



## CLASC Goes To Breckenridge

February 28 – March 7, 2015

TL Gina Curet, ATL John Glowczwski



The date was February 28th, and we gathered at Houston's George Bush Airport to see if United could once again deliver us to the snowy peaks of the Rockies with all our belongings. Ahhh, the travel gods are a mischievous bunch as the digital baggage tracking computers broke down and all our baggage had to be hand entered into the system. Alas, storm clouds were a'gathering. But the most amazing thing happened in Denver....all our luggage appeared, almost. Our trip leader and most seasoned traveler, Gina, was bagless once again. She took it all in stride, kinda, and so we loaded up and headed up a snowy I-70 to the peaks of Breckenridge.

We were an interesting bunch of skiers, or should I say survivors from the Beaver Creek trip. One busted up shoulder, one severely traumatized elbow, a few strained wrists, a doctored up thumb, and a healing broken arm, but come Sunday morning we were able to field at least 11 of the 14 who came on the trip. Through an amazing amount of effort, the TL was able to get her stuff in time for the second day.

Who knew with the fickleness of the weather these days that we would have one of the most amazing snow weeks on this trip. Cold temps kept the snow nice and soft. We had a few inches of powder the first day, then two more days of 6 inches or so of new powder that kept the runs soft and fast, the bowls full of the snowy soft pillows, and the runs in the trees to take your breath away. Yes, there were a few breezes near the top that might be described as near tornadic, but no one cared with snow that cushioned your turns and made your skis on the flats hiss like you were skiing on sidewinders.

On Tuesday, Keith, Ann and Ruth hopped on the bus for a day at Vail and met us that evening at the Hearthstone for our Club dinner. The steak and lobster, sea bass, elk chops and the appetizers were soooooo good. The wine flowed, stories were told, and we regaled each other with our amazing skiing exploits. We walked home or rode, and the soft flakes floated down on us promising another great day on the slopes.

Wednesday brought the Club races and the other clubs were shaking in their bindings as Anne, Dallas, Ruth, Steve, and John skied up to the starting gates. When the snow quit melting...Anne took home a Bronze, and the rest took mercy on the field and decided that it was time to let some of the other clubs win for a change, but fun was had by all.

The great skiing continued and we were able to meet a few times at the scattered mountain restaurants. A few of us were lucky enough to breathe in the aroma of the warming hut on the top of Lift 6, an experience no one should miss. By the end of the week the club had explored all the runs that could be offered from the new Peak 6 to Peak 10! As a testament to the great snow, this was the most club members I have ever seen lined up for the 8:30 lift on Thursday and Friday.

There were a few milestones achieved, Tom, since he couldn't ski (still recovering from a broken arm at Beaver Creek), managed to single handedly keep the crepe place on main street from going bankrupt. Jan skied the most runs for her in a day in recent memory. Ruth's ski tracker recorded her going 56 MPH one day (maybe that was the day she and Keith drove to Keystone?). Dallas gets the "Elmer award" for having his condo mates search high and low for his phone...which he later found in his pocket. Carol finally got ski boots that felt great when she was skiing or dancing. And George? I actually heard him say that he liked something!

Well, we're all back now and guess what? No one was injured...any more than when they started the trip. Lots of good memories, lots of good friends, lots of good reasons to go on another ski club trip next year. The trip was a great success thanks to 16 fun-loving folks from CLASC (we met Mountain guides, Larry and Lori, in Breck also), and Gina doing a lot of work using her connections with United and her unique ability to straighten out messes that sprouted up spontaneously. The tracks we left in Breckenridge are gone now, but we had a blast laying them down! Where is that dang banner anyway?



