

W. M. A. C. S N O S H U – N E W S

THE FIFTIES

Lanesboro: Well, today’s story was getting whupped by PEW. It was getting closer every week and then going out harder than I could handle... The Mike Laheys of the world leap forward through Performance Enhancing Weightloss. He has gotten a lot faster, getting closer every week and today was too strong. But, wait until next week or maybe the week after...

Beverly: A long time ago, Ed “The Younger” (sorry, farmer and jr. have always confused me) had inquired about writing something for the SnoNews, but I was caught up in doing something grammatically correct and relevant, however, I have since ditched those thoughts – just write an e-mail where only the message counts. I started snowshoe racing at 50 and two not surprising things have happened – (1) I get slower every year and (2) It has become my favorite competitive sport – or more specifically of my back and assorted other body parts that do not like hard surfaces. The heavy concentration of 50s just ahead and behind me makes it an extra fun competition.

50 is a steady decade of decline for everybody. 40 year olds win lots of snowshoe races and can be outstanding road racers, but at 50 it rarely happens. And there is no fanfare. When I first started racing what got my attention were the elder statesmen of the snowshoe racing peloton. Early on, John Pelton made me feel like Butch and Sundance trying to shake the posse in the Wild, Wild West... every time I turned around – He was there. Bolivia was looking good! Ed “The Older” Alibozek was, I thought much too close and Rich Busa sets the standard for whoever gets to where he is. These guys are good (I know I ripped that off some major league promo). Even in my mind 50 year olds were not exactly top of mind.

Why are 50 year old males relevant... to snowshoe racing? It starts with the fact that 50 year olds, more specifically 50 year old males, represent the single largest group in the field. I am going to go Dunhamesque on you here and interject the numbers, but my random sample consists of the races that I have run this season. This methodology seems consistent with the SnoNews approach of keeping the article personal – maybe going forward I will track the weekly numbers if Dave Dunham grants me the rights to the age group data.

The Races: Greylock Glen, Curly’s, Northfield and Moby Dick.

This table presents male participants by age group. Total participants all ages and gender is 309. I have only provided the three largest groups. At Moby Dick, the over 50 male and female categories comprised 30 of 60 finishers - on the longest, toughest course of the year!

Race/Age	30-39	40-49	50-59
Greylock Glen	13	11	15
Curly’s	13	11	23
Northfield	12	8	13
Moby Dick	10	8	13
Total	48	38	64

The following table is top 20 finishes by category for men.

Race/Age	30-39	40-49	50-59
Greylock Glen	9	1	5
Curly’s	7	6	3
Northfield	6	5	5
Moby Dick	5	5	5
Total	27	17	18

Results

- Males 50-59 represent about 21% of finishers.
- Although well-represented in the top 20, only 3 of the finishes are in the top 10, none better than 6th. Age adjusted time charts such as the one on Berkshire Sports website do a pretty good job accounting for the extra time.
- Looking at the Moby Dick results, beginning with 6th place, 12 of the next 25 finishers are 50s. Or expanding that thought, 16 of the next 28 finishers are over 50. Newsletter advertisers please take note.

So what’s next? Maybe, naming names and writing about the real race for places 3 through 13 or 15 or 23, sort of the best and brightest edition of The Fifties. Paul and Erik seem to have locked up the first two spots!

Peter Malinowski



CAMP SARATOGA: TRADITION SOLDIERS ON

May God grant peace to those who have given their last full measure of devotion. Camp Saratoga, now part of the Wilton Wildlife Preserve & Park, was developed by the Civilian Conservation Corps as a Boy Scout Camp. Shortly before the end of World War II, a plaque bearing the above inscription was placed underneath the meeting area flagpole in memory of those who willingly offered their lives so that their descendants could enjoy the benefits and responsibilities of living in a free nation.

While the Camp Saratoga 8K Race is a recreational event and not a life or death struggle, there is a certain measure of honor incurred by all the participants who extended themselves to the limits of their physical fitness and by all the volunteers who put aside their daily lives to aid them on their journey.

For most it was a chance to enjoy a beautiful day in the woods, for many an opportunity to earn Dion Series points and for some it was a challenge to qualify for the United States National Snowshoe Championship held this year in Wisconsin. For snowshoe newbie Mark Haworth, an accomplished runner who expected six minute miles, it was a definite wake-up call. While his 46:22 minute time placed him in the top third, an initial slip of a frozen finish line finger recorded him at 5 hours. Retaining his sense of humor, Mark declared, "It felt like longer!" For all, it was a day to be thankful and to celebrate our good fortune.

As we lined up at the start, Race Director Jeff Clark introduced the day's heroes. First was Ken Clark, celebrating his 100th Dion Series Snowshoe Race. This achievement recognizes the perseverance it takes to stick with a long term goal year in and year out. Amazingly, he is the sixth person to attain this honor, proving how seriously we as a group take our sport.

Continuing the Army Strong! tradition was a trio of 10th Mountain Division soldiers from Ft. Drum, NY. The 10th Mountain Division was activated in World War II to provide an answer to Germany's winter-ready troops. Those who survived went on to establish major ski areas throughout the United States. One notable graduate had remarkable success with his wife's waffle iron and produced the iconic Nike waffle trainers.

The soldiers' pre-race warmup was a little different this year. Peggy and Andy Keefe and their daughter Patricia comprise our loyal kitchen crew—no small job considering post-race treats rival a hotel buffet spread. They have gotten the system down to a science with casserole warmers, hot dog rotisseries and numerous folding tables.

This year, we were treated to several unloading slots only a few hundred meters away from the Winter Lodge. Peggy, however, was unsure how to approach this desirable location and focused on the deceptively solid snowmobile trail. You know what happened next—she carved out her own unique parking spot, ultimately resting her fenders on the snow and suspending her tires mid-air, giving new meaning to the phrase "spinning your wheels and going nowhere." Clearly a job for Army Strong! And they did not disappoint.

Camp Saratoga twins with Spa Park's Winterfest Race in a twofold deal, but measuring in at 8K it is truly the tougher partner. Many of the trails double as cross-country ski venues,

and if you have ever skied, you will know that a vital part of the equation involves up and down motion. While the groomed portion is theoretically easier, you never get the opportunity to activate cruise control. And then there is the final out-of-category kilometer and a half. As you hurl down the narrow lake trail you hear cheers and see the finish. But as Jeff delights in pointing out, "The finish line is not for you." You must still soldier on, tackling the toughest series of steep single track hills on the way to a blessedly downhill finish.

