



Trail Running News ...Western Mass Athletic Club

Vol. 13..... Issue 3 Late Spring 2007

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Check the web page for changes & updates

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7 Tricky Sisters

There is an ongoing debate as to which race is more difficult: 7 Sisters or Escarpment. The no-brainer answer is that travel on the out-and-back Sisters is only 12 miles as opposed to Escarpment's 18 and the forwards and backwards approach bodes less chance of getting lost. But the Sisters loom earlier in the year and even if you have kept active during the winter, it's a pretty sure bet your cross-training did not include rock climbing.

Both events demand a good set of climbing legs. Escarpment has a major hand-over-hand cliff that only Spiderman can scale without breaking pace, as well as a few kamikaze leaps. The Sisters are not as dramatic, but definitely more relentless. Imagine growing up in a family with many sisters. Singly, they are fairly easy to take but as a gang, they are formidable. Some folks believe that the Sisters are named after the seven Ivy League colleges in the area (formerly girls-only bastions) but since they were obviously born 'way back in geologic time, I prefer to think they took their names from the Pleiades star cluster. The Pleiades were the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione. The story goes that Orion the Hunter fancied the sisters and pursued them throughout the countryside for seven long years until Zeus took pity and transformed them into stars. Lucky us! We take pursuit only once a year and after a mere one and a half to five hours cross the finish line and become our own stars.

Unless you are a perennial frontrunner, those of us who follow the earthly trail of the Sisters are pursued by more than one Orion. There is the Orion currently behind you and the Orion who has just speeded past. Most to be feared are the Orions you encounter on the shale-studded path to the finish. Here the hunt becomes less friendly and leans more towards the serious go-for-broke side. This is the tell-tale section where Rich Busa normally passes me. All I know is that he is somewhere behind me, gaining ground at breakneck speed, ready to blow infuriatingly by me on the final stretch. Only once have I come in ahead of my personal Orion. I know how those Sisters felt!

Naturally, as with all great stories, real or imagined, there is a Catch 22 lying in wait even before the shale bobby trap. The initial six miles to the turnaround, navigated on fresh legs, are not too bad. Plus, you get to greet the faster runners as they head back, which helps to keep your mind off your legs. But once the refreshment stand becomes a dream of the past, the Sisters somehow stretch themselves out, just like catty sisters defending their exclusive territory. The uphill magically become longer and steeper and the downs rockier and trickier.

Only six sisters are easily visible to the naked eye, giving rise to the Lost Pleiad legend. There is a certain sister who, for me at least, remains fairly invisible. I never seem to remember exactly where this sister is located which of course makes sense, for if I knew where she was, she wouldn't be lost. All I know is that somewhere on the journey home I will yield to the temptation to avoid a sister by angling myself slightly towards the left. Invariably, I notice someone uphill of me framed by a different horizon and know that, once again, I have discovered my personal lost sister.

I have even lost entire portions of the trail. Up until this year I was convinced that the shale approach to the finish bore no relation to the intense uphill at the start. During the initial charge, I had always been grateful to Scott Hunter that at least we wouldn't have to run back down that impossibly steep hill. I guess my problem was that on the congested climb up I was always looking at someone else's sneaker and not at the scenery.

I think I liked it better the old way....

Laura Clark

Seven Sisters Trail Race 12 Miles
Amherst, MA. May 6, 2007

*Club Members (in Bold) and other familiar names:
 Complete results on the Grand Tree Page at ... www.runwmac.com*

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>ST.</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>GT %</u>
1 Paul Low	M 33	MA	1:42:29	100.00%
2 Leigh Schmitt	M 34	MA	1:49:33	93.55%
3 Andy McCarron	M 24	MA	1:53:53	89.99%
4 Timothy Cote	M 31	IN	1:55:17	88.90%
5 Jeffery Beck	M 25	NY	1:55:30	88.73%
6 Peter Keeney	M 41	ME	1:56:59	87.61%
7 Greg Hammett	M 29	NH	1:57:55	86.91%
8 Jack Pilla	M 48	VT	1:59:22	85.86%
9 John Trunik	M 38	CT	2:00:07	85.32%
10 Rob Higley	M 53	MA	2:01:43	84.20%
11 Keith Schmitt	M 38	NH	2:02:36	83.59%
12 Garry Harrington	M 47	NH	2:03:31	82.97%
13 Brian Rusiecki	M 28	MA	2:03:57	82.68%
14 Ross Krause	M 27	MA	2:04:31	82.30%
15 Bryan Johnston	M 27	NH	2:05:45	81.50%
16 Chad Denning	M 31	NH	2:06:29	81.03%
17 Tim Mahoney	M 27	MA	2:06:43	80.88%
18 Jim Dube	M 40	MA	2:07:01	80.68%
19 Rich Fargo	M 48	CT	2:08:17	79.89%
20 Erich Fiedler	M 24	MA	2:08:45	79.60%
21 Todd Pearson	M 30	MA	2:13:20	76.86%
22 Bob Sharkey	M 55	RI	2:14:51	76.00%
23 Bob Gillis	M 52	MA	2:15:53	75.42%
24 Deborah Livingston	F 32	CT	2:16:06	75.30%
25 Mark Wimmer	M 36	NH	2:17:47	74.38%
26 Tim Schopen	M 45	NY	2:18:27	74.02%
27 Scott Livingston	M 34	CT	2:19:22	73.54%
28 Bruce Swanson	M 44	NY	2:19:24	73.52%
29 <u>Ruthie Ireland</u>	F 39	MA	2:19:52	73.27%
30 Tom Gorman	M 31	MA	2:22:03	72.15%
37 Todd Brown	M 43	CT	2:25:15	70.56%
42 <u>Abby Woods</u>	F 29	MA	2:27:00	69.72%
43 Jay Kolodzinski	M 27	MA	2:27:00	69.72%
46 Mark Mills	M 52	ME	2:28:33	68.99%
47 Mark Dearing	M 54	MA	2:28:40	68.93%
49 Steve Jensen	M 46	CT	2:29:53	68.38%
51 Damon Douglas	M 47	MA	2:30:18	68.19%
68 <u>Kristina Folcik</u>	F 29	CT	2:37:43	64.98%
75 Jim Pugh	M 56	MA	2:40:38	63.80%
76 Russell Dearing	M 28	MA	2:40:54	63.69%
77 Bruce Shenker	M 54	NY	2:41:03	63.63%
78 Grace Jensen	F 43	CT	2:41:08	63.60%
83 <u>Raina White</u>	F 28	VT	2:43:09	62.82%
84 Andrew Wolfe	M 42	NH	2:43:50	62.55%
86 Bruce Marvonek	M 53	CT	2:45:04	62.09%
87 Kurt Severance	M 31	MA	2:45:13	62.03%
94 Thomas Parker	M 40	NH	2:47:04	61.34%
95 Russ Hammond	M 47	CT	2:48:12	60.93%
97 <u>Michele Hammond</u>	F 48	CT	2:48:19	60.89%
100 <u>Abby Kingman</u>	F 46	MA	2:49:04	60.62%
104 Guido Medeiros	M 51	MA	2:50:23	60.15%
113 Scott Slater	M 29	CT	2:52:07	59.54%

