

OCTOBER 2002

LiftLine

The Official Newsletter of the Garden State Ski Club

2002 RATDOGS Tennis - Rank Amateur Tennis Double-faulter's Of Garden State)
by Edward Ellis

The 2002 RATDOGS season is over, and I breathe a sigh of relief! This year we had 3 rainouts, and filled up most of the courts the rest of the time. Since I stupidly broke my leg skiing this past January, I didn't even get to play until August! Emily Eastwick did a bang up job setting up the matches the whole season. Pete Gisler and Donna Ahman did an excellent job instructing for those taking lessons. And so many people came, played hard, and had fun!!!

There were a lot of people who signed up for the whole season, or for every week but one or two. I am definitely going to do the same thing next year. Even so, we still had cancellations, and people who just didn't show up. This is one of the only bad points about this season, trying to re-arrange the matches Emily et up at the last second!

Special thanks go out to Emily for her work in setting up the matches this year. Sharon Kenny and Janet Tischbein, my food committee, did a super job of bringing the soda and munchies, filling in for the retired Dot Kruckmeyer. I would also like to thank Donna and Pete for doing the instruction, and to all the RATDOGS players who came out and played, and had fun all summer long!!!

For those of you clueless out there who don't know what RATDOGS is about, RATDOGS tennis is a weekly tennis program held at the Bergen County Tennis Center in Van Saun Park in Paramus. The program runs from 6 - 8 PM on Thursday nights, from June to the end of

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looking for liftline contributions:

- articles
 - cartoons
 - and other entertainment where you might have talent.
- contact lauragaines@prodigy.net
or any board member

August. There are usually 2 sets of free 4 week lessons taught by Donna and/or Pete for those who want it. Every other week food was provided, but next year I am going to drop that. We will probably end up going to Charlie Browns for \$2 pints every Thursday next year. The price this was \$7 for the court, and an extra \$4 for the food on those nights we had food. Next year the price will be \$8 every week, and will buy balls for all the courts. The main objective is to HAVE FUN!
Hope to see y'all next year!

On Being Chairman of the Summer Olympics

by martarufe

I have been a member of GSSC Club for 3 ½ years and have volunteered time and energy to various events. In the past, I have had experience as an officer of clubs, being on a homeowners' board and having had successful parties that included indoor games, I always had ideas for parties.

In February, Rob Sinclair then the Social Vice President phoned to ask if I would be interested in being Chairman of the Summer Olympics in 6 months, I replied that I thought I would but would think about it. My concern was not having enough people to help. In March after a Ski Trip, I phoned Rob to say yes.

Linda DeWolfe had organized and hosted it at her home the previous 2 years. so she had excellent records of what was used and done. After a meeting she gave me a few suggestions and gave me her 2000 and 2001 files.

In March, I decided on 2 or 3 new games, eliminated two and retained the rest. Steve Wilcoxon suggested having more people participate in the games so I designed the Relay/Obstacle Course. As the number of signups grew, I decided on 7 teams instead of 6 so that more could participate. The judges were renamed refs and Jean Meyer agreed to help as a Referee, her contributions were invaluable for she not only had been a judge but had organized previous Summer Olympics.

It was important to promptly select a D.J. I remembered Johnny-O who has an excellent collection of party music and he reserved the date on his calendar. Then I ordered kegs of beer plus bottled beer for the Snowball game. Weeks later I bought the bottles of wine that are presented as prizes and wrapped them in party paper. I ordered from a catalog of a local T-Shirt and Screening Company, 100 % cotton not the usual 50/50%

Reserving a Port-a-Potty was next and the previous company wanted to charge more so a different company was contacted. John Kelly, once again would pick up 18 bags of ice and lend us his horseshoe and stake. Next, reserving Bill Murrell's beautiful white tent..

Getting people for help on the day was key. At each meeting and the BBQs, more were signing up to help. As always, I would carry my growing notebook, fliers and poster with previous Olympics' photos as advertisement.

In June I ordered furniture, only to find the morning of the Summer Olympics that they did not have the order. We worked it out, they delivered the furniture later on that same morning.

