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Awesome Times In Aspen!!!

Aspen, Colorado

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Dear Diary:

Saturday, January 12. Mom told me not to go on this trip; there were just too many lawyers, six of them in all. But there were also tons of single guys so, why start listening to her now? I signed up for the SCSC Aspen 2002 trip. I mean, like, if I am going skiing, where else should I go but Aspen? On Saturday, January 12, 2002, we were told to be at the airport at an ungodly hour, so I decided to party all night and skip the sleep. I got to the airport at 5:20 a.m., which is usually way too early for me to be awake, or way too late, whatever. Any way, I thought I was dreaming, but who walked in next, but **Marsha Lutz** who arrived at the United Airlines ticket counter bright and early with a huge smile, followed by the entire Houston Aeros Hockey team. Huh, I wonder . . . oh, never mind. The airport security went well. The security officers were looking for someone to choose for the random full body and baggage check, so they picked our own **Bob Wray**, the UC Berkeley grad with a math degree, who just so happens to look a little like Theodore Kaczynski. Yeah, random, I'll bet. Everyone made it on time, except **Blake Gillespie**. He straggled in an hour and a half late, after several calls to try to locate him, and just moments before we were about to abandon the search. He tried to act nonchalant, but he looked a bit bedraggled after being dropped off by the dorm mother from some sorority. The rest of the flight went off without a hitch, and we arrived at the Aspen Mountain Lodge precisely on schedule. It did take two vans and four baggage handlers to get all of **Marianne Pearce's** luggage, **Sholeh Safaeian's** hats, and **Yvonne Guy** into the lodge. After a quick check in, we all hit downtown for rentals. Rick and Jane Admas went with **Lori Gilliland**, our ATC and virtual expert on Aspen, to shop for boots. Lori planned to get boots from a famous boot fitter in Aspen so that the fit and performance would be perfect. Rick and Jane bought boots too, but they only wanted the boot fitter's advice on color. That evening we gathered for complimentary "après ski" food and drinks at a Welcome Reception and a presentation by Aspen Ski Co. They sent this guy from the ski school and some dude to talk about the Nastar races. The Nastar guy was a hottie from Australia.

Sunday, January 13. It was so cool that we got free breakfast every morning at the lodge. The hot waffles were totally yummy. We all planned to ski Snowmass for the first day to warm up our ski legs. I had heard that Snowmass was an intermediate's dream. It was. Every slope was covered with beautiful corduroy, groomed

to perfection, completely uncrowded, and not a single lift line anywhere. We also discovered some great powder stashes. **Nick Palma** discovered a new strategy to determine powder depth; dive in headfirst! While Nick was hiding his head in the snow **Effie Rubenstein**, our Sportours rep, gave us a surprise visit to ski with the group. The surprise was what a righteous skier she was. She sure served up some humble pie to everyone who thought they knew how to do a bump run. This was after most of us waited an hour for **Sholeh Safaeian** to come down the first green run. Later that day she took a lesson and came off saying something about mouse poison. **Rita Wright** announced at breakfast the next day that Sholeh was now skiing double blacks. Wow, I gotta get some of those lessons! **Lourdes Jenkinson** did not do as well in her class, as she severed her ACL trying to get on the Poma Lift. Guilt ridden, her husband, **Glen Jenkinson**, spent the week catering to her every need and trying to get a refund on that class.

Poor Lourdes, this was her second time ever on skis. She was not able to ski, but she really was a trooper. She kept a smile on her face and used the time to socialize, catch up on work, and read. We did a pub-crawl that night. And yes, we pretty much crawled home.



Monday, January 14. This week, the ESPN Winter X-games scheduled their competition at Buttermilk so I have been on the lookout for the rich and famous. I think I saw a celebrity today. He had a really fancy outfit and one of those new shiny crash helmets. He was telling everyone how fast he skis. There was a large group around him that said he was some kind of race director, probably for the X-Games. They said his name was **Bomb Bragburger**. Monday we skied Ajax. They changed the name from Aspen to Ajax Mountain. Oh, my gaud! Ajax rocks! What was groomed corduroy at Snowmass was totally cashmere on Ajax. There were no lift lines, there were no people on the mountain and we had the whole place to ourselves. **Barry Hardy** skied Ajax on Sunday so he scoped out the place for us. **Sue Salvage**, who took the day off, and non-skier **Christine Sirikus** found their way to the top of Ajax when they scored some free lift tickets to take the gondola. After finishing lunch at the Sundek, **Milton Kramer**, **Lori Gilliland**, and **Lou Kleinman** ran into **Sue and Christine** enjoying the breathtaking view, blue skies, and sunshine. For Après ski we found **John Stoner**, **Barry Hardy** and **Nick Palma** at the Little Nell drinking beer out of champagne glasses. Talk about champagne taste on a beer budget. Fellow SCSC members **Bob Fulwiler** and **Eddie Bayersdorfer** just so happened to be hanging at the Little Nell too. That night **Rick Adams** was nearly arrested for child abuse by a couple of overprotective parents. You have to watch those quiet types. I

heard that he bent up some ski instructor's poles that day, too. Wow, that dude needs to chill! To top off the night, we got back to the Lodge for our daily free Après ski with wine, cheese, hot soup, chips, salsa and dips only to learn that **Marianne Pierce** injured her ACL. She was probably looking at the ski patrol dudes again and not looking where she was going. Either that or she used the old "Help me, Mr. Lifeguard, I'm drowning!" thing. Any way it worked because she got a ride with a view behind a total fox ski patrol dude.