121 Wayne Stocker	M 52	MA	2:55:14	58.48%
122 Bruce Leshine	M 46	MA	2:55:18	58.46%
124 <u>Chelynn Tetreault</u>	F 31	MA	2:55:40	58.34%
134 Dan Wagner	M 58	MA	2:58:13	57.50%
146 Ed Saharczewski	M 54	MA	3:02:26	56.18%
147 Alan Cabot	M 52	MA	3:02:30	56.16%
154 Dan Danecki	M 48	MA	3:05:10	55.35%
155 <u>Carol Kane</u>	F 61	CT	3:05:38	55.21%
161 <u>Elaine Romano</u>	F 49	CT	3:08:12	54.45%
163 Randy Witlicki	M 50	VT	3:09:14	54.16%
176 David Markland	M 43	MA	3:15:16	52.48%
177 Andrew Carlson	M 41	CT	3:15:18	52.47%
178 Oscar Plotkin	M 54	NY	3:16:05	52.27%
187 <u>Jessica Hageman</u>	F 31	NY	3:18:28	51.64%
188 Dom Romano	M 49	CT	3:19:03	51.49%
193 Chris Johnson	M 47	MA	3:22:07	50.71%
199 Charles Thayer	M 62	VT	3:30:22	48.72%
201 <u>Barbara Sorrell</u>	F 50	NY	3:31:30	48.46%
210 <u>Kelly Hellstein</u>	F 42	MA	3:37:30	47.12%
211 Daniel Lavoie	M 48	MA	3:37:37	47.09%
214 Ric Villarreal	M 50	CT	3:39:48	46.63%
220 <u>Vicki Blais</u>	F 50	MA	3:44:03	45.74%
233 <u>Bekkie Wright</u>	F 44	CT	3:53:53	43.82%
235 Greg Taylor	M 60	NY	3:55:24	43.54%
237 <u>Laura Clark</u>	F 60	NY	3:57:32	43.14%
250 Richard Busa	M 77	MA	4:04:59	41.83%
252 <u>Karen McWhirt</u>	F 46	CT	4:05:49	41.69%
257 <u>Mimi Watroba</u>	F 45	MA	4:36:42	37.04%
258 Mason Douglas	M 45	NY	4:36:45	37.03%

258 official finishers

Seven Wicked Sisters

by Andrew Wolfe

Editors note: Andrew Wolfe lives in New Hampshire and has been a staff writer for the "Telegraph" newspaper in Nashua since 1989. All of his articles printed here have previously appeared in the Telegraph.

You can read about more of his adventures by checking out his blog site at http://blogs.nashuatelegraph.com/off_track

I'm not sure why or how the Seven Sisters got its name. I had thought perhaps there were seven distinct peaks in the Mt. Holyoke Range. I was mistaken, though. On this course, at least, there was really only one big ridge, with a whole lot of smaller peaks and valleys across the top of it. It's a tough race, about as tough as anything I've ever done. It's not so much that the hills are so very big, or long (though the climbs at the start and the halfway point were plenty big and long). It's just that there isn't any level ground. Not at all, ever, anywhere. There is one short, flat spot on the course -- it passes across a deck along a building on one of the peaks -- but otherwise, it's all ups and downs, with the occasional stunning view of the surrounding countryside.

Continued, next page:

Seven Wicked Sisters cont:

The geography is different out there. I'm used to granite, which tends to stay more or less in one piece. This range is made of something completely different -- basalt, that apparently leaked out of a crack in the earth as lava quite some time ago, according to the USGS. Basalt breaks up into sharp, boxy shapes, and the trail was covered with loose, jagged rocks.

There also were some nice fixed ragged rocks to scramble over, and, here and there, larger, smoother bedrock that looked to me like good ol' glacier-scrubbed granite. The race starts at the side of Route 116, and launches immediately into a long, steep, single-track climb. Usually I'd walk the steeper slopes, but I'd been advised to get out ahead of the pack early, and so I did... and ran most of the way up. It's a fairly crowded field, with over 200 runners, so getting bogged down in the back could really kill one's timing. As it is, I finished in a blaze of mediocrity, at around 2:44 or thereabouts. I don't care; I feel hardcore just running a race that tough.

