

Powder Express

The Official Publication of the Fall Line Ski Club

February 2002

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By Lisa Hulick

On Friday, December 28th a group of 38 Fall Liners, many brand new members, departed Cherry Hill at 6 pm sharp enroute to Lake Placid to bring in the New Year. With the mild climate of December everyone was encouraged to pray to the Snow God ... and it worked. In checking the forecasts the preceding week there were hints of snow flurries and showers, but nothing of significance expected. What the weather forecasters don't know is the power of Fall Liners praying to the Snow God. It began to snow Friday night and didn't stop. Accumulation totals varied, but the average seemed to be a total of more than 15". The bus ride, in usual Fall Line tradition, was a blast. Thanks to Fred, Elaine, Mario & Marie for providing the smorgasbord of Jell-O shots for everyone. And as much as Craig tried to encourage Jerry to arrive at his designated arrival time it didn't work. Cheers to Paul for winning the arrival pool.

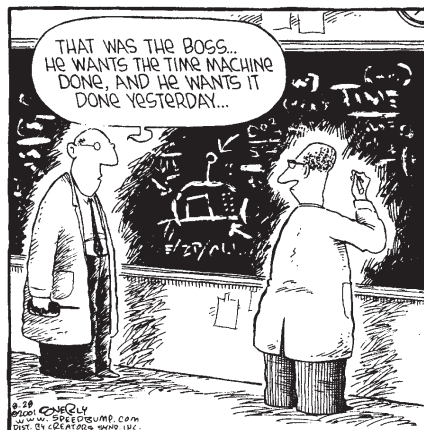
Saturday was our first day out. Everyone was really excited to ski as the snow really hyped us. Unfortunately, Whiteface issued the club 3-day passes instead of 3 or 4 day passes, but was very cooperative in working with us to get that much needed day off to explore other activities and ski New Year's Day when everyone one else was in bed! It wasn't a bad first day of skiing we just had to figure out where the ice patches were. As we regrouped for the Fall Line bus back into town, there in the front seat sits Siobhan complete with knee brace and crutches. As the story goes, she claims she fell and twisted her knee, rumor has it that the instructor was sooo cute, her knees went weak and down she went. We

may never know the truth! Casualty #1

Upon return everyone headed their own way, either to dinner or down to the outdoor (did I say outdoor?) skating oval for the Olympic torch festivities and eventual arrival of the torch. I managed to convince JT and Anna Mae that we had to go ... it was way too cool to miss such an opportunity. Somewhere along the line, they both thought I told them the festivities were inside. We braved the cold, and yes it was cold, waiting for the arrival of the Olympic torch. The arrival of the torch was as cool and as exciting as I thought it would be. Shortly thereafter we departed in search of warmth and food. Later Saturday night in Ramada's bar we heard stories of others watching the torch pass by from within the warmth of various restaurants. There were others who braved the cold as we did. During this impromptu gathering the story of Stan's stardom and Tom's fall came to light. Kudos to Stan for eating the 46 oz. steak in under 46 minutes at Adirondack Seafood and Steak. With a time of 20 minutes, it wasn't their best but was one of the top times. His prize, a tee shirt and the steak were free. If you're ever in Lake Placid stop by and look for his picture on the wall. About Tom's fall (he was casualty #2), though he banged his shoulder pretty good he also lost a ski. Many volunteers including the ski patrol searched but never found it. It was first thought the alligator from Lake Placid took the ski, but someone remembered the movie was about Lake Placid, Florida not New York.

SPEED BUMP

Dave Coverly



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Ted's Topics

It's already February and ski season is well underway. Our family had the opportunity over the New Year's holiday to vacation in Lake Placid, while Fall Line was there. What a wonderful time we had. It started snowing upon arrival Friday night and never stopped until Tuesday when we left. I believe Lake Placid received about 14 inches of fresh powder. Skiing with our boys who are ages 14 & 17 puts a different perspective on things. Safety comes first. Two ski seasons ago, we decided that they should have helmets. I purchased one for myself as well. This seems to be a growing trend with both skiers and snowboarders.

