

The Liftline

Newsletter of the Champaign Ski Club

Vol. 34 No. 8 February 2005

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- 17 Copper trip leaves
- 19 House Party at Reifsteck's

March

- 4 First Friday Happy Hour
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- 20 Big White trip leaves

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What's new

Our club ski season has gotten off to a great start with two terrific trips, the New Year's trip and the Instructional Clinics trip. Everything ran smoothly and people had a wonderful time.

Scott Dahman pointed out that more people from the tiny hamlet of St. Joseph may well have visited Marquette, Michigan, during the New Year's trip than at any other time. Including himself, representing St. Joe were Phil and Linda Johnson, the Jannusch family, and Kelley Morris's family. He also said, "The New Year's ball drop in downtown Marquette was quite festive, except our trip leader was asleep by 10 pm."

Cindy Lohr reported that she "fell in love with skiing" during the Instructional Clinics trip. "I had two wonderful teachers who taught me so many things. I am so happy that I gave it another chance." Cindy went on the same trip several years ago.

Trip reports are inside. We are happy to report that our remaining trips are full, and many waiting list people are getting to go on their desired trips due to last minute changes.

Somer Lyons, who lives near Reno, Nevada, sent in a report on what the situation is like with all the snow they've received recently. Somer is winter trip coordinator Phil Johnson's daughter. She and husband Dan are both optometrists, as well as club members.

The CSC Race Team finished their third CMSC race weekend, a successful venture to Wilmot. Four more to go.

This month's featured skier is Champaign's Jules Elkins, who talks about what it was like to attend high school at Vermont's prestigious Green Mountain Valley School, one of the country's top ski academies.

Those of you not on the Copper trip: Party at the Reifsteck's—see you there! ♦♦



Instructional Clinics were held at Shanty Creek, Michigan

Postcard from the storm front



The view from the Lyons's house near Reno, Nevada

Well, we had a pretty big storm here the day after Thanksgiving, about a foot worth of snow in the valley and some great powder in the mountains. All of the locals assured me and Dan that it was the most snow anyone had seen around here in 30 years.

Then, New Year's Eve it snowed again. I think it has finally quit—today. I think the locals belong to that same club of people in Lake Havasu City, Arizona, who claim that their weather is “not that hot, really.”

Anyway, there have been some everyday changes due to the storms. After learning

that our Subaru, although tough, is not quite tough enough to bulldoze its way out of several feet of snow, Dan and I have become quite good at digging out the car. We've also invested in a snow shovel . . . well, actually a grain shovel, because there are no snow shovels or ice melt to be found in these parts. I have to park the other car, which is not all-wheel drive, down the hill.

Our trash day is Friday, and since Christmas Eve was a holiday for waste management, we have been collecting trash for almost a month now. Living on the dead end of a dirt road does not make us a high priority for snow plows, and the garbage trucks can't make it down our road. Other than that, things have been pretty normal.

We have been able to get out most days. I did get to enjoy some fabulous snow at Mt. Rose before the road leading to it was closed for avalanche control, which really annoyed those calling in sick for work with a serious case of “powder fever.” Now I believe all of the roads are open, and rumor has it that schools may actually begin having full days again.

Today, with the sun shining and reflecting off of the snow covered mountains, the view is stunning. Hmmm . . . I think I may have early symptoms of powder fever myself.



—Somers Lyons
January 12, 2005

The storm, which National Weather Service meteorologist Tom Cylke called the largest in the Reno-Tahoe area since 1916, deposited 19 feet of snow at the highest elevations around the lake and 6 feet in the foothills above Reno, which is in a valley.

—*San Jose Mercury News*
January 13, 2005

But the 19 to 20 feet of new snow, an early season opening and very strong, consistent numbers of visitors, among other economic indicators, are leading industry executives to believe this season will equal or better the record 7.5 million visitors at California's 32 ski resorts in 2002-2003 — weather permitting.

—*San Francisco Chronicle*
January 13, 2005

Winter trips

Remaining trips are full

Contact trip leaders for any last minute changes.