I walked a good many of the other climbs, and even some of the lesser slopes on the way back. My legs were spent, and various muscle kept clenching up into cramps. Strangely enough, they tended to feel better when I could open up and really run a little, sometimes only for about five to ten seconds at a time between the steeper parts. I expect to be a tad stiff tomorrow. I took my Triumph out to the race, and the ride was almost as much fun as the run. It was rather chilly, leaving Nashua at 6:15 a.m., but I had the roads pretty much to myself. I followed lesser, state highways rather than take the Interstates, and was rewarded with some terrific sweeping curves on Route 202. The ride back was warmer, but more crowded, and once I cleaned the dust off my legs I went out and rode some more... I ended up covering around 250 miles today.

Thank goodness only 12 of them were on foot!

Andrew Wolfe

From the Hoch Files.....

At Greylock B4 I Knew of WMAC

Almost 7 months it's been since I raced on a very nice January afternoon. 2 wks after that, a long run on sno / ice-covered mountain roads resulted in another bout of backstrain for me. A few miles for the following months, zero for April. Finally, the back is sound, I'm back! Up early August 8, 1993, out of the house, into the car for the drive north, then west. Off the I. at Northampton for Rt. 9.

I have raced here, and also on Rt 9 fm west of Florence out to Williamsburg. I'm across to Adams in plenty of time, and find the yellow To Greylock Trail - Race signs. Just loaf til racetime, sit & observe the going-on, that's what I like to do. There's Joe (Dabes) with sum of the guys fm the NY Finger Lakes region. (I ventured out there last summer) As I gaze toward the mountains, fog hides the tops.

At 10 Bob (Dion) talks a bit. Cars at the road crossing have the rite - of - way, bears always have the rite - of - way, the guy with the shotgun who disappeared into these woods 3 weeks ago, who may or may not've shot himself, and who hasn't been seen since, well, HE has the rite - of - way.

The 1st half-mile looks level yet feels up; across a couple of fields, into the woods, where awaits the Cheshire Harbor Trail - - a 3 mile climb! I don't leave many folks behind me, but here's where I meet an engineer fm Springfield, who left E. B. in Groton, CT in '79. Also chat a bit with veteran trailrunner Phil (?) . On the Hopper trail down, Peter (?) whizzes by; sez if it was all downhill, he'd do fine. I find unusually smooth footing on the way to Saddleball Mtn, so of course that's where I trip & fall. ☺ I roll on up & continue along.

Along the ledges the view is spectacular! For a moment I think I'm doing the Escarpment in the Catskills. Long - distance runners talk of going thru " bad patches " then feel OK again. It is so. I was in a minor bad patch when the 200 - pounder overtook me. (He told me he was 200 #s.) Oh, awhile b4 this, a woman appeared on the trail, hiking, who informed me I was 86th. " R U really counting? " " Oh yes " I thawt I was moving pretty good up Old Adams Rd with downhill Peter in my sites. However, " 200 " proved the superior trailrunner by passing me near the top. Peter reached a decline so I was alone again, and realized I was in a major bad patch. Very tired, the stomach on the edge, trying to run now is not fun. Here's where / when ---- Since basically I want to & enjoy doing this - - my mind kicks in. Must maintain the pace. Yes, by & by I do feel better, out of the patch, happy to be out here skippin along in the Great Outdoors. ☺ Anybody who passes me now will have to be good. I'm going down the mountain uncharacteristically fast! I love it, feel confident, sher. Hey there's 2 guys ahead. No I never pass anybody on the downhills cuz I turtle. But not now. Don't know how or why but I'm flying rite now, and they step aside for me. We xchange " C U at the finish. "

Coming off this " dream down " to cross the fields, reality reappears. My legs are dead, nearly a mile remains. So I look ahead and see exactly what I need (other than rest, food, & drink); my " 200 " friend. No doubt he's suffering too, yet he's moving, steadily. I lock on to his back, grab the imaginary line that extends fm him to me. I fail to gain, but he " def " pulls me " home " " Good race! " I'm hot. I'm spent. I'm famished. BUT, I have the wonderful feeling of satisfaction upon completing this Mnt. race, which makes it all worthwhile.

So fine, so fine, so fine.

Dick Hoch

Trail Running News.....

Published by the Western Mass Athletic Club

Adams, Massachusetts

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Northern Nipmuck Report

by Andrew Wolfe

"There's a special feeling that you get by running as hard as you can, for as long as you can, and then running several miles more."

Milling around the finish area of the Northern Nipmuck Trail Race Saturday, trying in vain to walk off the lactic acid that was turning my quads to cement, I found myself giddy and grinning, and I laughed out loud. After running for three hours, up and down hills, over dirt, rocks, mud, logs and ice, it felt just wonderful to stop. I was elated. It's a rose and thorn kind of thing. You have to suffer to feel that good.

Northern Nipmuck was, for me, 12 miles of joy, and four miles of suffering a running battle between my brain and my legs. Brain wanted to gut it out, and finish as strong as possible. Easy for him to think; he's just along for the ride. My legs, who'd been doing all the heavy lifting, felt strongly that a few miles walk would be just the thing to cap off a nice run. They were pretty well fed up, by the end, with brain telling them that they were almost there.

The race covered eight miles on the Nipmuck Trail, starting at Bigelow Hollow State Park off Route 171 in Union, Conn., a short hop over the Mass. state line. It was gorgeous countryside; I'll have to go back and see it sometime. I do recall a long ridge, where one turn in the trail appeared to lead off a cliff.

The course was almost entirely single-track hiking trail. As advertised, there were no "monster" hills. On the other hand, there were very few flat stretches, either, and some of those hills could grow up to be monsters if you run up and down them often enough. The race got off to a slow start for those of us back down the line, as the course turned onto single-file trail and started a climb almost immediately. It took a mile or two for people to sort themselves out by pace.

The course description claims a total of 3,200 feet elevation gain and loss, and my quads and I don't doubt it. The Nipmuck Marathon, in June, covers different sections of the same trail. My friend Michelle says the terrain is much the same, with the addition of a mile-long climb on a paved road. That one's going to be tough.