The US Consumer Products Safety Commission in a recent study concluded that helmets used by skiers/snowboarders could prevent or reduce the severity of 44% of head injuries to adults and 53% for kids. Helmets are already used to prevent serious head injuries in a wide variety of sports and activities including bicycling, rollerblading and motorcycling. Overall in the past couple of years skiing related injuries have decreased, due to improvements on ski equipment such as redesigned bindings. But the number of head injuries has stayed nearly unchanged. This is in part due to increased head injuries associated with snowboarding.

We all could take a few lessons from the professionals in the sport who always wear helmets. The problem is that most adult skiers never wore helmets when they were kids and for some it's hard to change now. But helmets are selling more and more each year. You may argue that wearing a helmet just goes to show how dangerous skiing really is. I beg to differ and I'll give you a few stats to prove it. Below is a chart based on 1996-98 annual figures:

<u>Sport</u>	<u># of Fatalities</u>	<u># of Participants</u>
Skiing/Snowboarding	39	10.4 million
Scuba Diving	85	2.4 million
Swimming	1,500	58.2 million
Boating	821	12.3 million
Bicycling	700	43.5 million

The bottom line here folks is seriously consider purchasing a helmet. There is even a website to provide you with all the information you'll need. It is creatively called SkiHelmets.com! Also check out SkiSafety.com. The Consumer Products Safety Commissions has a web site too (who doesn't these days?), it's www.cpsc.gov. My goal is to have all the members of Fall Line skiing well into the future. My quote for the day is "Cap it and enjoy the ride." PS. Helmets keep your head warm.

Officers and Board Members

Officers:

President
 Ted Sommers 609-561-5623

President-Elect
 Jim Morris 856-795-2446

President-Ex Officio
 Janice Lynch 856-858-6411

Treasurer
 Lou Cullen 856-829-6494

Treasurer-Elect
 Steve Beach 856-627-8565

Secretary
 Patty Shearer 856-778-4657

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Nona Luce 856-778-1942

Siobhan Michaud 609-894-4572

Dave Orr 856-667-3352

Kathy Walgate 215-638-1929

Kim Trojak 856-797-8470

Member Information

Fall Line Ski Club membership begins May 1 and ends April 30. Membership applications for renewals and new membership are accepted any time in the year. The membership fee is \$20 until September 7 and \$25 afterwards.

Members have the privilege of attending all Fall Line Ski Club activities during the summer season as well as next ski season. Membership applications may be obtained at any General Meeting, on the penultimate page of most newsletters, at the web site at www.FallLine.org or through the mail by contacting:

Robyn Taddei
 9109 Verree Road
 Philadelphia, PA 19115-2801
 Phone: 215-969-4736
 E-mail: Membership@FallLine.org

The membership application should be completed in a legible manner to ensure the proper forwarding of all club correspondence. Any member not receiving the newsletter should stop at the membership table during a General Meeting.

Changes in address or phone numbers should be reported as soon as possible so that you may remain informed of all Fall Line events and activities.

About this Newsletter



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Lake Placid

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Last I heard someone saw a family of angry beavers riding down the mountain on it. We're sure that the ski is now part of their beaver dam in a nearby stream. Maybe that explains why the Ramada ran out of three, yes three different types of liquor that night.

Sunday our favorite bus driver, Jerry took 22 anxious members to the bobsled and high jump areas. After convincing the window person that the three people who were afraid to try the bobsled should qualify for the group discount rate we trucked up the path for the ultimate experience. This trip was not without excitement. It seems as though Mario was having a tough time getting a hold of Fred on the radio from the top of the run. Since Bill also had his radio with him he relayed to Diane who was at the bottom to look around. Diane took it a step further and went though the building calling out Fred, Fred, are you here Fred. She reported she couldn't find him and as Bill passed the word on to Mario he found out that Fred was actually at the mountain (Whiteface) 20 miles away. Fred did manage to catch up with us, just not in time to ride the bobsled. Next we moved on to the high jump where there was a junior competition in process. It was really neat seeing the kids jump - up close and personal. The view from the observation deck was spectacular. A few people walked across the street where they took the opportunity to try a mini dog sled ride. Upon return to the Ramada, everyone headed their own way. It seems that the two that had the most fun were Anna Mae and Jodie who provided entertainment for all of the bars on Main Street. I hear they spent the night looking for Mr. Bob Sled? They tried their best, but were unsuccessful in getting anyone to push them back to the Ramada in the bobsled parked outside of Zig Zag's.

