



**sitzmarke**

July, 1977



# space city ski club

## 1977-1978 OFFICERS

Jim Benefield..... 785-5127  
President

Linda MacFarland..... 665-7088  
Vice President-Programs

Ken Dominy..... 443-3810  
Vice President-Trips

Frank Riesenber..... 667-7067  
Vice President-Membership

Diane Yarberry..... 627-2515  
Vice President-Publications

Bev Underwood..... 780-7979  
Secretary

Ed Taylor..... 721-2986  
Treasurer

## EXECUTIVE BOARD MEMBERS

### Current Officers

Sy Liebergot, Chairman

Jane Cook	Linda McDuffie
Harry Gaston	Jim McIntyre
Lee Grona	Bob Olsen
Bob Marwin	Duff Trimble

## TRIP DIRECTOR

Judy Allen

## SITZMARKE STAFF

### Publisher

Space City Ski Club

### Editor

Diane Yarberry

### Photographers

Sy Liebergot  
Bob Marwin  
Lynn Trafton

### Contributors

Bill Barr  
Bob Marwin  
Lynn Trafton

Jim McIntyre  
Roy Nice

### Monthly Features

Jim Benefield  
Virginia Kolter  
Carolyn Lowrie

head of the liftline  
markemaker  
markemaker

### Cover Photograph

Yachting

December 1976 issue

The Sitzmarke is published monthly by the  
SPACE CITY SKI CLUB

Volume 10, Issue No. 3

July, 1977

## no meeting june thru august

# summer activities

JULY 9..... SUMMER BASH '77

JULY 30..... BOOTH, TEXAS

(Barbeque and Dancing)

AUGUST 26, 27, 28... TUBING ON THE

GUADALUPE

## change of address

Send change of address or  
telephone no. to:

Frank Riesenber,  
Vice President of Membership,  
3119 Rice Blvd.,  
Houston, Texas 77005.

## scsc news

How about this for class!  
Lucy Terrill and Van Wittner  
were married June 17 on a plane  
in route to Europe. They will be  
taking a grand tour while on their  
honeymoon.

Anyone interested in playing  
softball this summer, please con-  
tact Barry Kumins at 464-6199.

## sitzmarke deadline

★ July 20, 1977

★ August 17, 1977

DON'T  
MISS OUT



on all the fun!  
RENEW NOW!

# head of the liftline



by Jim Benefield

The summer months seem to move on amazingly slow when the subject of skiing comes up. Yet it is only four and one-half months until our first trip. It would be wise to think of a gradual getting-in-shape program. After I watched (and was watched) the shortness of breath of SCSC members in the Sunday Softball Game, some conditioning is in order.

For those who have not participated, the fun and attendance has been great. One helpful SCSC worm farmer even provides beer at a nominal cost. Remember all are welcome every

Sunday at 2:00 at Grady Park (except July 3rd). An interesting comment was heard last week after the walking wounded got together, concerning how nice it is that injury reports are not required on summer activities.

I wish to extend thanks to **Ed Taylor** who thought of a way to improve our racing ability. The Club is purchasing a set of racing gates to practice and have fun during ski trips. Hopefully, it will improve our standing during Texas Ski Week at Copper Mountain next year.

Many persons have expressed interest in a winter bowling league for the Club. Based on the softball turnout, it should be a great success. Should anyone have interest in becoming involved as participant or with the details, please let an officer know as the details must be completed prior to September.

Not to belabor a subject; but renewals are coming in at a rapid rate and **August 1st is the last date to renew memberships.** The applications for the waiting list have increased by 50, so please get them in.



**Top:** Ed Taylor, Bob Marwin and Jean Crabtree. **Next:** Bob Copple, Jean Crabtree, Pat Burchett enjoying the beer. **Above:** "At bat" is Tom Mercer; Catcher - Bob Marwin; Barry Kumins, alias "crip". **Below:** "Someone better tell him this is not croquette." **Bottom:** "What a swing!" - Sy Liebergot. Giving pointers are Sandy Palmer and Spencer King.



## TUBING



**DOWN THE GUADALUPE!**  
**AUGUST 26, 27, 28**

For Information, Call:

**RON SMITH**

Home: 777-1318

Office: 674-0359

**LORRAINE JOHNSON**

Home: 495-1892

Office: 626-3170

# four days to biloxi

by Jim McIntyre

The week after returning from the fantastic Lake Tahoe ski trip, I started racing in the spring series of the Galveston Bay Cruising Association (GBCA) on a Cal 40 named "Antares". We sailed a so-so series, but that didn't bother the crew, because it was just a warm-up for the Texas Offshore Racing Circuit (TORC) which is sponsored by the GBCA. On the second TORC race, we broke the mast while crossing the bar near the end of the Galveston jetties. This was two weeks before the Galveston to Biloxi race which I had been looking forward to all spring. My chances of going to Biloxi looked slim indeed.

