



sitzmarke

january, 1980



1979 - 1980

space city ski club

ski meeting

★ MONDAY

★ JANUARY 14

★ 7:30 P.M.

Sonny Look's SirLoin Restaurant
South Loop West at South Main
SHOW YOUR 1979-1980 MEMBERSHIP CARD
AT THE DOOR

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Ski Splash at Snowmass

Beth Nolen

MONTHLY FEATURES

Head of the Lifline
Spotlight

Keith Eastin
Vicki Schmid

The Sitzmarke is published monthly by the
SPACE CITY SKI CLUB

Volume 12, Number 9 January, 1980

calendar

GENERAL MEETING..... January 14

Special Feature — Ski Movie of Steamboat Springs

SCSC Happy Hour - Cooters..... January 17

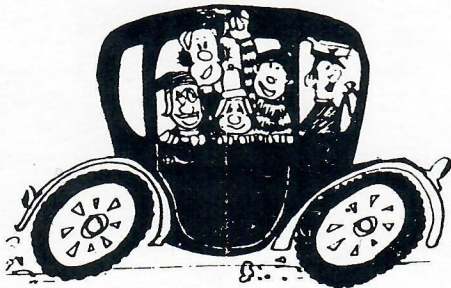
Aspen Traditional..... January 19

Vail I..... February 2

Steamboat Springs..... February 9

Taos..... February 14

Las Vegas Party / Weekend..... February 22



Please CARPOOL to Ski Meetings. Parkings is limited.

sitzmarke deadlines

★ January 16, 1980

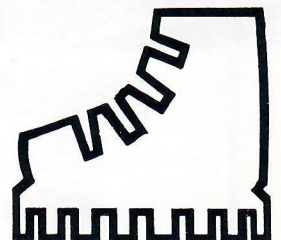
★ February 14, 1980

★ March 20, 1980

NOTICE!

There is a waiting list to join SCSC. If you are moving out of town and would like to relinquish your membership, please contact **Tiny Aitken**, phone 780-4780.

swap shop



• FOR RENT: Ski the Summit! Four bedroom, two baths deluxe house overlooking Lake Dillon. For rent by the week. Phone 932-8674 from 8:00 to 4:30 Monday through Friday.

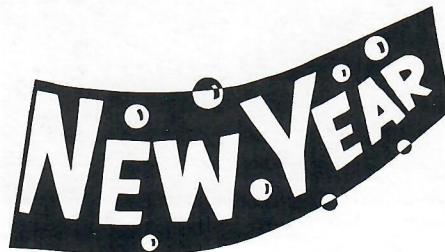
head of the liftline



by Keith Eastin

NEWS FLASH:

Space City's much vaunted ski team today captured the Texas Cup for the third consecutive year, beating a strong team of Austin Skiers by what was one of the closest margins in the recent history of the Texas Ski Week Races. As usual, Clear Lake Ski Club produced the winner in the Individual Men's Event. The Individual Women's Slalom which was won last year by our **June Russell** was not held this year out of respect for her failure to make the trip to Winter Park. Our congratulations go to **John Terzakis**, **Barry Kumins** and **George Sanford** for silver medals and **Shirley Andries** for a bronze. **George Hirasaki**, who continues to improve with age, garnered a gold. **Jim Plummer** was vastly improved this year,



making it through five gates before "retiring from the race." **Bob Marwin**, suffering from severe cultural shock due to a recent change in marital status, served us well as the coach of the team, however, was unable to perform scheduled athletic endeavors. This article was written on December 18th; the author has now retired his crystal ball.

Believe it or not, it's already the time of year to think about electing new Club officers. The Club's by-laws provide that a Nominating Committee composed of seven members and selected by the current officers propose a slate of officers at the February general meeting. Additional candidates for office may be nominated from the floor at that meeting and elections will be held at the general meeting in March. The Nominating Committee members for the coming year are **Bob Olsen**, who has agreed to act as ad hoc organizer, joined by **Shirley Andries**, **Hank Faulkner**, **Harry Gaston**, **Bruce Maughs**, **Susan Rehder** and **Gene Turboff**. If you would like to serve as an officer or if you have any suggestions to make in that regard, the committee would appreciate your input.

SCSC HAPPY HOUR THURSDAY, JANUARY 17

5:00 to 9:00 p.m.

Join Us at **COOTER'S**

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• \$1.00 Cocktails - \$1.25 Sunrises

Unsung Heros

A special thank you to those members who fought the football traffic and sacrificed watching the first quarter of the "Big Game" in order to volunteer their time and assistance during the December General Meeting.

DOOR GUARDS

Joe Assad

Paul Romere

Joe Reventas

GUESTS AND MEMBERSHIP

Ken Catherman

Marcia Sabol

Dixie Emanuel

Morna Simon

Betsy Romere

LIFT LINERS

Charles Goodrich

Bill Krell

Joyce King

Sam McKnight

Spencer King

Monica Williams

DRINK TICKETS

Lynn Burch

Lynn Zacherl

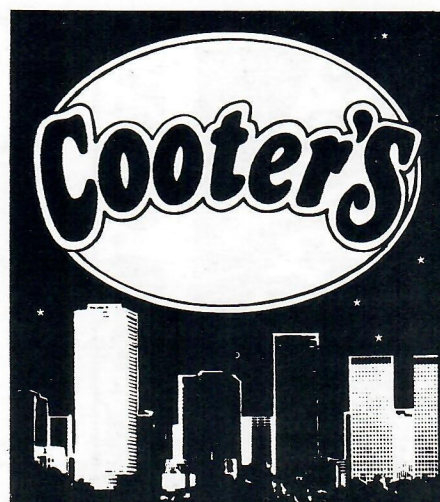
Dale Englefield

SOUND SYSTEM

Pat Webster

PHOTOGRAPHER

George Hirasaki



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Salt Lake City - Thanksgiving

by Marcia McElravy

Dear John:

Just got back from my Thanksgiving trip to Salt Lake City. Most entertaining part was watching my fellow skiers. First, this guy named **Keith Eastin** and his cohorts **Becky O'Neill**, **Phyllis Percy** and **Bruce Maughs** got a porter at the airport to check their luggage without having tickets. When we got to the Salt Lake City airport, we had to circle it on the ground waiting for them to collect their belongings. Of course, their luggage didn't arrive on the same flight, so the whole effort was futile — well, almost. Bruce used the time to find some unusual restroom facilities.

