

# The 42 Invade Red River

by Patti Maudslay

Bright and early Thursday, December 5, 1996, everyone was at the airport ready for our trip to Red River, New Mexico. Nicky Minear passed out bright red name tags as people came in the door. Don Payne, honorary ATC, helped everyone get their luggage checked in fast. We were ready early enough that we got the special privilege of pre-boarding our flight to Albuquerque, NM.



Karen Putney gets the "Fastest Shopper in the West" award. As we left the plane and turned on to the main concourse she spotted and stopped at the first cart to see what enticing items she could buy, we hadn't even been in Albuquerque five minutes. Dwayne Skweres gave everyone a good scare when he announced at baggage claim that "all the luggage has been lost!"

We boarded our bus for the trip through Santa Fe, Taos, and on to Red River. Carolyn Cole, Joyce Keppinger, Karen Putney, and Jeri Wilson helped pass out Antone's sandwiches and cookies for lunch. Michael Baumgarth thought he would have a beer until he found out it was still warm from the plane ride, then he sent it back fast. Our TC, Patti Maudslay, had everything so organized and took such good care of everyone that by the time we reached Taos she had already been given the name "ski mom." Then she read a poem she had written just for us. From Questa, NM to Red River our bus transported us to a new dimension, 100 years in the past, but with all the modern conveniences. We expected to see cowboys and miners come

walking down the street at any minute.

Check in at the *Ponderosa Lodge* (no we didn't see the Cartwright's) went smoothly until we discovered a light blue suitcase no one claimed and Tom D'Andriole discovered that his large black duffel bag was missing. Patti quickly played detective and found out that Tom's bag was in Albuquerque locked in TWA baggage claim (we were on a *Continental* flight). Since we had the blue "hostage" bag they were willing to get our bag to us, but it would be the next day. What was Tom to do? Everyone came to the rescue; Irma Rosendahl even offered her "one size fits all" night shirt so Tom could sleep comfortably that night. Wally Dobbs, ski instructor, got Tom fitted in warm clothes for skiing the next day. After two days Tom started looking like Wally complete with gray beard, if only he could ski like Wally. His bag finally arrived about 10:00 p.m. the next evening. Tom and Patti never want to see another light blue suitcase again!

After ski fittings on Thursday the group went to eat at *The Lodge at Red River*. The food and service were excellent, however we noticed part of the group seemed to be missing. Where could they be? It turned out that Margaret Allen, Judy Barnett, Will McCracken, Pat McLaughlan, Neal Grossman, Bob Lynds, Tony Mikos, and Ed Wolochin had all been partying in their condo. Now normally this would not be unusual. However all these people had marked their information sheets "quiet type"...see it is the quiet ones you have to watch. Especially Neal Grossman, we understand he is a joke meister and quite the entertainer...watch out David Letterman!

After dinner we had our welcome meeting and mixer. Everyone got to know each other and Wally Dobbs (the Red River ski bum who is probably the best ski instructor in the Rockies area) talked about what to expect on the mountain. Next Dwayne Skweres, Ed Wolochin, Joyce Keppinger, Carolyn Cole, Jim Kraus, Karen Putney, Nora Corke, Yvonne Guy, Steve Benson, Michael Baumgarth, Jennifer Benson, Jeri Wilson, Linda Day, Bill Raley, Julie Davis-Raley, Vic Celman, Joanie Osbourn, Tim Malone, Lee Swords, Caren Walker, Becky Hauri, and Patti Maudslay took over the *Motherlode Saloon* nightly hot spot of Red River.

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## Red River (continued)

We were amazed by the band *The Cowpaddy Daddys*. You won't find entertainment like this in Houston. Some of our group even won door prizes.

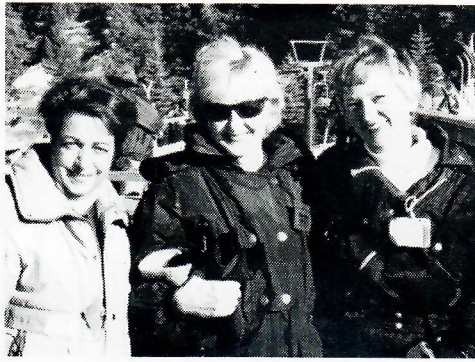
Friday morning started with continental breakfast in our 24 hour meeting room. The latest sleep wear fashions were modeled by **Nora Corke**, **Julie Davis-Raley**, and **Nicky Minear**. Christmas bear pajamas anyone? Now it was time to hit the slopes and learn how to ski. There were a number of celebrities in our group. **Dorothy Miller's** ski instructor was the Chief of Police of Red River and **Karen Putney's** also owned a local restaurant. We also saw **Jean Claude Kiley (Richard Spinks)**, **Tommy Moe (Jim Kraus)**, **Alberto Tomba (Tony Mikos)**, **Telly Savalas (Ed Wolochin)**, **A. J. Kitt (Mike Montgomery)**, **Phil and Steve Mahre (Al DelGaudio and Horst Schwarz)** and **Picabo Street (Jennifer Benson)**. **Donna Weinbrecht (Nora Corke)** invented a new way to freestyle. **Lee Swords** would make **Glen Plake** jealous with his super snowboard attire and the way he got a face to face look at the north side of Chicken Drop. Everyone had a great day skiing and the never-ers wondered why they had waited so long to try skiing.