In spite of my home course advantage, I am unclear if I ran fairly well or fairly middling. While I certainly knew what to expect and finished the race in G Sheehan "no regrets" mode, the results are puzzling. Math should be fairly straightforward, but a painful scrutiny of the Dion Percentage points indicates that I earned a piddling 24.07%, based on Tim Van Orden's winning 100%. I usually end up somewhere in the 30's on an average course, in the 40's or 50's on a more difficult one. I know that makes no sense but the hard-packed events tend to favor those with greater leg speed, while the tougher ones even things out for the rest of us. This is one of the aspects I love best about this sport: run enough races with varying snow conditions and everyone gets their chance to shine.

But if you calculate in a more personal way, my placement left a lot of wiggle room. On the one hand, Jim Carlson and my current rival, Brad Herder were well ahead, but on the other I was right where I should be behind Jen Ferriss and Maureen Roberts. So either I did OK, really well, or as expected. Go figure. I guess all that proves is that for each one of us every race is different.

At Hawley Kiln, Edward always urges us to take a warmup or cool down over to the old charcoal burning kiln. Finally, he got tired of encouraging and rerouted the course to circle the Kiln for a no-excuses tour. For the first time this year Camp Saratoga featured its own historic fire tower which no one actually saw unless they glanced to the left, through the woods, after climbing up a hill and on the precipice of a sharp descent. I didn't even bother mentioning this new landmark, knowing of the success Farmer Ed had getting us to tour the Kiln before it became a requirement.

One might question how an historic monument can be considered part of the cultural landscape when transported and erected setted in an entirely different location. But in this case, I believe it is justified. Just before the heavy snows came, the 1924 Fire Tower at Luther Forest was reassembled at highest point at Camp. Luther Forest Corporation owner Alex Mackay is the great grandson of Thomas Luther who planted the forest that bears his name. Luther's son, Thomas, Mackay's grandfather, found Scout Camp. Alex transported the fire tower as a fitting memorial to his grandfather.

Ever mindful of those who like to "collect" fire towers, Jim Carlson and I tried in vain to reroute the course, but the best we could do was circle the tower only to end up in parking lot #3—not exactly a scenic or a safe option. So next time you go to Camp, budget the time for an out-and-back detour and chalk up yet another fire tower.

CAMP SARATOGA CONTINUED

Sections of this preserve are owned by the Town of Wilton, the Department of Environmental Conservation and the Nature Conservancy. While this trio has necessarily differing goals, all are working to increase the size of the parcel and provide a large area of interconnected trails. Your participation in this event, as well as in the Saratoga Stryders' Summer Trail Series, helps fund their acquisition plans and hopefully sometime down the trail we will be able to expand and bring you still more hills to conquer!

Happy Trails!
Laura Clark

CAMP SARATOGA MILESTONES:

Finishes:

Ken Clark – 100 Finishes.

London Niles – 30 Finishes.

Claudine Preite – 25 Finishes.

Erik Wight – 20 Finishes.

Points:

Jessica Hageman passes 3,000 Pts w/ 3023.53.

1,000 Point Club

Jamie Howard - 1021.14 Points.

Jeff Clark - 1012.04 Points.

Brad Herder - 1010.97 Points.

FEB 12TH & 13TH SNOWSHOER WEEK:

Snowshoer of the Week goes to **Theresa Apple**. Took the 50+ division at Camp Saratoga and also finished ahead of all women 35 and under. Overall, just in front of the half-way point of the race (73rd of 163 finishers).



WINTERFEST SUPER SNOW

After Jeff and I finished marking the Winterfest Snowshoe course, we went to Saturday evening Mass and tried to blend in, snowshoe clothes and all. But Father saw right through us. As he approached the lectern, he looked directly at me and said, "If any of you are still praying for snow, you can stop now!" He must have had the power of the righteous behind him because as we left church the snow turned to rain, then sleet. Later on Jeff, Laurel Shortell and I witnessed thundersnow, an extremely rare phenomenon, with only 6.3 events being reported per year. I'm not sure how the weather guessers came up with the .3, but from the force of the explosion, I would say we got a full point thanks to the power of the pulpit.

Fortunately, Father's comment was interdenominational in nature: our snow held up just fine but the rain/sleet mix pleased those who were tired of shoveling. Which brings me to a puzzling observation. Folks were wildly ecstatic about this year's course, commenting that it was so much better than last year's. Well, naturally. This year we had snow as opposed to last year when we had conceptual snow and ice. The course was always the same. Jeff and I would like to take credit for not believing in global warming, but really, that's as far as it goes. I only wish we could point our magic wands and transform all the race sites to winter wonderlands.

Still, this year proved so liberating! Instead of worrying about snow, we could direct our full attention to the race itself. Usually, this time of year I rather envy road race directors since there is no question whether or not they will have a road. And if for some reason a particular stretch of road caves in, there is always another waiting to take up the slack.

As usual, I ran the race, but more as an afterthought than as a competitor. I so much enjoy seeing others have a good time on a day Jeff and I designed especially for them. Now, a week later I have no memory of how I did or how I felt when I did it. Which of course proves that I should have written this a lot sooner, but also indicates how race director mode intrudes –is that course marshal in the proper location? Are the orange flags still waving at attention? Are the chronoprinters functioning properly? The orchestral effort is so much more overriding than individual performance.

While most Americans were focused on the evening's superbowl activities, we were content with winning the pre-game snow betting pool for our Super Snow party. Who knows? If we can maintain our streak we may even change the landscape of sought-after events. Currently that record is held by the Turkey Trots, Turkey Raffles and Gobbler Gallops crowning Thanksgiving Day as the most popular race date in the United States. But now that Superbowl seems to be as much of an excuse to party as an athletic event, we need to reassert our puritanical roots and earn our chips and dip. This Winterfest Sunday we were all winners, enjoying wonderful snow, friendly competition, and a pre-game pot luck. Perhaps this can be the start of a new trend in celebratory running.

