



MOUNTAINEERS' ECHOES

Newsletter Of The Uncanoonuc Mountaineers

Al Lambert, President

March, 2005

President's Message

The snow that we were all waiting for did finally start falling in mid February and it looks like March may also bring us a little more as well! During this past school vacation week we were able to spend a few days riding in Errol with the Poole's and found the conditions to be absolutely awesome! The clubs up there are grooming constantly, keeping the trails table-top smooth throughout the region! If you can make the time to get up there you won't be disappointed! With the late start that we had this year, don't miss any opportunity you might have to get out and ride! Enjoy the time we have left and ride safely!

The rescheduled club's adult weekend will be March 11-13. There may still be rooms available for latecomers. At this time the number of attendees is low, so if you want to join in I would suggest that you call the Cabot Inn yourself and make arrangements with them directly for a room. You might mention that you're with the Uncanoonuc Mountaineers and they may be able to keep us somewhat together. If you can make it, we'd love to see you there!

At the March 14th meeting we will be addressing the slate of officers for next season. As stated in our By-Laws, a slate of officers needs to be addressed for the coming season. Three members will be appointed at this meeting to head-up the nomination process. At the April meeting these three members will present their proposed slate of Officers and Board Member(s) for the 2005-06 season as well accept nominations from the floor. Thereafter, nominations shall be closed and a ballot printed for the election of Officers and Board Member(s) at the May meeting. New Officers and Board Members shall assume their duties at the September annual meeting. As always, all positions are open. New blood is a plus for the growth of any organization! If you think that you have a little time that you can give to one of these positions, I assure you that your willingness to help out would be welcomed and greatly appreciated by those who have been

servicing for many years without a break!

Just a reminder, this is also the time for anyone wishing to have their graduating High School senior apply for the club's scholarship to request an application. To be considered for the scholarship the applicant must meet these requirements: be a senior in an accredited high school with a graduation date of June 2005, be the son or daughter of a member in good standing of the Uncanoonuc Mountaineers of Goffstown for a minimum of three years and must be accepted to an accredited postsecondary learning institution for the 2005-2006 academic year. Anyone meeting these requirements can give me a call at 497-4023 to receive an application.

As I mentioned earlier, be sure to get out and enjoy what time we have left of this very short season and ride safely! Hope to see you at the March 14th meeting at the Rec Center at 7:00pm.

Your President,
Albert Lambert

At the upcoming March meeting we will be making menu selections for the May Banquet. Please read the options on the last page so that you'll be prepared to vote for your choice. If you cannot make the March meeting but plan to attend the banquet, please contact Kathy Poole at 529-3385 with your menu choice.

B.S. from Bill

Hello to all who have managed to stay on your sleds,

Well, I guess there is really only one story that clamors for top billing in this article. Where do I start? Do I start with a disclaimer that despite what people have said and seen of me that this is not a continuation of a pattern for me? Do I start with a simple explanation of the accident? No, I think I'll start with a

couple of observations.

If any of you have been in an accident or incident that was traumatic, you may understand the unique situation that takes place as the adrenaline pumps through your body. In retrospect, the entire accident, from the moment I realized I was going off trail to finding myself on the ground was 2 or 3 seconds. That's all, a blink of an eye, just enough time to say, "What the..." For those that have experienced it, you understand how my world went into super-slow motion and super high definition at the same time and as the story unfolds how the thoughts and observations I had can be so detailed. For those that haven't experienced this phenomenon, I don't suggest you try to duplicate it but understand that it does happen.

The other observation is that I am one lucky bugger! When I look back on it and realize what exactly happened, to come away with a simple (OK, so it's a big, ugly, hurtful) bruise is truly a miracle. Sometimes all the planets align, the variables are correct and Lady Luck smiles on you. It is not something you want to try and rely on more than once or twice. Right now, if I were a cat, I would be down to about 5 lives.

I will be the first to admit that I deserve all joking, ribbing, laughter and groans that I have earned while in this club. I have done some silly and funny stuff. Before this incident, all things have been innocent fooling around or in the name of fun. I do not believe this accident is the culmination of a pattern of behavior. Sure, I've patented the "Slow Motion Sliding and Tipping Fall Off", but all three of those have been while I was messing around and trying to do a skid stop, at low speeds. When I went ditch diving at last years Ride-In I was just trying to power slide the corner and spray some snow, but no harm was done. Finally, I wasn't even doing anything silly when my bogey wheel bolt snapped at adult weekend last year.

Now, I don't want any of you thinking I am getting defensive. I will take full blame and ridicule for what happened Saturday, February 5th at approximately 10am in the town of Errol, NH. I just offer the above observations of my antics as just that, antics and not stupidity or foolhardiness. Well, as I have said, that has changed and I am responsible for this incident, but as you'll see, I do have a possible theory that may clear me of totally being wrong. At least to everyone but Annie.