Northern Nipmuck is an out-and-back course, so we knew that every climb would be a descent, and vice versa. There were some really fun parts, like the stream crossings on rocks and logs; the ankle-sucking mud near the start and finish; steep, rocky inclines, often with a brook at the bottom; and my favorite, the glacial remnant in a boggy hollow, with a little crevasse in the middle.

I finished just seconds under 3 hours, thanks mainly to the bloke just behind me, who announced somewhere near the end that we had six more minutes to finish if we wanted to crack three hours. That lit my legs up.

The first-place finisher (Dmitry Drozdov, of Waltham, Mass.) brought it home in 2:01, a full ten minutes ahead of the next guy! He was flying, and he looked focused but totally at ease.

Some of the faster finishers stayed on to cheer us slower folk at the finish, and volunteers served up some really fine pizza and hot turkey stew back at the state park. The fire was an especially welcome touch; It was bloody cold out!

Michelle finished a little ways behind me, soldiering home with a nasty little gash in the palm of one hand from a tumble. Unlike me, she says she wasn't sore at all, despite not having run much more than 30 miles all winter. I ran throughout the winter, and my legs ache just putting my pants on in the morning. There may be a lesson there... darned if I can figure it out, though.

We made haste for coffee, for the drive home. I'd been up since 5:40 a.m., waking up before my alarm even sounded in my excitement, despite staying up late Friday night. I had banked up sleep Wednesday and Thursday, knowing I'd be too keyed up for an early bedtime before the race. I will be all the more excited next year, knowing what a rollicking course it is!

Editors note: Andrew Wolfe is a staff writer for the "Telegraph" newspaper in Nashua, New Hampshire. All of his articles printed here have previously appeared in the Telegraph.

To read more of his articles check out his blog at

http://blogs.nashuatelegraph.com/off_track

Northern Nipmuck Trail Race

16 Miles Union, CT . April 7, 2007

WMAC Members in Bold:

	<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>GT %</u>
1	Dmitry Drozdov	M 34	2:01:28	100.00%
2	Jack Pilla	M 48	2:12:25	91.73%
3	Peter Keeney	M 41	2:13:40	90.87%
4	Dave Hannon	M 36	2:15:40	89.53%
5	Brett Stoeffler	M 40	2:17:46	88.17%
6	Rob Smith	M 40	2:18:25	87.75%
7	Dave Mingori	M 39	2:21:30	85.84%
8	Rob Higley	M 53	2:25:21	83.57%
9	Raymond Hanley	M 42	2:30:04	80.94%
10	Aaron Meberg	M 25	2:30:14	80.85%
11	Ken Naide	M 45	2:31:02	80.42%
12	Jim Dube	M 40	2:32:52	79.46%
13	<u>Kerry Arsenault</u> 1 st F	F 42	2:33:28	79.15%
14	Jerry Turk	M 48	2:33:28	79.15%
15	Jorge Rojas	M 27	2:36:11	77.77%
16	Donald Pacho	M 34	2:37:21	77.20%
17	Tom Parent	M 30	2:37:55	76.92%
18	Scott Livingston	M 35	2:39:05	76.35%
19	Frank Giglio	M 28	2:39:07	76.34%
20	Richard Bardwell	M 28	2:41:27	75.23%
21	Bob Sharkey	M 55	2:41:45	75.10%

Continued, next page

Northern Nipmuck cont:

22 Jay Avitable	M	46	2:42:14	74.87%
23 Steve Henry	M	26	2:42:24	74.79%
24 Mark Buongiorno	M	39	2:43:09	74.45%
25 Deb Livingston	F	32	2:43:19	74.38%
26 Rick Scott	M	53	2:46:18	73.04%
27 <u>Vanessa Wood</u>	F	24	2:46:33	72.93%
28 Paul Funch	M	56	2:48:41	72.01%
29 William Malcomb	M	31	2:49:33	71.64%
30 Dana Royer	M	31	2:50:59	71.04%
31 Marty Duchow	M	45	2:51:38	70.77%
32 <u>Kristina Folick</u>	F	29	2:51:47	70.71%
33 Tim Mathern	M	42	2:52:33	70.40%
34 Mike Lynch	M	43	2:55:02	69.40%
35 Mike Belcourt	M	45	2:55:04	69.38%
36 David Breene	M	35	2:55:47	69.10%
37 Tom Newman	M	48	2:57:22	68.48%
38 <u>Jennifer Shultis</u>	F	38	2:57:55	68.27%
39 Mark Dearing	M	53	2:57:59	68.25%
40 Andrew Wolfe	M	42	2:59:22	67.72%
41 Dan Champagne	M	42	2:59:34	67.64%
42 Brian Loose	M	41	3:06:07	65.26%
43 Steve Tompkins	M	46	3:06:10	65.25%
44 Bill Metzger	M	50	3:07:38	64.74%
45 Glenn Marcella	M	39	3:07:42	64.71%
46 Russ Hammond	M	47	3:07:46	64.69%
47 <u>Mary Kennedy</u>	F	28	3:07:54	64.64%
48 Lawrence Gore	M	36	3:08:11	64.55%
49 Dan Scotina	M	52	3:09:34	64.08%
50 Bruce Marvonek	M	53	3:10:26	63.78%
51 Randall Dutton	M	36	3:11:18	63.50%
52 Paul Cacolice	M	42	3:11:28	63.44%
53 John Carey	M	45	3:12:10	63.21%
54 Thomas Parker	M	40	3:12:16	63.18%
55 Guido Medeiros	M	52	3:14:00	62.61%
56 Dan Broom	M	32	3:14:26	62.47%
57 Don Boire	M	30	3:16:00	61.97%
58 <u>Michelle Hammond</u>	F	48	3:16:04	61.95%
59 Todd McWhinnie	M	34	3:16:23	61.85%
60 Jay Shelgren	M	52	3:16:39	61.77%
61 Russel Dearing	M	28	3:17:54	61.38%
62 Bill Morse	M	55	3:19:12	60.98%
63 Jay Curry	M	36	3:19:13	60.97%
64 Bruce Leshine	M	46	3:19:58	60.74%
65 Fred Pilon	M	61	3:20:14	60.66%
66 <u>Donna Smyth</u>	F	47	3:20:59	60.44%
67 Vincent Lindsley	M	30	3:22:12	60.07%
68 Andrew Carlson	M	41	3:22:55	59.86%
69 Chris Larocco	M	45	3:27:55	58.42%
70 Wayne Stocker	M	52	3:28:19	58.31%
71 Michael Harris	M	29	3:29:47	57.90%
72 <u>Carol Kane</u>	F	61	3:31:36	57.40%
73 Eddie Tompson	M	56	3:32:39	57.12%
74 Kevin Curry	M	49	3:33:23	56.92%
75 Mike Butler	M	34	3:33:57	56.77%
76 <u>Cathi Bosco</u>	F	40	3:33:59	56.76%
77 David Hoffman	M	44	3:34:04	56.74%
78 Rob Whalen	M	53	3:34:45	56.56%
79 <u>Patty Duffy</u>	F	32	3:34:51	56.54%
80 Eric Finney	M	36	3:36:45	56.04%