By Laura Clark

8TH CAMP SARATOGA 8KM SNOWSHOE RACE**February 12, 2011****Camp Saratoga****Wilton, NY**

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS	PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
01.	Tim Van Orden	42	0:31:42	100.00	54.	Steve Vnuk	55	0:44:43	67.28
02.	Aaron Robertson	32	0:31:43	99.38	55.	Mort Nace	44	0:45:11	66.67
03.	Thomas O'Grady	25	0:33:16	98.77	56.	Jeffrey Lutzker	59	0:45:36	66.05
04.	Tim Mahoney	31	0:33:54	98.15	57.	Ed Johnson	49	0:45:45	65.43
05.	Ahmed Elasser	48	0:34:46	97.53	58.	Thomas Ryan	50	0:46:00	64.81
06.	Matt Westerlund	38	0:35:06	96.91	59.	Brenan Tarrier	32	0:46:02	64.20
07.	Connor Devine	17	0:35:14	96.30	60.	D. Tobon Knobloch	29	0:46:20	63.58
08.	Sean Reynolds	16	0:35:32	95.68	61.	Mark Haworth	41	0:46:22	62.96
09.	Taylor Della Rocco	16	0:35:59	95.06	62.	Ian Hutchinson	46	0:46:28	62.35
10.	Rick DeCarr	26	0:36:15	94.44	63.	Floyd Lampart	64	0:46:36	61.73
11.	Erik Wight	51	0:37:09	93.83	64.	Kaitlyn Wahila	27	0:46:37	61.11
12.	Brian Matthews	30	0:37:24	93.21	65.	Rachel Wysocki	19	0:46:44	60.49
13.	Brian Northan	35	0:37:30	92.59	66.	Derell Scott	19	0:46:45	59.88
14.	Andrew Rickert	31	0:37:30	91.98	67.	Rick Morse	60	0:47:00	59.26
15.	Elliott Megquier	22	0:37:32	91.36	68.	Jessy Montrose	24	0:47:01	58.64
16.	Abby Mahoney	32	0:37:42	90.74	69.	Tom Mack	46	0:47:02	58.02
17.	Ken Clark	48	0:37:59	90.12	70.	John Butler	44	0:47:10	57.41
18.	Kenneth J Bard	39	0:38:35	89.51	71.	Alex Chlopecki II	39	0:47:17	56.79
19.	Eric Hulbert	15	0:38:41	88.89	72.	Jeff Clark	53	0:47:38	56.17
20.	Dennis Vanvlack	38	0:38:54	88.27	73.	Theresa Apple	50	0:47:58	55.56
21.	Carolyn Stocker	18	0:39:01	87.65	74.	Ezra Hulbert	12	0:48:03	54.94
22.	Steve Chaffee	46	0:39:08	87.04	75.	Jamie Casline	51	0:48:12	54.32
23.	Joseph Sullivan	32	0:39:12	86.42	76.	Chris Imperial	30	0:48:14	53.70
24.	Jim Preite	47	0:39:15	85.80	77.	Tracey Jeffreys	40	0:48:16	53.09
25.	Daniel French	39	0:39:24	85.19	78.	Craig Roods	62	0:48:21	52.47
26.	Ben Palladino	18	0:39:39	84.57	79.	Sweep Voll	50	0:48:25	51.85
27.	Paul Mueller	26	0:39:48	83.95	80.	Mark Raymond	48	0:48:33	51.23
28.	Charles Petraske	33	0:40:09	83.33	81.	Lisa D'Aniello	24	0:48:50	50.62
29.	Jim Devine	50	0:40:15	82.72	82.	Darren Drabek	36	0:49:03	50.00
30.	Paul Cox	17	0:40:19	82.10	83.	Frank Paone	53	0:49:10	49.38
31.	Elizabeth Madore	30	0:40:52	81.48	84.	Kim E. Scott	42	0:49:12	48.77
32.	Justin Andrews	18	0:41:05	80.86	85.	Jill Cusack	43	0:49:13	48.15
33.	David Peterson	52	0:41:13	80.25	86.	Michael DellaRocco	59	0:49:24	47.53
34.	Mike Lahey	59	0:41:27	79.63	87.	Laurel Shortell	44	0:49:39	46.91
35.	Lucas Roods	20	0:41:56	79.01	88.	London Niles	13	0:49:53	46.30
36.	Edward Alibozek	48	0:42:01	78.40	89.	Sarah Dzikowicz	40	0:49:55	45.68
37.	Adam Wright	21	0:42:06	77.78	90.	Kelly Virkler	27	0:50:15	45.06
38.	Andrew Wahila	26	0:42:09	77.16	91.	Jane Mastaitis	52	0:50:35	44.44
39.	Tom Tift	53	0:42:16	76.54	92.	James Miner	62	0:50:37	43.83
40.	Courtney Tedeschi	15	0:42:18	75.93	93.	Jen Kuzmich	52	0:51:17	43.21
41.	Kelly Holtzworth	32	0:42:29	75.31	94.	Matthew Iglar	28	0:51:31	42.59
42.	Jason Roberts	35	0:42:41	74.69	95.	Diane Hanson	46	0:51:44	41.98
43.	Benjamin Harper	14	0:42:59	74.07	96.	Kathleen Furlani	62	0:51:47	41.36
44.	Steve Rivers	49	0:43:08	73.46	97.	Frank Bender	60	0:52:19	40.74
45.	Tim Ratowski	38	0:43:20	72.84	98.	Joe Bouck	48	0:52:21	40.12
46.	Aaron Knobloch	34	0:43:35	72.22	99.	Graham Johnson	22	0:52:24	39.51
47.	Wayne Stocker	56	0:43:43	71.60	100.	Charles Brockett	65	0:52:57	38.89
48.	Ross Montford	26	0:43:49	70.99	101.	William Milak	58	0:53:13	38.27
49.	Jeffrey Andritz	29	0:43:53	70.37	102.	Rachael Jones	12	0:53:13	37.65
50.	Kyle Johnson	37	0:44:02	69.75	103.	Ed Alibozek Jr	71	0:53:34	37.04
51.	Douglas Gerhardt	43	0:44:03	69.14	104.	Douglas Fox	66	0:53:48	36.42
52.	Jessica Hageman	35	0:44:12	68.52	105.	Mike Hegel	43	0:53:50	35.80
53.	Glenn Tryson	57	0:44:29	67.90	106.	Maureen Laskey	50	0:53:58	35.19