Food, Glorious Food. John Knierim first came to mind, who collaborated with me over the menu but with his expertise, food and beverage did not require much advanced planning. Mid July, it was time to request salads and desserts from the members. Everything was delicious. John dropped off cooking paraphernalia a couple of days before D-Day. He marinated the meat and beef the day before and brought the wine. The tasty chicken wraps which came with directions on how to create your own wrap were a big hit as a substitute for pizza. At 5:30 p.m., Hank Mazzuca, Pat Braun, Lou Forte, Paul Karner and Bob Rosen grilled the marinated steaks and chicken. Salads were brought out. We had a delicious dinner and dessert. Throughout April, May, June I had been buying bottled spring water, tall soft drinks, snacks to give to Linda to take home. She never hesitated to meet me along Rte. 4, at BBQs and GSSC meetings. At the last BBQ, I handed over game props, a big bag of toilet paper for the portable toilet, the ladies' bathroom and Mummy Wrap game, saran wrap, tablecloths, tin foil, trash bags. Signs for the bathrooms,

T-shirt table. I finally had a feeling it would all come together. Diane LaGreca was a big help in organizing the props and setting them up before each game.

My main frustration was calculating how many T-shirts to order before the necessary 2 ½ week notice. Last minute sign-ups make it difficult.

Saturday, August 3rd arrived and Jean Meyer and I were at Linda's house at 8:00 a.m. Set up was done with the help of John Dalenberg, Pete Gisler, Kathy Colussi, Denise Mehlman, Tom Hughes, Stan Garchinsky and Carol Mungo. Maureen Lent came with the list of players and teams and Andrea Escudero, Imran Rana and Roseanne Brevot distributed the T-shirts to eager, happy players. Each Captain was given the list of games with description. The Olympic music was blaring, Dennis Young, the President, in sandals, toga, laurel leaves ran by the cheering crowds with a lit torch, officially opening the Games and the Olympics at long last officially began.

The seasoned, efficient referees, Bob Gimpel, Jean Meyer and Maureen Lent donned their black and white shirts, whistles, grabbed their clipboards and a cry was heard: "Let the games begin".

I thoroughly enjoyed watching the games unfold and managed to join a couple. It was a very busy, full day and night for all the volunteers. The weather was hot and humid, we were fortunate it didn't rain. We could cool off in the inviting swimming pool. Twice we had to cajole players to come out of the water to resume play! The D.J. arrived early and began playing music while we had our delicious dinner. There was dancing under the stars. The 3 winning teams were announced: The Blue Team came in First, Tan, Second and Gold, Third. Each was given a Fat Bastard bottle of wine. Around 10:00 p.m., people pitched in putting down lights, folding tables

and chairs in the true GSSC spirit. Thank you all again--it was a team effort and a rewarding experience.

A special Vermont winter weekend

by maureenlent

IMAGINE - A Friday night drive and then stepping out of your warm car and feeling the crisp chill air, hearing the crunch of afresh snow underfoot, looking overhead at clear, black sky lit by thousands of twinkling stars. Opening the front door and entering the large living room with kitchen beyond, warmed by the glowing logs in the stone fireplace, hearing this comfortable space filled with conversations and laughter of old and new friends.

IMAGINE - Weekend breakfasts with 20 or so sleepy but excited friends: putting together car pools to the mountain, packing up a freshly made sandwich with some fruit for a midday lunch at the base lodge with the group, planning an après-ski gathering at one of the many places along the Killington access road (maybe Matt's Pub with a cold Goombay Smash, after some of those (free!) spicy hot wings or chili?), hunting for all the ski boots, gloves, hats, parkas and tickets, all while enjoying a quick breakfast of some coffee, English Muffins and O. J. to start another busy Vermont day.

IMAGINE - That perfect day of skiing or any other winter activity followed by a chance to show off your talents in the kitchen (maybe a special salsa or your favorite pasta recipe or perhaps just helping with the grilling out on the deck under all those stars) and then hearing the appreciative comments of your 20 dinner companions.

Stop Daydreaming...about a special Vermont winter weekend and sign up for some fun-filled days and nights up at our own lodge, filled with downhill or cross-country skiing, maybe some

Whatever winter activity you chose, your Monday morning back at the office will be filled with enough memories and exstories to last until your next weekend up at the Garden State Ski Club Vermont Lodge. Plan to join us!

[All sign-ups with Maureen at the Tuesday night meetings.](#)

A Vermont Fly on the Wall

by davidanderson

Here's the buzz on the visit during the Labor Day weekend of over a dozen GSSC members and their guests. It was not a good one for us flies, as I was one of the few lucky ones who escaped the crude fly swatters of rolled up New York Times newspapers and survived to tell you this story. So much happened that I can only tell you a little. I will leave out the private stuff, the gross stuff, and the embarrassing. Our end of summer frolic participants found themselves enjoying a well-planned and well-executed sequence of events.

