

Iditarod 2007

Bundtzen Burner Kennel

The following is a dictation for Iditarod 2007. I dictate while on the trail so Joan can participate in what happens on the trail. She transcribes and we send it off to those who might be interested. It is not meant to be a polished work so please excuse the grammar.

I'm on the way to Yentna on the Yentna River; we had a good start in Willow. We got Zack off...all the volunteers...I started about two hours later with my team. The dogs are looking pretty good. I had a lot of help from a lot of people, Bryan, Kathy, Bonnie, Paul, Paul, Anjinette, Darla, Rebecca, Dave, and others. These dogs are running well. Right now I've got Nutmeg and Spicey in lead and they're looking really good. Anyway, I'll fill in the details a little later. I'm just trying to get this thing going for the first time.

It's about three in the morning and I'm heading up the Yentna River still. I've got clear skies, and had a beautiful day yesterday. I went through Yentna station after about a three and a half hour run. I have another hour to Lake Creek, then I'll stop there for four hours. I fed the dogs, they ate quite well and I now have Sage and Nutmeg in lead. On the way out of Yentna I got sidetracked on a trail on the right of the river; it had Iditarod markers on it so I followed it. Unfortunately I lost an hour. I had to backtrack to get on the right trail. The dogs are running well right now, heading up towards Skwentna. I plan to pick up supplies in Skwentna and head on up towards Finger Lake and stop partway there.

I'm camped half way between Skwentna and Finger Lake. It's about ten below zero. I stopped with the moon coming up and also a sunrise. The trail is good, the dogs are doing well; except for getting lost yesterday things have been going really well. We'll see if they keep moving along. I still have Nutmeg and Sage in lead, Daffy and Spicey in swing, behind those two is Cessna and Odin (Odin's a terrific dog); then I have Parsley and Brie; Parsley's been eating really well to my surprise. Then I have Rosebud, a John Little dog. She's a nice dog. She's with Whiz. Then I have Pepper, she's not eating well; and Timkin—he always wants to eat her food but she won't let him. And then I have Thor and Widgeon; Widgeon has been doing surprisingly well. In wheel I have Muenster and WSU (pronounced Wazoo).

Anyway, I've been here three and a half hours, I'm going to booty up and get out of here after a four hour rest. Hopefully I can gain some time. We'll see.

The trip to Finger Lake went without incident; things went smoothly. The dogs are working pretty well, I have Sage and Spicey in lead. The weather was chilly, skies clear. The Alaska Range was out in its beauty. I had stopped half way to Finger Lk and camped out, made the pups dinner and put some straw out and had them sleep. A lot of mushers came by me when I was there. I traveled right through Finger Lake, I didn't stop. A few mushers were there, a lot had gone on, at least the competitive mushers. Right after Finger Lake is the Steps. The Steps are a steep descent down to where the Happy River meets the Yenta River and were relatively easy this year; they did a good job grooming them and there was enough snow. The trail has been good. I passed the Steps and the Happy River and then we climb up the other side heading towards Rainy Pass. The trail over there was not too bad but didn't have a lot of snow. There's a

lot of sidehilling, a lot of downhill and then uphill; at the end of the trail near Rainy Pass there is one steep hill; there was terrible steep glaciation right over the trail, then at the end of that a 90 degree turn, into an ice chute. When I came up on that there was another team stopped. Dogs were tied off. I was sure some other team of dogs was going to run into me from behind since you couldn't see very far ahead. It took awhile and I finally got her dogs going, took her sled around the corner for her, tilting the sled on one runner and angling up over the glaciation, things went well. I went back and got my team and my team went up the glacier around the corner and I was able to angle the sled up there, jump on it and successfully get by the glacier. Deedee Jonrowe fractured a finger and had to scratch because of that Glacier. I think that is where Swingley fractured his ribs also.

The temperature on the way up to Rainy Pass was about ten to twenty degrees below zero. When I got to Rainy Pass the wind started blowing and it was pretty miserable. I stayed there a little longer than I should have. I took off at 10:30 pm. I was wondering if there could be a blizzard but I took off toward Rainy Pass. It was blowing hard, the dogs were going into the wind. I accidentally took the Iron Dog trail, had to come back and then headed up Rainy Pass and to the Dalzell Gorge. The wind was right into the dogs faces; they didn't like it. When I got up to just below the pass, the leaders would not go into the terrible wind. They were just too inexperienced. When I tried to go over the top they would turn around and come back into the team. And then when that would happen they would tangle together and I'd have a terrible tangle. I would untangle them with the wind blowing hard at 20 degrees below zero. I would have to mush downhill and then turn them around and then try again. After four or five times the dogs were pretty mentally frazzled. So I had to just stop. I pulled them over to the side of the trail and let them rest. I had food and fuel so I cooked them a meal of meat and kibble. They ate well.