Luckily, a good friend of mine called the following week and informed me of an opening on the crew of "Yeti," a 30 foot Irwin. I accepted his invitation.

Thursday night, June 2nd, was the skipper's meeting for the race. Because of a rash of last minute cancellations, only six sail boats were racing to Biloxi. This was the smallest group to ever make the race. At the meeting, we were informed that the race would begin at 12 noon between the Galveston jetties, and that we were to call in our noon position at 1:00 p.m. every day to the rest of the fleet for safety reasons.

Friday morning, June 3rd, we finished tuning "Yeti" and put 160 pounds of block ice on board and got underway at 11:00. On the way out of the harbor we cut cards to see who would stand which watch. I was lucky and got the best watch, which was six to nine in the morning and six to nine at night. This meant I was off all day and could sleep all night!

I went on watch at six and when it got dark we discovered our running lights did not work. It took us until 9:30 p.m. to get the lights on. The winds died at midnight and at 4:30 a.m. on Satur-

day, June 4th, we drifted by an oil well and read its company name, its offshore block number and which platform in the block it was. We were then able to find our exact location by utilizing a book put out by the U.S. Coast Guard. This fix from the rig told us we were five miles north of where we thought we were. We nicknamed this method of navigation "Cajun Loran."

At noon we sighted the trimaran "Genesis" abeam of us. We called her on the radio and got an exact fix of our location from her Loran. At 1:00 when we reported our location to the fleet, we discovered we were tied for first with "Genesis" as the rest of the fleet was northwest of us about ten miles. About that time a puff of wind blew my wide-brimmed hat off and I wasn't too happy about facing three more days at sea with only a narrow-brimmed hat for shade!

The winds began to die during the second day and the trimaran continued to pull ahead in the light air. At noon we discovered "Genesis" was ten miles east of us and out of sight, while three other boats were sixteen miles north and slightly east of us. We had traveled 100 miles the first day and only 80 miles the second day.

By noon Monday, June 6th, it was obvious that the rest of the fleet, all of whom had spinners, had left us way behind doing the best we could with our little genoa. The fleet was a minimum of twenty-five miles east of us. About 6:00 p.m. we reached the South Pass of the Mississippi and headed north towards Biloxi. We had slightly less than 100 miles to go but Alas! We had run out of beer and ice. We each had our last "cool" beer ceremoniously. After that we attempted to drink scotch and "cool" water from the ice chest which had floated everything

from cataloges to beer cans, we gave up and went for straight water.

At 11:00 p.m. a storm hit and we took down the jib, put up the storm jib and reefed the main sail. By 1:00 a.m. on Tuesday, June 7th, the winds reached 45 mph. It was too dark to see how high the swells were but they blotted out the lights from the surrounding oil wells. It was a very long night.

By the time I went on watch at 6:00 a.m., a norther had arrived and you guessed it, we were heading north. We had about fifty miles to go into the teeth of 25-30 mph winds out of the north. Who ever heard of a cold front in June?

We beat into the wind past the Chandeleur Islands and past Ship Island and finally reached Biloxi at 1:30 p.m., four days after departing Galveston. As soon as we docked I drank four beers in twenty minutes. We discovered at that time that we finished ten and a half hours behind "Genesis," the winner. Only four boats finished as one ran aground at the South Pass and another turned back.

The whole trip was an experience I will never forget. Would I do it again? Wait until next year and see!



# the rites of spring

by Bob Marwin

Well folks, you finally did it! Due to your perserverance, your unswerving dedication to duty, your will power, and good old American ingenuity, the job is done! It makes me proud to be an American, associated with such a pioneer bunch. What did we do? Only finished off the last of the leftover Ski Club liquor, that's what! That nine half-gallons of vodka and six half-gallons of gin were a challenge, but you were up to it.

I'm talking about the **Rites of Spring Party**. This "Last of the Parties" took place on a Friday night in mid-May, in Marwin's condominium party room. The invitations were passed out at the May meeting; see, I told you to come to the last Ski Club meeting.