Granite Peak, Wisconsin

February 4–6, Friday–Sunday



- 2 days lift tickets, 2 nights lodging with continental breakfast
- Rooms are a set price, and some of them are quite large, so a larger family or group can fit in the same room
- Family-oriented trip, with special prices for children
- Transportation by bus

Cost: Double \$244, triple \$207, quad \$189 | Deposit \$50
Trip leader Chris Haydel, skigranitepeaks@hotmail.com, 398.5114



“The Morning Show”

on WCIA has a little spot called *Postcard* in which viewers send digital pictures of themselves having fun on vacation. Simply attach a digital picture to an email and send it to themorningshow@wcia.com. You can include a caption in the body of the message. So if you snap a cool picture while skiing with the club, send it their way and let us know about it. It’s a good way to promote both the club and the resort. Those of us at home can tune in and hopefully catch the segment. “The Morning Show” is broadcast weekdays from 5 to 8 am on Channel 3.

Copper Mountain, Colorado

February 17–21, Thursday–Monday



- Beeline Pass: 3 days special lift tickets (no waiting in lift lines), 4 nights lodging
- Does not include transportation to and from Indianapolis, where we’ll be flying from

Cost: \$689 | Deposit \$200
Trip leader Mike Henry, mndhenry@yahoo.com, 586.1773

Big White, British Columbia, Canada

March 20–27, Sunday–Sunday



- 5 days lift ticket, 7 nights lodging
- Transportation, including to and from Chicago by bus

Cost \$1,097 | Deposit \$200
Trip leader: Mike Sargent, msargent@isgs.uiuc.edu, 367.5925

Welcome new members

The following people have joined the Champaign Ski Club, which now weighs in at 327 members.

Bob Young, Danville
Jim Smith, Urbana
Carl Reisman, Urbana
Dick Harris, Urbana
Doug Elliot, Loda

Jules Elkins recalls ski academy life



JULES ELKINS IS TRULY A GLOBAL WOMAN. If you ask her where she is from, she can't answer. At age 35, she has lived and traveled all over the world throughout her entire life as a child, ski racer, tourist, and academic. She started skiing in Minneapolis when she was three. When she couldn't get up the rope tow, she simply played in a nearby snow bank. But her first sport turned out to be tennis.

Living in Wisconsin as a teenager, she saw attending a tennis academy as a way out of her provincial, small town existence. When a rotator cuff injury sidelined her budding tennis career, she returned to ski racing. After a remarkable race season, she applied to the top ski academies, attended some of their summer training camps in the Pacific Northwest, and after visiting, chose Green Mountain Valley School in Vermont.

The ski academies are very competitive. No one who attends there is an unknown. Your race ranking has to be high and you have to pass an on-snow interview. At the time Elkins attended, in the mid-1980s, there were about 50 boys and only a dozen girls in the school. "Going to a ski academy allows you to pursue something single-mindedly, with a healthy level and approach to competition. You learn how to cope under pressure. You develop a love for the physical and healthy aspect of your life."

Without hesitation, Elkins described her years at GMVS as "fabulous, absolutely awesome." She believes that often times, in the normal high school experience "you really don't learn anything useful during high school but bad social values and twisted teen views of the world. But attending a ski academy tends to subjugate the normal teenage concerns about what to wear, who was popular, and so forth."

The ski academies have changed considerably from when Elkins attended, when academics took a backseat to skiing. "I never took an English or history class," she recalled. Because she was traveling so much, sometimes as much as six months during the school year, she thinks she took calculus, but wasn't completely positive.

What did Elkins and her classmates have in common? "We were intrepid, thrill-seeking adrenaline junkies." She was elated to finally be in the company of other female athletes in a sports environment. She debunked the common notion that girls who compete with each other can't be friends. "I've never had a problem with women in any sport," she said. "It's uniformly a great sisterhood."

Each day began with an often puke-inducing, 6 am run, and there was a lot of dryland training when not on the ski hill. Many skiers took up bicycle racing or soccer during the off-season. But skiing is not a high school sport at the academies in the sense that the school supports its own team. Everyone competes as individuals on the international race circuit. They become students of the world, skiing all over North and South America and Europe.

