female), 4:40 (Monster, 2005; third female, corrected for handicapped start), and 5:34 (Mt. Greylock, 2006; first female). No, not all trail marathons are created equal. Each have their joys, whether in terms of easy running, challenging running, or not all running. I tip my hat to diversity!

Postscript: I have related here the factors of this race that both offered satisfaction and the opportunity to test oneself. The prelude to the event provided more of the same. I had been out of town for a week in Tennessee, both for a conference in Memphis and to visit my brother and his family in Nashville (Nashville, by the way, is home to the country's largest municipal park, Percy Warner, which has beautiful single-track loop trails that form the perfect hilly staging ground for training for the HAT Run 50K in March). I flew back into Ithaca the afternoon before Mt. Greylock, with—get this!—no delays at the Philadelphia airport. Steve collected me from the airport, and we began our drive to western Massachusetts. After passing the camel on NYS 206 between Greene and Coventry, we headed up I-88, only to hear an upsurge in volume just before reaching Oneonta. Yup, an exhaust system failure, and it was 4:45 pm. This meant hightailing it loudly to a pair of friendly Monro guys in Oneonta who welded us back together in good humor and short order, although we arrived there at closing time. Not only were we grateful, so were the others at the Pittsfield State Forest campground where we damply set up our tent in the dark and spent the night, rising early to break camp and drive (quietly) to race-central. (Absurdly, this exact scene had played out for me on the corresponding September weekend in 2003 on my way to the Blue Marsh Lake Trail Marathon, although on that occasion it was slightly after 5 pm, and I was on a relatively sparse stretch of US-15 in Pennsylvania. That day, I saw a few helpful guys standing over the open hood of a truck outside a body shop. Although it wasn't their shop, they nevertheless proceeded to patch me up and send me on my way. Note to self: Before leaving for my next out-of-town trail marathon, check the integrity of the Suzuki Swift's exhaust manifold and make sure my AAA card is safely ensconced in my wallet.) Our trip home was less eventful. No complaints.

Nancy Kleinrock

Editors Note: Nancy Kleinrock is president and newsletter editor of the Finger Lakes Runners Club from Western New York. She has run the Thunder Bolt version of the Greylock half-marathon in the past.

This article originally appeared in the Finger Lakes Runners Club Newsletter.

Slogging at the Savoy

Only a few folks opt for the Savoy/Mt. Toby combo which always amazes me since running Mt. Toby the week after Savoy is like taking a well-deserved vacation. At Mt. Toby the woodland sections are delightful and give you a feel for what Savoy could become twenty years from now after the ATV ruts have filled in and the swamp recedes. What puzzles me is why anyone could think that it would be a good idea to drive an ATV into a bog in the first place. Before the ATVs were banned, I remember slogging by some rather unhappy people trying to push their vehicles out of knee-deep mud. But I guess they think we are weird too, relying on our own two legs over such a long distance.

By this time all repeat dancers at the Savoy should know what to expect: MUD and plenty of it. So this year I decided to be realistic and aim for survival instead of a make-a-wish finish time. This proved to be a wise choice since Saturday evening's deluge rejuvenated dehydrated trolls, parched frogs and potential mud pits. The next morning folks gathered at the start line way before 9 AM. It seemed pointless to warm up for Slogging at the Savoy. Mostly, we milled around speaking in hushed tones of the ordeal to come, but Bob Worsham proved the exception. He greeted me enthusiastically, definitely not in keeping with his usually solemn pre-race routine, exclaiming, "I see you favor black socks just like me!" Unthinking, I responded that I really preferred brown, but black was the only flavor available. How stupid of me! An invitation to join the Black Sox Club and I turned it down.

And that day, black sox reigned. For the mud at the Savoy was not the brown slip 'n slide variety, but the black loamy shoe-sucking kind. Freed from any Mr.Clean compulsion, the Black Sox contingent recklessly plunged in, impressing brown soxers with their gleeful disregard of Monday washday dilemmas. As far as I know, Savoy has never had a Muddy Shoe Award. If there were, Steve Suriano, of Eastchester, NY would have been a likely candidate. Art Gulliver and I watched in awe as he stumbled out of a choose-your-own-adventure bushwhack and achieved a full face body plant followed by an impressive recovery sprint. Being that this was Steve's first trail race, Art suggested that he might do better just following the muddy trail instead of searching for alternatives. Perhaps, but I had a feeling he was imposing those little detours upon himself to give his friend Holly Polmatier a chance to catch up.

Others had their own problems. My running buddy, Karen McWhirt got stabbed in the calf (Moo!) by a hostile tree branch. Her downhill technique is a lot better than mine and apparently she had not spent nearly enough time hugging trees. The trees were understandably disgruntled at her neglect and decided to strike back. As I was trudging up the mountain, I noticed that folks heading in the other direction seemed to take longer to "catch up" to me. All that two-stepping was taking its toll on everyone.

