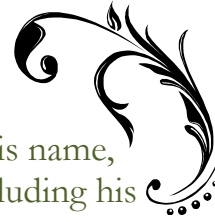




“Wulfman” Was A Rare Type of Man.



One might suppose John Wulf came by his nickname, "Wulfman," as a simple play on his name, but those who knew Wulfman knew different. John was Wulfman for many reasons, including his deep raspy voice, his animated personality, and of course there was his howling ... Rough and muffled asthmatic howls ... "Hhreurururuwwwwwwwwww!!!"

A recovering cigar smoker with a taste for *Miller Lite* from the can, Wulfman was a scruffy Butte-guy who was tireless and unstoppable in his daily efforts to encourage and partake in endurance activities with everyone he met, and he met a lot of people! The lovably goofy over-achiever was Godfather to Butte's *Mile High Nordic Skiers*, to local mountain bikers, and to us *Piss & Moaners*. Wulfman (undoubtedly our group's slowest runner) often exclaimed "There go my people. I must hasten after them, for I am their leader."

Wulfman led with his "let's go" attitude, which he accented with infectious humor and with gravelly laughter ground on the walls of his grated voice pipe. From under his coarse mustache and beard, Wulfman exercised a jagged grin which warmed one's thoughts as it lingered on the mind.

Zealously faithful to his wife and family, Wulfman was also a bit of 'babe magnet.'

The first time Wulfman ran the CDT-14K "trail," he was accompanied by two sexy young blondes. It was May (often snow season in the high country) of 2005, and the three were training partners preparing to race Wyoming's *Bighorn Wild and Scenic 30K*. One night after work, the trio started what Wulfman promised would be an *easy* training run on the new CDT from Homestake to Pipestone Pass ... the gals should have known better. Wulfman said that the trail was clear all the way, and he figured it would be a short 8 kilometers. As it turned out, there was yet very little cleared path. Undeterred, they bushwhacked and tromped through knee-deep snow all along the route's high middle portion. Traveling nearly twice as far as planned, they stumbled through black of night before emerging from the woods safely at Pipestone Pass. It was another typical Wulfman-led adventure, and they all loved it ... after it was over.

We treasure countless untold Wulfman memories just like this one.



Wulfman invigorated by a cold plunge after finishing the Bighorn Wild & Scenic [and hot!] 30K.