A little horse fly from Saratoga told me about two of these souls venturing off the Northway to explore the grounds of the Raceway. One of them made a videotape of the place including the 8th race of the day while the other one citing placed a bet (and lost) on the same race. Their side trip added perhaps an hour to the trip to the lodge. The official schedule for the weekend had hardly any problems and most of those participating enjoyed the mix of bicycling, hiking, multiple BBQs and boating.

Yes there were a few glitches. The weather was as good as one could hope for. The days were dry, sunny and a little warm while the nights were dry and cool. On the bicycle day, someone got lost at the fork in the road but resolved that by retreating to the start where other diversions, such as, shopping

along were so entranced by the cute houses, covered bridges and green meadows were to realize that someone was lost until it was too late. The bicycle ride was organized so the more ambitious could go farther.

Late Saturday afternoon and evening was devoted to the barbecue. It started on the lodge deck with appetizers where many watched the expert chefs (Laurie and Ray) grill marinated beef and chicken on the gas grill.

On Sunday, the hike to Deer's Leap from the parking lot of McGrath's Pub was short but steep. After a hike of over a mile they found themselves hardly 1000 feet (most of it "up") from where they had started. They sunned themselves on the granite rocks that form Deer's Leap. There were nice views of the runs at Pico that looked like long green fairways of some giant golf course. As with the bicycle ride, the hikers had a short or long path back. Later, on Sunday, a barbecue was held at the home of Kathy Visich where the participants were met by her horse and two dogs - all on their best behavior. They all knew better than to feed the dogs from their plates, but a few exceptions were made! Perhaps the most memorable scene was Kathy riding her horse bareback around her corral.

Finally, it was Labor Day and time to clean up the lodge, pack bags, and depart. About half of the participants went to a nearby lake where they rented a pontoon boat. It was soon learned the hard way that you can't have too many people in the front of the boat. All of a sudden the bow of the boat was diving into the lake! Like rats on a sinking ship they ran astern and that balanced the boat and averted a disaster. After a nice lunch of various items, including leftovers, the engine was stopped and the boat allowed to drift so they could go swimming. Three guys went in and three guys came out after about twenty minutes in the 68-degree water. Not

managed to sink the bow again, they quickly managed to recover, again. It should not be said that they ran aground but they did come close when the boat bottom started to scrape on the underwater terrain.

Almost forgot to mention the breakfasts: Ham and eggs one morning, French toast another, and pancakes on Labor Day. Bagels, fresh fruit and strong coffee rounded out the mornings in the kitchen. As a surviving fly, I can tell you all these delicacies were very tasty.

I hesitate to say it, but a cardinal sin was committed. More of a sin of omission: There was no Vermont maple syrup at the lodge! Log Cabin syrup is fine, I suppose, but one can only conclude that they ran out of the "good" stuff.

I also observed that the participants were thankful and appreciative to Laurie, Ray and the others who helped make the Labor Day weekend "camp-out" such a success. Moreover it seems that it was a financial success as well! Finally, may I observe that I'm grateful that you didn't invest in a proper fly swatter! I owe my life to that omission!



From Russia with Love Oct 2002

From Russia with Love

by lauragaines

I can't begin to thank Wayne enough for one fabulous trip to Russia, Moscow and St. Petersburg to be specific. 21 travelers departed JFK Oct 4 for Moscow via Helsinki on Finnair. We arrived at our hotel Oct 5 - one of the Stalin-7 buildings of Moscow, checked in and were whisked off on our first tour. This should have been an indication of tours to come. From that point on, the group never stopped, except occasionally for shots of vodka and rounds of caviar. All the folks on the trip were experienced travelers. Would Russia be your first trip out of the USA?

I think we saw all of Moscow. Here's a run down of the places we visited: Red Square, Lenin's Mausoleum, St. Basil's Church, Bolshoi Ballet, Moscow Circus, Kremlin, Armory Museum, the Church of the Swimming Pool (churches were converted to pools during the communist era), the Metro, the old Arbat (for souvenir shopping), the KGB - where I hear people who went are now bugged (don't say anything in front of them).

We took a trip outside of Moscow to St. Vladimir's monastery, where the monks were preparing for the next day's holy day. Back in Moscow people broke off from the group and went to the various museums, the 'baths', and got lost in the Metro. One person even got kidnapped by a taxi on the way to the circus, but managed to get out of the car by turning off the ignition and getting out.