Along the way, Rich Busa and I were pleased that so many Rich Busa/Laura Clark commemorative yellow warning ribbons were out there. We appreciate that. There was caution tape at the spot where we headed through the boulder field

instead of taking a much more inviting side road ('02), and where we headed uphill on the grassy section instead of turning left in a misguided attempt to avoid the mountain all together ('03), and also where on the way back route instead of taking the left toward the car graveyard we headed straight through someone's farm ('04). Makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside to know that race directors not only actually read my accounts but take along copies when they head out to mark trail.

Just as I entered the final leg through the forest, I was again passed by Diane Miller, revived and headed for home. We had run together earlier and Diane had mentioned that this was her first race. Figuring I hadn't heard correctly, I repeated,

"Oh, your first *trail* race?"

"No," she countered, "My First Race. I've been running a month and a half."

Recovering quickly, I countered, "You must do other sports then."

"Nope, not since high school."

Long pause... Trying to regroup, I inquired, "What made you choose a 20 miler for your first-ever race?"

Diane replied, "I really wanted to do something a bit longer, but I thought I'd better try a shorter race first."

"Well then, you'll fit right in!"

Later, I noticed Diane, Steve and Holly at the barbecue, race applications in hand, asking new friends about future possibilities. And that is what is so neat about WMAC events. Mention to someone at work that you are planning to run twenty muddy miles in the hopes of winning a quart of blueberries, and they'll reply, "Why not just go to the store?"

Tell a fellow WMACer and they'll say, "Can I come too?"

Laura Clark

And Now ... More From D. H.

Wun day many yrs ago I managed to find th school in Middletown, CT where th Middletown Parks & Rec. 4 - miler wood take place. Never b4 there, I knew no-wun. After signing in & standing around, a friendly man approached, not looking like a runner at all. Looked like perhaps th school janitor. He asked about me, showed me a map of th course & told of th ups & downs, b4 walking away.

This nice ol man put me at ease, made me feel welcome. Whn I saw him next just b4 th race I sher was surprised!

Everybody apparently knew him, all talking & laffing where he stood among them - - in shorts & shirt!

Only whn I lokked down and saw th shoeless, soxless, bare feet did I realize who my new friend really was.

No, not th school janitor, but a New England legendary road runner who for decades always raced fast and barefoot - - Charlie "Doc" Robbins. Imagine completing 50 races without a miss, which he did every Thanksgiving morning at Manchester, CT. He passed away this summer.

I'll forever remember "my" day and race with Doc Robbins.

Dick Hoch

Mount Greylock Road Race:

There's More Than One Hill

Some of our more memorable races are inseparably linked with key phrases that pretty much define their character: Savoy and Mud are synonymous, Breakneck boasts, "Ten years and they still get lost" and Mount Washington's "There's only one hill," demands respect with its casual understatement. Still, after thirty-one years the Mount Greylock Road Race is still going strong, despite the fact that it inexplicably remains without a defining phrase.

All the other uphill road races are held in the spring and host a plethora of national class runners eagerly pursued by hungry black flies. Greylock marches to its own tune, preferring a fall bookend position and race times unaffected by aggressive insects. Registration is usually day-of and the cast and crew is friendly and low-key, preferring down-home spirit rather than hype. In fact, race director Bob Dion distributes the finisher's certificates before the race, telling participants to fill in their time later on when their hands are not hot and sweaty. A Rosy Ruiz opportunity if there ever was one!

Still, casual and relaxed aren't exactly eye-catching advertisements. After thirty-one years, perhaps it's time for an identity. I think Stu Eichel, a Saratoga Stryder Rich Busa equivalent, had the right idea when he observed that, unlike other uphill races where you simply go up, Greylock is a series of hill intervals with the steeper sections interrupted by level or even downhill portions. Hence, "There's more than one hill." While this moniker sounds more intimidating than "There's only one hill," it says a lot about Greylock's unique status.

This year, the ranks of Greylock's faithful were reinforced by trail refugees like Paul Hartwig, who simply couldn't face another jaunt through the ankle deep mud at Wapack. And while Greylock was foggy and damp, the road remained mudless and we all stood around chatting at the finish instead of plunging into the nearest body of water. Bob Dion tried to take advantage of the situation by herding us in front of the fogged-in lighthouse, but his shepherding skills were somewhat lacking. We kept breaking ranks to get the blood flow going. It was cold! And windy! This shouldn't have been a big surprise, but apparently it was. Capitalizing on his Dion snowshoe marketing experience, Bob had hauled his extra race sweat shirts to the top and did a landmark business in IOUs. I, for one, am the proud owner of two Greylock lighthouse warm fuzzy tops. At least they will remind me of what the lighthouse was supposed to look like.

So next year if you find yourself bemoaning the fact that you are doing too many long races and not enough speed-work sessions, consider the Mt. Greylock Uphill. This way you can simultaneously accomplish your interval training and get in your long run, saving oodles of time in the process.