On Monday we headed back to the slopes again for even more skiing. While Tom's ski was still nowhere to be found there was more snow! Bill had a bit of trouble keeping his quarters out of both his and Diane's food. First the fries, then the soup ... what's up with that? It was a bit colder, but who's complaining. We tried to ski the peak and the echo of Diane yelling "Get me off this mountain!" was heard all the way downtown. Needless to say we didn't try that run again.

New Year's Eve, the dinner and party were a lot of fun once we figured out what time dinner was actually going to be served and we found seats for everyone. Who ever said there wouldn't be confusion regarding details? Regardless, we enjoyed the hors d'oeuvres and free drink tickets while waiting. With dinner over it was time for the party. Donna managed to get back to the party in time for the New Year ... something about a short siesta after dinner. With the return of Donna we were still missing one member. It seems that Maria, while out shopping met a Lake Placid local and went midnight bowling. Who was that Fall Liner with the Adirondack lampshade on his head and the bow from the restaurant's door. Maybe that explains the crew drinking champagne out of a sock. Again, Anna Mae and Jodie enter-

tained our favorite bartender, Shane, until he begged them to stop saying his face hurt from laughing and crying. I can't even imagine what they were telling him. Boy can Fall Liners have fun!!!

New Year's Day ... our last day before returning to the real world. Some skied, Diane and Bill enjoyed the Waterfall walk, Anna Mae and Bob walked around Mirror Lake and still others just recovered from the night before. Bill Q. and Rich insisted on trying the Peak run again ... what were they thinking. Where is that popsicle lift again? See what happens when the ladies leave the guys. Once again, Anna Mae and Jodie were in the spot light managing to confuse some poor person who thought he was at the mid-mountain lodge and couldn't figure out how they got up there in street clothes. He finally figured out he was at the base lodge. The third, yes third, casualty involved John who was off skiing with JT. Seems he wanted some attention and needed to outdo Siobhan and Tom's injuries. Even with the stop at the hospital to pick up John with his brand new stitches we were on the road by 4:30.

The early part of the bus ride home was reminiscing about the weekend and the stories provided even more entertainment. Somewhere along the line Laurie managed to bake her lift ticket and Diane/Bill and others still couldn't figure out the mystery school bus that took them back to the Ramada after a day of skiing. They thought it was the shuttle service as the driver agreed to give them a ride. It wasn't until they looked for the same bus another day that they finally figured out it wasn't part of the shuttle service. Jimmy's 21 was the place to eat with some enjoying 2 dinners and lunch there.

With our safe arrival in Cherry Hill in record time it was back to the real world and for most back to work the next day. Thanks to everyone for a fantastic trip. Wishes for a speedy recovery for our injured folks, Siobhan, Tom and John.

Did Somebody Say Meetings?

General Meetings are held the first and third Tuesday of each month at the Garden Room of The Day's Inn, Route 73 and Fellowship Road, Mt. Laurel, NJ. Meetings are from 8:00 until 10:30 PM for trip sign-ups, announcements, information and socializing. Please bring a friend, for newcomers are always welcome.

Board Meetings are held the second and fourth Tuesday each month. Members are welcome to attend. Meeting locations rotate amongst board members' houses, so ask any board member for the next meeting location.

Winter Trip Committee Meetings are conducted by Nona Luce, board member and Winter Trip Chairman, and occur monthly. Please call Nona (856-778-1942) if you are interested in attending or participating.

Summer Trip Committee Meetings are conducted by Patty Shearer, board member and Summer Trip Chairman, and occur monthly. Please call Patty (856-778-4657) if you are interested in attending or participating.