It was a beautiful day as our caravan of four vehicles and trailers, nine sleds and 12 riders headed north from Gorham to the hamlet of Errol. As we all saw the Great North Woods were not the snow capital of the year this disappointing season. Yet, as we pulled into 7 Islands Bridge parking area, the initial impressions are that we may get lucky. When the day was all over, we did agree that despite several bare and slushy spots, the entire ride's conditions were better than expected.

All is going well and we are all smiles and

eager to go as the unloading and warming up of the sleds takes place. Finally, everyone is ready and off we go. Dave M. led us off. His friend and co-worker Rick jumped in next and I slipped into third in line. As we started off, I noticed Linda L. get off her sled and check on Kelsea. I thought at the time that I hope Dave doesn't get too far ahead and/or they are not stuck with a sled problem back at the lot. That thought turned out to be the start of my downfall.

Anyone who has ridden with me knows I like to RIDE. I will admit that I am a bit of a speed junkie, a bit of an adrenaline junkie and ride more aggressively (which I interpret as with more fun) than most. Factor number two on my road to ruin. No more than ¼ mile into the ride Rick must have sensed this and let me pass. Good, now I can let it out a little and run up with Dave. At the same time I am thinking if I catch him, I can get him to stop and wait for the rest of the crew. Ah, that Devil horned beast - speed. The final factor need for this tale of disaster.

So, I had traveled no more than ½ mile on this entire trip when a prepared to sweep around a left-hand turn. No problem. I have done this a million times and I've done it when going faster than I probably should have. That's OK, I'll get off the throttle, tap the brake a little and set up for the turn. Oops, was that a little bit of a slide I felt when I hit the brake? No problem. Just about to hit the apex of this turn and then I'll shoot out the other side. BIG PROBLEM.

In all the detail I remember and all the times I have replayed this again and again in my mind, this is the one microsecond that I cannot explain. When I let go of the brake I thought I was in great position for the turn but the next valid memory I have is the first of the brush whacking my sled and me. Now comes that great theory I hinted to above. First, let's step back to the lot and just before we started on our ride. As my sled was warming up twice, while at idle, it started creeping forward and I had to hold the brake to not slide forward and tap a car or other sled. Then, when we actually started on the ride, I tried to jump into the second spot but when I hit the throttle the engine bogged down. I had to quickly double pump the thumb throttle to get the revs up and get the sled moving. Outside of sheer stupidity the only explanation I can offer for this accident is a sticky throttle assembly. Probably not the reason, but hey! can theorize, can't I?

Back to the excitement. As I realized I was now off trail at a speed that was not safe, my body decided it was time to kick up the heart rate and pump some serious adrenaline in. The only thing that didn't slow down at this point was the red rocket ship crashing through the underbrush. The human body is amazing and durable and has abilities that most never experience, and when we do it is often when we don't wish to. I swear that if I had thought of it, I could have counted each individual branch that I hit.

Yet my focus was drawn to the three-foot wide ditch I was headed for. Later, as I examined the crash site it was quite obvious that the ditch was never a factor as I cleared it with ease. My mind was already playing the scene that I was going to go end of end when I plowed into this ditch. This is when the first of

the amazingly silly and crazy thoughts that went through my mind. Here I was, thinking the ditch was going to be my end and while I was over it I thought, "Cool, I just jumped the ditch!" What I didn't miss was the snow covered semi-rotten stump just on the other side of the ditch.

Boy, did I not miss that. It is hard to imagine how much force it takes to stop a 1,000 lb (rider and machine combined) object going an estimated 50mph (this is strictly a guess as I have no idea what I was doing for speed) in the space of about 6 inches. I am truly surprised that there is not more damage to my machine. The impact felt like I could have split atoms. Now was when the fun really began.

Of course, not being bolted to the sled, my body was not about to stop when my machine did. Based on bruises and theory I have to guess that as I launched in the air my left shin/calf caught the handle bar and twisted the steering column. Yet I did not feel that impact or sense that bruise until we returned to the parking lot. What I do remember as I auditioned for the Flying Wallendas, is that my left arm brushed my windshield on the way over it. Crazy thought number two made its appearance at this time as I cursed myself, "Oh <expletive>! I just broke my windshield." The irony in all this is that the windshield was not scratched.

At this point I am very conscious of what is happening, I know I am pretty much upside down and I can see the snow below me. Now if this was the end of the story and I simply flopped into a pile of soft snow, I would have chalked it up to an amazing experience, towed my battered and bruised sled home and gone on with life. Unfortunately pain has a way of making you analyze things a lot differently. In traumatic accidents people often say they didn't know they were hurt till much later. Trust me I would have gladly taken that situation at this time. I not only knew I had hit something with my left hip, but I instantly knew I had hit hard and it hurt immediately. Given where the sled stopped and my flight stopped, the only logical choice for me was that I hit a tree. I used to like trees, but as Cheryl can attest, they will win if you challenge them.