Tuesday, January 15: We skied Aspen Highlands in a huge blizzard with fresh powder as the reward. That night, the club party at the Grottos was a drunken debauchery with **John Gay** looking on as his wife, **Becky Reitz**, gave dirty dancing lessons to the local rugby star and his local teenage groupies. She broke the ice, and like really fast, everyone hit the dance floor. Rock star **John Salinas** sang "Last Kiss." And the best "get to know your fellow participant question" came from **Martin Bradley** who asked **Kelly Reynolds** if she had ever had sex in her fur coat. The best comeback came from **Lou Kleinman** who responded, "How do you think she got the fur?" Of course they were all teasing **Kelly**, but she took it in stride, loved the attention, and gave them all a few come backs of her own. **Kelly**, you go, girl!

Harold Kaminsky was most cordial when he thanked our entertainer for singing to his wife for her birthday. **Fran Kaminsky**, on the other hand, questioned his choice of song. **Patti Maudslay**, **Rita Tucker Wright**, and **Marsha Lutz** entertained the crowd with a dance show to the song "Friends in Low Places." **Martin Bradley**, the biggest fan of the "good old fashioned singsong," sang along to nearly every song and actually knew all the words to "Waltzing Matilda." **Leslie Adams** knew all the words to every Neil Diamond song the singer knew. After singing her heart out, she and **Steve Ellsberry** kicked up their heels on the dance floor. **Blake Gillespie** thought no one saw him when he snuck out early. The rumor was that he was trying to hook up with some waitress. And guess who **Marianne Pearce's** waiter was?...the ski patrol dude that gave her the ride of her life the day before.

Wednesday, January 16. The lodge provided fluffy robes in each of the rooms. It seemed like



people began showing up for the free breakfast more and more casually dressed. **Johanna Kuang**, **Patti Maudslay**, **Yvonne Guy** and **Marianne Pearce** came to the dining room dressed in their robes each morning. You might think that this was a bit too casual, but actually they were the trendsetters. Soon, most people came in their robes, jammies, long johns, and such. Those robes were everywhere. People were walking down Main Street in them! It was also a sign of how comfortable people were getting with each other. The set up of the lodge was a large central room with a fireplace and couches on one side and a dining room on the other. It was pretty homey and we were starting to feel like one big happy family.

Thursday January 17. The X-Games at Buttermilk were way cool. We got a bunch of free stuff and hoped the TV cameras that were everywhere got us on tape. **Christine March** and **Harold Kaminsky** took their first "never ever" ski lesson together some six seasons ago. Today they got to ski together again while **Fran Kaminski** took a lesson. It was like a reunion. They both have come a long way. Most people are now showing up at the Après ski in their robes. To get to the hot tub, you had to go out the front door of the hotel and walk down Main Street wearing the white fluffy robes. We got a couple of great pictures. The legal team and hottie bachelors, **David Edwards** and **Gary Freeman** ruled the hot tub. In addition to looking fine in his robe, **Gary Freeman** is one of those skiers that look so graceful on the slopes. Rumor had it that he was a ski instructor at Vail years ago.

Friday, January 18. Race Day at Snowmass. There was a huge blizzard. It was snowing so hard that Aspen Ski called and asked if they really needed to set up the race course or not. We told them "Of course, we came to race and race we shall do." The visibility was so bad you could barely see three gates. Hey, remember that celebrity I saw earlier. It wasn't a movie star after all, but the Race Director for SCSC, **Bill Bomberger**. We had two silver medal winners, **Martin Bradley** and **Blake Gillespie**. After the races we ate barbeque at the rustic Lynn Britt log cabin. We had a group pictures taken at the cabin and were able to see the pictures that night at the awards dinner when the photographer came with the proofs. The most notable figure in the pictures was

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Eric Wright who is really tall to begin with, but he had this really cool tall Russian hat with a giant red star.

Saturday, January 19. Oh, tell me it's not true. It can't be over! I really don't wanna go home. We made such a hit in Aspen. Standing in line at the airport **Sue Salvage** and **Steve Amy** were talking to a couple from Minneapolis who told them about the cool group that was in Aspen that week wearing black and white puppy tails. But that was us! At the welcome party we all got furry black and white puppy tails, and we all wore them somewhere on our ski outfits. Several people also got furry puppy neck gaiters. You should have seen **Becky Reitz** and **John Gay**. They wore their tails on the back of their ski suits. Too Cute! But **Geri Mork** won the award for the best tail. She wore hers all week along with the gaiter. **Geri** and **Chuck Albright** must have wanted the week to last forever because they both threw away their return airline tickets!!