Green Mountain Valley

School is one of a handful of full-time ski academies in the country, which educates and trains promising skiers and snowboarders for professional careers. GMVS alumni include Daron Rahlves, AJ Kitt, Doug Lewis, Katie Monahan, Jeremy Nobis, Shannon Nobis, and Jesse Marshall.

A typical day at GMVS

7 am	Wake up, breakfast
7:40	Academic class
8:45	Load vans for 5 minute drive to Alpine or Nordic training
9	On snow, warm up runs
9:30	Course inspection, training
10:15	Video review, water/snack break
10:30	Reinspect course, training
11:30	Free skiing/directed skiing
12:30 pm	Return to campus
1	Lunch
1:30	Academic classes
6	Dinner
6:45	Campus all quiet, study, relax, call mom, tune skis
9:30	In dorms
10	In bed, lights out

Most skiers have been groomed for professional ski racing since they were five years old, and Elkins pointed out there has never been a World Cup racer that started skiing after age six. Starting early is essential, she explained. "When you start to fall or slide, you resort to using two feet. As a skier, that is the worst thing you can do. You need to be on one foot, on one edge. This has to be an instinctual response to being off balance."

"A ski academy is a sink or swim kind of place," she noted. "It's ferociously competitive. If you're a gifted athlete and you can handle that kind of pressure, you'll make it." Indeed, graduates of GMVS who have managed to swim tend to be successful in life, with good jobs and families, whether they continue skiing competitively or not. Not everyone aspires to be on the U.S. Ski Team, according to Elkins, but everyone wants to do their best and see how far they can go. Most carry their love of being physical in the outdoors the rest of their lives, and some continue this to a very high degree. Elkins usually recognizes faces of people she knows every time she opens up a ski magazine or a Patagonia catalog.

Elkins graduated in 1987 and spent the next two years being a full-time ski racer. She decided to head for college when sidelined by yet another injury to her knee. She fractured her knee cap running over a drill left on a race course by an errant coach, from then on known as Jill Drill. She went to Middlebury College, in Vermont. Unlike with most sports, college skiing is not a stepping stone to higher echelons of the sport. "Everyone who skis in college is pretty much done," she said. She skied for Middlebury for two years until she discovered there were other things to pursue in college, like playing in a band and student government. Elkins graduated with a degree in chemistry and environmental studies and with no luck finding environmental work that pays, she took a position as a biotechnology analyst in investment banking. After two years in that "ghastly" profession, she packed it up and headed to Bangkok.

Altogether, Elkins spent almost four years in Southeast Asia—working at a dive shop in Malaysia, the forestry department in Nepal, a newspaper in Cambodia. This sparked an interest in international development that led her to Oxford University, where she got an MS in environmental and development economics and even played some basketball. After earning her PhD in economics from University of California at Berkeley, she began the life of an academic. She is now a visiting assistant professor in agricultural and consumer economics at University of Illinois, and she has returned to her first love: tennis. She still skis with friends out west, enjoying moguls and the backcountry, but "only when there's powder and only when the temperatures are above 20 degrees."

Elkins has lived in Champaign for the past two and a half years with her tennis-playing husband Zach, a political science professor, and their Australian shepherd Kodiak and cat Chuck. Now when you ask where she's from, she might say Champaign. ♦♦



Jules Elkins, age 13, at Mt. Snow



Still playing in snow banks

Trip report

Happy New Year!

Brule and Marquette Mountain, December 30–January 3

by Sheryl DeBarr, trip leader



In the beginning . . . How in the world did 87 people on two buses leave a half hour early? Lots of duct tape marked orange and blue and lots of great helpers.

In the end . . . How in the world did it take 87 people and two buses 11 hours to drive 9 hours? Lots of stops, icy roads, and fog. So much for a head start.

What's a blue bus? . . . The bus with the never-ending movies and hostess Linda Bauer, dubbed the "Sesame Street bus" by the orange bus.



What's an orange bus? . . . The bus without movies hosted by Sheryl and Joe DeBarr, dubbed the "elder bus" by the blue bus. Did the blue bus have fancy chocolates, homemade fudge, Jarlsberg cheese, or bathroom attendants? I don't think so.