The dogs must have gotten tangled about twenty times. The short harness ganglines that I am using are terrible for tangles when the leaders come back down into the team and I was never so frustrated in my life. Twenty below zero or colder with the wind blowing; it was a miserable experience. I did have a full face mask and good gear so believe it or not, I didn't get that cold. In fact one of my problems was that I was sweating. I finally decided to wait for a team to come by and a few teams did but we weren't quite ready and then Clint Warnke came by. He was able to help me get the dogs going over the top. The leaders that were causing the trouble were Nutmeg and WSU. Sage would try to do his best but the other dogs would haul him around since he's not a very strong leader. Anyway the temperature was 22 degrees below zero, the wind was blowing anywhere from forty to fifty miles per hour, it was a ground blizzard. I did feed the dogs before we went up, and rested them and I think that's what helped out.

When you cross over Rainy Pass, which we finally did, you head down towards the Dalzell Gorge and Pass Creek. There wasn't a lot of snow and a fair amount of rock but it was quite passable. Back and forth, back and forth, a lot of sharp turns. It wasn't as nice as last year. When we got down to the Gorge the ice bridges were in and they looked good. No difficulties there, just a little bit of a lack of snow, but we were able to do it without much difficulty. Then we came out onto the Tatina River and there was a sheet of ice all the way down to Rohn but we followed the ice sheet and then we ended up at Rohn. My trip over from Rainy Pass took 14 hours and it should have taken 4 hours. We stayed at Rohn too long, seven hours, and tried to get all my gear thawed out a little bit. The dogs have all been eating quite well so I'm pleased with

that. I took off at 10:30pm, and then just as we were leaving going out on the ice I had Nutmeg in lead. She headed off in the wrong direction and I hawed her over and she looked back and brought the whole team to me. Again another massive tangle. With these short harnesses and gangline they get tangled really fast and they're difficult to deal with. So I had to fix that problem. Then we went out on sheer ice and we were led down the river by Sage and he did a good job. I was surprised—the ice often makes a lead dog very nervous. We climbed out of the river valley and headed up to the glacier that is just past the Post River. The glaciation was pretty passable this year, it was doable, no major problems. In some years, it's quite dangerous. This year there's not much snow, and the trail is really rough. The wind had stopped coming out of Rohn and that was nice. The temperature is still hovering at 20 to thirty below zero and it's chilly out here. The run all the way from Rohn to Nikolai was in sunny weather. I stopped at the Buffalo Camp which is a little over halfway there. I fed the dogs and they took a little nap. It's thirty-five degrees below zero at the Buffalo camp but no wind. There were a few other teams there, Karen Ramstead, Danny Seavy and others. The trail was quite a lot of dirt with a little snow mixed in. After we leave the Buffalo Camps we got into the area that's nothing but tussocks, no snow at all. It was a rough trail, I'll bet a lot of people's sleds got busted up. I haven't busted mine yet, though I'm still mushing on the Burn. Unfortunately, just after I left Rohn, Rosebud all of a sudden started holding back real hard and she had a little bit of a limp. I couldn't detect what it was. She was injured so I had to carry her in the sled for the last half of the trip from Rohn to Nikolai. We're still on the trip and whenever I take my hand out of my beaver mitt it gets cold really fast.

I'm dictating this in McGrath. It's been really cold and hard to use this (recorder) on the trail. Some of this may be duplication. We had a tough time out of Rainy Pass. As we left Rainy Pass the wind was blowing pretty good—it was cold, ten to twenty below, the dogs did fine as we went over the broad pass into the canyon, called Rainy Pass. I took a trail and realized after thirty minutes this was not the trail and I turned around. I heard a lot of other mushers did that, they probably followed my tracks so I guess I'm to blame.