Key Largo Scuba Dive Trip

By *Patty Shearer*

Have you ever dreamed of swimming with manatees, dolphins, or little guppies? Have you ever dreamed of exploring long lost galleons once filled with gold doubloons and pieces of eight? Have you ever wondered what the world would look like from the eyes of a fish?

The first step is to get certified. We have arranged for classes with Aqua Tech in Maple Shade to teach new divers the classroom and confined water skills they will need prior to going to Key Largo.

Next, the students and certified divers will travel to Key Largo Florida, the "Dive Capital of the World," May 17 – 21, 2002. We have all the information needed locally so that you too can explore the wonders of the underwater world.

The moment you leave mainland Florida and venture into Key Largo, you'll want to kick off your shoes, slip into your swimsuit, and take a plunge. America's

most dazzling sub-sea sites are awaiting your arrival. Nowhere on earth has more friendly fish than Key Largo, creating an absolute paradise for underwater photographers. For advanced certified divers, the wrecks of the USCGC Duane (50 to 125 feet) and the Bibb (85 to 130 feet) lie off of Key Largo in the Florida Keys National Marine Sanctuary. These twin 327-foot US Coast Guard cutters were sunk intentionally as dive attractions in 1987 and now are virtually cloaked in colorful coral and gorgonian. Nitrox is available for those divers nitrox certified. New divers will enjoy the shallow reefs off of Key Largo in the Marine Sanctuary.

We will be staying at the Marina Del Mar Resort in Key Largo, which is a first class resort with a 37-skip marina that leads to the Atlantic Ocean, John Pennekamp Coral Reef Park and the Florida Keys National Marine Sanctuary. Each of

the beautiful, waterfront rooms feature amenities that are sure to please and make for a pleasant and enjoyable stay. The hotel is minutes to fine dining, shopping and entertainment.

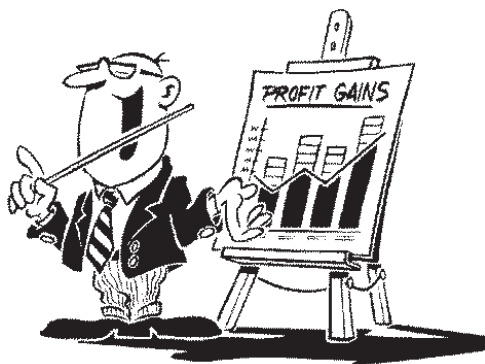
We will be utilizing Ocean Divers, who are the world's most complete dive training center, for all dives. Ocean Divers operates two dive boats, so students and experienced divers can each enjoy the Marine Sanctuary.

Please contact John Moffatt for additional detailed information at work (609) 841-1525 or at home (856) 427-0994. **You must submit a deposit by February 28 to ensure your spot on this amazing adventure! You definitely won't want to miss out!!**

Club Financial Report for the Fiscal Year Ending April 30, 2001

By *Bob Herrman*

The data below is an extract from the financial statements. It is published in accordance with the provisions of the club by-laws and for information for the club members. The report represents fairly the financial position of the club and the results of its operation for the fiscal year ending 4-30-2001. The accounting system and the tax return filed are on the cash basis of reporting.



RESULTS OF OPERATIONS FOR THE FYE 4/30/2001:

Total Programs Revenue	584,473
Membership Revenue	13,200
Interest Earned	3,048
Total Revenue	600,721
Less Programs, Management & General Expenses	584,477
Net Gain for the period	16,244

FUND BALANCE-NET WORTH as of 4/30/2001:

Cash in Bank - Checking Account	3,886
Savings Account	53,996
Total Current Assets	57,882
Other Assets - Prepaid Deposits for Trips	8,555

TOTAL ASSETS -NET WORTH 66,437

Additional information about the financial report can be obtained by contacting the club Treasurer during a general membership meeting.