8TH CAMP SARATOGA 8KM SNOWSHOE RACE RESULTS AND PHOTOS

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
107.	Mary Rivers	49	0:54:03	34.57
108.	Mary McNamara	57	0:54:14	33.95
109.	Nicolette Pohl	49	0:54:22	33.33
110.	Jen Laskey	23	0:54:29	32.72
111.	Peggy McKeown	53	0:54:34	32.10
112.	Vincent Kirby	54	0:54:49	31.48
113.	Jim Carlson	63	0:54:59	30.86
114.	John Pelton	71	0:55:07	30.25
115.	Stan Serafin	57	0:55:18	29.63
116.	Ben Pisani	36	0:55:32	29.01
117.	Maureen Roberts	53	0:55:37	28.40
118.	David Yee	34	0:55:55	27.78
119.	Jennifer Ferriss	39	0:56:26	27.16
120.	Brad Herder	53	0:57:03	26.54
121.	Debra Wechter	35	0:57:05	25.93
122.	Bill Orr	48	0:57:18	25.31
123.	Hope Plavin	52	0:57:49	24.69
124.	Laura Clark	63	0:57:53	24.07
125.	John Bateman	45	0:57:59	23.46
126.	Alex Matthews	24	0:58:56	22.84
127.	Jamie Howard	45	0:59:43	22.22
128.	Bob Massaro	67	0:59:52	21.60
129.	Joe Yavonditte	61	0:59:59	20.99
130.	Karen Jean	38	1:00:05	20.37
131.	Diane Gray	47	1:00:19	19.75
132.	Daniel Kelly	41	1:00:37	19.14
133.	Jason Baniak	30	1:00:50	18.52
134.	Anne Roberts	25	1:00:54	17.90
135.	Jacqueline Lemieux	44	1:02:25	17.28
136.	Claudine Preite	44	1:02:29	16.67
137.	Peter Finley	49	1:02:43	16.05
138.	David Boles	64	1:03:20	15.43
139.	Julie Gardner	39	1:03:53	14.81
140.	Barbara Sorrell	53	1:04:18	14.20
141.	Tammy Nace	45	1:04:43	13.58
142.	Jane Wilson	42	1:05:20	12.96
143.	Dena Sanders	47	1:05:21	12.35
144.	Konrad Karolczuk	58	1:05:23	11.73
145.	Laura J Milak	54	1:05:26	11.11
146.	Vicki DeGroff	48	1:05:29	10.49
147.	Chelsea Desalvatore	25	1:06:09	9.88
148.	Phyllis Fox	58	1:08:23	9.26
149.	Jim Sheehan	58	1:08:34	8.64
150.	Michael Maguire	55	1:08:37	8.02
151.	Richard Busa	81	1:09:08	7.41
152.	Ray Lee	68	1:09:19	6.79
153.	Cathy Biss	63	1:11:29	6.17
154.	Steve Mastaitis	57	1:11:30	5.56
155.	Janet Tryson	57	1:15:31	4.94
156.	Daniel Smirlock	59	1:15:55	4.32
157.	Steve Obermeyer	49	1:16:20	3.70
158.	Kathleen Tersigni	40	1:16:21	3.09
159.	Cathy Sheehan	50	1:23:01	2.47
160.	Stu Eichel	78	1:27:19	1.85
161.	Bernice Wozniak	38	1:36:18	1.23
162.	Maggie Sullivan	37	1:36:21	0.62
XX	Jeff Clark	63	1:28:00	0.50

TRADITIONAL PICS AT CAMP – 1st, 2nd, 3rd Women



Abby Mahoney returns to form



Carolyn Stocker getting back from a broken foot



Elizabeth Madore running strong

Thanks again to www.berkshiresports.org for supplying us with so many wonderful photos of this and past WMAC DION Snowshoe Seasons! Thanks Brad and Birk!

LONG, HARD, AND CHEAP!: MOBY DICK 2011

That's how I would describe the Moby Dick Snowshoe Race of 2011. Now that I'm 65 some of the races are free for me, but it was only 5\$ for everybody else. Where can you get a deal like that today? I arrived early (8:00AM) because we all know that sometimes there is a problem with parking at a race with all the snow piles in the parking places, and I'm kind of funny about parking. At 8:00AM it was cold and windy and the temperature was going to go down rather than up as the day went on. It was one of those days where I was going to get my snowshoes on inside the car no matter what. Getting out of the car with them on is sometimes a trick, like going backwards feet first crawling on your knees.

I chatted with lots of people before the race after registering with Beth Herder in the nice warm Visitors' Center. This was one day that I appreciated porcelain toilets. I discovered that a Saturn Relay can be comfortable and might even have room for a hot tub in the back. It was so cold I forgot my routine of drinking my energy drink 45 minutes before the race along with Advil and water. It was 30 minutes to post time when I remembered. There was no warm-up jogging, no stretching, and no running off into the woods to pee. It was dress as warmly as possible and go to the start line at about 5 minutes before the race. One person at the start line was dressed like a bank robber in a mask. I don't know who he was, but he was standing next to Barbarella.

The conditions for this race were strange. The snow on the ground was deep, but the trail we were on had been traversed and packed down earlier in the week by people who were trying to make it easier for Brad Herder to run the race, non-mudder that he is. During the race when you ran in the track it was frozen and supported you. If you stepped off of it onto the crusty snow beside it chances were that you would sink down to your knees. Early in the race I tried to pass a woman, said "passing right," and as soon as I stepped off trail to go around I fell through and stopped. She was kind enough to stop and allow me to complete my pass.

After about 20 minutes I came up behind a group of young ladies who were running together. I soon realized it was Sweep Voll, Jamie Coyne (infamous Runner Girl), and Debra Wechter. You might be familiar with "Runner Girl" signs all over the Pittsfield State Forest at the Curley's half marathon. Those signs were for her. These are the "girls" that scared me too much for me to show up for the Turner's Trail Race. In previous races they finished ahead of me so I settled in and paced. In a bit I thought I should be going faster so they all let me pass. Once I hit the steep uphill as we approached the road crossing they all bunched up behind me, so after the road crossing I stepped aside to let them go first and again settled in behind. The view was better from there. My goal was to pace with them no matter what, and that's what I did. By this time I had managed to fall down once. As we descended some downhill on the approach to the butt-sliding place, I took a curve to the right, lost my balance, and went off the trail butt-first into the snow. I screeched like a girl, and when Debra turned around to look she saw me like I had fallen into a barrel with my feet and head sticking up out of the snow. I think she asked the two in front of her who the crazy guy was that screeches like a girl.

After butt-sliding hill Willy Danecki came up behind us but didn't want to pass. After awhile I turned around and he wasn't there. He caught us again later and told me he had taken a hard fall. Once the pack got to the next road crossing it was mostly downhill and flat from there. Sweep lead us in to the finish and we all maintained our positions to the finish. It was really fun and although temps were cold and it was windy on top at times, I never got uncomfortably cold. Besides, I was looking forward to that hot tub in the Saturn Relay.