Anyway, I went back and made the right turn and headed up into Rainy Pass. It was still blowing pretty good but doable, and as we got higher and higher into the pass it started blowing harder and harder. The wind was blowing snow into our faces, the dogs were doing OK, but they were slow. It was cold, ten to twenty below. Heading up into the pass the dogs started to balk—they hadn't been in this weather before. The snow was blowing into their eyes and stinging them. As we headed up towards the top of the pass I got another tangle. This gangline system is terrible for tangles unless you have a really disciplined dog team which apparently I don't have at this time. Anyway, we finally started going toward the top of the pass; after each tangle I'd have to lead them out again. We were slowly going over the top but I just couldn't get them to go straight over. They'd get up to the top, or nearly the top, and the wind would just blast them hard at sixty to eighty miles an hour. That's my guess. They would turn around on me and get all tangled up and then I'd have to untangle them all again. This is at twenty below with a wind. And then I couldn't turn them around going uphill so I'd have to mush them downhill about a quarter or a half mile. And then I'd get to an open spot where I could turn them around and then I'd do that and then take off again and the same thing would happen. I must have done it three or four times, and I think I fried the leaders brains. Anyway, they would not go so I camped about a mile or two below the pass, twenty below with the wind blowing, a blizzard. I prepared them some

food—I did have some meat and I did have some kibble and some fuel—and that’s why we carry it I guess. And they all ate and I gave them a good rest and I waited.

Lou Nelson and another guy came by but I wasn’t really ready to follow them, though I was trying to. Then I turned them around and they got tangled again and it’s just a mess. Boy, I’m frustrated with this gangline system. By the time they were ready to go the dogs were gone—the other teams were gone. I was going to follow them over the pass. It was still blowing pretty hard. So I again stopped and rested them and waited and waited for someone to come by. Then Clint came by and I thought I’d follow Clint over. With his help I was able to get the dogs over the pass. After that they did well. The dogs who were giving me a lot of trouble there were WSU and Nutmeg. They just figured it out—that they wouldn’t have to go lead, they could just turn the team around any time they wanted. I had Sage up there with them and he was willing to go but when they tugged on him to turn around he would turn and so down they came. But anyway, we headed down the Dalzell, it wasn’t too bad. A lot of snow, rocks exposed here and there, not much glaciation. It was not bad at all compared to other years. Nothing like last year which was a piece of cake.

Then we got onto the Tatina, it was pure ice, pure glare ice. Incidentally, the wind died down after we got below there. Then we headed down the ice and followed Clint to Rohn. I stayed awhile, I can’t remember, about six hours I think. I was only going to stay four but they were pretty tired bunch of dogs. Then we headed out over the Burn [Fairwell Burn]. I had Sage and Nutmeg in lead when I left Rohn and no sooner did I get out on the ice than they headed in the wrong direction. I hawed them a little bit and whamo. Nutmeg turned the whole team around and I had a heck of a mess right off the bat. I immediately put her in the back of the team and she’s been there ever since. Anyway, I headed down the ice and it was pure ice on the Kuskokwim River, but they did OK, I was really surprised. Sage did well and we finally got to the Buffalo Tunnels. Then after a period of time we got to the glacier and we made a wrong turn up to the bottom part of the glacier which is where you don’t want to go. But I got them turned around and they went the right direction. And the glacier itself wasn’t bad; it was slushy around the base of it; the dogs had good footing and they went around the corner. My fear of dying on the glacier went away. Anyway, then we headed up over the Burn and the Burn was rough, nothing but tussocks and tussocks and tussocks and tussocks. The worst part was actually after the halfway point which is the Buffalo Camp where I stopped and stayed four or five hours. There is a heated cabin with straw. The people that own that place let the mushers use it. I fed the dogs and they ate well.

Then we headed off into the tussocks and I bet there were a lot of sleds broken there. The tussocks would stick up and hit stanchion after stanchion after crosspiece after crosspiece of the sleds. Mine held up---I had a few dents in the sled, but it held up—lucky thing. Leaving the Buffalo Camp, Rosebud was hauling up and not pulling. She was in trouble. I looked at her and I couldn’t figure out what was wrong, so I put her in the bag and hauled her all the way to Nikolai from the Buffalo Camp. The trail into Nikolai after the tussocks went just fine, but the dogs were going slow. I had Sage in lead and tried various other dogs, none of whom are working out very well. Then I put Parsley up there and she did pretty well, she did her job, though she hasn’t been eating very well, a major concern I have. I got into Nikolai and stayed there about 5 hours, I forget; the dogs freshened up and did better and we took off toward

McGrath. Shortly after leaving Nikolai, Whiz went down. I thought he just slipped and fell as he immediately was back on his feet and ready to go. I watched him close and he did it again. I couldn't find anything wrong with him but I put him in the bag and turned around and went back to Nikolai and dropped him. It's a long run to McGrath; I fell asleep a lot on the sled. I had Parsley and Sage in lead; they don't know gee-haw. When we came to a turn they would seem to go the wrong way, I had to stop the sled and pull them in the right direction. But they didn't come back on the team like Nutmeg and Spicey and WSU. Incidentally, Spicey just quit leading, I couldn't get him to do anything.