81 Ron Starret	M	37	3:37:31	55.84%
82 Kevin Simmons	M	57	3:28:10	58.35%
83 John Tedesco	M	38	3:42:39	54.56%
84 Michael McDonnell	M	43	3:42:39	54.56%
85 Robert Scott	M	52	3:44:32	54.10%
86 Barbara Sorrell	F	49	3:44:51	54.02%
87 Matthew Lundarini	M	38	3:46:11	53.70%
88 Richard Getz	M	44	3:46:40	53.59%
89 Tyler Morrison	M	40	3:46:43	53.58%
90 Tuuli Hakala	F	23	3:46:51	53.55%
91 <u>Susan Harris</u>	F	39	3:47:07	53.48%
92 <u>Michelle Roy</u>	F	37	3:47:09	53.47%
93 Andrew Blanchard	M	30	3:58:13	50.99%
94 Chris Harrison	M	53	4:00:08	50.58%
95 Stuart Greeley	M	53	4:00:27	50.52%
96 Fred Ross III	M	60	4:01:20	50.33%
97 Chris Johnson	M	49	4:03:13	49.94%
98 Mark Kulacz	M	33	4:04:19	49.72%
99 Pete Dellabella	M	33	4:07:25	49.09%
100 Erin Perry	M	25	4:07:25	49.09%
101 Karen McWhirt	F	46	4:20:38	43.28%
102 Greg Taylor	M	60	4:20:42	46.59%
103 Jeff Savoie	M	30	4:20:49	46.57%
104 <u>Diane Diberardino</u>	F	42	4:25:35	45.74%
105 Paul Nevotasky Jr.	M	35	4:25:40	45.72%
106 Richard Busa	M	77	4:32:56	44.50%
107 <u>Karen Oleski</u>	F	38	4:34:18	44.28%
108 <u>Marcella McCarthy</u>	F	46	4:35:52	44.03%
109 Peter Lyons	M	42	4:35:56	44.02%
110 <u>Marie Leigh</u>	F	48	4:38:07	43.67%
111 Art Gulliver	M	68	4:45:22	42.57%
112 Jamie Howard	M	41	4:49:16	41.99%

Grandfather Tree: A Book Review in Disguise

by Laura Clark

Jeff and I are lucky. From our kitchen window we can see first our yard and garden, then a wooden bridge over a wishy brook (OK, it's really a ditch) and then a trail beckoning us into our woods. Well, all four acres of it anyway, half of which is swamp with a thriving population of spring peepers and then bullfrogs. But beyond that is a mixture of county land, Nature Conservancy parcels and private acreage, in the sense that someone else owns it. But you can still venture forth unless you are hunting deer. I could run all pretty much all day if I wanted to.

Along the way, on the top of a small rise, stands Grandfather Tree. When I first met him he was already dead, by human standards anyway – a thick trunk with branching arms. Covered with snow, he was any artist's vision of "Tree in Winter." And in winter, he fit in perfectly with all the other bare-leaved trees. There is so little we know of the world in our backyard, who's to say when tree death really occurs? Grandfather still dominated the landscape, still hosted insects and small animals and still continued to maintain a dignified presence. Every year or so a limb would succumb, stabbing into the earth, yet another small monument....

Continued, next page

Grandfather Tree cont:

In his book, *The Wild Trees: A Story of Passion and Daring* (Random House 2007), Robert Preston confirms how little we do know about nature as he traces the intersecting paths of various skywalkers and their attempt to penetrate the redwood canopy, one of the last unexplored territories on earth. On my marathon life list is the Humboldt Marathon, run alongside the giant redwoods. After reading Preston's book, however, I will also know enough to pause and look up.

For there is much more to the redwoods than bark pillars. Above our sightline are additional intersecting trunks—ten to twenty of them -- forming their own ecosystem, complete with soil, feasts of huckleberries, six-foot tall “bonsai” trees and numerous unnamed insect species. According to Preston, a tree is a being. “It’s a ‘person,’ from a plant’s point of view. A tree is not conscious, the way we are, but it has a perfect memory. This is because the trunk of a tree continually records everything that happens to it as it grows. Plants are very different from us, but they begin life the same as we do, with a sperm and an egg...Trees are responsive and alive.”....

This past winter BOCES students were practicing their lumberjacking skills in Grandfather's territory. I was worried, figuring his roots had a tenuous hold at best. He was retired and craved peace and quiet bird song, not the roar of motors or the sudden demise of his friends. Then after the ice storm, I snowshoed past and realized I'd forgotten to say hello. I turned back only to discover what remained of his massive trunk lying hugely on the ground. I was sad, but pleased that Grandfather went in his own time, on his own terms. His trunk was splintered by wind and not hacked to pieces by axes. Exposed as he was, it was easy to see that the only solid thing about him had been his amazingly strong bark shell, his insides were soft, ready to go back into the earth and provide nourishment for future generations...