Our Texas International flight left late, but **Carolyn Evans** lifted our spirits with her brownies — only not very "high".

After we checked into our rooms, **Denny Thomas** and **David LeCroy** found this party attended by some pretty nice young sweeties. They stayed until the police kicked them out.



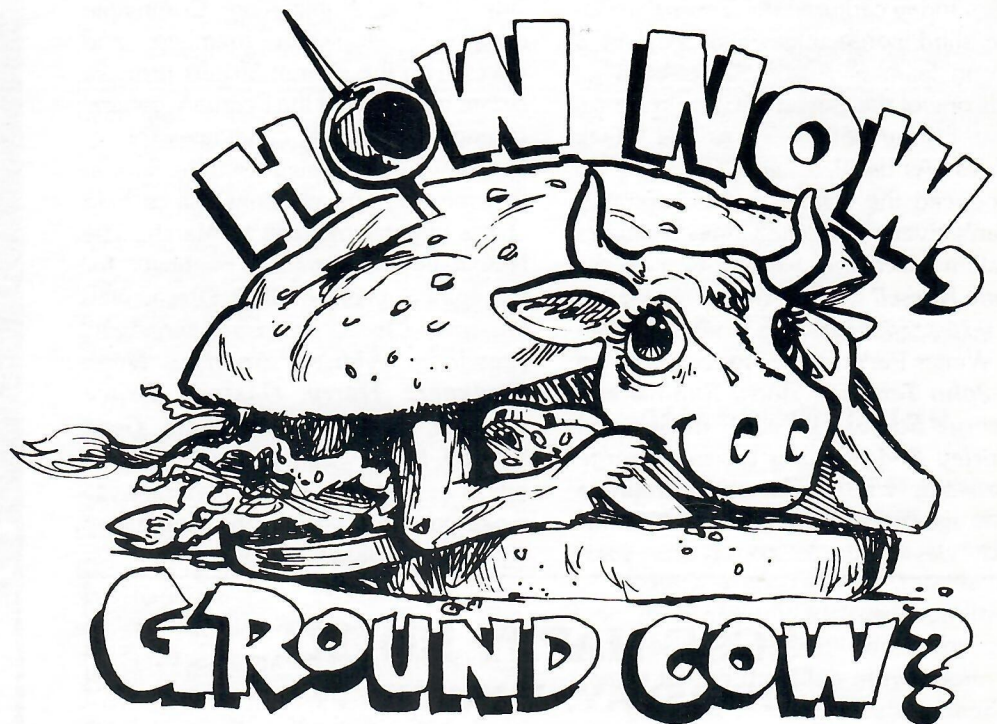
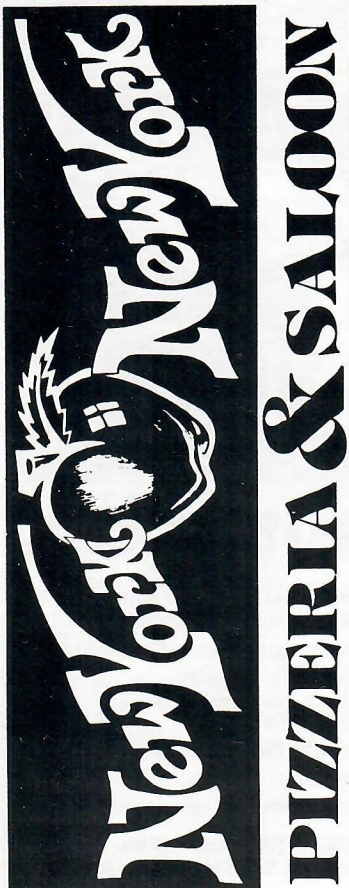
Stan Bussell and Chuck Tepper, flying high.

Thursday we skied Alta. **Wayne Yates** turned out to be the only smart guy on the trip. He enrolled in lessons with a whole slew of single women.

Thursday night we had a traditional Thanksgiving dinner and after some "klassical kazoo" entertainment, **Stan-ton Bussell** requested our attention. He banged on his glass until all of us focused on him. Then he said, "Thank you for your attention, I just LOVE attention!"

Friday morning an accident prevented us from getting through the pass to Alta. The lead bus (close to a turnaround) headed back down, but it took some left lane driving and expert directing by **Bryant Slimp** to get the second bus headed in the opposite direction. On the way down, **Janie Bartz** and **Marlene Vail** had to be literally pulled away from their snowball fight with occupants of a car with Utah license plates. **Ron Davis** got in some extracurricular jogging trying to catch the bus and reclaim their seats.

We ended up skiing Brighton that day. **Bill Krell**, **Beverly Felcel**, **Judy Newman**, **Frank Bajandas** and **Marcia McElravy** returned to the hotel rather than ski. **Carl Leatherwood** and **Ed Taylor** summarized the day with T-shirt logos — "I skied Brighton damn-it!" **Emmett Morgan** and **Hall Goodson** found there were no rental skis at Brighton. This was after they bought lift tickets. That's all right. They missed the 30-45 minute lift lines.



★
901 Town & Country Blvd.
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4855 West F.M. 1960 at Champions
440-4982

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★
211 West FM 1960 at I-45
440-0341

Friday night **Bert Lary** and **Gail Quenneville** came to the cocktail party with such glowing reports about the jacuzzi that Saturday several other people joined the Friday night crowd. The water was warm, the ladies lovely, but the Crusade for Christ lectures were really ghastly.



Donna Webb, Bert Lary, Carolyn Evans, Bryant Slimp and Bruce Maughs enjoying the Jacuzzi.

After a Friday night cocktail party where **Hank Fullgrabe, Dick Howard, Joe Chernow** and **Joe Oless** made a few new friends, several of us went to the Salt Lake City Jail House Steak. - **Jim Hendrix** and **Donna Webb** got locked in jail. We bailed them out and headed for Alta/Snowbird on Saturday.



Jerry Pyle, Beverly Fecel, Pam Perry and Hall Goodson hanging Bill Krell at the Salt Lake City Jail House Steak.

Bob Olsen and **Bernd Schlickheiser** struck out for the expert slopes while most of us headed for easier terrain. **Carolyn Willis** discovered the hard way that her new boots were not broken in. **Bill and Linda Fish** didn't make it back up the slopes after lunch.