In addition to finishing off a little scotch and even less bourbon, and all that vodka and gin, most of which was hidden in that big barrell of Pagan Punch, people had a chance to get set for the summer. A last meeting, so to speak. Speaking of meetings, I vaguely recall seeing **Bobette Cross**, reigning queen of the Cunard Line, meeting **Eris Carpenter**, recently launched flagship of the River Roach Fleet. Definitely a challenge to the Queen of the Atlantic.

Special thanks to the **Page Sisters** for chopping vegetables and helping set up; **Shirley Andries** for tending bar and **Dan Toland** for making sure that the last of the Pagan Punch got drunk; **Keith Eastin** for buying \$10.00 worth of drink tickets from **Connie Mayeux** and **Meg Bouffard** just before management declared a FREE BAR; **Greg Thompson** for helping clean up; **Lorraine Johnson** for bringing **Arty Allen**; **Tom Mercer** for the exotic worm



caviar; **Debbie Serangeli** for putting those ice cubes in my back pocket; and a special thanks to those unsung ladies from the bowling league who had the party room cleaned up by the time we staggered back the next morning.



# markemakers

by Carolyn Lowrie



Joe and Connie Mayeux

If you enjoyed the Spring Follies, then I would like to introduce this month's **markemakers Joe and Connie Mayeux**, alias, the unsinkable "Man on the Pot" and "Claudine Lingerie." Having been introduced into Space City Ski Club by **Diane Yarberry**, Joe and Connie went on their first trip to Vail three years ago. The next year they went with some friends to

---

It's summer in space city again and time to once more wander aimlessly down gastronomical lane. Brought back by popular demand and the general lack of readable copy, the need has arisen to begin again the search for the better restaurants. Armed with the knowledge that the current yellow page directory contains 34 pages devoted to restaurants in and around the Houston area, you know the chance of your special place being made public is relatively small. However, you may get some new answers when the dreaded question of "where shall we eat tonight?" is again imposed on you.

The Rice University area houses one of the finest restaurants in the above mentioned 34 pages. **OUISIES TABLE, 1708 Sunset**, with its unpretentious continental menu that varies nightly. The quality of food served very seldom varies. The glazed duck

Snowmass and decided this year to stick with SCSC. After an adventurous trip to Vail with the "Choo Choo Gant," the ski fever was here to stay.

Joe is from Shreveport, Louisiana, and graduated from Louisiana Tech University in Ruston with a B.S. in Marketing. He is associated with Allied Food Dealers and is a buyer for Rice Food Markets. Joe became a well known leader on the Vail trip by organizing a "chicken delight" dinner, getting free drink tickets at a club, and since the behavior of the group on the shuttle bus was, well, "very normal, he paid off the bus driver so they wouldn't be kicked off. He also enjoys tennis and most all outdoor sports and has planned a trip to Playa Blanca sometime in June.

Connie is from Monroe, Louisiana and also graduated from Louisiana Tech University with a B.F.A. in Interior Design. She is a designer with Billy W. Francis and Associates and is also

---

eatzmarke  
eatzmarke  
eatzmarke  
eatzmarke  
eatzmarke  
eatzmarke

by Roy Nice

and artichoke hearts au gratin are outstanding. The wine list is small but adequate. The inexpensive to moderately priced entrees will not force you to take out an FHA loan to pay for the bill of fare. Service to midnight, Monday through Saturday. (Informal)

**ZORBAS, 202 Tuam**, is in the process of remodeling and tripling its original seating capacity. But fear not - the food has not suffered. Seafood a la Zorba and the stuffed flounder head up the unfailing delicious selections. The service is unfailingly quick and obnoxious, but that goes along with the atmosphere. Do

on the Board of Directors for the Gulf Coast Chapter of American Society of Interior Designers. Connie has had some of her own designs photographed in Houston Home and Gardens. She is into Contemporary Arts, enjoys good graphics and looking for antiques. In her spare time she enjoys reading, sewing, photography and gourmet cooking when the mood strikes. Her favorite music is Country Western and Progressive Rock.

Together Joe and Connie enjoy sailing on their catamaran and you might also find them tubing down the Guadalupe. A couple of times each year they visit the races at Lafayette, where Connie has pretty good luck with the racing form.

They both love traveling and some of their favorite places are San Francisco, Carmel and Lake Tahoe.

Take time out to meet these talented people. They are each individuals and also a pair, but most of all great **markemakers!**

---

not forget to try the cheese puffs! They are probably the best and only ones in town. Stay away from the Samos wine - it is reminiscent of coal oil!