Laura Clark

WMAC's 2006 Trilogy Series

Greylock - Savoy - Monroe

This year we only had a total of 29 people finishing all 3 races in the Trilogy Series. We had exactly 29 people last year also. The heavy rain the night before Savoy kept the numbers down for that race as several regulars decided to skip it. On the plus side we had 19 people complete all 3 long runs this year compared to only 13 last year. And 28 of the 29 finishers this year were club members.

On the men's side in the long course Trilogy, since Bob Dion volunteered to take over the race director duties for Monroe / Dunbar this year he was only able to run in the short race there allowing the long course Trilogy Championship title to go to fellow club member Todd Brown from CT. Todd was the only runner to come in under 7 hours for all 3 races. Way to go Todd!

On the ladies side in the long course series, Greylock Marathon RD, Darlene McCarthy continues her rehabilitation from season ending surgery a couple of years ago by running strong in all 3 races and winning the Ladies Trilogy Championship title coming in under 10 hours for all 3 runs. Way to go Darlene!

Only 2 people did all 3 short races this year with Justin McCarthy repeating as Short Course Champion. Way to go Justin!

Bob Massaro also completed the short course series this year.

Everyone else did a mix of long and short races.

For their efforts all finishers of this years Trilogy Series will receive a free 1 year membership to the club.

Thank You all for participating in the 2006 Trilogy Series!

See you next year!

WMAC Turkey Trot

Thanksgiving Day 5K Road Race

Thursday November 23, 2006 9:30 AM

Saints Hall 8 - 10 East Hoosac Street Adams, MA.

Sign up on Race Day Only Starting at 8:30 AM

Entry Fee \$5.00

Ed Saharczewski ... 413 743-5669 saharczewski@aol.com

www.runwmac.com

WMAC ... 2006 Trail Race Trilogy

LONG COURSE TRILOGY

NAME	GREYLOCK	SAVOY	DUNBAR	TOTAL
1. Todd Brown	2:10:29	3:12:40	1:30:46	6:53:55
2. Ken Clark	2:13:39	3:25:33	1:27:12	7:06:24
3. Joe Gwozdz	2:21:39	3:26:30	1:30:57	7:19:06
4. Pete Lipka	2:45:01	3:58:36	1:45:53	8:29:30
5. Thomas Parker	2:32:26	4:12:17	1:54:41	8:39:24
6. Will Danecki	2:46:06	4:06:54	1:51:22	8:44:22
7. Alan Cabot	2:51:40	4:10:30	1:53:27	8:55:37
8. Vic LaPort	2:50:14	4:12:32	1:57:01	8:59:47
9. Bob Worsham	2:50:29	4:17:30	1:53:16	9:01:15
10. Dan Danecki	2:54:32	4:28:46	1:53:48	9:17:06
11. Bruce Marvonek	2:57:58	4:57:29	1:44:41	9:40:08
12. Rob Scott	3:07:13	4:37:26	1:55:59	9:40:38
13. <u>Darlene McCarthy</u>	3:21:56	4:32:23	2:03:03	9:57:22
14. Ed Alibozek Jr.	3:26:21	4:57:32	2:05:03	10:28:56
15. Edward Alibozek	3:26:21	4:57:34	2:05:04	10:28:59
16. Paul Hartwig	3:32:54	5:02:57	2:05:05	10:40:56
17. <u>Denise Dion</u>	3:21:48	5:14:51	2:18:19	10:54:58
18. Rich Busa	3:46:36	5:36:03	2:23:15	11:45:54
19. <u>Laura Clark</u>	3:36:17	5:56:18	2:27:53	12:00:28

SHORT COURSE TRILOGY

1. Justin McCarthy	0:21:49	0:33:19	0:14:12	1:09:20
2. Bob Massaro	0:28:52	0:46:18	0:22:43	1:37:53

MIX & IN-BE-TWEENS

Greylock Short – Savoy Long – Dunbar Long

1. Wayne Stocker	0:23:22	4:13:15	2:08:48	6:45:25
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Greylock Short – Savoy Short – Dunbar Long

1. <u>Lauren Stocker</u>	0:23:15	0:37:21	2:08:46	3:09:22
2. Poncho Mach	0:30:00	0:44:52	2:10:48	3:25:40
3. Bill Glendon	0:43:16	1:04:12	3:08:47	4:56:15
4. Konrad Karolczuk	0:43:18	1:04:13	3:08:49	4:56:20

Greylock Long – Savoy Short – Dunbar Long

1. Ed Saharczewski	2:49:58	0:39:07	2:01:23	5:30:28
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Greylock Long – Savoy Short – Dunbar Short

1. Dick Hoch	4:47:52	0:57:17	0:25:48	6:10:57
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Greylock Long – Savoy Long – Dunbar Short

1. Bob Dion	2:05:50	3:01:59	0:14:16	5:22:05
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