Saturday night we had dinner at the Unicorn attended by **Sue Babin,**

Bobby Hendrix, Gordon Wise and **Dave Bonahue** among others. Bobby had a difficult time getting the correct wineglass, but once in his possession he made good the drinking.

After a much delayed Sunday bus arrival, most of the group put in their final ski hours at Snowbird. **Steve Kroger** knocked himself out skiing when his bindings dislocating from his skis concurrent with his glasses dislocating from their frames.



Pam Perry and Jerry Pyle waiting for the Sunday "Morning" bus.

Jerry Pyle was the official "ski watcher" while **Mike Arvanitakis** went shopping and **Pam Perry, Donna Webb** and **Gail Quenneville** made a final fun. Finally, **Miriam Martin** arrived to participate in the changing of the guard, and Jerry was set free to do some shopping. His prize purchase was his T-shirt which read, "Eat, drink and be merry — for tomorrow you may be in Utah."

Meanwhile, back at the hotel, **Rachel Pabst** was watching television and a room full of luggage. **Tom Mercer** was still trying to sell pins, patches and decals on consignment.

The first bus to leave the hotel was the last to arrive at the airport. It appears several of the occupants talked the bus driver into one more trip around Mormon Square.

Our check-in at the airport went smoothly, and we were soon tucked away for our flight to Houston. Two of our participants became members of the elite "Mile High Club" but the majority were oblivious to their surroundings.

We had a really good time.

I remain,

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ASPEN II

March 15 - March 22



Linda Steele and Dave Reitze

Have you ever schussed down the mountain with the sun shining, the wind blowing, and felt the crisp, clean Colorado air? If you haven't, you should — if you have and you're a skier, you want

to do it again. It's a great high without the hangover. A word of caution, however — evening activities in Aspen tend to cause strange feelings in one's head the following morning.

On March 15, the start of prime spring skiing, 42 SCSC skiers will board a leisurely mid-morning Continental Airlines flight for Denver. Our first get-acquainted party will start when we leave the airport, and will continue until our late afternoon arrival at our downtown Chateau Aspen and Concept 600 Condos. Several pre-ski breakfasts and mountain picnics have been planned to assure ample opportunity for everyone to tell about "that one great run."

Since there isn't much to do in Aspen, may we suggest you bring a good book — the longer the better — or, of course, for the men, some needlework to be done while sitting by a

roaring fire. Remember, you'll be in Aspen 7 nights. The restaurants, what few there are, are not very good. Through many hours of consideration, however, this problem has been solved. Individual assignments for either bread or bologna will be made at the pre-trip party. For those of you that like to party and dance, **Bill Seale** has promised to sing, so get those requests ready. Just in case some nice drinking establishment has opened, we'll try to keep one night free of planned activities. Who knows, maybe during the last 75 years this mountain town has added some class — we'll see.

Dave Reitze, Chairperson
9530 Meadowglen, 77063

Res. 781-2957 Off. 656-4908

Linda Steele, Assistant
1805 Banks #2, 77098

Res. 528-6402 Off. 961-5755

scsc '79-'80 ski trips

TRIP	TRIP DATES	COST	FINAL PAYMENT DATE	TRIP CHAIRPERSONS AND ASSISTANTS	HOME PH.	OFFICE PH.
Aspen Traditional	Jan. 19 Jan. 26	\$428.00	Dec. 6	TC Vicki Schmid ATC Hank Faulkner	681-0077 665-4727	241-3966 679-3565
Vail I	Feb. 2 Feb. 9	\$445.00	Dec. 6	TC Carolyn Lowrie ATC Steve Gucker	995-9312 981-6663	667-5601 523-3697
Steamboat Springs	Feb. 9 Feb. 16	\$429.00	Dec. 6	TC Allan Simpson ATC Joann Kerr	448-2279 978-6989	447-0355 782-8370
Taos	Feb. 14 Feb. 20	\$239.00	Jan. 10	TC Bob Marwin ATC Sue Bohnert	772-4039 467-5027	664-6704 869-9371
Telluride	Mar. 1 Mar. 8	\$425.00	Jan. 10	TC Carol Ragan ATC David Walter	497-1183 784-1092	840-2487
Copper Mountain	Mar. 9 Mar. 16	\$390.00	Feb. 7	TC James Weiskopf ATC Beverly Fecel	931-0385 995-7270	789-8000
Aspen II	Mar. 15 Mar. 22	\$484.00	Feb. 7	TC Dave Reitze ATC Linda Steele	781-2957 528-6402	656-4908 961-5755
Vail II	Mar. 29 Apr. 5	\$429.00	Feb. 7	TC Leona Schroeder ATC Alan Bitzer	468-4609 729-1652	497-0723
Park City Spring Fling	Apr. 5 Apr. 12	\$389.00	Feb. 7	TC Jan Livingston ATC Art Camero	723-1331 488-7820	961-2425 662-3000

*All Prices Subject to Change

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TRIP DIRECTORS

Joe Cotrone (H) 682-5372 / (O) 654-1212

Anne Benefield (H) 780-4019 / (O) 241-2387

VAIL II

March 29 - April 5



Leona Schroeder and Alan Bitzer

Around noon on Saturday, March 29, forty-two fun-loving SCSCer's will be deplaning in Denver for 6½ days of skiing under the sunny skies of a Rocky Mountain spring. Don't forget the tanning lotion!

The stop in Denver for "liquid refreshments" and snacks will be brief. Then it's on to Vail's Mountain Haus.

Mountain Haus is ideally located in the heart of downtown Vail within easy walking distance of Chairlift No. 1, Chairlift No. 16, shops and restaurants. For those who abhor walking, a free shuttlebus leaves the "Haus" every 15 minutes for any location in Vail that one would desire to go. The accommodations are first-class: 3-bedroom condos with a full bath per bedroom, a fully equipped kitchen, a spacious living room, a fireplace and plenty of firewood on the balcony. Other amenities include heated outdoor pool, sauna, coin operated laundry, ski storage facilities at ground level, restaurant serving breakfast and dinner, and lounge for dancing and whatever.

Skiing at Vail is everything you've ever heard and MORE! There are acres of trails to accommodate the greenest beginners and the most daring experts. The ski school teaches everything from basic skiing to ski touring or NASTAR racing at a reasonable cost.