Getting changed inside the car at the point where I had my pants off in the back seat someone was arriving at the car next to mine. It was Laura Clark, and I'm sure she was trying to watch me sneaking looks covertly. But I fooled her; I started breathing hard and steamed up the windows. In a few minutes after I was decent and ready to get out, I looked over at Laura's car and saw bare shoulders and lots of skin. I don't know, but I bet she was trying to entice me over there while her husband, Jeff, was helping Ed dish out soup.

When I got out of the car I went up to the Saturn Relay to go in the hot tub and discovered that I had been delusional and there wasn't really a hot tub in the back of that Relay. Shucks!!

So it was soup instead of hot tub. Farmer Ed, Jeff Clark, and Kenny Clark (no relation) were dishing out soup from the shelter of the garage door. I told Jeff I saw his wife naked and he got a big smile on his face thinking about it. So I had that great potato soup that is a combination of Ed's concoction and Jamie Howard's specially prepared secret potatoes. Then there was hot chocolate. Then there were these two young women who came for soup and one said she had come up from Washington DC for the race. I bet it was actually the soup she came for. Ed offered my services to help her carry her soup, hot chocolate, and hot dog up to the Visitors' Center, but being a self-sufficient woman she said she could do it herself. I was relieved because all I wanted was another bowl of soup. All in all I had a pretty good day. I had great fantasies about a hot tub, ran with the pretty girls, saw Laura Clark naked, and had potato soup. One race down and one to go at Hallockville Pond Sunday.

WorShamer

MOBY DICK MILESTONES:

Finishes:

Laurel Shortell – 125 Finishes.

Laura Clark – 110 Finishes.

Bob Massaro – 95 Finishes.

Bob Worsham – 55 Finishes.

Points:

Ken Clark passes 9,000 Pts w/ 9042.33.

Peter Malinowski passes 2,500 Pts w/ 2553.69.

WMAC

2011 DION SNOWSHOE RACING SERIES

WMAC

2nd ANNUAL MOBY DICK 7-MILE SNOWSHOE RACE**February 19, 2011****Greylock Visitor Center****Lanesborough, MA**

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
01.	Tim Van Orden	44	1:08:17	100.00
02.	Chris Hayhurst	38	1:09:14	98.33
03.	Tim Mahoney	31	1:11:24	96.67
04.	Chris Taft	30	1:11:25	95.00
05.	Abby Mahoney	32	1:15:02	93.33
06.	Amy Lane	31	1:15:57	91.67
07.	Paul Bazanchuk	56	1:16:15	90.00
08.	Carolyn Stocker	18	1:16:32	88.33
09.	Ken Clark	48	1:17:28	86.67
10.	Richard Teal	33	1:18:34	85.00
11.	Ned James	56	1:21:20	83.33
12.	Alan Bates	62	1:21:21	81.67
13.	Robert McCarthy	43	1:21:22	80.00
14.	Mike Lahey	59	1:25:05	78.33
15.	Peter Malinkowski	56	1:27:51	76.67
16.	Calvin Brauner	23	1:27:53	75.00
17.	Randy Zucco	40	1:32:17	73.33
18.	Ben Moore	43	1:34:10	71.67
19.	Nick Jubok	54	1:36:36	70.00
20.	Nick Tooker	31	1:38:21	68.33
21.	Richard Chipman	50	1:38:25	66.67
22.	Ashley Krause	33	1:38:40	65.00
23.	Ross Krause	31	1:38:41	63.33
24.	Stephen Blacklocks	54	1:39:30	61.67
25.	Jeff Clark	53	1:39:37	60.00
26.	Phil Bricker	57	1:41:30	58.33
27.	Laurel Shortell	44	1:41:55	56.67
28.	Fred Pilon	65	1:42:38	55.00
29.	Bruce Shenker	58	1:42:49	53.33
30.	David Kuennen	30	1:45:23	51.67
31.	Tom Tift	53	1:46:05	50.00
32.	Jamie Coyne	53	1:46:45	48.33
33.	Bob Worsham	65	1:46:45	46.67
34.	Sweep Voll	50	1:46:46	45.00
35.	Deb Wechter	36	1:46:46	43.33
36.	Will Danecki	60	1:46:47	41.67
37.	Pete Cole	42	1:50:37	40.00
38.	Brandon Gray	32	1:52:02	38.33
39.	Edward Alibozek	48	1:54:00	36.67
40.	Pat Rosier	52	1:55:17	35.00
41.	Laura Clark	63	1:55:22	33.33
42.	Kathy Furlani	62	1:55:42	31.67
43.	Sarah Dzikowicz	40	1:58:05	30.00
44.	Matt Farrauto	38	1:58:06	28.33
45.	Helen Curtin	42	1:59:48	26.67
46.	Richard Levitt	36	2:01:48	25.00
47.	Stan Serafin	57	2:02:50	23.33
48.	Jamie Howard	45	2:05:26	21.67
49.	Tara Crumb	26	2:07:58	20.00
50.	Lindsay Looft	24	2:08:05	18.33
51.	Bob Massaro	67	2:08:06	16.67
52.	Martin Glendon	64	2:10:03	15.00
53.	Julie Gardner	39	2:11:05	13.33

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	PTS
54.	Dave Boles	64	2:14:48	11.67
55.	Rich Busa	81	2:19:36	10.00
56.	Bill Glendon	65	2:32:09	8.33
57.	Konrad Karolczuk	58	2:32:15	6.67
58.	Barbara Sorrell	53	2:33:45	5.00
59.	Greg Taylor	64	2:35:05	3.33
60.	Lee Ann Zarger	56	3:04:00	1.67

Chris Hayhurst, 1st race; Bates, James, McCarthy; Stan Serafin!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO VISIT THE ARCTIC TO RUN THERE BY LAURA CLARK

After so many years of Greylock adventures, we have learned to expect the unexpected. Mt. Greylock, the largest mountain in Massachusetts, peaking at 3,491 feet, will never rival the Rockies in altitude, but comes close in attitude. Geologically, it is a monadnock, a residual mountain towering impressively above the surrounding terrain, spanning real estate in several widely spaced towns. While ancient Greylock was more impressive in height, her solid white quartz base helps her keep inevitable erosion at bay.

Like the rare white leviathan, Moby Dick, for whom our 7-mile Moby Dick race is named, winter Greylock presents a snowy hump to the surrounding landscape, a creature of myth not easily tamed. Always moody and unpredictable, Moby lures us into her depths only to spit us out again and laugh heartily at our bravado. A journey into the maelstrom is not to be taken lightly.