I got into McGrath about 4am, I'm doing my 24 hour rest. The dogs look fine. If I get this team to Nome it will be lucky because I don't know if Sage is going to be able to handle it—but he might. If Sage handles it, I'll get to Nome. I'll try some other leaders. I have tried almost every dog on the team already but I'll try again. It will be slow but we'll get there probably.

I'm taping this at Shageluk—the trail from McGrath into Tokotna and Ophir was pretty easy—nice day—dogs were running pretty well. I still have Parsley and Sage in lead. I picked up a lunch at Tokotna as I whizzed through. At Ophir I stopped and rested for four hours and fed the dogs. It was a five hour run. It was a nice day. When I left Ophir, Widgeon had a slight limp. Her shoulder was a little tender. She didn't warm out of it quickly and I knew that the upcoming trail was going to be rough so I turned around and dropped her at Ophir. It was a good move. The next run was one of horrors. When I left Ophir the trail was fairly good. Then we weaved through the rolling hills and upper Taiga country [sparse short trees] primarily black spruce. It's an old mining district. Then we got in to the Beaver Mountains where there was basically no snow from there all the way to Iditarod; there were patches here and there. Whenever they could a snowmachine would try to set a trail; however it was just terrible. It was bone-rocking, bone jarring tussocks, tussocks, tussocks. It was really bad. I stopped about a third of the way at Don's Cabin for about five to six hours. I gave the dogs food. We were able to get snow there—it was down in a valley. But then after you leave there you go back up on the rolling hills of tussocks again, for a terrible long time, getting your knees and your back, everything getting pounded. I was afraid the dogs would get injured but somehow they came through it OK; of course we've been going awful slow. We were running at night and I couldn't see much around me. I got into Iditarod and stayed nine hours. It was a long run over, a little more than I had expected; I had expected seven hours. I fed the dogs, took off again from Iditarod to Shageluk. The run to Shageluk was really quite good, rolling hills, taiga, and they did have real snow. It was going to be an eight to nine hour run and I stopped midway for a two hour break and it ended up being three. I had a nice run all the way from there into Shageluk. The dogs ran as well as they usually do. I am now at Shageluk, and I will plan to leave in five to six hours. It's been a long, long haul from Ophir to Iditarod—it was terrible.

I'm back to dictating from the back of the sled. The trail had been so rough it's been impossible to dictate from the sled runners. I just passed through Anviik, three and a half hours from Shageluk. The trail crosses Islands and flat land and river; now we're on the Yukon River going north. Temperature about 12 degrees; pretty day. I'll travel to Grayling and rest. I'm going to try to take shorter rests. I stayed about six and a half hours at Shageluk, I should have stayed about five. The dogs are looking relatively well. I still have concerns about our leader up the trail. Right now I have Nutmeg and Parsley in lead; Parsley is really a leader. I put Sage back so he

can rest his mind a little bit. I don't think I'm going to have any other leaders in this group but we'll see. There's a lot of dogs here that would lead in training but won't lead here on the Yukon River. Anyway, it's been a good day so far; I hope I can pick up the pace a little bit. I'm way out of the running, number 45; I don't expect to be able to gain anything. I'll just keep pushing on.