That's right! You really saw it! NASTAR RACING!! Races are held five days a week. For those of you that have never dodged (or hit) the gates and experienced the thrill of victory (or the agony of falling) — try it, you'll like it!

After a day of hard skiing, relax

PARK CITY SPRING FLING

April 5-12, 1980



Jan Livingston and Art Camero

If you enjoy skiing, then the 1980 "Spring Fling" to Park City is the trip for you. Park City, Utah's largest ski area, offers 65 designated trails and slopes (11 novice, 30 intermediate, and 24 expert) as well as over 650 acres of open bowl skiing on Utah's famous dry, light powder. Ten chairlifts and the West's longest four-passenger gondola serve a wide variety of terrain for skiers of all ability levels. Beginners have a private area served by two chairlifts in which to practice. There is also easy terrain at the top of the gondola which allows novice skiers to enjoy the 50 mile view while

with other members of our group at a pre-selected apres-ski site. A different meeting place will be selected and posted each day. Don't miss this! An apres-ski gathering is when you will hear the tallest tales of death defying feats, or unimaginable speed and grace, and of infamous bouts with the chairlift. Nothing but sidesplitting laughter to be found here.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, as will Vail II when we lift off from Denver on Saturday evening, April 5.

Total cost for the trip is \$429.00 with \$200.00 due on January 5th and the balance due February 7. Dig deep — this is not a trip to be missed!

Leona Schroeder, Chairperson
12302 Rip Van Winkle, 77024
468-4609 (after 3 p.m.)

Alan Bitzer, Assistant
5415 Braes Valley, #826, 77096
Res. 729-1652 Off. 476-3738

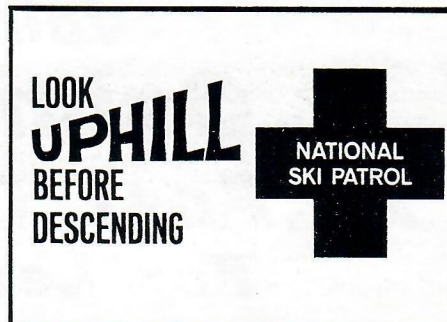
learning to ski. Intermediate skiers can enjoy miles and miles of long, rambling runs all over the mountain. Experts can look forward to deep powder skiing on the steep, open faces of Jupiter Bowl. They also won't want to miss "The Hoist", the world's first long ski run. This run is limited to skiers on 190 cm skis and longer and is full of big round moguls. Park City also offers night skiing on a 1¼ mile intermediate slope as well as on a novice area. All multi-day lift tickets are good for night skiing, enabling one to ski 13 hours daily at no extra charge. Such a deal!

Our group of 32 people will be on Texas International's flight to Salt Lake City early Saturday morning, April 5. We'll then board a bus filled with wine and cheese for the short trip to the luxurious Crescent Ridge Condominiums right at the base of the mountain. The early arrival will enable everyone to get plenty of skiing done that day. For those who desire more than just skiing during the week, guest privileges will be available at the Racquet Club for the use of tennis and racquetball courts, swimming pool, whirlpool, and sauna. Park City also offers 30 restaurants of different cuisines and 16 night spots to keep you busy during the apres ski hours. Several cocktail parties are also planned for your enjoyment. A late departure on Saturday, April 12, is scheduled to allow still another full day of skiing before returning to Houston.

Make your plans now to take the "Spring Fling" to Park City for 8 full days of fabulous skiing. The trip cost is only \$389. A \$50 deposit will reserve your place until the final payment date of February 7.

Jan Livingston, Chairperson
11426 Hillcroft, 77035
Res. 723-1331 Off. 961-2425

Art Camero, Assistant
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Burn, Baby, Burn

by Warren Redmond

For many new and older skiers the feverish desire to hit the slopes the first day is rapidly replaced by a fever of an entirely different kind. It usually takes the form of a bright red and painful sunburn on the nose, cheeks, and lips. Although it may become somewhat of a status symbol back at work, that does not lessen the initial discomfort associated with obtaining it.

"But I thought you couldn't burn in the winter." *"How does that happen?"* Simple. First, by winter, your summer tan is ancient history. That opens the door for the second and most important factors, altitude and reflection. Up in the mountains where the atmosphere is thinner, the filtering effect for ultraviolet light is less. The morning and afternoon light reflected from the snow will add to the total dose. Thus the result of a more intense and prolonged dosage on unprotected skin is a humdinger of a sunburn which might very well ruin or at least hamper the rest of your vacation.

Unfortunately for some individuals, sunburn is only the beginning. The injury of the burn is followed by the insult of America's new favorite social disease, *herpes simplex*. It is quite common to see the dormant virus activated by the sunburn. The mechanism is unknown, but even knowing it would not halt the formation of the all-too-familiar blisters once the initial damage has been done. And if this were not bad enough, these blisters contain viral particles that have the capability to infect others. So now the burn keeps you off the slopes, and the herpes messes up your sex life, or at least the kissing part of it.

So what can be done about all this? The old saying about an ounce of prevention holds true here. About four ounces, as a matter of fact, of an effective sunscreen. The most effective ones contain para aminobenzoic acid, or PABA for short. Some of the brand names are Sundown, Pabanol, Pabafilm, Block-out, and Eclipse. For those of you who have red hair and green or blue eyes, you may need more protection. Products containing benzophenones with or without PABA should be used such as Sol-Bar, UVAL, or Total Eclipse. There are also lipsticks

containing PABA that can be used to keep the lips from burning. For those of you who do burn, zinc oxide or titanium dioxide paste applied to the burned areas in a thick coat will allow you to get out in the sun again without doing any further damage.

Even if you do not ordinarily burn, you might if you are taking medicines that have the potential to increase sun sensitivity. This includes antibiotics containing sulfa or tetracycline, certain diuretics (water pills), antifungals, and major tranquilizers. Women taking birth control pills may develop a light brown discoloration around the eyes and mouth known as melasma. This does not mean that you have to stop taking the medicines, just use a sunscreen.

Now that you have all the inside information on winter skin hazards, stay tuned for the summer installment, "Raising Fire Ants for Fun and Profit" or "You Bite Up My Life".