Next time you wonder what to take on your picnic in the park, stop by **ANDRE'S, 2515 River Oaks Boulevard**, for the best quiche going. Do not linger at the bakery section. The carbohydrate extravaganzas, which include glacier tortes, kirsch boats and Black Forest cakes will seemingly lunge into your picnic basket and add two pounds to your next surprise visit to the scales. Undietic lunches served Monday through Saturday. Excellent and very inexpensive.

**THE ANCHORAGE, 2504 North Loop West**, offers an excellent selection of seafood, nice atmosphere, fine service - at unreasonable prices. Now is the time to take out the FHA loan! The Abalone is worth the a trip.



## dozier's barbeque or bust!!!

by Lynn Trafton

Amidst exclamations of "my seat's too high", "what gear am I in?" and "oh, I've forgotten how to ride this thing!" thirty-eight happy bikers started off on June 5th for a three hour, 22-mile bike trip around Fulshear, Texas. One might have thought that the scorching weather was more suited to laziness and comfort by a swimming pool with a cool beer in one's hand, but not these hardy skiers-gone-bikers! They were determined to have a vigorous, fun and muscle-toning trip in spite of the 98° temperature.

While the blazing sun browned the backs and legs of the SCSC'ers who were keeping a healthy pace down the deserted and peaceful winding country roads, the rear of the procession was brought up by **Mike Birowski**, alias driver of the "Refreshment & Rescue Van," who, I might add, was

kept busy picking up weary and/or thirsty bikers, aiding those who needed a little ski-rope towing assistance and exchanging places with those who preferred a ride and/or drive for a while.

Down the straightaway, up the hill and around the bend to Dozier's Meat Market they came! What a welcome sight to see our final destination - complete with picnic tables under shady trees, country barbeque and a most welcome mouth-watering iced down watermelon!

As the warm and somewhat weary bikers slowly eased their tired legs, sore seats and full stomachs up off the picnic benches and began their trek home to Houston, I wouldn't be surprised to hear them saying "you know that was really fun, it wasn't so bad, I wonder when the next bike trip will be!!!"



**Top, left:** BEFORE: SCSC'ers keeping cool before the "marathon". **Right:** AFTER: A very tired and thirsty crew. **Above:** "Doing Wheelies" is Merwin Harter. **Below:** "Hey, you'all, show some enthusiasm!" **Bottom, left and right:** The group enjoying watermelon.



# mountain climbing

Yes, Virginia, There Are Mountain Climbers in South Texas

by Bill Barr

Ski season is long past, but you can't get thoughts of mountains off the mind. You feel the urge for some adventure or challenge that tennis or golf just doesn't seem to satisfy. How about - *are you ready for this?* - mountain climbing. What, you say, in Houston? Is this is bad joke? Not at all. Read on.

Think about it: Mountain climbing for Houstonians makes as much sense as skiing for Houstonians. Well, at least, almost as much sense. Climbing for Houstonians, would require:

[1] some perspiration, depending on your physical condition. Because climbing means hoisting your own weight upward, it tends to be fatiguing. Unfortunately, not all skiers are in good condition. *(We must admit that top physical condition is not an absolute prerequisite for skiing, however, this fact need not be whispered beyond the pages of this journal.)*

[2] Air fare to get far away from Houston *(sounds like skiing)*; and

[3] A minimum of clothes and equipment *(but less than for skiing)*.

A serious aspirant climber, like a beginning skier, may simply travel to where it's at (a mountainous area) and get into climbing school, which normally teaches basic techniques for whatever kind of climbing the area offers, and furnishes guides-instructors to lead practice climbs. In time, hopefully, the novice progresses to longer, more difficult climbs, and then to leading climbs and selecting climbing routes.

**Rock Climbing:** What looks like a sheer wall to the layman may be a veritable farm-to-market road to an experienced rock-climber. The least little one-quarter inch ledge may furnish

adequate weight-bearing space for a toe-or hand-hold. And how about all that hammering of spikes (pitons) you've seen on old movies? Forget it. The emphasis today is on "clean climbing." For "protection," today's climber uses a variety of odd-shaped pieces of metal, stuck into cracks, to which the climbing rope is attached, and which will resist a downward pull if a climber should fall. Depending on their size and shape, the pieces are variously called chocks, nuts, angles, bongs, hex-entrics, or knife baldes. And then there's the **rupp**, which stands for **realized ultimate reality piton**. *(No, I'm not putting you on, although I suspect the designer did when he chose the name).* A rupp looks like a half-inch of knife blade which fits into small cracks but still supports weight.