I'm sitting in the cabin in Eagle Island. I just came up from Grayling. The sun has been out, temperature zero degrees. The run up from Anvik to Grayling was an easy one; but the wind began to pick up a little bit as we rounded the corner into Grayling. I took care of the dogs, got in about 7:15, and then the wind whipped up and started blowing pretty hard. Zero degrees and a hard wind gets pretty cold. I was going to leave in about six hours but decided I would go ahead and stay an extra couple; I ended up staying about four more waiting for the wind to die down. It did. We packed up and headed out about five a.m. On the river the wind was blowing—not so hard now. During the course of the day it got more and more windy but it wasn't a blizzard. The dogs were doing OK. Cessna's not pulling like she usually does. Pepper has maybe a little bit of a limp. Everything else looks pretty good. Still leading now are Parsley and Sage and they're doing a pretty good job, especially for inexperienced leaders. When I had Nutmeg up there she seemed to cause more trouble than it was worth. We'll try some other leaders eventually but I'm going to stick with these two for a while. I got into Eagle Island after about nine hours. En route I did stop and feed them. I made a cooler full of melted meat and some dry food. They really seemed to enjoy it—everyone ate it. I had a couple of other snacks for them along the way also. The sky is clear—oh, I forgot to mention that last evening the northern lights were stupendous. They were all green but they had multiple different patterns and repetitions. Now the plan is to head up the trail about seven hours to Kaltag. I don't think there's any hope for me catching anybody, so there's really not much reason for me to push hard. I'm not sure why I'm so far back this year. I did have that big layover up in the pass so I guess that's the reason. I feel bad about it. The race up front is really exciting I can tell. Zack isn't in the front running but he's in the top ten. Everything there seems to be going well.

I got into Kaltag about 8 o'clock AM after leaving at 10PM from Eagle Island. It took me an hour to get out of the slough because I was having leader trouble. When I got out on the river it was blowing pretty hard. It was zero degrees. As we progressively went north the wind picked up and the temperature dropped and when I got into Kaltag it was about minus twenty to thirty. I fell asleep a lot on the sled. I had lots of leader trouble the whole trip. They didn't want to run any more. I kept Parsley up front and then Nutmeg, who with Parsley was able to keep things going. They just kind of stop and there's not much you can do. The dogs of course get tangled and then the dogs pull their booties off as fast as they can when they stop. With cold weather and abrasive trails you've just got to keep them bootied or they just wear their feet out. Anyway, I'm going to head out in about eight hours. These dogs are looking good but mentally I don't know how good they are. They just aren't pulling as hard, and of course the leaders are having second thoughts about being the leaders.

I'm leaving Unalakleet; the run over from Kaltag was a good one. I left about three thirty PM and got in about four thirty AM so it was an eleven hour run. The trail was really fast. I was going to stop at Old Woman's Cabin but I didn't because they looked so good. I ran them the whole way and they did really well. I had some leader trouble, nothing too major. I led Sage mostly, and Parsley, and they did remarkably well. I started with Nutmeg and then put her in

back. It was a dark cold night, five to ten below zero, with not much wind, which is unusual. When we came in to Unalakleet the trail was as good as it's been, with a lot of ice. I had to change some of the team around because they were overrunning the leaders and I had to put them back. I had many tangles because of that. The sky is blue, the temperature is ten below, minimal wind—it is really a beautiful day for out here. We had heard there was nothing but dirt out here but there is a little bit of snow, so things are going to be good. Zack just got third place not long ago so he did really well with the dogs.

The trip over from Unalakleet to Shaktoolik was quite slow. There was no snow in many areas and we were running over pure tundra. Every once in awhile we would have snow as we headed toward Shaktoolik. On the top of the Blueberry hills there was just dirt. The dogs were real slow, not interested in their mushing. I'm not sure why. They're all healthy, they're just not pulling well. I'm coming out of Unalakleet I ripped on a chunk of metal a chunk of my blue plastic off. It wasn't all the way across the runner so I thought I would get to Shaktoolik before I changed it. We had nice weather, clear sky, temperature about zero, some wind but no blizzard, obviously because there's no snow. When you go up to the top of the Blueberry Hills then you have a long downhill slide. I notice though that during most of the trip Thor wasn't pulling very well. In fact he wasn't pulling at all, he was just kind of running in place. So I watched him real close, every once in awhile he'd pull, but otherwise he's just not pulling which is abnormal for him.

We got off the Blueberry Hills, which is a long run of ice and snow along the jetty to Shaktoolik. We got in there, oh, I think about 6 pm. It's a long run for that distance. These dogs are just not up to it. I had a lot of leader trouble, trying to keep them going. I had to use Sage and Parsley, mostly Parsley. The only one that's been consistently willing to lead has been Parsley. She's really inexperienced. She'll follow a trail to a degree but she can't gee-haw. But she's leading for me. After we got into Shaktoolik I dropped Thor. I'm down to twelve dogs now. I had a nice day at Shaktoolik, even though it's in the middle of nowhere. The wind has been picking up and blowing about minus 20 degrees. The trip over and across the bay to Koyuk is on sea ice. So about six hours later I took off. I had trouble getting them going so I used Parsley and then they started pulling at a steady pace. Now I'm on sea ice heading towards Elim; it's 2:30PM. I'll probably get in there about 9:30 or 10:00PM. There is a little wind in the back and off to the right. It's crystal clear and cold; it's zero but in the sun it's warm.