NASTAR - What Does It Mean to the Beginning Skier?

by Jim Benefield

Many beginning and intermediate skiers unfortunately avoid participation in NASTAR because of fear or shyness. The NASTAR experience instead, is a helpful learning tool for any skier who has completed his/her fundamentals and can perform the basics. Many of us, myself included, think of NASTAR as racing and picture olympic skiers in our mind's eye which brings visions of speed and danger. This is not true. The course is normally layed out on an easy intermediate hill and can be completed by almost any skier who can accomplish a wedge turn.

Scoring is based upon a "standard". This standard is based on how the local pro's speed of the day relates to his peer group; then based on the skier's age and sex, your score is handicapped. This score, even if not worthy of a medal, can give a benchmark to a skier's progress. One of the truly meaningful experiences is improving your score with the eventual hope of a medal. It can be great fun to compare

times with members of your ski class.

The best advice for your first time down is not to go as fast as possible but instead to complete the course and thus have a feel for it — a second run is allowed for a nominal fee when you can "go for it".

Most ski areas run NASTAR races two or three days a week. Remember to sign up in the morning, normally in the main ticket sales area. The race itself starts around noon. After your run is completed, you are notified of your time which can then be correlated with your handicap to see if a medal is awarded.

Check with your trip chairperson for complete information relating to each individual area for race locations and times. I again encourage every person to try NASTAR skiing for fun as well as instruction. Additionally, instruction comes if the area, as most do, videotape the races for viewing apres ski at some local watering hole after the lifts close.

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year 'round**

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JAMES WEISKOPF
7714 Ashmole
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*Tournament to be
scheduled this Spring*

Kamikaze

by Eric Sanford

It started innocently enough. Here I was in Alaska (for some unknown reason) when one night I get a call from my editor. "Hey Schlep, why don't you do a story for us while you're up there being a bum. We'll let you pay us ten cents a word, that is if we use it."

Now how could I refuse an offer like that? So on the next sunny day I head for Mt. Alyeska, Alaska's largest ski area, although by Colorado standards it's not too much. But beggars may choose not, and a beggar I was as I stopped into the PR department to scrounge a free ticket.

Naturally, I fall in love with Leslie, the cute PR director, and forget why I'm there, but, after a while, I remember. We talk for a while and she says sure, no problem getting tickets ("Are you really a writer?").

While we're talking, a writer/skier/photographer/moocher's dream comes true. "You know," says Leslie, "it's such a nice day, perhaps you would like to go helicopter skiing?"

"Well," I nonchalantly stutter, trying to figure out if I had heard right or if I'm having a Tequila flashback, "perhaps ..."

"I'll call and see if I can get you on." She makes a quick phone call and winks at me as she explains to the other person on the other end just who I am. She makes me sound more important than God. Putting down the receiver, she tells me if I hurry I can go.

As I fly out the door yelling my gratitude, I trip over my unbuckled ski boots and do a spectacular series of linked recoveries through the parking lot. Dave Scott, the head of Far North Ski Guides, stares in amazement as I stumble towards him. "Howdy," I pant. "Leslie called ... taking pictures ..."

"I'm Dave." He eyes me suspiciously. "That all the film you have?" He looks at my camera even more suspiciously.

"Ya, I've got plenty," I assure him.

"Well, let's go." We hop into a stationwagon and zoom out to the nearby airfield, a typical Alaskan landing strip; actually just a clearing off the side of the

road. A huge Greyhound bus pulls in right behind us, but not wishing to sound ignorant, I don't ask what the hell it's doing here.

As I stood around feeling somewhat conspicuous, the Greyhound door opened and a most amazing thing happened. I watched as a never-ending line of Japanese in an incredible array of fancy ski suits stepped off the bus and began jabbering excitedly.

"That's our group," said Dave. He didn't talk much.

"Right," I retorted in my "why, of course, I knew that" manner.

I knew it has been too perfect. "Flunky pulls into ski area, drops some line about taking pictures, and gets to go heli-skiing." What a deal. Ha! Thirty strong and eager as squirrels in a peanut warehouse, the bunch rushed the whirly bird, swinging their skis wildly.

We divided into two groups (communicating in numerical sign language, since not one of the Japanese spoke any English aside from the constant "Ah, velly good...") and the first group loaded into the huge Bell 250 helicopter. They displayed a rather curious custom of verbal charades: one yells a series of spasmodic instructions to another, and the other performs the task in a series of equally spasmodic movements. Crazy.

One of the guides told me that instructions to the Japanese in ski safety weren't necessary because they were all so courteous, but having seen movies of skiing in Japan, I wasn't so convinced. Personally, I thought it was a great excuse for not speaking Japanese, though.

Our group was dropped on a high narrow ridge a few miles in back of Alyeska. The disoriented Orientals immediately scattered in fifteen different directions, exactly as they were told not to do, and only my vigorous protests in the forms of whistling and waving got them to reunite. From then on they assumed I was one of the guides, and I spent the next fifteen minutes having my picture taken with each and everyone of them. Of course, every single one of them had a camera, although several seemed to have no idea whatsoever what it was used for.

As we waited for the second group, they all passed around a bottle of "dollar a quart" whiskey, conspicuously

stamped "Duty Free." My eyes would be slanted too if I drank that stuff. They drank and chattered and drank some more until the chopper arrives and there we are — thirty ski-crazed kamikazes, three guides and me. The guides stand back and watch in detached amusement. I, in turn, snicker at their thirty-five pound packs. The first guide skis off down the open glacier and everyone watches. His ski tails occasionally break through the wind slab, and I make a mental note to ski lightly. The Japanese stand in a tight group looking like a bunch of circus clowns in a lemon-sucking contest.

I mean their outfits are just not to be believed. In Japan **no one** skis in old clothes and jeans like all those American slobs. Every single one had a color-coordinated hat, gloves, pants, jacket, sweater, boots, skis, and I'm sure, underwear, all with large labels and names like Yamamoto, Nagasaki and Sayonara. And the patches and pins! Here's a guy with Fujiyama skis, Harikari boots and Toyota bindings with a Salomon patch on his hat, Rossignol pins all over his sweater, and Kneissl stickers all over his back. Every outfit is "glow in the dark" orange, or lime green, or sometimes a combination of the two, and each suit had a mirror-like finish as if freshly Turtle waxed. I adjusted my sunglasses to accept the new dimensions of glare.