And so it was for the 2nd annual Moby Dick this past weekend. Old timers, however, will recall a '03 8-mile "run." For some reason, the Moby quest was abandoned and only resurrected last year. I distinctly remember that immediately after this fun run I sadly relegated my faithful Atlas snowshoes to training only and brought a pair of Dions. The trail is that narrow.

This year the same trail had shrunken considerably thanks to the witless bigfooter who summited in the previous day's 50-degree weather, potholing the single track into extremely narrow gauge. This was the only time I have ever bruised my ankles wearing Dions, as my normal running gait was reduced to one-footed hopping with occasional forays onto deceptively firm-looking arctic icebergs. While the bergs held up fairly well for me, those a bit heavier, and naturally running ahead, chipped off huge boulders and scattered them randomly over the trail.

But all that is typical Greylock. Conditions vary from hour to hour let alone from day to day. And the White Whale is always teasing, just ahead of the humanly possible. The parking lot looked more like a scene from Extreme Planet with snow tornados attacking hapless WMACers struggling to make their way across the frozen tundra to the Lodge. Even cradled within the relative safety of George, we were rocked back and forth. That hasn't happened since the famous run at Escarpment.

Defying logic, I decided to check out the trail and see if it was still there. I met one other person but I couldn't tell who it was since he was all bundled up. He probably didn't recognize me either since everyone had switched from their usual racing colors to Arctic survival gear. When attempting to summit the ice cliff at the start line, I met a Husky who naturally seemed perfectly at home in this environment. I really, really wanted to borrow him for an Iditarod version of the climb.

When I finally made it to the Lodge, there was Ed at the entrance along with a fleet of snowshoe rentals. Forty people had told him they wanted to run and twenty of those needed loaners. Despite all his years of race directing, Edward was baffled, "Why would anyone who has never done a snowshoe race think it would be a good idea to choose an Arctic 7-miler for their first attempt? Turned out only six of those carried through, some of whom were the fun-loving group from DC who ventured north to Camp Saratoga last year. Another was

Chris Hayhurst who narrowly missed defeating this year's perennial winner Tim Van Orden. You just never know.

Unlike previous races, we strung out quickly and many discovered themselves in a solitary hunt for their own individual Mobys. While I am used to running alone during a long trail race, it was somewhat disconcerting to experience this at the top of the world. In true Gary Paulson fashion (read *Hatchet*) I did a quick pocket check coming up woefully unprepared with only an inhaler, a key to George and a chapstick. The inhaler constituted my sole concession to medical preparedness, the car key could theoretically saw off branches for an improvised lean-to, and I guess the chapstick could be eaten if I got desperate enough. Basically, I was screwed. I wasn't even wearing my Road ID, figuring my #33 bib was identification enough, a number I insisted on wearing despite the fact that Beth Herder reassured me that she knew who I was and I would not be missing out on any Curly's raffles.

Meanwhile, back at the Lodge, Edward was valiantly trying to keep the cooking fires glowing despite Greylock's snowy, flowy, blowy attempts to consume more than her fair share. Jeff Clark handed over running duties to the other Jeff Clark and made an emergency cup run with George, dodging snow squalls and incoming tree branches. Beth Herder was gearing up to stand around in sub-Arctic conditions clicking our times with frozen fingers and urging finishers not to loiter in wet clothes. You would think that would be a no-brainer, but it is always exciting to cheer on your friends.

Meanwhile, as Beth was clicking off the first finishers, I approached a landmark recognizable even in whiteout conditions: the steep hill where Brad Herder normally takes photos and his white dog concernedly accompanies each descender to the bottom. This year, without a potential rescue team, I played it safe and slid down on my butt. I wasn't proud. On the bright side, at least my embarrassment wasn't captured on film for world internet consumption.

Did I say descent?! Yes, time to pursue Moby Dick! Speeding along, I pretended I was a kid hopping once more from rock to rock along the stone fishing piers of Long Island Sound. Eventually I saw Other People!! I caught up to Sarah Dzikowicz and then Matt Farrauto passed us both, promptly fell and then impressively sprung up and continued on, only to fall again. But he made good use of his down time. From the prone position he became the day's Good Samaritan, reattaching Sarah's stubborn snowshoe and saving her race.

Propelling ever faster, I was surprised to set my spyglass on Kathleen Furlani who I had assumed was unreachable. I pretended I was the Arctic icebreaker *Polar Star* from Martin Cruz Smith's Arkady Renko novel of the same name, and bore down relentlessly. I crushed ice floes with my trusty Dion propellers and sailed happily to the finish, edging out Kathleen and discovering my own Moby in the process.

Perhaps the North Pole Marathon isn't such a bad idea after all, if it weren't for the expense. But then again why bother, when we can just drive to Greylock to experience adverse conditions with folks we all know and slurp warm potato soup afterwards.

SHORT, FAST, AND CHEAP: HALLOCKVILLE ORCHARD SNOWSHOE RACE



I couldn't believe it. My son Todd and his wife Stacey were actually going to a snowshoe race with me. They arrived to our house to spend the night pretty late since they were coming from a gig playing reggae music in Worcester. In case you didn't know it, my son was the one with the dreadlocks. With coffee mugs ready and bagels with cream cheese we left the house at 6:30AM for an 8:30AM arrival time in West Hawley. They were both excited to be going on an adventure with their dad. In the past Todd used to do a fair number of snowshoe races with me, but hasn't for a few years. This was Stacey's first race.

We arrived at Americorps, aka Kelley Short country, right on time and were able to get a fine parking place. It was so cold you could see your breath in the Americorps building, but at least it was out of the wind. We got out numbers and I introduced them all around, then we were back to the car to look at the conditions. The racing road was wide and well-groomed, the complete opposite of yesterday's Moby Dick. Conditions like that make me nervous because I feel like I have to try to run fast the whole way, in contrast to Moby Dick where it's long and I just relax and plod through. We got our snowshoes on nice and snug, each of us sporting a pair of Dions, then went over to the course where Stacey jogged for the first time wearing snowshoes. She took to it right away and was relieved that it wasn't as hard as it sounded.

This race is not complicated at all. The gun (Ed's mouth) goes off, you run out, around the orchard, and then you run back.



You can see everybody that is ahead of you coming back toward you and everybody that is behind you coming out as you go back. I couldn't believe how much of a lead Tim Van Orden had as he passed by me heading in. It says a lot about being a "running raw" vegetarian like Tim is. One does not have to eat high-protein animal-based foods to be an exceptional runner. I was like this once (vegetarian not exceptional runner), and it is a very healthy feeling and satisfying lifestyle. I wish I could get back to it. No carnivores caught Tim that day.