Must have been the square pants . . . Tragedy struck as Sponge Bob Square Pants got stuck in the VCR. What's a blue bus to do?

Okay, so you think you're being funny? . . . The Sesame Street bus sent a video over to the orange bus with a box labeled "Remember the Titans." Suspecting a fraud, the orange bus agreed to play the movie anyway (against house rules) to see if Sponge Bob was defective. Much to our surprise (not) was a video of a burning fire in a fireplace. For 45 minutes the orange bus didn't make a sound. We were mesmerized or already asleep. The jury is still out on that one.

Speaking of fire . . . Scott Dahman had to turn around and face the back of the bus because his frontside was getting too warm from the fire video and his backside was getting cold.

Speaking of fire again . . . We had to replay part of the fireplace video for Mike Sargent because he couldn't understand the plot.

Paybacks . . . So at the next rest stop the orange bus sent all of their pop with caffeine (you Mountain Dew lovers know what I'm talking about) to the blue bus for the little video prank. Aren't paybacks great? Keep those kids wired.

In the future . . . If anyone is concerned at all about the future of racing in the Champaign Ski Club, fear no more! Mitch and Nick Esslinger and Dale Olson were screaming down the hill. Not literally



screaming, of course, but tearing it up. Not literally tearing it up, but you know what I mean.

Are you *sure* you want to marry her? . . . Soon to be newlyweds Patrick Crowhurst and Stacey Brooks joined in the fun of NASTAR. A nervous Patrick was at the starting gate ready to go, poised over the little white thingamabob waiting to race. I was at the bottom when an elated Patrick made it down the course without falling. He was so excited. I tried to coax him onto the lift to race again, but he wanted to watch his future bride race. Patrick's elation quickly dissolved when his beloved beat him. Get used to it buddy.



You're a star . . . At the "on the hill lunch party" at Marquette, a cameraman was waiting to talk to our group. All fingers pointed at yours truly when he asked who was in charge. He asked a few questions that I gladly answered. I thought he was there to take a group picture. When he started talking about sound bites and footage, I looked down and saw a big "6" after the word "channel" on his camera. All of a sudden I was a deer in the headlights. Enter the ever gracious Denny Coleman. With poise and presence Denny represented our club like a pro. We watched him on the nightly news. We're so proud. Hey Denny, what exactly did I promise you to do my job?



At the hut . . . Marquette had a lean-to, later known as "the hut," which was the source of much fun. Why? It provided us with a keg of beer each day. Enough said.

There's more to say about the hut . . . Each club member who entered the apres ski bar at Marquette was unknowingly evaluated by a table of other club members. I vaguely remember seeing the likes of Judy Haydel, Linda Johnson, Frances Huff, Linda Bauer, and Judy Nagy sitting there. Some of us were classified as having "been to the hut." I'm not sure what the criteria was for being a member of this group, but I proudly accepted my fate and played my Kleenex box like a guitar. Hey, Gayle did you order us a pitcher?



Who said you can't dance in ski boots? . . . Swing dancing was big fun to the great two-man band at Marquette. Hey, who put those bars stools in the way for us to trip over? It couldn't be that our feet are twice as big with ski boots on.

(TOP) SCOTT DAHMAN, (BOTTOM TWO) GREG CRAWFORD



Who's that on the cheese tray? . . . As the cheese tray tradition lives on, past queens of the cheese tray Joan Sargent and Lynn Crawford passed the title on to Renee Fruendt and me. They refused to show us how it was done, so Renee grabbed the cheese tray from the hut, and I took the chip bowl (also known as the butt bowl). We climbed up the hill, sat on our respective sleds and just sat. The idea was to slide, but obviously our cheese trays and butt bowls were defective, the snow was too deep, or the slope was not steep enough. There is no other possible explanation. Stay tuned next year for the next installment of the cheese tray tradition.



That's the best possible news! . . . Apres ski with great music, great friends, and great Bloody Mary's was coming to an end way too soon. We were saved by the fact that the orange bus door was frozen shut and couldn't come to pick us up. Linda asked for volunteers to stay and party while the blue bus took a load and came back for the rest of us later. I hate when that happens. Judy Haydel tried to leave the party with Randy but we wouldn't let her. Randy, you have chosen poorly.