On Oct 10 we all boarded the 1st class over night train to St. Petersburg. The party began with the vodka the train provided for our next morning's breakfast. I guess we had breakfast at midnight. The train pulled into St. Pete's on time at 8 a.m. to discover four inches of snow. We checked into our hotel on the Gulf of Finland. A nice view but far from the center of the city. We went immediately to see some

churches. It was the ABC tour (another bloody church), seeing St. Isaac's, with it's 112 columns and the Blood Church, an all mosaic interior where Alexander II was shot to death. The church was erected over the site that his blood spilt. Here's a run downs of the sites we saw in or near St. P The Hermitage: the state rooms, the art and the gold room, Peter and Paul's fortress, where political prisoners were held for years, if they survived and the church where all the Czars are buried. Outside of St.P to Catherine's Summer Palace, and some of the country side. Groups broke off, some went to see the house where Rasputin was almost murdered first with poison, then being shot, then beaten, he still didn't die, so he was thrown in the river where he drowned, all that to kill one man. Those were some very determined Russians. Other folks went to the ballet to see "Swan Lake", "Sleeping Beauty", some to the museums, some shopping for many, many fur hats. Hats off to a great trip.

A Day at the Races a Night at the Goom-bays

Or Race Day - Twelve Hours in Five Minutes - A Male Perspective

By kaskasprowicz

There I go. Swish, swish, pump, pump, curse, curse. Get out of my way gate, there's no room for you and me on this course. Got MB's butt this time, smashed it to smithereens. I'm flying through the finish, the crowd roars, the girls are screaming for my attention. God...I feel like a movie star. DRRRRRIINGG, jeeze, I open my eyes, stare at the dark ceiling in a cold sweat. It was a DREAM. All I hear is God Bless America being played on something like bagpipes on the upper deck of the bunk next to mine, not quite the roar of the crowd. Oh well. Next door I hear a

blood-curdling scream. Good, one less racer to worry about today. Wrong, someone is expressing displeasure at the discordant snoring of his roommate. In the other direction, I hear sounds like pipes slapping against the wall. Wait a minute there are no pipes in that wall, never mind that's a story in itself. Obviously dedicated racers, limbering up for the day's event. Welcome to race day at the Club lodge. I'd better get up and beat the rush for the flush. I lift my head, it won't move, feels like it's buried in a concrete block and there's a woodpecker trying to hammer his way out. My brain hurts, my eyes are developing independent suspension. Good job it's dark, I likely can't focus on anything anyway. Those dastardly Gombays did it to me again. I'll never learn, but they taste so good. They say you have to hydrate or die. Eight glasses, nobody said what kind of liquid, or did they. I don't remember, who cares. I fight my way out of the body bag, otherwise known as a sleeping bag. I creep like a hunchback towards the bathroom door. "What the hell are you up so early for?" a voice hisses at me. "I've been racing all night, gotta pee, piss off back to sleep, wilt thou"!! Oh God, such stress already in the morning. I sit down on the throne and immediately stifle a scream. Boy, the porcelain sure is cold on crisp Vermont morning. Next time I'll put the light on. Okay so far so good, a regular day is developing, time to preen and slam some coffee down before the trip to the mountain. The sound of voices greets me as I walk through the lounge and into the kitchen. The smell of fresh brewed coffee gets my engine roaring on one cylinder. "Mornin' folks, are we ready to RUMMMBBLE "? "How can you be so lively"? comes the reply. "If only you knew how my body is racked with pain from blood trying to creep into my alcohol stream", I think to myself. I pour a coffee, load the toaster with