As I was coming out of the orchard to head back in Todd and Stacey were just heading into it. They looked like they were having a great time. The way back was difficult for me because it was an overall slight upgrade. I ran scared of the girls who were close behind, getting tired and out of breath until clearing that last uphill for the nice fast downhill finish. Upon finishing I couldn't believe that the Elder Farmer Ed had beaten me; imagine that, I got beat by a 71 year-old. He was grinning from ear to ear. I got my video camera and headed out the course to get some video of Todd and Stacey coming over the last hill.



They were still running and still having a good time. When I got back to the finish line again Brad herder and I took videos of each other at the same time.

The temperature had warmed up a bit and the sun was out, but when we went down to the Americorps building for the grunts it was cold in there. The soup and hot dogs and hot chocolate were still good though. Laura Clark asked if I was going to write about seeing her naked at Moby. I said of course. While we were standing around eating Farmer Ed, Kenny Clark, Konrad, and Jamie were making sure everybody was taken care of getting what they needed. When we left Todd and Stacey gave Ed a big hug and thanked him. I hope they will come back with me sometime. On the way home Todd and Stacey couldn't keep their eyes open they were so tired and content. I like Ed's races because everybody gets fat. See you all next week. Oh, I didn't even have to pee in the woods today.

WorShamer

Berkshiresports.org Photos:

Top Left, Stacey and Todd Worsham.

Bottom Left, Tom McCrumm, South Face Farm Supreme.

Above Right, Laura Clark being Chased by Sweep Voll!

HALLOCKVILLE POND ORCHARD 3.7 MILE SNOWSHOE RACE

February 20, 2011

Dubuque State Forest

Hawley, Massachusetts

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
01.	Tim Van Orden	44	0:22:50	100.00
02.	Tim Mahoney	31	0:23:36	98.81
03.	Chris Taft	30	0:24:57	97.62
04.	John Pajer	48	0:25:02	96.43
05.	Dave Dunham	46	0:25:13	95.24
06.	Carolyn Stocker	18	0:26:13	94.05
07.	Richard Teal	33	0:26:15	92.86
08.	Robert McCarthy	43	0:26:27	91.67
09.	Clinton Morse	48	0:26:38	90.48
10.	John Agosto	46	0:26:49	89.29
11.	Ken Clark	48	0:26:50	88.10
12.	Amy Lane	31	0:27:03	86.90
13.	Sean Millikan	18	0:27:58	85.71
14.	Ross Krause	31	0:28:16	84.52
15.	Randy Zucco	40	0:28:31	83.33
16.	Dominic Wilson	40	0:28:38	82.14
17.	Adam Wright	21	0:28:49	80.95
18.	Tom Pearce	22	0:28:49	79.76
19.	Alan Bates	62	0:28:50	78.57
20.	Paul Guilmette	47	0:28:55	77.38
21.	Chelynn Tetreault	35	0:29:01	76.19
22.	Wayne Stocker	56	0:29:02	75.00
23.	Kate Meyer	23	0:29:03	73.81
24.	Mike Lahey	59	0:29:04	72.62
25.	Ben Moore	43	0:29:32	71.43
26.	Ashley Krause	33	0:30:35	70.24
27.	Michael Buttrick	25	0:32:05	69.05
28.	Richard Chipman	50	0:32:17	67.86
29.	Bob Woodworth	61	0:32:31	66.67
30.	David Cameron	40	0:32:37	65.48
31.	Ian Hutchinson	46	0:32:44	64.29
32.	Anne Gottwald	23	0:32:49	63.10
33.	Nick Jubok	54	0:33:13	61.90
34.	David Buttrick	30	0:33:27	60.71
35.	Phil Bricker	57	0:33:41	59.52
36.	Tim Mckenna	34	0:33:42	58.33
37.	Theresa Apple	50	0:33:47	57.14
38.	Elizabeth Bianchi	44	0:33:57	55.95
39.	Bob Bonneau	59	0:34:12	54.76
40.	Chris Rondeau	38	0:34:32	53.57
41.	Mike Dellarocca	59	0:34:48	52.38
42.	John Fish	35	0:34:56	51.19
43.	Jan Rancotti	50	0:34:59	50.00
44.	Kim Scott	42	0:35:18	48.81
45.	Laurel Shortell	44	0:35:38	47.62
46.	Will Danecki	60	0:35:48	46.43
47.	Peter Canzone	57	0:37:15	45.24
48.	Mary Hannon	52	0:37:22	44.05
49.	Ed Alibozek Jr	71	0:37:25	42.86
50.	David Sutherland	48	0:37:56	41.67
51.	Bob Worsham	65	0:38:01	40.48
52.	Brad Pellissier	53	0:38:29	39.29
53.	Vince Kirby	54	0:38:35	38.10

PL	NAME	AGE	TIME	POINTS
54.	Kerri Moore	40	0:39:04	36.90
55.	Jim Carlson	63	0:39:12	35.71
56.	Peter Finley	49	0:39:40	34.52
57.	Stan Serafin	57	0:39:47	33.33
58.	Jamie Coyne	52	0:40:19	32.14
59.	Sweep Voll	50	0:40:20	30.95
60.	Kristen Merlo	23	0:40:21	29.76
61.	John Pelton	71	0:40:29	28.57
62.	Jennifer Ferriss	39	0:41:09	27.38
63.	Laura Clark	63	0:41:31	26.19
64.	Ginny Patsun	42	0:41:47	25.00
65.	Janis Nadler	57	0:42:00	23.81
66.	Bob Jackson	58	0:42:01	22.62
67.	Francine Germaine	54	0:42:07	21.43
68.	Jamie Howard	45	0:42:10	20.24
69.	Ray Renard	67	0:42:18	19.05
70.	Bob Massaro	67	0:42:23	17.86
71.	Tom McCrumm	65	0:45:53	16.67
72.	Jim Sheehan	58	0:46:01	15.48
73.	Konrad Karolczuk	58	0:46:30	14.29
74.	Stacey Worsham	26	0:46:42	13.10
75.	Todd Worsham	30	0:46:43	11.90
76.	Vicky Quagliardi	57	0:47:28	10.71
77.	David Boles	64	0:47:50	9.52
78.	Ed Alibozek	48	0:50:00	8.33
79.	Amy Roccabruno	40	0:52:24	7.14
80.	Peter Maloney	56	0:52:27	5.95
81.	Barbara Smith	60	0:54:31	4.76
82.	Jeff Clark	64	0:58:33	3.57
83.	Cathy Sheehan	50	0:58:56	2.38
84.	Andy Keefe	81	1:01:08	1.19



Another fantastic snowshoeing day for us; Thank You to everyone who came out to participate; and “especially” Thanks to all of you who help me so much through the season.