Funnies after the hut . . . Jim Ayers complained for an hour, after the hut, that his goggles were fogging up. It's a good thing Gary Elvers was there to tell him his goggles were on upside down.



Funnies behind the hut . . . Keith Nagy really had to *go* after drinking his share of the keg at the hut. He didn't want to leave the party so he tried to sneak off behind the hut to *go*. The operative word here is *tried*. When you're busted you're gonna suffer, with your legs crossed.

Thanks for nothing Yoopers . . . The Ramada refused to lend the bus drivers (oh sorry—the motor coach operators) a ladder to enter the frozen bus through the roof. Guess we'll have to stay and play while we wait.



Where's the beef (cake) . . . Cannon balls into the hot tub. Hmmm. That was one small tub with a small "swim up bar" fountain in the middle that had magical powers. Mark, did your beefcake hit anything except water?

What she said, what she heard? . . . The famous Homestead Lodge at Brule treated us to a wonderful lunch. Jacquie Kennen was asking the girls behind the counter if they were from Jamaica. Jacquie immediately turned to Patrick with a concerned look and said no wonder they come here to work, Yemen is such a poor country. As the light bulb went on Jacquie realized her mistake, and it was laughter all around. Yea, mon.

Breakdancing . . . During a wild New Year's Eve night of dancing at the karaoke bar, Randy and Judy Haydel managed to break Judy's glasses. There were no witnesses. That's what happens when you stay up past your bedtime...

Speaking of bedtime and "they never learn" . . . Judy Haydel was feeling frisky when Randy ruined his chances by saying, "I want to see this golf shot first." Shot yourself right in the foot, didn't you?

Befuddled? . . . A demonstration of psychic powers was exhibited in the hot tub by Tanya Walker, Nancy Sutton, and Kathy Shoemaker. The crowd was befuddled and amazed at the fountains of supernatural powers. Hey Scott, is that your foot moving on the wall?

On the fence . . . Linda Johnson had a very successful NASTAR race. However, she forgot to put on the breaks at the end. The officials had to delay other racers, replace two gates, and reconstruct part of the fence that Linda was tangled up in. You go, girl.

They dropped the ball . . . Marquette is famous for their ball drop on New Year's Eve, reminiscent of Times Square, right Gary? Shoemakers, Walkers, Neill Wilkins, Gary Elvers, Scott Dahman, Nagys, Baron Costello, Deb Stein, Gwen Broeren, Doug Staske and others walked downtown in the freezing, cold, snowy night to watch the ball drop with a bunch of party goers from the local college. I saw it in my dreams.

Survival of the fittest . . . Apparently the polar conditions at the back of the blue bus on the way home did little to curb anyone's enthusiasm as riders ended the trip with "suspense" radio theatre. Is the person who brought that video permanently banned from the bus?

I was just trying to help . . . What do you get when you point out the flaws in Sheryl's itinerary? A Jello shot. What do you get when you're the first person in the bathroom? A Jello shot. New comer Carl Reisman took that honor. Thanks for playing.

In closing. . . It was a hoot! ♦♦



Trip report

Instructional Clinics

Shanty Creek, Michigan, January 7-9,

by Milt Forsberg, trip leader



We had an excellent weekend at Shanty Creek, Michigan, for the Instructional Clinics trip. With one cancellation late Thursday and a reinstatement of the same person Friday, we went with a full trip of 42 people. Our departure was 2 pm Friday from WildCountry. The roads were clear and dry all the way. With a couple of rest breaks for the driver, we arrived at Shanty Creek at 10 pm eastern time. That was only a 7 hour bus ride. We were housed in two areas of the resort, not far apart, and both were close to the skiing and food. The early arrival this year permitted us to attend the opening reception in the restaurant if we wanted to.