Speaking of Kronos Wood, an ancient grove of redwoods, Michael Preston reflects, “It’s been hammered. It’s dying. And it’s more beautiful than ever. These trees can teach us how we can live. We can be hammered and burned, and we can come back and be more beautiful as we grow.”

Laura Clark

Mt. Greylock Trail Races.....

Half Marathon and 5K

June 17, 2007 Greylock Glen ... Adams, MA.

Due to road re-construction all the roads up the mountain will be closed for the next 2 years. The Half Marathon course this year will be changed to include several trails on the front side of the mountain worthy of a Greylock trail race.

Info at www.runwmac.com

On & On

WMAcCers hike as well as run, isn't that correct? I love to hike, but only if I'm unable to run. This past winter I spent many a cold Sunday morn xploring trails & ol woods-roads in western Rhode Iland. Then I'd head for th Diner in th Middle of Nowhere. ☺ Late late Febuary, gradually I began to walk / hike-jog / ez run, then all run, sufficient to enter th Upton 15K rural hilly roadrace on March 31. Fine till past 5 miles, when a different leg problem surfaced, requiring grit & luck to finish. Next morn, although I cood not run I've been wanting to try a restaurant on Rt I84, so I decided to, after walking roads nearby. I'll leave I84 here, oh there's a road that way, mite do, and a ballfield with parking = perfect.

Out of th car, hey what's that up toeadr th edge of th field? Gotta go see. Hey an ol dirt road, turning this way & that. No regular vehicles EVER back in here. Wow sher is rocky!

There's an old faded cloth sign, torn; check-it out: sez Rocky Road (really) ☺ around into a big dirt-rocks place = not so nice. ☹ Hmmm, oh look, over there. Th old road heads back into th woods = nice. By & by, I'm really in th woods - - Big woods, turn all around, nothing but woods - - quiet, wonderful quiet. ☺ On & on I go. Cross a stream on dry rocks, up & around th other way, on & on

Maybe I should turn back. No, it's got to come out sumwhere... Duzn't it??? Hey what's this! My road ends at a muddy T down there. I can choose left, or rite. Rite cuz maybe it'll circle me around so's I won't have to backtrack, which'd sher take time. (Love to see where th other direction goes sumday) Pretty strate here, all of this unpaved of course. A sign on a tree b4 a big stream. Well well, I'm trespassing on th Groton public watershed area, and th road continues up there.

A couple white-tail deer go bounding , I hike easily onward, there they go bounding across over there. Neat! This is th best. Just us deep in th woods. YES! On & on (and on) . I hear sumthing not quiet a motorized vehicle. I think there's a paved road. Yes up ahead a barrier across “my” ol road. No trespassing it sez ... too late. So I walk th road, soon past houses. Have a strong hunch it'll lead back to th ballfield & th car. Long walk ... I see th car! How lucky I've been this morn. Never knew this wilderness xisted. A terrific hike. Who'd a think it? I even 4got to be sad about can't run.

French toast awaits, not at that (super-crowded) restaurant, but at Gus' Pizza. ☺

Dick Hoch

Wednesday Night Fun Runs have moved for the summer to the **Hoosac Valley High School** on Rt. 116 on the Adams / Cheshire line beginning at 5:30 P.M. Runners of all abilities are welcome.

Info Fran Mach poncherosa@yahoo.com
(413) 743-5124

Soapstone Mountain Trail Race

by Andrew Wolfe

When you really love something, it's all good even when it's bad. I feel that way about a few things, and fortunately running is one of them. Otherwise, I'd be sorely disappointed with my race today. As it is, I'm just sore, though only in a few particular places. I ran a fantastic eight miles, but the Soapstone Mountain Trail Run is a 24K (14.5 mile) course. I walked the rest of it, so my finish was rather unimpressive.

Still, it was a great day to be out in the woods.

The skies were cloudy all morning, and rain kept falling, on and off, but the air stayed just cool enough for comfort and keeping the bugs down. Even walking, I didn't get chilled.

Soapstone is in the Shenipsit State Forest in Connecticut, a short haul over the Massachusetts border. It's a fabulous course, one of my favorites so far, and I look forward to doing it again next year. It's a loop, rather than out-and-back, which is nice for variety's sake. It's technical enough to be fun and interesting, but there weren't any really scary sections. Most of the descents could be taken at a good scamper, and while there were plenty of hills, there was only one big steep climb. The start was blazing fast, along a dirt road. I hung at the back of the lead pack for a very short while, realized I was way out of my league and dialed down a notch. Still, by my own humble standards, I was flying.

I've been trying to bounce back from strained hip flexor all year, but I was feeling pretty good from the get go. I recently got a new, prescription-strength anti-inflammatory and I had my first PT appointment last week. Soapstone – the first seven or eight miles, anyway – was the first race I've done this year where I could run to redline. I was hauling, and felt as though my legs could have carried me faster still, if only my lungs would keep up.

The course was muddy, thanks to a week's worth of rain, but that was no big deal, at first. Somewhere around seven miles into the course, we came to a really nice stretch where we ran through a brook. Not across, mind you. We ran with the flow, in a stretch where the stream joined an old farm road. Alas, I was so focused on washing my shoes that I missed a sharp left turn into the woods. Coming out into a field, with no blaze or ribbons in sight, I stopped and called out to the fellows behind that I had deep doubts about our chosen path. I had already warned these guys I was prone to go off track; they'd caught up to me after I'd paused earlier to be sure of my way. Still, the trail seemed clear and they thought it best to carry on, so we did. We ran down a gentle slope along the side of a grassy meadow, and then back onto the old farm road, which soon turned into a graded dirt road. We realized we'd run astray when we saw houses.