Tim Van Orden, on his way to a 7th 2011 Victory – Birk Photo!

HALLOCKVILLE POND ORCHARD: ARCTIC TEMPS CONTINUE TO BITE

Looking somewhat done in and as white with road grime as Moby was with barnacles, George carpooled Jeff, me, Jen Ferriss and Andy Keefe to Hallockville. George, Jeff and I were going for round two, while Jen and Andy were fresh and rested.

While I prefer more challenging events like Moby Dick, Hallockville still presents plenty of ups and downs and an exciting deep snow turn around the orchard. Believing the weather guessers, we gambled on warmer weather, but soon discovered the Arctic had followed us. Survival gear once more and no spring shorts in evidence.

We had a beautiful drive, stopping to admire the Hairpin Turn icicles and putting first-timer Jen on Elk alert. Fortunately, the Summit House Elk appeared as promised, still towering over impressive snow banks. We made our first race goal, arriving in time to score a spot in the parking lot. As we unloaded, George, who has a nasty habit of guillotining lingering heads with his trunk spring, was defeated by Jeff's propped BB gun. He didn't mind it too much, because now he looked cool country with his very own custom-fitting gun rack.

Unfortunately, this was one event where from my perspective the pre-and post activities were more satisfying than the race itself. I expected to be sore from Moby and was prepared to ignore that, but I didn't expect to feel queasy. After all, this was 3.7 miles, not fifty. As the saying goes, I struggled past trees like they were standing still and watch shoer after shoer stride effortless past. With perhaps a mile to go I glimpsed Jen Ferriss in the distance. Perhaps, since I saw her, everyone else was simply blazingly fast today and I was on normal pace. But as I discovered later, Jen had caught the same library bug and was struggling with an achy stomach.

Afterwards, we enjoyed meeting Laurel Shortell's parents and watching Edward attempting to eat a mushy, overcooked tofu dog. On the drive home, inspired by the Bear Crossing sign, we rode shotgun until Jen shouted. "Bear!" Immediately jealous of her good fortune and wishing to share in the experience, George backed up. Just as we were about to shove Jen and camera out of the car to document the encounter, we realized that the two bending deer in dark winter garb were giving us their best bear imitation.

When we reached Cumbie Farms to treat George to Massachusetts gas prices, Jeff asked me to drive, something he rarely does. He assumed shotgun position and one second later was fast asleep. In the rear, Andy and Jen exchanged worried looks. When we reached the next resting point, Jeff declared he was refreshed and took the helm once more. I was glad to oblige and promptly fell asleep! Again, worried glances from Jen and Andy. These doubleheaders are surely taking a toll on us older folks!

laura clark

DAVE DUNAHM SAYS "YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST"

February 20, 2011. We now have 9,908 finishers all time. WMAC will hit 10,000 with 92 more finishers at Northfield or Moody. I'll have 10,000 pennies for that person (\$100).

HALLOCKVILLE POND MILESTONES:

Finishes:

Edward Alibozek – 95 Finishes.

Dave Dunham – 75 Finishes.

Tim Mahoney – 30 Finishes.

Chelynn Tetreault – 30 Finishes.

Points:

Dave Dunham passes 7,000 Pts w/ 7035.40.

Ed Alibozek Jr passes 5,000 Pts w/ 5004.42.

FEB 19th & 20th SNOWSHOER WEEK

Snowshoer of the Week goes to **Edward Alibozek**. Selected for running both races and more importantly for organizing two races in one weekend.

"We'd also like to thank ALL race directors without whom we wouldn't have all of these great opportunities to test ourselves".

Dave Dunham



Farmer Ed achieves a life-long dream of being SSOTW!

AND NOW A WORD FROM YOUR BARNYARD SPONSORS...

As difficult as it is to believe, we are more than halfway through the snow drifts on our way to the Barn. If you are an old-timer, you will know that every year we hand out paperless Barnyard Awards. Dave Dunham does the hard fact, statistical analysis while Jeff and I do the make believe portion, selecting Most Improved, Toughest event, Best food, etc. Go to the website and click last year's awards to refresh your memory.

Jeff and I would truly appreciate your input. You can suggest winners for established categories or make up your own. We're not fussy. Typically we receive 5 emails and then are left to our own devices. But ideally the Barnyard should be a democracy where your thoughts matter. So please collect your reflections, comments and opinions and submit to lclark@sals.edu or jeffbulldog33@aol.com



WMAC DION SEASON PTS RECORD

With three races left (and maybe a fourth at Catamount**) it looks very likely that the season points record will be smashed. We already have four guys over 1,000 points which is just SICK! Tim V should pass Ken's single season record this weekend. Ken will likely pass his record as well! Tim Mahoney has a chance at 1,000 points. He should easily get it IF he runs two more races... no one else can break 1,000 this year.

Dave Dunham

WMAC DION HISTORICAL

Who	Points	Year
Ken Clark	1351.99	2009
Tim Van Orden	1183.56	2010
Bob Dion	1166.09	2005
Ken Clark	1142.40	2010
Ken Clark	1125.87	2008
Mike Lahey	1102.85	2009
Dave Dunham	1069.52	2009
Edward Alibozek	1061.79	2009
Tim Van Orden	1052.63	2009
Bob Dion	1047.44	2008
Bob Dion	1022.15	2009
Jay Kolodzinski	1009.49	2008

2011 LEADERS

Tim VanOrden	1192.15	4 Races Remain
Ken Clark	1183.48	4 Races Remain
Mike Lahey	1055.31	4 Races Remain
Richard Teal	1006.62	4 Races Remain
Tim Mahoney	876.94	4 Races Remain

Some additional notes:

Tivo is now tied for the 4th most wins with 12 (he is tied with Paul Low and Jim Johnson). Tivo's 5 consecutive wins is a new record.

Here are a couple of tidbits about our race winners:

Men		Women	
Avg win age	32.69	Avg win age	33.15
Max win age	49	Max win age	59
Min win age	14	Min win age	17

Longest between first and last win:

Leigh Schmitt	10 years 2 months and 26 days.
Dave Dunham	9 years 2 months and 27 days.
Bob Dion	8 years 1 month and 12 days.

Photos:: John Pajer, Kim Scott and Pete Finley, Hallockville.

*** Catamount was confirmed by Bob Dion for March 19th.*