It has probably taken you 10 minutes to read this story so far and yet the elapsed time of the tale is only about 2.2 seconds. Like I said, that is how time felt to me as it happened. Finally, I am on my descent. I can see the snow speckled with dirt and bark and I know it is close, so I put out my hands. I clearly remember the feel of them contacting the snow and crazy thought number three popping into my head. "Ok, my hands are down but my head hasn't hit yet. Here it comes." Meaning I can feel my body collapsing to the ground. This was the slowest part of the whole incident and felt like it took 10 or 15 seconds for my head to hit. Just before it hits the final crazy thought comes to me. "At least I have helmet on so I'll be ok." I totally believed I would not be

suffering a head injury. Thankfully that was an accurate thought.

Stillness, but not for long and definitely not silent. I knew I was hurt, but I also knew that I didn't have anything seriously wrong with me. I don't know how I knew this, but I knew it. That and some deep instinctual reaction made me immediately jump to my feet and think about getting to the sled right away. Instinct can be strong, but pain, as I am learning, can be a lot stronger. I could hear my sled running and as I took the first step towards it I knew I was going to have to take a moment to get myself together. Still, by this point no one from the club had shown up yet and I felt alone for a moment. Later Rick would say that he thought it was a strange place to park a sled and he almost passed me by because my brown jacket and black pants had me blending in with the woods. What didn't make sense to me about that statement was that how could he see the sled but miss me? It wasn't until a few minutes later when I looked back at the site that I realized I was standing a good 10-12 feet from where the sled was.

So, as I tried to "walk it off", Al, Rick and I'm not sure who else for certain, got the sled out of the woods and back on the trail. Up until this exact moment, I did not know it was damaged, but it was quickly apparent that I would not be riding my Polaris this day. Al rode it back to my trailer and I guess had a bit of a scare himself, although it was relatively minor. The steering shaft was bent so that if the skis were straight the bars pointed right. This made the brake tough to use and as Al came back to the parking lot he struggled to get my sled stopped before hitting anything.

Not wanting to be a party pooper, when Rick offered me the back seat on his two-up I said sure and after a brief interruption we were back on the trails. By using revisionist history I can safely say this was one of the two or three dumbest moves I have ever done. Not because of Rick or his driving but because I refused to believe that I was hurt badly. As the ER doctor would later tell me, I probably did as much damage riding those 50 or so miles afterwards as I did in the initial accident. I can tell you that by the time we headed back after lunch I knew I was wrong to go out. But being the macho man I am, I sucked it up and didn't complain. But, when Dave stopped at one trail junction and wanted to take a little longer route back I made it quite clear that we should go the shorter way.

I still thought I was going to be relatively OK by the time I drove back to the hotel. The swelling and pain were growing in significance but that was all. I had been swollen and in pain before and would just gut this out. You fool! While trying to undress and avoid the ire of my wife, whom I must say did remarkably well at holding up during this, I started to feel nauseous. All my energy flowed out of my body and I guess I was looking like I was going to pass out. So, for probably the first time in my life, when my wife said we were going to the hospital and I was going to see a doctor, I did not fight her.

I won't bore you with the details of the ER or the x-rays or the whole hospital experience but the doctor did say that the bruise was so massive that I

lost probably 2-3 units of blood into the tissue. This created some worrisome numbers and I was admitted for observation for the night. Percoset. What I wonderful invention. I was comfortable for the night and I am sure I would have slept through the entire night if the staff didn't come in every 90 minutes to poke and prod me. How are you supposed to heal when they won't let you get any rest?

Finally, there is a list of thank-yous that I have to go through. I am now convinced that Dave and Ellen McGlaufflin are people touched by God himself. Without blinking an eye they agreed to watch the girls, make sure they got fed, made sure Annie got to and from the hospital, brought me stuff I needed for the overnight stay. Right now I owe them more thanks than I can express. Secondly, I thank Forcier Trailering Services for saving my trailer and any more damage to my sled. It's not that I wouldn't trust Annie to be able to drive home with it behind her, but I'm not saying I would trust her to either. Finally those of you on the trail with me. If I was alone I would have eventually gotten everything taken care of but knowing you all were coming up right behind me meant I didn't have to panic.

I know there were others involved. Bud Gordon donated a hitch and Heather and Sarah made me a wonderful get well card.