Saturday morning started early with the usual excellent buffet breakfast in Ivan's, the resort restaurant. Plenty of food was available, along with omelettes made to order. After breakfast, the instruction began. Classes averaged 8 to 10 people, and all had excellent instructors. The snow conditions were good on all runs. With a lunch break around noon, we skied until we got tired. Instruction stopped around 3:30, giving us time to ski and practice some of the things we learned. The indoor pool, outdoor pool, and hot tub were popular after skiing.



The evening was filled with a buffet banquet, awards, and many door prizes. Several of our members received prizes in the drawings. Everyone attending received a t-shirt with the clinic logo and "Champaign Ski Club" on it. Part of the evening program included many photo shots of us during the daytime instruction. I assisted the clinic in taking photos as one of four photographers skiing around and shooting all day. About 1,000 pictures were taken, and most were shown on the many screens around the banquet room during the evening. For the night owls, music for entertainment and dancing was provided after the banquet.

Sunday, after another excellent buffet breakfast, we continued our instruction. After lunch, some kept skiing, and some started getting ready to head home. We headed south at around 3:30. We picked up sandwiches in Cadillac and continued the trip home. We arrived at the WildCountry parking lot at 10 pm.

It was a most enjoyable trip for everyone, and we are happy to be part of the clinics again this year. It was a record-setting weekend for attendance, with 475 attendees from Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Numbers around 400 have been normal in the past. As the trip leader, I thank everyone for making my job a pleasure. It was a great group, and I enjoyed the trip as much as everyone else. ♦♦

MILTFORSBERG

Race report

Fast times at Wilmot

Greetings from America's favorite molehill

by Scott Dahman, race coordinator

Ten members of the Champaign Ski Club Race Team made the trip north to Wilmot, January 15, located atop a scenic landfill between Chicago and Milwaukee, to compete in the third race of the CMSC series. Representing the club were Randy, Judy, Chris, and Peter Haydel, Judy and Derek Nagy, Todd and Kimmie Mowry, Mike Sargent, and Scott Dahman. Other travelers in our merry band included Elaine Schlorff, Peter Haydel's friends Josh and Sarah, Kimmie's penguin companions "travel-size" and "full-size," and the voices inside Todd Mowry's head (who constantly chant "You cannot beat the turtle, you cannot beat the turtle. . . .")

The weekend's notable individual efforts include:



The Haydel brothers train in the art of sitting as if waiting for Christmas, a useful skill in the snowboarder's bag of tricks

Switch-hitting Peter Haydel, who edged out brother Chris (a.k.a. "Devo") in the snowboard competition *and* took bronze medals in both skiing events in the A men class. Fulfilling a challenge issued to his brother just days earlier, Peter grabbed his board first thing Sunday morning, then transitioned effortlessly to skis for a GS run, and did it all over again

after lunch. Just one place in the standings separated the brothers. One can sense that a family snowboard racing rivalry has begun!

There must be something intrinsic to a snowboard that causes its rider to plop uncontrollably on a slope, often right where skiers are trying to unload from a chairlift or rip down a run. Though the younger Haydel hasn't been spotted on a snowboard by his family or other CSC skiers in several years, he eased seamlessly into the rituals of the subculture, perching comfortably on the hill for many minutes on end while those with two boards strapped underfoot skied laps around him.

Judy Haydel, in fourth place and within striking distance of a medal after the first run of Sunday's GS race, tried to make up the precious tenths by avoiding a pesky gate that was set way across the hill. Applying a librarian's sense of logic and order to her dilemma,



Race results

for January 15–16 at Wilmot

Randy Haydel – 3rd in SL, 3rd in GS, Vet C Men
Judy Haydel – 4th in SL, D Women
Chris Haydel – 6th in Snowboard
Peter Haydel – 3rd in SL, 3rd in GS, A Men; 5th in Snowboard
Judy Nagy – 3rd in SL, 2nd in GS, D Women
Derek Nagy – 3rd in SL, 3rd in GS, B Men
Todd Mowry – 7th in SL, Vet B Men
Kim Mowry – 1st in SL, 1st in GS, D Women
Mike Sargent – 4th in GS, Vet D Men
Scott Dahman – 1st in SL, 1st in GS, C Men

Remaining race weekends

Marquette	Feb 4
Wilmot	Feb 12
Wilmot	Feb 19
Mt. LaCrosse	Feb 25

CHAMPAIGN SKI CLUB BOARD OF DIRECTORS

2004-5

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The board meets at 7 pm the Tuesday following the second Monday of every month at The Bread Company in Urbana. All are welcome.

