

# RED RIVER

by Marvin Volz

We had some early signs that our trip to the "Land of Enchantment" was going to be special. Not only was the mountain of luggage efficiently checked in an hour before flight time at IAH, with one minor exception, and the shuttle from Ellington Field had waited for one late skier, but fresh sandwiches were all ready for us. And in Albuquerque we piled into a new bus with 10 extra seats, desperately needed to hold all of the extra luggage and 4 coolers. OK, we had 15 new SCSC members, but I won't mention those who didn't "pack light." After lunch my choice of watching "Smoky and the Bandit" got outvoted by Todd Buxton's "Top Gunn." In Red River we had time to get settled, rent equipment and "reconnoiter" before Wally and J.P.



Whistlestop, Charles couldn't wait to attack the "real slopes," so Marc and Mimi Markel were happy to show him down a few "dark greens." He won the award as "fastest learner." Phillip Nelson also taught a clinic on backward skiing, bumps, carvings turns and ice skiing. Students who passed were Debbie Abadie, Janet

McKenzie, and Steve Slade. Steve also learned a "snow drift face plant" two days later, but had had some great high speed cruising with Janet, Darrell, and Ron and Roberta Rambin. We were sorry to say goodbye to Kristine Redfield who had to return to Houston. In the evening it was

medal in his first run down a NASTAR course. Darrell Way was doing great running all out down a good blue, until he missed a sharp left and had a "yard sale" all the way down a black mogul run, even losing his watch. Luckily we had no serious injuries on the trip and ATC Julie Davis-Raley's "Pharmacy" helped soothed those sores and tired skiers. Then she jammed a finger and kept it in place with duct tape until a doctor in Houston told her it was broken. Until then she really hauled on ski boards in Red River. Yeah, Julie! Then it was time to uphold an SCSC tradition and party, again. The Lodge restaurant pulled out all the stops for us with a huge buffet including appetizers, five hot dishes, sandwiches, and free first drinks - courtesy of Craig and the Riverside, all in an elegant cozy winter setting. And they kept bringing out more food! We then managed to stumble across the street to the Bull O' the Woods saloon for more free drinks and dancing to a DJ's spins. It was a little dark, but what was John Safos looking for in the women's rest room?

Friday there was a Gene Soo sighting in Red River as he entertained those in the Lift House by dodging yard sale debris on the black diamond "Face." Brett Littel had a tough time since he forgot his rock skis, but Brenda Reusser after a 10-year sabbatical from skiing showed great form! Irma Rosendahl found herself going like "greased lightning" on the cross-country course until her wax worn thin. Then she enjoyed watching five deer and the gorgeous scenery. In Taos, via the Minnow,



brought our lift tickets and hosted a welcome party in the comfortable old lodge, bringing goodies, two cases of beer, and 10 liters of wine. Those still hungry mobbed the Deli and left their cupboards bare.

Fresh snow a few days before had left the slopes in decent shape as we attacked Taos on Wednesday. After dropping off Llona Doubet, Dorothy Miller, Rosie Leuro, and Irma Rosendahl in Taos for shopping (eating and taking in fluids—to get used to the altitude), J. P. met our bus, steered everyone in the right direction, and came to TC Marvin Volz' rescue with a set of poles. It turned out that lessons were a waste for one of our four "never ever" first time skiers, Charles Kulkarni. After about 35 of us had lunch at the

discovered that with 15 in the hot tub there was very little room left for water.

Adhi Kusumajaya could hardly wait for her second ever day of skiing, waking up her roommate, Helen Kinnamon, at 2:15 AM for the 8:15 AM bus. Or, maybe she just takes a long time to get ready? Thursday in Taos it started out so cold that Cindy Overton kept looking for chili powder to keep her feet warm. Barry Norman also did his famous "tree dance" and completed his tune-up with a gold





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with Skipper, Bubba, Bam-Bam, Barely Normal, Lumpy and Sassy; and Darrell's van packed with 13, it became apparent some previous instructions would have been helpful for **Carl Favre**. Practicing for a most funny video? Getting off a lift he tangled skis with Marc and Mimi Markel and they all ended up in a snowdrift. Getting off the next lift Charles took Carl's advice and ended up in a stranger's lap. The next time Carl got his coat caught in the lift, the time after that he tangled with Mimi again, and the last time his wife **Mary Favre** made him ride alone. That evening The Mother Lode dance hall in Red River waived their admission fee for us and we drank and danced the night away to the vibrant sounds of the "Electric Cowpaddy Daddies." Casanova **John Cook** was last seen dancing in a daze with some stunning locals, while **Justin Mask, Charles Allen, Ken Bower, and Heath Purcell** were a few who closed down The Stray Dog over in the next valley.

Saturday morning, as usual, about 30 or so gathered in the Riverside's kitchen and dining room to make plans and for some of **Bill Raley's** coffee, some juice, cereal, fruit, or danish. Der Market never did get a folks in Red River, including, of course, a fresh shipment of bananas, but they were better than they looked, and amazingly about the only leftovers included some danish, and beer for the return bus trip. **Dick and Sue Howard** just wouldn't take any more danish or an orange. Doing some shopping in Red River were **Llona and Chip Doubet, Harvey Hetzel and Diane Laderer, Bill Vasen, Ron Honefenger, and Skip Lang**. In the evening, while some were witnessing the famous "Fire on the Mountain" sunset, we had another reception given by the most hospitable free drink and tables full of munchies to stave off hunger while watching the Torchlight Parade and fireworks. Then it was next door to the Capo's restaurant for some revelry and a fine dining experience. Julie had preordered entrees and even arranged seating for 38 with individual nametags. **Diana Mills** had finally arrived so we gustily sang Happy Birthday for son **David Mills** and all shared his cake. We lingered until after 10, when a few went back to Bull O' the Woods and their live band, while others packed or partied.

Sunday by 11 AM we had said farewell to our hosts, and grazing deer, in Red River, had seen "Air Force One," and were all in Sante Fe shopping, sightseeing or eating lunch. Fausty, our bus driver, included a tour down the old Sante Fe Trail past the oldest church in the U.S., the state capitol and homes all ready for Christmas with electric luminary around roofs. A few hours later we'd had some brew and snacks at the airport and were home again in Houston. Thanks to all the participants for helping out, welcoming our new members, and having a great time!