I am home now, resting and recovering. I am more appreciative and more aware of what I have and what and whom I am here for in this world. The pain hurts but given what happened it is not unreasonable to think that at this time I could be the only not feeling pain. So I welcome the pain and thank God that I did not hurt the hearts and souls of the rest of you. Will I ride again? Of course just not this year. Will I still be a junkie for speed and adrenaline? Probably. Will I be nervous that first ride of next season? Definitely, but that is what will remind me to stay in control and stay alive.

No more BS (or riding or quick movements) for now,

Bill (Crash) Lofgren

Club Member Items for Sale

02 Blizzard 12' black enclosed trailer drive in/out, "V" nose 6'6" interior height \$5,000.00. Call Lee for more info, 497-4429 or 759-5999

2 peach face love birds with cage \$75.00. Call Lee for more info, 497-4429 or 759-5999

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

(mark your calendars!)

Mar 11th – 13th: Adult Weekend

Mar 12th: Club daytime ride

Mar 14th: monthly meeting

Apr 11th: monthly meeting

Apr 16th: Pot Luck Supper at Bill & Annie's house

May 7th: Banquet, final meeting, election of officers at the Stonebridge Country Club

Jul 9th: Summer Family Outing at the Lambert's

Annual Banquet Menu Selection

The Annual Banquet is May 7th, 2005 at the Stonebridge Country Club.

We will be voting at the March meeting on what we want to eat at the Annual Banquet. If you are unable to attend the March meeting and want your choice noted please call Kathy Poole at 529-3385 to let her know your vote. (please note that the date is **May 7** not May 14 as in the past Echo's.) We will start having sign-ups at the March meeting, and at the April meeting Kathy will be collecting the money for the banquet. The price will be determined on which menu is chosen, and will be disclosed in the next Echo.

We have a choice between plated entrees or a buffet. If we choose the buffet we need to have a minimum of 25 people. If we choose the plated entrees we need to choose 3 entrees

PLATED ENTREES: (choose 3)

Poultry

Chicken Cordon Bleu \$17.95
Chicken Dijonnaise \$17.95
Baked Stuffed Chicken Oscar \$21.95
Cornish Game Hen Au Poivre \$17.95

Chicken Marsala \$17.95
Seafood Stuffed Chicken \$18.95
Apple Walnut Stuffed Chicken \$17.95
Roasted Turkey, Stuffing & Gravy \$16.95

Seafood

Baked Haddock AuGratin \$16.95
Grilled Salmon with Lemon Dill \$18.95
Shrimp & Scallops Provencal \$19.95
1 1/4 Maine Lobster (*Market price*)

Broiled Scallops \$17.95
Seafood Stuffed Shrimp \$18.95
Seafood Newburg EnCroute \$22.95

Beef

Roast Prime Rib 12 oz \$18.95
New York Sirloin \$18.95
Filet Mignon Chausseur \$19.95

Sliced Sirloin & Mushroom Gravy \$18.95
Bourbon Sirloin Tips \$18.95

Specialties

Stuffed Pork Loin \$16.95
Roasted Leg of Lamb \$18.95
Surf & Turf Filet and Lobster Tail (*Market Price*)

Roast Duckling in Raspberry Port Wine \$18.95
Vegetable Wellington with Cabernet Sauce \$18.95

BUFFET CHOICES:

The Italian Classic

Minestrone Soup, Antipasto Salad, Garlic bread, garden salad, Meatballs Marinara, Four Cheese Lasagna, Chicken Parmesan, Fettucini Alfredo, Linguine Bolgenses, Stuffed Canolis \$17.95 per person

Traditional French

Potato Leek soup, Garden salad, Boursin & Fruit Tray, Chicken Cordon Bleu, Baked Stuffed Pork Loin Normandy, Carved Roast Beef Champignon, Rice Pilaf, Strawberry Cheesecake \$19.95 per person

New England Style

Clam Chowder, Garden Bounty Salad, Roast Turkey & Gravy with Stuffing, Orange Maple Carved Ham, Baked haddock Au Gratin, Garlic Mashed Potatoes, Seasonal Squash or Carrots, Apple Crisp. \$18.95 per person

The Clambake

1 1/4 lb Maine Lobster or 10 oz Sirloin Steak, Steamers 1/4 lb each, Corn on the Cob, Baked Potatoes, Chowder, Cole Slaw, Rolls, "Make you own Strawberry Shortcake" \$39.95 per person

DON'T FORGET...



Next Meeting: March 14th 2005

Echoes is the official publication of the Uncanoonuc Mountaineers of Goffstown Inc. Echoes is published monthly from September through June. Letters and articles are welcome, please submit to Ellen McGlaflin by the 25th of the prior month. (e-mail to davlnmcgla@aol.com or call 487-3938.) The Uncanoonuc Mountaineers is a non-profit organization and member of the New Hampshire Snowmobile Association since 1976.

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