As the guide skied to a stop a few hundred feet down the glacier, the whole group got real excited. One pushed off down the slope, another followed right behind. Then five more, and within fifteen seconds, all thirty were on their way down, all within three feet of one another. I watched in silent fascination. Here is ten thousand acres of open snow to ski on and these lunatics are all within spitting distance of one another, and moving at Mach Ten.

Suddenly, as I knew he would, the lead skier fell. The result was foreseeably catastrophic. Out of the thirty, no less than seventeen piled up. I started to laugh, but my jaw dropped as they all hopped right back up, and after jabbering incoherently for a moment, proceeded on down in exactly the same formation. It looked as though someone had thrown a stink bomb amongst a bunch of mental patients who were

(Continued on page 14)

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

by Judy Combs

Here's the latest scoop! Space City Ski Club presented its 1979 Fashion Show on Monday, December 10th. Sponsoring the show this year was **Oshman's Sporting Goods**. The narrator was none other than the **sitz-marke's** roving reporter, **Bobbet Olsen**. She interviewed trip participants to find the answer to that infamous question "Why do SCSC'ers have more fun?" or "Can the right clothes make the difference?"



Warren Cross, Jan Reiners, Theresa Sweeris at the Microphone of MC ("Most Competent") Bobbet Olsen.

The show began with **Peggy Widaman**, **Francis Kerr** and **Charles Doty** modeling traveling clothes they selected from Oshman's. You see, what you wear on the plane may influence others on the trip.

The next scene portrayed a typical wine and cheese party on the slopes. Our T.C. and A.T.C., **Vicki Schmid** and **Hank Faulkner**, after making comments about the tardiness of our trip participants, went on to describe the ski outfits they had coordinated. Vicki modeled the bunny look, but forgot her tail. The color in men's ski wear appears to be blue this year, as demonstrated by the outfits worn by Hank, **Art Camero** and **Steve Gucker**. **Warren Cross** showed more originality in a rust colored outfit he selected. **Theresa Sweeris** modeled a snappy little parka with zip-out sleeves that converts to a vest for evening wear. **Jan Reiners** may start a new trend with the scarf band indicating availability. **Mo Granda**, Francis, Vicki and Hank modeled the latest in the skier's best friend - Longjohns. Mo's red one piece and stocking cap set the Christmas mood.

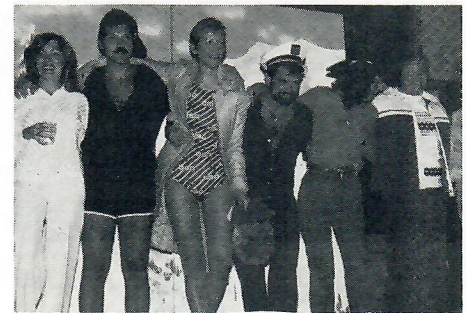
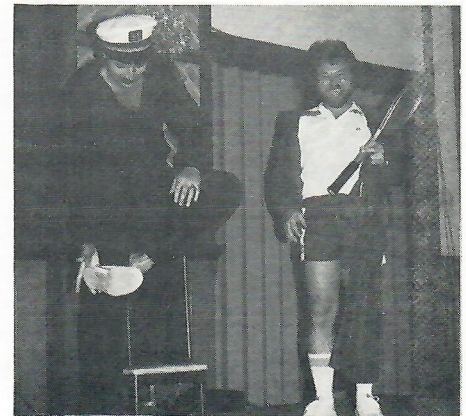


Vicki Schmid - letting it all hang out. Love those longjohns!

JoAnne Weaver, Jan and Warren showed us the latest on apres ski wear. JoAnne liked her outfit so much she went back to Oshman's and purchased it. **Shirley Andries** and Vicki modeled some after ski wear in the form of long coats, high heels and swimsuits!! Steve and Art selected velour warm-ups to wear over their trunks. Our final model, **Lou Schultz**, was ready for after meeting activity - football watching. He was wearing an Oiler shirt and cap.



Bobbet with Lou "Dante" Schultz. Luv Ya Blue!



TOP: Art Camero and Steve Gucker — Skiing isn't everything. BELOW: Joann Weaver, Art Camero, Vicki Schmid, Mo Granda, Theresa Sweeris and Warren Cross in the Grand Finale.

I don't know if Bobbet found the answers to her questions, but we do know that our trip participants are some of the best dressed skiers on the slopes and also the most fun-loving at the ski areas.

Thanks to Oshman's for providing the fashions and ski equipment display and a gift certificate that was won by **Gail Bitterman**. We also want to thank all of the club members that braved the traffic to attend this meeting, **Katie Terzakis** and **Bill Krell** who assisted with changes and all those who modeled this year.

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BY AND ABOUT OUR PEOPLE

Congratulations to:

• **Jan Livingston** and **Chris Ginn** on the birth of their son, **Preston Wayne (Ginn)**, who arrived on the scene December 4, weighing in at 7 lbs, 11 ozs. A special thanks from the parents to fellow-SCSCer **Marilyn Rice**, who just happened to be the OB nurse on duty that day!

• **Ted Widmer** and **Sharon Haggard** who were married on the afternoon of December 21, timing it well enough to be in attendance at the Crawford-Marwin gala. (See next item)

• **Bob Marwin** and **Frank Crawford** who caught us all off guard and were married on December 21. Herman Hospital Development Fund, Neonatal Center thanks you for accumulating donations in lieu of traditional wedding gifts - a unique and gratifying endeavor.

Did anyone notice **Frank Riesenbergs** at the Marwin wedding? When questioned about his attire, Frank explained that he had been displaying his vocal talent with the Houston Chamber Singers that day — a live appearance at noon in the lobby of Texas Commerce Bank, and again on TV Channel 2's Scene at 5.

Gene Holland sends holiday greetings from Tokyo, Japan to all his SCSC friends and acquaintances.

Sy Liebergot fielded his new "Buffalo Snort" chili team at the Harris County Fair cook-off held recently at the AstroArena and walked away with

four trophies. The new team consists of Head Cook **Sy** and Assistant Cooks **Tom Mercer**, **Easy Thayer**, **Ron Smith** and **Graham Barnes**. Subbing for vacationing Tom and Ron were **Jim "Beans" Benefield** and **Ray "Knees" Tully**.