Several other runners were able to learn from our mistake as we headed back. Sheepishness loves company, too. The extra distance was certainly a blow to my morale, but I was eager to fight back and make up time. I also was cultivating a berry-red blister on the side of my left foot, however, and I was starting to feel the shortness of my slumber (I pulled the night shift Saturday, and the 9 a.m. start required an early rising). I tripped a few times. That's what did me in. I kept myself upright, but my sore leg began to throb. I tried slowing down, but after a while it all got too discouraging. My right leg just

refused to keep up with my left. I started thinking about the marathon I plan to run in two weeks, and how completely out of the question it would be if I let my leg go from bad to worse. So, I started walking. That felt better, so I kept at it.

At first, I was confident that I'd made the right decision. Then people – lots and lots of people – started passing me. I wasn't real happy about that, but running still didn't feel like the thing to do. People kept asking if I was OK, and I'd nod, thinking dark thoughts. Eventually, I got over it, and just enjoyed the trail. I jogged every now and then, but mostly I just walked. Even Michelle couldn't coax me to keep up. Toward the end of the race, I kept company with a guy with a sore hamstring who seemed to be hurting about as bad as myself. He, too, pulled ahead and passed me later. I jogged a bit more toward the end, and then slowed to walk at the finish, and tried to smile for the cameras. I'm not sure I managed it. I have no idea about my finish time. It must have been over three hours.

Results were posted pronto and I see that my estimate of three hours was pretty close. Not bad, considering I walked more than a third of the course. Michelle was among the many runners who beat me. She was kind enough not to say so, but I think she enjoyed that, and I'm happy for her.

I didn't feel much like sticking around afterward. We headed off, stopping for coffee at the slowest Dunkin' Donuts we'd ever encountered, and bought a bag of ice for my leg at the funkiest smelling 7-Eleven I'd ever entered, both in the otherwise lovely town of Stafford.

I can't honestly say I'm happy with my race, but I'm not overly bummed about it, either. I got some great speed work early on, then had a nice walk in the woods.

A guy could fare worse on a rainy Sunday morning.

Soapstone Mt Trail Race 14.5 Miles

Stafford Springs, CT. May 20, 2007

Cloudy – Cool – Some Early Rain Showers - Mid 60's

WMAC members in Bold:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>GT %</u>
1 Ben Nephew	M 31	1:43:53	100.00%
2 Jon Fearnley	M 40	1:49:07	95.20%
3 Peter Keeney	M 41	1:50:44	93.81%
4 Brett Stoeffler	M 40	1:52:26	92.40%
5 Rich Fargo	M 48	1:53:46	91.31%
6 Thomas Buckley	M 47	1:55:30	89.94%
7 Hunter Bennett-Daggett	M 23	1:56:28	89.20%
8 Ernie Lawas	M 37	1:57:26	88.46%
9 Donald Pacher, Jr.	M 35	1:57:31	88.40%
10 Toby Kulas	M 30	1:57:51	88.15%
11 Arthur Magni	M 35	1:58:34	87.62%
12 Steve Henry	M 27	1:58:55	87.36%
13 Gabe Jirian	M 35	1:59:35	86.87%
14 Matt Geanacopoulos	M 19	1:59:39	86.82%
15 James Bleller	M 34	2:00:35	86.15%
16 Mike Gavin	M 32	2:02:01	85.14%

Continued next page:

Soapstone results cont:

17 Raymond Hanley	M 42	2:02:06	85.08%
18 Scott Livingston	M 34	2:02:20	84.92%
19 Jim Nelson	M 43	2:02:23	84.88%
20 Ethan Abeles	M 33	2:02:28	84.83%
21 Jerry Turk	M 48	2:02:39	84.70%
22 Jay Kolodzinski	M 27	2:03:03	84.42%
23 Todd Brown	M 43	2:03:26	84.16%
24 <u>Beth Krasemann</u> 1 st F	F 33	2:03:28	84.14%
25 Scott Turco	M 34	2:04:19	83.56%
26 Richard Bardwell	M 29	2:06:12	82.32%
27 Neil Popovicki	M 29	2:06:22	82.21%
28 Rick Scott	M 53	2:07:47	81.30%
29 Debbie Livingston	F 32	2:08:19	80.96%
30 Mark Buongiorno	M 39	2:08:46	80.68%
31 David Greene	M 35	2:10:02	79.89%
32 Tom Parent	M 30	2:11:27	79.03%
33 Paul Thompson	M 59	2:12:09	78.61%
34 Ken Clark	M 44	2:12:52	78.19%
35 <u>Kerry Arsenault</u>	F 42	2:13:19	77.92%
36 Dale Toce	M 45	2:13:21	77.90%
37 Lance Flott	M 49	2:14:24	77.29%
38 Ed Buckley	M 49	2:15:45	76.53%
39 Seth Oriol	M 48	2:16:20	76.20%
40 Paul Funch	M 56	2:16:52	75.90%
41 Eric Iannacone	M 34	2:17:02	75.81%
42 <u>Jen DeMichele</u>	F 26	2:19:09	74.66%
43 Paul Cacolice	M 42	2:19:25	74.51%
44 Cliff Collins	M 42	2:20:08	74.13%
45 <u>Linda Yamamoto</u>	F 30	2:20:43	73.82%
46 Chris Corradino	M 34	2:21:20	73.50%
47 Curt Pandiscio	M 46	2:22:38	72.83%
48 Chris Cosma	M 29	2:23:11	72.55%
49 <u>Cheryl Cunningham</u>	F 48	2:23:36	72.34%
50 Nathan Messersmith	M 45	2:23:41	72.30%
51 Bruce Leshine	M 46	2:24:34	71.86%
52 Robert Fairbairn, Jr.	M 48	2:25:19	71.49%
53 Jeff Reed	M 52	2:25:20	71.48%
54 Ron Starrett	M 37	2:26:02	71.14%
55 Bruce Marvonek	M 53	2:26:14	71.04%
56 Philip Markovich	M 45	2:26:36	70.86%
57 <u>Alison Caruso</u>	F 29	2:26:58	70.68%
58 Robert Dube	M 42	2:27:06	70.62%
59 Thomas Parker	M 40	2:27:39	70.36%
60 Norm Fuller	M 47	2:29:06	69.67%
61 Howard Ellis	M 49	2:29:56	69.29%
62 Tim Blinn	M 47	2:30:22	69.09%
63 Peter Murphy	M 43	2:31:05	68.76%
64 <u>Bridget Boltz</u>	F 47	2:31:21	68.64%
65 Chelynn Tetreault	F 31	2:31:46	68.45%
66 Ken Forrest	M 38	2:32:20	68.19%
67 Miles Esty	M 44	2:32:29	68.13%
68 Randell Dutton	M 36	2:33:08	67.84%
69 Brendan Coyle	M 33	2:33:24	67.72%
70 Bill Metzger	M 51	2:34:00	67.46%
71 Charles Cyr	M 43	2:34:27	67.26%
72 Ben Chayes	M 44	2:34:30	67.24%
73 Doug Cummings	M 45	2:34:54	67.06%
74 Firdaus Dotiwala	M 38	2:35:18	66.89%
75 Jeffrey Dingwell	M 52	2:35:54	66.63%
76 Anthony Faustini	M 22	2:36:01	66.58%