Climbers traversing or ascending glaciers or other ice-snow areas also rope up for protection against falling into unseen crevasses or slipping on steep ice or snow slopes. Naturally, schools and climbing clubs spend considerable time teaching knot-tying and rope techniques for normal climbing and for emergencies. Crevass rescue procedure is a particular favorite; one's attention tends to perk up if he's ever been in a crevass or seen someone fall in.

**Rappelling:** You've seen this in the movies or on TV. One appears to be sliding down a rope hanging along-side a cliff or skyscraper, usually taking great leaps backward while descending rapidly. Rappelling can be an easy and fast method of getting down certain difficult stretches, but it's not done as frequently or as rambunctiously as pictured.

**What about the danger and how about fear of height?** If you get woozy standing on

your kitchen table, forget climbing. But if you have only a normal fear of heights, chances are it can be overcome or lessened with a little practice. Fear is directly related to how secure your position may be *(like, are you afraid looking out an airliner window?)* As a novice climber, you will be roped-in and belayed, which should help your outlook considerably. As for the danger or risk - if you are with competent guides and your climbing companions are not spastics, the relative danger factor would be somewhere above shooting pool, and somewhere below driving on Houston freeways. Of course, accidents can happen anywhere, even if you stay home in bed. **(Editor's Note: Did I miss something there?)**

Remember, as a novice climber from Harris County, you are not attempting Everest *(whatever you told the girls at the office)* where avalanches, sub-zero temperature and howling winds, and dangerously thin air could waste you rather quickly.

## Equipment and Clothes:

The big item here is climbing shoes/boots. There is a wide variety of type and quality, depending upon the type of climbing and your pocketbook. For rock climbing, involving no hiking to reach the rock, some highly-specialized light-weight closely-trimmed-sole shoes are called for. As you add more hiking to your climb, larger, sturdier boots are needed. On ice and snow, still heavier boots will be required. Key elements with climbing boots are a good fit and adequate breaking in. Climbing knickers are far better than jeans. A rain and wind-resistance parka is a must. For any ice and snow work, you'll need an ice-ax (the mountaineer's symbol) and crampons, a spiked plate-like thing strapped on the feet for traction.

**Where to go:** The Tetons in Wyoming is considered a very good area with several different peaks and routes and at least two

*(continued on page 9)*

## markemaker

Let me introduce you to one heck of a duo, **Tom and Andy Fitzpatrick**. The name Fitzpatrick brings to mind "Irish Eyes Are Smiling." However, when asked about the origin of the name, Andy stated it was Nordic: Patrick stands for Prince and Fitz refers to illegitimate sons of. So, let me acquaint you with the Nordic princes - or sons of ...

Andy has been a member of SCSC for three years. Tom ran it down for him so he decided it must be his kind of Club. He has been on Club trips to Tahoe, Aspen, Steamboat and Winterpark, and non-Club trips to Ruidoso, Purgatory, Breckenridge and Cloudcroft.

Andy graduated from Southwestern Louisiana with a degree in psychology and personnel. When asked what he does for a living, Andy replied, "as little as possible." In reality, however, Andy is Vice-President of Commercial Loans at Central National Bank.

Andy's hobbies are varied, such as: tennis, deep sea fishing, skiing, bird and frog hunting and sailing. Other club activities Andy has enjoyed include canoeing, tennis, Hilltop Herb Farm and July 4th at **Tom Summers**. He practiced his expertise in the "Cowchip Throwing" contest. Tom said that Andy had difficulty -- "couldn't get his cow chips together." One of Andy's fond memories include an incident at

## markemaker

by Virginia Kolter



**Tom and Andy Fitzpatrick**

Steamboat Springs. A lovely young lady was using the facilities in the forest with skis still on when all of a sudden, she became an unintentional streaker as her skies took hold and she was seen sheusing down the mountain with ski outfit flapping in the wind. Andy pursued the lass to come to her aid, of course, and discussed her predicament over dinner.

Thomas Fitzpatrick, or affectionally known as "Precious" by his friends, has been a SCSC member for seven years. **Tom Baldwin** introduced him to Space City and since his membership, Tom has gone on Club trips to Vail, Salt Lake City, Snowmass, Lake Tahoe and Aspen. Non-Club trips include Cloudcroft and Ruidoso. One might recognize Tom by his large brown cowboy hat and western attire to portray the southern

## markemaker

gentleman from Lone Pine, Louisiana. Tom graduated from L.S.U. with a degree in Business Administration. He is Vice-President of Finance of Texas Building Products. Hobbies include skiing, tennis, shark-fishing, and T.G.I.S. trip chairman. His Club activities include canoeing, Red Fish Island, ice skating, softball, tennis and Hilltop Farm.