The cook-off was a five event competition involving gumbo, beans, stew, chili and BBQ beef. Buffalo Snort submitted entries in all categories with the following results: Sy's seafood gumbo (modified somewhat by **Jim Benefield's** duck booby broth) was awarded fourth place and Jim's pinto beans ended up in a first place tie but had to settle for second after the tie-breaking judging. The new Buffalo Snort chili was judged best in the competition and all that together was good enough to win the trophy for the second best overall cooking team. Not bad for the first time out.

Neophyte Cook **Easy Thayer** learned that it can take 2 hours to prepare roux and fellow neophyte **Graham Barnes** asked for instructions when handed a white head of garlic to



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peel. Also assisting the hectic cooksite operations were **Karol Klopp Thayer**, **Tania Andrasko (Ms. Sy)** and **Mo Granda**. Other SCSCers **Ron Honefenger**, **Layna Adams**, **Margaret Armbruster** and **Mary Ann Hertzberg** stopped by to visit with the team during the day.

By the way, Sy's looking for a sponsor and an old buffalo head for his team. Let him know if you can help.



Buffalo Snort Chili Team and Friends ...

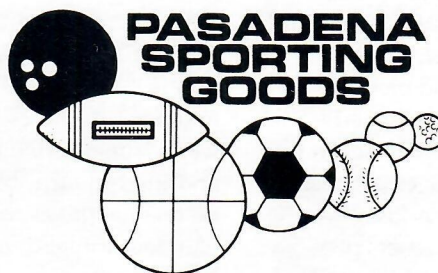
The Ronald McDonald House, KIKK Radio and the Sour Krauts Bar-B-Que Team extend a great thanks to SCSC for a job well done. Over 100 members of SCSC pitched in to help with the fund-raising barbeque, dance and Oiler Pep Rally on December 8. The Ronald McDonald House is to be home away from home for families of seriously ill children being treated for leukemia, heart disease or other life-threatening disorders at Texas Children's Hospital. The affair will clear approximately \$15,000 for this worthwhile cause.

Space City Ski Club's work was done in every area and without it the affair's success could never have been achieved. Some members worked far beyond the call of duty such as **Robert-Scott**, **Ellie Stern**, **Joann Kerr** and **Tania Andrasko** who cut meat and served for eight hours or more. Serving beer and cokes were **Marty Matras**, **Steve Gucker**, **Bill Krell** and **Glenn Bishop**. A special Pig Pen Award goes to those who helped park cars in the dust, some of whom were **Dale Englefield**, **Mo Granda**, **Shirley Andries**, **Cliff Zapfel** and **Layna Adams**. Some of those who just filled in everywhere needed included **Chuck Dutton**, **Lanette Shepherd**, **Bob Marwin**, **Karol Thayer**, **Pete Dooley**, **Peggy Widaman**, **Judy Combs**, **Pat Burchett**, **Jan Reiners**, **Beth Nolen**,

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James Weiskopf, **Bev Benefield**, **Jean Crabtree**, **Caral Ragan**, **Lynn Zacherl**, **Sue Bohnert**, **Ken Catherman**, and **Judy Hendrix**. Those who helped **Jim Benefield** with the judging were **Sy Liebergot**, **Tom Mercer**, **Keith Eastin**, **Hap Van Norman** and



JoAnn Kerr, **Lanette Shepherd**, **Joann Weaver** and **Tania Andrasko** cutting meat at the Oiler Pep Rally.

Graham Barnes. There were many, many more SCSC members and friends who pitched in and also deserve special thanks.

Finally, the largest thanks to **Ray Tully** who coordinated the volunteers with **Lynn Burch** and **Layna Adams**, but who also cooked with the Sour Krauts, helped organize the festivities for months prior and then worked for five solid days to insure a well run affair.

It is great pride that all SCSC members should feel for a job well done which will benefit our entire community as well as many others.

QUESTION: Is the SCSC membership card becoming famous? Ask **Charles Cheatham** why, after recovering his stolen wallet, the only thing missing was his SCSC card!

roped together. As I took pictures, I was laughing so hard that all the pictures came out fuzzy. Some excuse. Like not speaking Japanese.

I skied on down well behind them but off to the side a few hundred feet, not wishing to ski through the moguls they had just created. It seemed as if these Orientals had become so used to skiing in crowds that the mere thought of skiing alone on this beautiful wide-open glacier was totally unconsidered. Surely this was a novel study group for Paul Ehrlich.

Half-way down, one of the clever little spies caught on to my efforts to remain behind the group. He stopped a few hundred feet in front of me, waited, then waved insistently for me to ski down in front of them so he could take movies. When I arrived at the group, they all clapped and insisted that I lead their death march down the mountain from there on. I looked at all those toothy grins and decided "What the hell, I'd just tuck the whole thing and leave them all in the dust.

I pushed off hard and picked a fall-line route as I picked up speed. The huge pack of crazoids was close on my heels, so I accelerated over a rise and carved a fast, sharp turn to lose them. It worked: one fell and six others piled into him at break-neck speed in a clattering collision of skis and heads. But I didn't stop — no sir, I quickly arced another fast turn and pretended not to hear the crash. Glancing behind me, I saw eight more of the flashy little devils right behind me, skiing "velly, velly fast!"

The second in line tried to slow down as we hit a steep section at two hundred miles an hour in wind slab crust. The third in line, in a Formula One maneuver, attempted to pass him an inch or so away. But he hooked his right ski pole in number two's safety strap, and they began tumbling down the glacier, tethered like two relay runners with a sticky baton. Classic, simply classic. The others, seeing their chance to close in on me, turned on the speed. Unfortunately, they forgot about "the ski pole connection." the first got hooked at knee height and was catapulted into the atmosphere. The next cascaded into the divot made by the first and did a spectacular flying face plant (an extremely difficult hot-dog skiing

maneuver). The remaining three did assorted temple smashes and rump dumps as the crash progressed in the usual fashion.

But alas, that still left one of the little buggers still on my trail. He was a mischievous looking character in a bright red costume of very shiny vinyl, topped off with a little red cap with the visor flipped up. I pulled into a tuck in a steep wind-scalloped gully, flashed over a corniced ridge and down onto a sixty-degree slope of icy golf balls. That would kill the sucker.