Mount Tremblant Ten: The Phantom Dennis

By John Kennedy

Before I begin, I would just like to say to my roommates who “shamed” me into buying a new ski bag, I did not sell my old one. I plan on donating it at the next Snoball, duct tape and all. (Note to Russ Consentino: all underwear was present and accounted for upon return.)

Now, on to the trip. Fall Line’s 10th anniversary trip was a succession of firsts: 15 medal winners, 9 golds, 5 first timers, one second timer whose first time occurred when Fall Line was new (so Ray Pisano, has it changed much?). It also ended a seemingly annual string of delays due to ice storms, snow storms, redirected flights, and lost luggage. We also added some words to the Fall Line lexicon: CBIT, fluffer, and navel pitch (this has nothing to do with periscopes).

The trip up went smoothly, both the flight to Montreal and the ride to Tremblant. We stopped for some groceries and I grew concerned when I saw Harry and Sandy Gould bringing out 6 bags. I could have sworn I told them meals were included on this trip. Then they told me it was all healthy food: fruits and cereals, etc. (So, Harry, how come you were sick on Friday? Rumor has it you recovered nicely by Saturday morning- right after Sandy finished packing.)

Veteran Mark Goodman began teaching rookie Jim Fallon the fine art of fealty, i.e., the proper way to carry Ginnie Schoultz’s skis and complement her on her wardrobe. (It is my personal recommendation that the Best Dressed Award at the Spring Fling be renamed the “Ginnie” in honor of the lady who wrote the book on alpine accessorizing.) Mark did such a good job that he has been promoted to bedroom status (he is permitted to turn down the covers and put mints on the pillow. Brian Carter: take note. Jim is the new CBIT (Cabin-Boy-In-Training).

The ski week itself was another winner. Fantastic food, parties galore, first-rate instruction, temperatures in the 30’s(???). Wait a minute; where’s the minus sign? Where’s the frostbite report? Where are the horror stories about the ubiquitous Sibe-

rian Express winds? Not this week. We actually saw bare skin- yeah, on the slopes too. It wasn’t even cold enough to play Broom Ball on the not-so-frozen lake. Of course, warm air on a cold mountain has its drawbacks, namely FOG. Two days of whiteout conditions gives you a whole new interpretation of shadows on the mountain: if they move, they’re people; if they don’t move, they’re trees. Avoid both.

First day: check-in, wander around if you’re a first-timer (Hey, Estelle Strully and Marianne Gaudelli, seen any good Mounties lately? No. Maybe later in the week.), dinner at Mexicali Rosa’s, fajitas, Sangrias, catch the Eagles game at Le P’tit Caribou and scope out the raised dance floor (a.k.a., the bar). Fall Line ski week vs. fall down drunk week: it was College-fest 2002 (I thought they went south with the other birdbrains.) Raging hormones, flowing beer, frenetic dancing (those kids had nothing on us!) Only problem: the bars were jammed. Solution: get there early, drink, dance, and head for La Forge later.

Day 2: dinner on our own including pizza, sushi (picture a Japanese maitre d’ speaking French), brilliant sunshine (what a great week this is gonna be! Yeah right.), opening day of ski classes: (use your knees, ankles, feet, hips, navels(???). Quoting from our instructor, Daniel: “The experienced skier always knows he or she is properly aligned if the belly button is angled toward the tip of the skis. That is how you control your erect(ness).” The problem is, many people have “innies”, which point backwards. The solution? Point with another item in the same general vicinity. No, not that, your belt buckle. (Your minds are in the gutter.)

Day 3: party at Steve and Pumpkin’s (don’t ask!), dinner at Casey’s, fire alarms, discussions about fluffers, thigh highs, and thongs (they are related), and mixing it up at the Octobar. (For those of you who have never been to Tremblant, these discussions and incidents happen all the time. (Honest!!) Steve “Hook ‘Em Horns” Stier and Joy “Pumpkin” Faber had driven up a day before we arrived and perhaps over-