77 Frank Colella	M 44	2:36:07	66.54%
78 <u>Amanda Glazier</u>	F 23	2:36:24	66.42%
79 Dom Romano	M 49	2:36:33	66.36%
80 <u>Amy Salmon</u>	F 33	2:36:43	66.29%
81 Andrew Carlson	M 41	2:37:10	66.10%
82 Casey Maynard	M 24	2:37:28	65.97%
83 Bogie Dumitrescu	M 32	2:37:29	65.96%
84 Dave Ulmer	M 59	2:38:39	65.48%
85 <u>Cory Popovich</u>	F 30	2:40:02	64.91%
86 Walter Perkins	M 61	2:41:09	64.46%
87 Eric Finney	M 37	2:42:08	64.07%
88 Paul Copeland	M 44	2:42:17	64.01%
89 Elaine Romano	F 49	2:42:42	63.85%
90 Alan Cabot	M 52	2:42:59	63.74%
91 Robert Olsen	M 43	2:43:58	63.36%
92 Steven Tompkins	M 46	2:44:39	63.09%
93 <u>Kelly Reese</u>	F 34	2:45:25	62.80%
94 <u>Patty Subik-Reilly</u>	F 44	2:45:51	62.64%
95 Mike Callahan	M 57	2:46:01	62.57%
96 Norm Cormier	M 53	2:46:06	62.54%
97 Robert Scott	M 53	2:46:22	62.44%
98 <u>Mary Powers</u>	F 45	2:46:49	62.27%
99 Chris LaRocca	M 45	2:47:26	62.04%
100 Brain Loose	M 41	2:48:33	61.63%
101 Chris Johnson	M 49	2:50:05	61.08%
102 <u>Emmy Stocker</u>	F 48	2:50:32	60.92%
103 Vic LaPort	M 66	2:51:06	60.71%
104 <u>Elizabeth Thompson</u>	F 39	2:51:10	60.69%
105 <u>Sharon Mendes</u>	F 51	2:51:14	60.67%
106 <u>Lisa Cherry</u>	F 34	2:51:16	60.66%
107 <u>Michelle Roy</u>	F 37	2:51:22	60.62%
108 <u>Bekkie Wright</u>	F 44	2:51:57	60.41%
109 Joseph Poliquin	M 54	2:51:58	60.41%
110 <u>Karen Febbraio</u>	F 54	2:52:05	60.37%
111 <u>Deb Corcoran</u>	F 43	2:56:54	58.72%
112 Jack Fulton	M 52	2:57:14	58.61%
113 <u>Cathi Bosco</u>	F 40	2:58:34	58.18%
114 David Taylor	M 49	2:59:00	58.04%
115 William Rowe	M 45	3:00:40	57.50%
116 Andrew Wolfe	M 42	3:01:33	57.22%
117 Steven Gonzales	M 50	3:02:32	56.91%
118 <u>Pam Dolan</u>	F 40	3:02:33	56.91%
119 Pete Dellabella	M 33	3:02:46	56.84%
120 Anton Deiters	M 66	3:03:41	56.56%
121 Larry McAndrew	M 48	3:05:27	56.02%
122 <u>Stormy Chamberlain</u>	F 31	3:05:57	55.87%
123 Chris Harrison	M 54	3:06:03	55.84%
124 Cynthia Buckley	F 47	3:06:35	55.68%
125 John Grenier	M 56	3:07:11	55.50%
126 John Loring	M 59	3:08:18	55.17%
127 Martin Powers	M 48	3:13:24	53.71%
128 <u>Yvonne Lee</u>	F 31	3:13:33	53.67%
129 <u>Sandy Beauvais</u>	F 46	3:15:27	53.15%
130 Eugene Metto	M 46	3:16:05	52.98%
131 Terry Allen	M 54	3:19:15	52.14%
132 Karen McWhirt	F 46	3:25:43	50.50%
133 Richard Busa	M 77	3:26:14	50.37%
134 <u>Laura Clark</u>	F 60	3:28:09	49.91%
135 Ron Severson	M 44	3:30:08	49.44%
136 Will Danecki	M 57	3:36:09	48.06%
137 Bob Stoker	M 47	3:48:44	45.42%

Western Mass Athletic Club
P. O. BOX 356
ADAMS, MA. 01220

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