Judy reasoned that skiing through that gate could only slow her down. Unfortunately, her ingenuity brought her a DQ.

Randy Haydel, recently promoted to the Vet C class, stayed strong with bronze medal finishes in both SL and GS.

Derek Nagy proved once again without a doubt that he can compete with the fastest racers on the B-hill, with two bronze medals.

Inspired by "travel-size" and seizing the opening left by her older sister's absence, Kimmie Mowry exploded onto the scene with gold-medal performances both days.

Your friendly columnist, Racemaster Scott, picked up a third strike in the SL race and won both the SL and GS races in C men. It seems that there was something of a conspiracy to keep me out of the B class this weekend. The race organizers felt that too many strikes were awarded the previous week, so the dubious "hill factor" was applied to set the bar just three hundredths of a second from my reach in Sunday's GS race. It is the fifth time that I have come within a tenth of a second of a strike, and at least the second time this season that I have unwittingly become the *de facto* pacesetter for the B-hill. If they want me to keep taking gold medals in the C class, I guess there's just nothing I can do about it.

The next race is February 5-6 at Marquette, Michigan. If you aren't going on the Granite Peak trip, and you are curious about the CMSC racing program or the buzz about Marquette from the New Year's trip, please consider joining us. Racing trips never have headcount limits or waiting lists!

Ski Fast!

—Racemaster Scott

Don't let this happen to you!



Please send any corrections to the new membership directory to Joyce Goggin.

She also has a few extra directories, if you'd like another.

369.0711 or jeg218@aol.com

Club calendar

First Friday Happy Hour

Fri Feb 4 6 pm at Ned Kelly's Steakhouse, Urbana
Fri Mar 4 6 pm at Hideaway in the Woods, Mahomet

Parties

Sat Feb 19 House party, 7 pm at Scott and Terri Reifsteck's house, 1341 County Road 600 North, Tolono

Fri Mar 18 St. Patrick's Day Party featuring Mulligan Stew. 6 pm at Steve Maloney's, 1408 Maplecrest, Champaign

Fri Apr 22 End of Season Awards Party, Champaign. Stay tuned.

Winter trips

Feb 4-6 Granite Peak, Wisconsin
Feb 17-21 Copper Mountain, Colorado
Mar 20-27 Big White, British Columbia



St. Patrick's Day Party

Friday, March 18

6 pm at Steve Maloney's

featuring
MULLIGAN STEW,
with everyone
bringing something
for the pot!

Meat will be provided by the club, and you bring canned vegetables, soups, and broths that will be added to make a one-of-a-kind, delicious stew. Or, if you choose, you can bring breads or desserts.

This is a BYOB party, with dinner as a bonus.

1408 Maplecrest Drive
Champaign
355.0534



House Party **Feb 19**

Your hosts:

Terri and Scott Reifsteck

7 pm
Reifsteck Farm
1341 County Road
600 North
Tolono

Please bring your favorite beverage and snack.

From Champaign, take First Street or Route 45 south to CR 600 N. Turn east (left), and look for the mailbox.

Social Chair needed for next year

If you like to party—this is the job for you. Please contact Judy Haydel if you would like to volunteer for this position for next year. Call 352.7254.



MIKE ARTUKOVICH

Len Holmgren in the White Room of bottomless powder at Heavenly, January 8, 2005. Almost 20 feet of snow fell in the higher reaches of the resort since Christmas.

The Back Page

It seems like extreme weather is becoming more common, but instead humans are simply more vulnerable to climate extremes, and our better communications have made us more aware of major weather events and their impact. According to weather expert Mark Saunders, "It's a record if you *don't* get a record somewhere with regard to the weather." Although road closures and avalanche threats stymied resorts in the Sierras, in the long run, all the snow is probably a blessing as skiers flock to enjoy the goods the storm has left.

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