estimated their apres-ski needs by “just a tad”. So they had a party and invited the rest of the group, their ski class, the folks in the hot tub and the Board of Directors at Intrawest. And they still had a ton left over. We might have finished it if not for the fire alarm which we thought was due to the heat everyone was generating. But, as it turned out, it was just those wild and crazy college kids demonstrating their definition of a prank- no one was amused. Dinner at Casey’s was typically slow so the conversation naturally turned to underwear:

thigh highs and thongs to be exact. You might think these are inappropriate ski attire, but I have been assured that both have excellent wicking abilities. (Or was that, tickling abilities?) Day 3 ended at the Octobar where many people admired the vertical bar dancers and the horizontal floor dancers. Things got nasty when too many of the bar dancers fell on the floor dancers, causing security to turn them into “out-the-door” dancers.

Day 4: race tune-up, Anniversary Party, trivia contest, Fog Day I. Dennis Devers receives award for largest breakfast ever served. Wednesday was the day to tune up for the big race. It took several runs just to find the finish line as an icy fog made goggles useless and you felt your way from gate to gate. It was an interesting course as the turn around the last gate put you directly in line with an immovable timing device. Joy said it was too dangerous. Our instructor asked her if the fog was making her go blind to which she replied, “No, my hair has always been this color.”

Caution was the order of the day as the upper two-thirds of the mountain looked like something out of the Twilight Zone. If you were in Ginnie’s class, you followed her neon green jacket. Otherwise just bounce off the trees like a human pinball. We followed a great dinner that night at Grappe a Vin with a trivia contest that covered nine years of Tremblant excursions that included many names from the past. Highest point totals got first crack at the prizes

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Mt. Tremblant

Continued from Page 5

which included an all-expenses-paid vacation at Tremblant, a 30-minute shopping spree at Helly Hanson, body shots with the male or female ski instructor of your choice, and a free aerials lesson from Johnny “Big Air” Mosely. (Okay, the prizes were more on the order of hats, t-shirts, coffee mugs, and ski locks. But the competition was no less fierce. Thank you Tremblant and the Extreme Ski Shop in Medford for donating the prizes.) Top finishers in the new-to-the-mountain category were Sandy Gould, Sharon Suchodolski, Jim Fallon, Marianne Gaudelli, and Estelle Strully. Tops among our veterans were Russ Consentino, Harry Gould, Dennis Halterman, Dennis Devers, and Loretta “Sparkles” Meier. Special recognition went to Ginnie who came dressed to thrill in her black diamond top and sporting a splendid diamond tiara. Also to Loretta, Marianne, and Estelle who proved that all that glitters doesn’t have to be diamond in order to shine. Honorable mention to Ray Pisano and Charlie Hall who at least had diamond-shaped designs on their ski sweaters. Also, thank you to the lady (no names) who presented concrete evidence about the wicking ability of thongs. (Funny, all I saw was a lot of salivating!)

It was during our celebration that the first sighting of the Phantom Dennis showed up. Someone masquerading as Dennis H. was seen drinking an alcoholic beverage that not only did not have a head on it, it wasn’t even the right color! The mystery deepened as our favorite CPA morphed into an Esq. when a very articulate, but no less trashed, lad from Yale sought legal advice regarding a recent ejection from a bar. In a straight face that had everyone convinced that he knew what he was talking about, he counseled the misguided youth on the disadvantages of growing up fat, drunk, and stupid and he should really seek the advice of a trained professional like Miss Cleo. Russ immediately put Dennis on retainer.

Day 5: Race day, medals day, Fog Day II. Pumping hearts, sweaty palms, rapid breathing, squinting eyes, and churning legs can only mean one thing: beat the rush for breakfast at Creperie Catherine.

(Dennis D. politely saved some for us.) We were content with a single crepe which is about the size of a Domino’s pizza.

