

Snowbasin / Powder Mountain, Utah

By George Lopez, TC

Ahoooo the call went out to all powder hounds seeking the illusive Utah powder. They heard the call and come they did. **Carol "Sunshine" Cain** heard the call and came from Fredericksburg; **Bob "DeHound" DeBell** from Nacogdoches, **Frank "Rat" Adams** came from Colorado and **"Heli" Dave Rietzen** from as far away as New Jersey. They joined a core group of SCSC diehards led by **George "CRS" Lopez** and **Camille "Nurse Nelly" LaRoe**, who boarded planes, lots of buses and automobiles to seek their next great adventure at Powder Mountain and Snowbasin.

Everyone knows that Utah is not the party capital of North America, so the expeditioners had to bring the party with them. As is traditional with the club, the group made a grocery and liquor stop on the way to the condos, but to assure the desired results, additional full-strength supplies were brought in from Colorado by The Rat. No near beer for this crew.

A welcome party the first night gave the group a chance to get acquainted. Quiet **Cindy Morgan** revealed that she was the only one snowboarding in the group. **Ted "MIA" Widmer** would be trying on his skis for the first time after a two year hiatus. **Mark "Chatty" Smith** proved that it is possible to eat drink and hold three different conversations at one time. **Mary and Bob Simpson** were condo mates with **Debbie Abadie** and **Betty Storms** and shared their anticipation with the rest of the group about what the next morning would bring.

The bus was there early and off to the mountain they went. Powder Mountain felt like a throw back in time. Small rustic lodges, vast terrain, open lifts, no snow making and burgers and beers that one can buy without applying for a mortgage.



The group was given an orientation to the resort by two mountain hosts and the official ski adventure had begun. Soon the group split up into several packs. **Keith "Trail Boss" Kirkman** led an elite group of hounds on exploratory missions through steps and deeps and trees as well. **Charley "Sweeper" Roberts** made sure no stragglers were left behind. **Melinda "Trooper" Hughes** attacked the terrain and stayed consistently in the middle of the pack. A second group went on a quest for the perfect blue run. Camille, Betty, Debbie, Bob and Mary cruised and got a great view of George and Mark playing demolition derby. Can you say yard sale? And by the way has anyone seen Ted?

That night was the Super Bowl and another excuse to party and party they did. Frank made chili to compliment the copious amounts of treats and drinks needed to satisfy the hungry crowd. **Jim Hodges** and **Davis Tucker** watched a good game on the tube in between comparing notes on the runs that day. When football was over Camille introduced the group to the game Left Right Center and cash began to change hands. **Dennis "The Gambler" Newell** was reported to have been the

big winner.

Morning came early and so did the bus and off to Snowbasin we went for Day Two. Wait is Ted on the bus? Snowbasin is everything Powder Mountain is not. Gondolas, snowmaking, chandeliers in the lodges and yes gold-plated bathrooms. **Nancy "Demo" Schultz** was working on her second pair of skis as the pack spread out over the mountain. It was then that George realized he left his boots at the condo. Can you say rental shop? While there, he ran into **Beverly "Eveready" Roberts** who had gone in for batteries for her heaters, but somehow had found her way to the jewelry section. Charley what's in your wallet?

Day Two proved to be a dark day for SCSC, however, as two of its members suffered serious injuries. On the first run of the day **Cindy Morgan** fell and broke her left wrist. At the end of the day, while she was off to the hospital with Nurse Nelly LaRoe, the rest of the group watched through the windows at Earl's lounge as the ski patrol brought down **Gary "Bump" Davis** from what had been a last run with **Bill "The Bomber" Prater**. The Bomber later related that adhering to the philosophy of go big or go home; Gary executed an impressive double release, leading to a hundred yard tumble. Had it not been for the French judge, he would have scored a perfect 10. Instead he managed to break both bones in his lower right leg - a feat that earned him an exciting ride in a sled and a two day stay at the local hospital and the thoughtful attention of increasingly more experienced Nurse Nelly LaRoe. Thankfully the rest of the trip was injury free.

Two or three more days at Powder Mountain served up plenty of ski adventures. **Dave Rietzen** got his day of helicopter skiing and six others took a guided tour of Powder Country. Others toured Ogden and visited Gary at the hospital. Yes Matilda they do roll up the sidewalks in Utah at 6. A group breakfast, two more condo parties and a fine group dinner at Bistro 258 kept the adventurers well nourished for the rest of the trip.

Alas, on the last day of the trip the snow gods smiled upon the group and delivered the illusive fresh powder. Excitement and tension were in the air as this was the return trip to Snowbasin. The better part of a foot of fresh stuff had fallen, but the early runs were tenuous as visibility was poor. As the day progressed the light improved and rewarded the group with an awesome day on the slopes. A gourmet lunch was followed by more awesome skiing in the afternoon. The pack had taken on Snowbasin and won. Late in the afternoon **Trail Boss Kirkman** led the pack to one last run through trees and knee high powder. There was little left in the tank. Legs were sore but smiles were wide. The pack stopped to catch their breath and admire the view one last time. It was then that that **Bob DeHound DeBell** began to howl Ahoooo Ahoooo and the rest of the pack soon joined in Ahoooooo, Ahoooooo...

