



Lori and Christine on Gondola



Pam, Lori and Marsha in Telluride

Remember all those promises we made in our pre-trip article about the abundance of snowfall, picturesque scenery, expert runs, friendly locals and historic charm? I think every one of our participants will tell you emphatically that we delivered on all those promises, and more. Each of us had a wonderful time skiing, partying and playing in the snow.

We had a smooth departure from IAH. Thankfully several of our crew packed lightly and **Carol** and I were able to check in the snacks for the bus. We really didn't want to strap the boxes to our heads, but we were prepared with rolls of duct tape, just in case. We later learned that the "meal" on the plane consisted of a "mini" sandwich, some old carrot sticks and a piece of candy. So, everyone was really hungry when we finally got settled in on the bus. As a result, there were few complaints when we passed out the trail mix, pretzel mix and granola bars and the food disappeared quickly.

Our group from Houston was joined by **Yasmin** and **Barry** from California, **David** and **Guri** from Colorado, **Lila** from Virginia and **Richard** from UK. Telluride attracted SCSC downhill skiers, boarders and cross-country enthusiasts from around the world. **Carol** and I had our work cut out for us—satisfying our diverse group. Gulp!

**Ron** started taking pictures at the airport and I don't think he stopped except for trips to the men's room. He could be seen camera in hand on the slopes, in the condos, at the dinners, on the plane, on the bus, in the air, on the ground (**Carol**, you've got to be more careful walking around in your nightie with him around.) He even recruited substitute camera personnel so he could race. There wasn't an event that was lost to this tireless crusade for the photographic arts. Some people just didn't appreciate his talent as much as others. (I can't wait to see that pic of **Carol** in her flannel shorts and furry ski boots—or the one...oops I'm not supposed to mention that one. Sorry, **Carol**).

As we drove to the condo, we could see the dark line of clouds promising snow. We had time to stock the condo with snacks and refreshments, and get settled in, before the snow flurries began. With the work out of the way it was time for fun! Some of us walked, and others rode the "Goose" to our Welcome Dinner location. But to our surprise, they were out of business. With the help of a local businessman, we relocated most of our group to another restaurant for much needed food. And **Carol** and I pulled a rabbit out of our hats and rescheduled the dinner for the next night. And WOW! Did we manage a miracle or what?! (Hey, we're just as surprised with our luck/talent as everyone else!) We had a rescheduled welcome dinner at the PowderHouse Mine. They had only been open 39 days and they served us one of the

best meals I've ever had. If you plan a trip to Telluride—be certain to stop in. The food, the service, the people are great!

Our first day on the slopes was met with some fresh powder and overcast skies but great times for all. Monday morning started out with an excellent breakfast served in **Carol's** condo. There was plenty of breakfast casserole, muffins and fruit for everyone that stopped by. Later a third of our group met at Cosmopolitan Restaurant's Tasting Cellar for a really tasty and relaxing meal. **Ron** orchestrated a group picture in front of my favorite background—wine cabinets filled with wonderful wines. (And yes, **Ron** and I totally rearranged the furniture to allow for this photo op, but we did not get thrown out, so all was good.) The second and third days were like picture postcards with clear, sparkling blue skies, freshly groomed slopes, cool temperatures and warm sunshine—absolutely beautiful. There goes **Ron** and his camera, again! I



Telluride Splendor

hope he didn't get any pictures of me falling over those tiny little moguls on that "easy" blue run—at least that's what he called it. Next year, I'll show you! I'll be able to ski those moguls if it kills me.

Then it was off to the Pub Crawl. Most of us were much too impatient to wait for the "Goose" so we walked (and it was COLD) from pub to pub. Unfortunately, the "drink" specials that were promised didn't really materialize. But, it was a "free" Pub Crawl, after all. It was unanimous—the Eagle's Nest was the best pub in Telluride.

The next day was Race Day, and what would you expect to

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## TELLURIDE (CONTINUED)

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happen on a ski trip? It snowed all day! It was great! We had some really fast skiers and—oh yes, ask **Marsha** and **Stan** who got a Silver Medal.

Lunch was mid-mountain at Goronno Ranch. Burgers were grilled outside on the covered part of the deck. That was convenient since it was snowing pretty hard by then. Lettuce and tomatoes were frozen, and so was the ketchup in the dispenser, but somehow the burgers stayed hot. The cook must have been praying continuously.

Almost everyone on the trip showed up to be included in the group picture—and they came out really good. (I think the photographer was related to **Ron**. He must have taken 40 different poses of our shivering group of skiers.) Thanks to Telluride Resorts for pulling this event together for us so nicely.

On Thursday evening we had our awards banquet in Mountain Village. We climbed aboard the gondola and were whisked away over the mountain at night, the lights below twinkling in the clear COLD night as we shivered beneath the blankets. La Piazza managed to find a room for our entire

group, tucked away in a corner of the restaurant. The food was good and the service was really terrific. (Although they did get a little annoyed when our entire group took over the bar and blocked the traffic pattern to the kitchen. I can't imagine why.)

Friday morning was a little sad. Each of us knew it would be our last day of spectacular skiing. The “die-hards” hit the slopes as soon as the lifts opened and didn't quit until the lifts closed for the day. I know **Bill Brown** managed to ski every single blue run on the mountain, but I'm sure he wasn't the only one to get in as much slope time as possible on our last day of skiing in Telluride.

We had absolutely fabulous weather for our return trip (it would have been a great day for skiing), and our trip home went smoothly—although most of us waited in the line to check bags for almost the full 2 hours we had allowed.

**Carol** and I want to thank all our trip participants. We made some wonderful new friends.

A toast to each of you! You were a great group! I hope to see all of you again next year.