Fortunately for him, the "Red Baron" of Japan knew when he had met his match; he slid to a stop at the top of the gully just as I skidded to a stop at the bottom. But he was still sporting that grin, with his cheek bones touching his eyebrows as he waited for the stragglers of the conclave to join him.

I smiled up at the group and waved, but slowly, I realized that perhaps I wasn't to have the last hurrah. That nut in red was preparing to launch into the gully ... with me trapped at the end.

He waved down to me as the others applauded. I prepared for another suicidal chase. He pushed off, went "straight rike arrow" for fifty feet, and tried to turn, but it didn't work. His ski tails caught as the crust broke and he plunged forward and began to slide, head first.

I grabbed my camera to snap a shot for my victory album. As I looked through the finder, he began to gather speed in his slick outfit. I lowered the camera and peered over the top as he continued to gather speed, then raised it again to take the picture and get the hell out of there. His skis were clattering together like two genocidal guillotines, and snow sprayed over his head and shoulders. Just as I was about to press the shutter, another speed demon started down the gully, pulled alongside the "baron," lowered his shoulder and smashed into him, knocking both his skis off, but still not stopping him.

That attempt being unsuccessful, another one left the launching pad and raced down after the other two. Certainly, I have attempted this technique several times myself in trying to stop a runaway ski racing down the slope, but these population-crazed tourists have further refined the technique for its use on humans. And apparently it is quite common with them, judging by the effi-

ciency with which I observed it being practiced on this day.

The second "rescuer" hit the baron in the head this time, giving him a brutal jolt and knocking him quite senseless. Now I started getting worried. Here was this collection of boxing torpedoes hurtling towards me at three thousand yenmeters per hour, trying to kill one of their brothers who had failed in his mission to destroy me and retain the honor of the East.

A third "rescuer" hit the baron full-on about one hundred feet above me just as I started saying my prayers. In a miraculous display of braking power, he dug his elbows and nose into the snow, and he and the baron screeched to a halt not twenty feet from me as I stood watching his exhibition in frozen fascination, my finger still poised over the shutter button of my camera, having not taken one picture. Weakly, the baron sat up, managed a weak grin, and said, "Oh, So solly! So solly..." then collapsed back on the snow.

True to form, the other twenty-six came careening down the exact same route, and all twenty-six crashed into him.

But by this time I was far, far away. I remember one of the guides was patting me on the back as I stood trembling behind the helicopter, and he was saying "There, there, it's OK ... it happens all the time ..."

**FROM:
VICE PRES.-PROGRAMS
TO:
THE MEMBERSHIP**

In order for the Club to continue to offer the varied activities, new ideas and new people are essential!

This is a call for volunteers to help with already planned activities or to bring forth new ideas for activities which the Club may enjoy.

If you would like to help or lead a program, give me a call, drop me a line, or just corner me!

Thank you!

Tom Mercer

Hm.: 665-2456 Off.: 663-2137
If you can't find me, try Chappel Hill, Texas (1-836-5746).

Spotlight on 1980!

It has been said by psychics that by the time the end of 1980 rolls around, the year will have been one of the best in the past 10. Although they say the first six months will be a little tough, it's going to be a good year for most of us.

Such things we can all expect are more money, new job opportunities, and better health. The Chinese have labeled 1980 the Year of the Monkey and say if you grab this one by the tail it will be a rewarding year. Astrologers have published what the stars foretold about this new year. Independence and freedom are key words for Aquarians and Geminis will get through the year very well and realize a few dreams if positive and decisive.

We all wonder at the beginning of a new year, and especially a new decade, what lies in the months that will affect our lives. Following are some predictions by and about our own Space City Ski Club members. 1980 — Here we are!

Judy Combs thinks that **Ellie Stern** will learn to ride a chair lift within the next month and that **Peggy Widaman** will make it through a whole year without an accident. She also tells us that

Hank Faulkner will finish his house this year. One prediction she made would save us money spent on air fare and accommodations — it will snow in Houston and we'll be able to ski the freeways! Imagine a run called The Exit. Last, she says, "I will meet my cowboy this year!"

Ann Highfill must have had the "clique" in mind when she came up with this one: '80 is the year that we will see eighty egotistical egotists, egotistically echoing egotistical ecstasies. Whew!

She also says that Bradshaw will play for the Oilers in the second half of next year's playoff game and that Pastorini's teeny-weeny pain will no longer be . . . in his groin or his loin.

Sue Bohnert predicted, what with the cycle of marriages and babies, that **Bob Marwin** will be asked a number of times, "Will you become a father now?"

And, not so much a prediction as a hope, that there would be less broken bones and pulled muscles on this year's SCSC trips.

dictionary of ski terms of the areas

Cozy Chalet: It was a goat barn before the area was developed.

Excellent Ski Conditions: Report given by area when it has 8 inches of snow and 6 inches of rock.

Good Ski Conditions: 6 inches of snow and 6 inches of rock.

Fair Ski Conditions: The rocks have frost on them.

Poor Ski Conditions: Never used by areas.

Short Lift Lines: On a clear day you see the end.

Just Minutes From Just hours from ...

Hot Dogger: He took 3 years to stem Christy.

Scenic Trails: The trees hide a railroad yard.

Convenient to Shopping: The run terminates in the Weingarten parking lot.

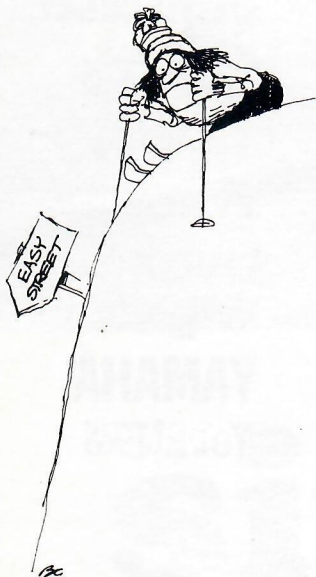
Condo With A View: French door overlooks Weingarten parking lot.

Area Designed With The Skier In Mind: Developer also owns the Weingartens.

Quaint Shops: Bring your checkbook.

Medium Priced Land Nearby: The realty office is located in the bank.

Diverse Entertainment After Skiing: You can watch the Weingarten truck unload on Thursday night and the local TV station is playing "Combat" reruns.





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