We all met at *The Lighthouse* for a complimentary wine and cheese party hosted by **Wally Dobbs** where tall tales flowed as fast as the beer and wine. **Dwayne Skweres** took part of our group and went snowmobiling. **Wanda Stevens** enjoyed it so much that she became our "Snowmobiling Queen" and after that whenever we couldn't find her she would be snowmobiling. Our group was the "talk of the town" and **Gary** and **Karon Martin** were surprised when they went shopping and the salesman asked "are you with *The 42?*"

Everyone split into three groups for dinner. The "Toastmaster's" award goes to **Lee Swords**. He told his dinner companions and the restaurant staff that he had traveled through Europe teaching ski lessons. He also indicated that he had no language problems in Europe because he was fluent in all languages except Greek. Everyone believed him hook, line, and sinker until his story fell apart the next day when they watched him attempt to ski down the mountain.

Friday night we invaded the *Motherlode Saloon* again. The "I'm too Sexy for My Shorts" award goes to **Carolyn Cole**. It seems things got too hot to handle and somehow she left the saloon without her long underwear...better ask Carolyn for details on this one.

Saturday was bright, beautiful, and reminded us why we came to New Mexico to ski. Everyone had a super day. **Marvin Volz** gave a new meaning to "fast food lunch" by trying to ski into the cafeteria. He quickly found out that skis stop abruptly when they hit a wooden deck, however the



body keeps going and results in a sprained wrist. He claims it still hurts and will gladly accept any sympathy offered. **Bill Raley** thought he had been transported into a cartoon when **Julie Davis-Raley** looked like Wylie Coyote by skiing up the side of the mountain leaving a foot long perfect set of ski tracks before she flipped back and landed on (thank goodness) a puffy snowdrift. The next moment she was up like the Road Runner, beep-beeped, and continued down the mountain at full speed. **Irma Rosendahl** gave cross-country ski lessons to **Will McCracken** and **Wanda Stevens**.

Saturday night was filled with excitement. First we went to *Capos Corner* for an excellent dinner and to watch the Torchlight parade. The ski instructors all ski down the mountain with flares and then fireworks are set off from the top of the mountain. It was a spectacular sight and all the dogs in town started howling...Oh!, you mean that wasn't dogs but our group? Dinner was wonderful. Next we went to our favorite night spot the *Motherlode*. We were really wild since it was our



last night in town. **Bill Raley** wore a fish naked shirt and kept everyone laughing with his dancing antics. Then there were several versions of the twist performed. **Michael Baumgarth** (Fred Astaire) didn't get a chance to rest as the ladies waited in line to dance with him. **Judy Barnett** now believes in miracles. It seems that **Ed Wolochin** had sprained his thumb that afternoon but by nine that evening no evidence of the injury was visible on the dance floor. Miraculous!

Our group got the chance to join a bachelorette party and a wedding celebration. Red River must be an undiscovered love haven.

Sunday morning found our group of snowmobilers ready to go. **Tony Mikos** may be a great skier but don't follow him on the snowmobile trail. It seems he led the group over the wrong hill and the guide had to start search and rescue looking for them. Next, inquiring minds want to know why **Pat McLaughlan** stayed on the snowmobile while *petite Margaret Allen* got off and pushed him out of the snow. Watch out! Dynamite does come in small packages! The rest of the ride was fun and the scenery was breathtaking.

We were all sad that it was time to leave Red River and come back to Houston. **Vic Celman** tried to ease the pain by singing an *interesting* rendition of *Winter Wonderland*. Then he passed out a game for all to play. We had a safe trip back home.

One of our never-ers summed the whole experience up by saying: "If this is what ski trips are like I can't wait to sign up for my next trip."