When asked about crazy happenings, Tom recalled an incident at Lake Tahoe involving him and **Spencer King**. They bought wine in California to drink in Tahoe. They both complained of double vision as they viewed the country western show. Surely, it was the cheap wine home brewed by native Californians and **not** the amount consumed. *(We know SCSC members can hold their liquor!)*

Everyone also wondered how Tom and Spencer managed to con all the names and unpublished room assignments even before the trip chairman, until it was learned that they had called themselves "the chairman and co-chairman of the luggage committee." *(Smart thinking, guys! I heard it really worked wonders!)*

So you can see that both brothers have special attributes that are definitely worth noting. These guys are super people. I love 'em. Meet them in September!

### MOUNTAIN CLIMBING (continued)

schools with guides.

Yosemite in California is considered the mecca for rock climbing in the U.S. with a school, camping, and tourist accommodations.

Western Washington and Oregon offer the best ice and snow in the U.S. in summer -with schools.

Colorado, surprisingly is not an ideal climbing region (*forgive us, Colorado Chamber of Commerce, for we do want to return*

*next winter*). For all the state's fourteen-thousand footers, one can drive and hike to most summits.

The best climbing region in North America is western Canada with many large year-around glaciers.

The Alps - it's all there, for the affluent; somewhat crowded.

**Sex and Mountain Climbing:** Yes, women can be as good as, or better climbers than men. *(Fooled you with that heading, didn't we).*

**Some Don'ts to Remember:** (1) Don't attempt any serious climbing **alone**. (2) Don't venture on a glacier long without skin and eye protection from the sun. (3) Don't attempt climbing the outside of One Shell Plaza...it might provoke the HPD.

Well, all you tigers out there, that's it. Get in shape, break in your boots, buy your ticket, and go for it!

**And remember to keep your rump at the ready.**



OFFICE USE ONLY

Card No.

Four empty boxes for card number

Card No.

Four empty boxes for card number

MEMBERSHIP FORM



MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO

SPACE CITY SKI CLUB
P. O. Box 22567
Houston, Texas 77027

PLEASE PRINT

APPLICATION MUST BE COMPLETE TO BE VALID

NAME LAST FIRST MIDDLE INITIAL

OVER 21 YRS YES NO

SPOUSE'S NAME

SPOUSE YES NO

ADDRESS: (Street) APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

TELEPHONE NO. (Home) (Office)

OCCUPATION - ENTER THE NUMBER CLOSEST TO YOURS

- 00 Architecture/Interior Design
01 Engineering
02 Legal
03 Medicine and Health
04 Education

- 05 Writing and Publishing
06 Art and Photography
07 Entertainment and Recreation
08 Accounting and Auditing

SPOUSE YES NO
10 Secretarial
11 Sales - What
12 Transportation
13 Draftsman
14 Other (Specify)

NUMBER OF SKI TRIPS TAKEN WITH CLUB:

1975-1976 1976-1977

SPOUSE:

1975-1976 1976-1977

CHECK ( ) THE COMMITTEE(S) THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO WORK ON. (Male - Left / Female - Right)

- TRIPS: A Trip Chairman, B Assistant Trip Chairman
PROGRAMS - SPECIAL EVENTS: C Style Show/Skits, D Sport Activities, E Non-Ski Trips, F Safety/Education, G Social Activities, H Photographs/Slides/Movies

- MONTHLY MEETINGS: I Membership Check-in and Guest Registration, J Pins, Patches, Decals, K Drink Ticket Table, L Lift Liners, M Audit, N Audio System/Lights

- PUBLIC RELATIONS: O Sitzmarke/Photographer, P Sitzmarke/Reporter, Q Club Directory/Scrap Book, R Ads for Publications, S Will Help Where Needed, T OTHER

MEMBERSHIP DUES FOR 1977-1978.

RENEWAL DATE MAY 1st - AUGUST 1st

SPONSORS- TWO REQUIRED
If new or after August 1st

1.
2.

NEW APPLICANT
DUES RECEIVED AFTER AUGUST 1

- \$14.00 Single
\$19.00 Couple

Dues subject to increase after August 1

RENEWAL DUES BEFORE AUGUST 1
SAVE \$2.00

- \$12.00 Single
\$17.00 Couple