The race was an adventure as the fog was even thicker than Wednesday. Joy “Pumpkin” Faber (I still can’t figure out that nickname) was the first casualty of an icy depression just in front of a gate that sent her sprawling. Upon reaching the finish line, the instructor asked, “Did the ice make you fall?” She replied, “No, my hair has always been this color.” Brian Carter, Russ, Dennis D., Harry and myself pushed off through the fog and prayed ourselves to gold medals. Other golds went to Randel “Smooth” Jones, Sandy Gould, Steve Stier, and Dennis “Tenth Time’s The Charm” Halterman.. Silvers went to Mark Goodman, Ray Pisano, Charlie Hall, and Marianne Gaudelli, while Loretta Meier and Jim Fallon picked up bronzes. Matt Suchodolski would have picked up a medal but they wouldn’t let him race through the course on his snow board. (Hmmm. Maybe next year.) Special recognition goes to Estelle Strully who received an award for her persistence in learning. It was her first time EVER on skis and to start on something as intimidating as Tremblant deserves recognition.

After the awards, it was back to the Octobar where we danced as fast as we could before the college kids arrived. Little did we know that we could act like them as well. Was that Loretta dancing on the bar? I hooked up with an Xena-look-alike named Louise Ann who insisted on a quick ballroom dance lesson. I said, “Ask the DJ to play something slow.” She requested “As Time Goes By”. Nice choice, but Jimmy Durante?? No matter. I had my arms around her and we danced cheek-to-chest as she cooed into my ear, “Oooo, I love the way you control me.” Just as my ego was about to take flight, she said, “I think you should meet my mother.” Slam, Dunk!!! (Dennis H., will you talk to that girl! And what’s with the baseball hat worn backwards. Hmmm, must be the Phantom Dennis.)

Day 6: Skiing on our own, snowmobiling builds thigh muscles, dinner at aux Truffes, a new record at La Forge. Lessons over, we headed out on our own to trails unseen in the classes. Unfortunately, they were unseen because they were closed. I tried to talk everyone into skiing Dynamite just once, Tremblant’s only “No spill zone”.

Alas, alack, it was closed. So was most of Le Edge, except for a few of the tree runs. The snow was soft after a 5-inch snowfall on Friday and the skies actually cleared. We skied on Fuddle Duddle, but avoided the Sissy Schuss (Nina, Windigo was closed.) Some went snowmobiling at Gray Rocks as much leg-wrapping took place. The guides say it builds up thigh muscles. (Ahh, that must be where thigh highs are used.) Russ gave Loretta the ride of her life. Dennis H. skied a half-day then spent the next 7 hours lifting cold ones at La Forge. He took a break for dinner at aux Truffes while Brian invited two lovelies whom he met at the bar. Part 2 of that saga will take place at Whistler when our trip and theirs overlap. After dinner, we returned to La Forge to listen to The Ramblers. A pretty good blues band, especially when our bartender started dancing along. She had an interesting tattoo on her lower back, which turned out to be her eyes. (Gives a whole new meaning to “hindsight.”)

Day 7: shopping, let’s get mounted, E-A-G-L-E-S, departure. Last day, let’s spend as much money as we can. The exchange rate is about 99 percent so there were bargains galore. I bought the bag, others bought shirts and hats, Randel bought skies. He is so taken with this place that he is thinking of becoming French and running a trip: ladies only please. Estelle and Marianne saw their first mountie up close and personal, decked out in full regalia. Mark recorded the Kodak moment with the caption “Estelle and Marianne Get Mounted.”

At 3:00 PM, it was departure time as our driver Sylvain “I Love Dale Earnhardt” LeClerc re-defined the term “tailgating”, and I don’t mean party in the Vet parking lot. Once at the airport, most people spent their time cheering the Iggles in, where else, Cheers. Note to Brian, sudden loud outbursts in airports are frowned upon by security. We tore ourselves away at halftime for the nearly empty flight home where our pilot gave us scores along the way.

Tremblant Ten was history. Thank you to everyone who helped make this trip a great one, especially Nona Luce for the administrative work, the party animals who signed on (particularly Joy and Steve for throwing a great party), and Dennis Halterman (the real one) who has been Tremblant’s main cheerleader (and signee) for all ten trips. Live well, don’t worry, be happy, contemplate your navels. Au revoir.

Y'all Ready to Ski, Eh!