I'm recording at White Mountain. The trip down from Koyuk to Elim was relatively uneventful. I did have trouble with leaders. I ended up using Timkin and Parsley. And though I had to coax Timkin a little he did a really good job and I was surprised. The country we traveled over was pretty much flat ice and white. We had one little hill that we climb up and then down again and then you're on flat ice and white again, it went forever. Nearing Elim the pack ice was broken up and we came into town dodging upthrown ice chunks. Elim is always a pleasant checkpoint. I forget the time I got in there but I stayed about four hours and took off at night. Leaving Elim is via an old road this year; it goes up hill and steadily climbs over Little Denali. It is the highest point on the Iditarod trail on the coast. It's all white with good snow with a little wind; often there's a stiff wind on top. The dogs did real well. When you go over the peak and on to the other side over to Golovin Bay there is a scattering of rocks here and there; it was at night so I couldn't see much. I'm still having a little trouble with leaders but not too much. I had Parsley in lead. The other dogs were all pulling well.

Every once in a while they would stop and I would have to go up and untangle them. I would give them a little bit of snacking. Everything went well. The weather was clear. Mild northern lights, not spectacular like a few nights before. Golovin Bay was pure ice with little patches of snow. For some reason Parsley is able to follow hard to see ice trails and she followed the trail right up the coast to Golovin. After the approach to Golovin you have to go through the village and then you go through town and make a left turn and you are back out on the pack ice again. We did that. That's where Timkin decided he didn't want to lead any more, so I brought Sage up from back and he took over from there and we slowly and steadily made our way across the remaining pack ice to White Mountain. I got in here at 10:40AM and I left at 16:40 which is eight hours. [mandatory eight hour layover]. The dogs rested well and ate well. The temperature was initially zero degrees when I came in. Lo and behold Zack and Anjanette Steer showed up, they had flown in from town. They had a great party in Nome and everyone has gone home except them. So here we are. My dog handler will be Zack Steer when I get to town—the third best Iditarod musher in the world. Anyway I'm getting ready to go now and I'll dictate the trip from White Mountain and Nome tomorrow.

The trip into Nome went relatively well; the dogs were a little slow at times; I had Parsley and Sage in lead and then Sage didn't want to lead and I put Timkin up there and he didn't want to lead and I put Sage back and he did just fine. It was a beautiful clear night; the wind was moderate on top of the Topkok Mountains; the trail was good and the dogs performed well and everybody was pulling. When I got down to the coast from the Topkok Mountains there was glare ice for a long period of time. Zack Steer had suggested I go along the other side of the berm along the ocean which I did. There was snow and ice; It was a crusty snow, and the dogs geed over and hawed over up the coast and there we were on unbroken snow. We went up the coast for about an hour or two—I started getting into trouble with jumbled ice. We went back over the berm and hooked up to the usual trail. There was a lot of gravel, dirt and junk on the main trail. A lot of people lost their sled runner on that trail. The wind was pretty blustery. The dogs were heading into it at times; most of it was off to the right. Everything went pretty well; I was getting tired. I got into Safety, the dogs took off from Safety without any major difficulties. We took about three hours to get into Nome. We got in I think at about 5:30 A.M. or 6:00 thereabouts. The dogs did pretty well; I'll go over them in more detail later. The skies in Nome are clear, temperature about zero. I went to Fat Freddie's and had breakfast with the crew. It had just opened. Then I slept for about five hours, took a shower, and then Zack and Anjanette Steer showed up and said it was time to ship the dogs out. So we hauled them all the Northern Air Cargo, put kennels together and shipped them out to Bryan at home.

By the time the dropped dogs were home, all were in excellent health and ready to run again. As you can see, the trail this year was a weather challenge and in the areas where there was only tussocks and no snow, very rough. The one dog that really pulled the team through, much to my great surprise, was Parsley. Hopefully, she will speed up a little for future races. Can't wait.