By *Jim Morris*

Going on a Fam trip is a pleasure and an opportunity, as well as an obligation to explore the slopes, accommodations and restaurants for a possible future club trip. I had the good fortune to visit Panorama, Kimberley and Fernie in British Columbia as a guest of Sportours. We had a large group of 38 ski club officers including about 14 members from various clubs from the Texas Ski Council. Every year they book a trip for 300 to 400 members so we became known as the Texas Group.

My first new friends were David and Erika. We left together from Philadelphia. There was a mistake on our tickets but Erika caught it before we left and had it corrected. Thanks to Erika we may have lost 2 extra days in Fernie that we weren't entitled to have, but that didn't stop David and me from threatening to leave her behind at the airport. But we soon discovered she was too nice, so we decided to overcome our disappointment and stay with her.

We skied on Saturday at Panorama, Sunday at Kimberley and Monday at Fernie. Kimberley was in the middle with the other two areas about 1 ½ hours away. Until we got to Fernie our longest lift line was 8 people but then it got more crowded. We had a long wait at Fernie behind about 15 people. Our skiing, with mountain guides, was a few hours less than normal each day so we could fit in the elaborate lunches, site tours and happy hours with barely enough time to shower before going to dinner.

Panorama and Kimberley had a lot of good intermediate skiing as well as some challenging runs. At Kimberley there was some very aggressive tree skiing as well as some good mogul runs. For all you tree skiers, as a warning or a joke, we found a dummy dressed in ski clothes, boots and skis about 20 feet up, wrapped around a tree. Fernie was the most challenging of the three.

Both Kimberley and Fernie had towns, with restaurants and bars that were a short ride from the mountains. They were definitely worth a visit. Kimberley is an old mining town. Although the mines have been closed, the sons and daughters of the miners who built the original ski area have now become tour guides. It has become a Bavarian town where we had dinner in a 350 year-old barn restaurant transplanted from Germany. It's the oldest building in Western Canada.

They all had good accommodations but I liked the hotel at the base of the mountain at Kimberley the best. It also had a very good restaurant and perhaps the best bar where everyone could easily gather. The lifts were right out the back door. Fernie had some excellent slopeside accommodations as well so it might be a tough decision if we decided to return. Fall Line skied Big Mountain and Fernie several years ago as a split trip. We could do the same with Kimberley and Fernie or stay at Kimberley with options to ski the other two areas with 1½-hour bus trips if the winter trip committee wanted to

consider returning to the area.

Ok, let's get back to the fun, Eh! Since we were the "Texas Group" our Kimberley happy hour came with a very pretty hostess. She was wearing a Texas hat and a belt and holster with a bottle of Tequila in the holster. Would y'all like a tequila, Eh! How could we refuse? Finally we had to drag ourselves away after a few more shots of tequila than we needed.

Our Sportours escorts were Andi, the owner, and Jim and Sandy, the two sales managers and Wendy. Andi and Jim were always there to make sure our entire trip was very enjoyable. They were terrific. I can't tell you much about Sandy except that he's not a girl, because I'm unable to remember anything he did or said that would be printable; memorable yes, but printable no. Yet without Sandy the trip would not have been the same. Finally, there was Wendy. Wendy was a certifiable 10. She was as nice and friendly, as she was beautiful.

At the end of the trip we were required to fill out a questionnaire. One of the questions was, "what did you like best about the trip". I thought about answering that it was the skiing, the food or visiting the Bavarian town of Kimberley or perhaps everything I learned for a possible future club trip. But I finally decided that what I really liked best was Wendy's hugs.

Summer Trip Committee For Sale, Etc.

By *Patty Shearer*

Are you interested in getting more involved in the Fall Line Ski Club? How about joining the Summer Trip Committee and helping us make the Summer of 2002 the best summer yet! Last year we tried to add some new events and will be doing the same thing this year so your input is welcome. Our next Committee

meeting is scheduled for Wednesday, February 27, 2002 at 7:30 pm. For more information on attending this meeting or to learn more about the Summer Trip Committee, please contact: Patty Shearer @ 856-778-4657 (home) or 215-409-7967 (work).

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