course) and sit down to join the brains trust. Soon other cheery faces appear, ready for action. You can tell the racers, because they have the patience of a speeding bullet. Where this? what time that? who? What? When? Why? The questions come at me like tracers from a tank at war. That's ok, if they're asking, it means they're interested. Mr. and Mrs. X. emerge from their apartment in suite 7, ready for action. They exchange pleasantries and declare "see you all at KBL", "Okidokee" Oh oh, here comes Scooby dressed for the beach, in his shorts, although it looks like he got them after mugging his grandma for her Joe Boxers. Next it's Popeye and Olive's turn. I don't know what Olive smokes but she always looks like she is right THERE. Soon the kitchen is a haven of activity. It sounds like an Italian conversation, everybody talking at the same time!! Okay, time to head to the mountain, I grab the sign-up sheet and head out the door. It's only a half-hour ride to Killington, so I'm there in about twenty minutes. I like to get there early so I can park as close to the lodge and don't have to lug my junk so far. I approach the ticket window and am greeted by a smiling face. "Good morning little flower", I chirp. I exchange my voucher (Thank you NJSC for the discount) for a brand new lift ticket, that I stick over the top of my old tickets on the wire. Time to start a new collection, this one is starting to look like a wallet hanging from my hip. Another smiling face checks in my skis at the valet area. Things are looking up, all these smiling faces, I'm starting to wonder if I put my pants on back to front. Check, no problem-o. Okay, scale the stairs up to second level of the lodge and grab a table near the wall with hooks for our bags. Not too many people here yet so it's not a problem. I put on my game face and prepare to defend

crowd start to arrive so I decide to go and hunt down Johnny 'O' of Killington Alpine Training Center, who incidentally does a fine job of accommodating us and our little 'idiot synchronies'. good morning, how are you ? how's your "Hi John, golf game?", I say as I find John in his office in his socks lounging like a Roman Emperor waiting for a grape delivery, "Just fine, Jim . How about 10:30 on Bunny Buster?" Comes the reply feigning mistaken identity, (I think !) "That's just the ticket, thanks". I leave after our in-depth conversation to pass on the info to the racers. A few late entries arrive. I take care of them and last minute queries and it's "Off to the Races". The ride up the mountain on the chair lift gives us a chance to think about strategy, tactics, evil deeds and the Goombays at the end of the day. We get to the start and find that the mountain guys have just about finished setting the course so that gives us a chance to 'slip' the course. For those not in the know, it means slipping through the gates without making carved turns, and figuring out where the tricky bits are and where the fastest line will be. Ding, Ding, 10:30 time to line up for the plunge down the mountain. Ladies first. "racer ready . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . GO" The first racer heads down the hill, it's Joie de Vivre, the Grande Dame of Ski Racing. "You go, girl"!! echo the shouts of encouragement. Next it's Betty at the start wand. She puts on her racer face and throws herself out of the gate, sparks coming from her gloves as she drags her knuckles expertly around each gate. Next it's Alice, standing there shaking, all the way down to her ski tips which appear to be waving to the finish line. Next, Olive, the lean mean racing machine. Rumor has it she trains 400 days a year. Her progress sure reflects that. Swish, swish, swish, another fast time in the bag. The rest of the ladies take their turn and

head down the course at various rates of speed, some of the less experienced even putting in an extra turn between gates. Now it's time for Animal House. The boys are set to line up, it's time to put up or shut up. The psyching is over. The bets have been made. The newer racers are nervous, the old hands are yawning or kneeling beside their skis, applying a final coat of love potion #9 in their quest for a nanosecond of winning speed. MB is in the gate, concentrating hard. He throws himself out of the gate stamps his way past the first gate and drops in to a tuck. He tears down the mountain as if someone is after him for his dollar for a 50/50 ticket! Next it's JeuMay, Mr. Smooth, the Paul Mitchell poster child. Ne'er a hair out of place even under that helmet. He tucks and carves a smooth line putting in to practice everything he learned in race camp. Next, SW, realizing his adoring female fans are all waiting for him at the finish, takes off in the classic 'sitting on the toilet' style made famous by Sonya Henie before she turned to ice skating. Now it's time for Elvis, a.k.a. Scoob (I'm here for the beer). He takes off with a six-pack tucked away in his jacket, hoping for the gravitational pull of the Earth to give him the winning edge. You go girl! Next, well it's my turn. I can't put it off, I have to go. Okay, concentrate, place the ski poles ahead of the wand. Look at the first two gates and skate like hell through them to get up to speed. "Okay, Kas, . "racer ready . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . GO"!! Johnny O's words fade to the back of me as I leap out of the gate like a pregnant cow. I skate as hard as I can and as close as I can to each gate. Ouch, not that close. I try to carve a smooth line. Ouch, ouch, ouch. Can't get any closer than that. I leave enough space for a bus for next few gates then get back on track. Get mad!

through the finish, reach out in front, try to steal a split second. I stop in a cloud of snow and fall, spent. I'm not 20 anymore! What was my time? Shoot! MB is beating me again, by a hair. What can I do to beat this guy? Maybe offer him some peanut butter for his ski bases. Oh well, keeping trying, you'll get him one day. We all troop to the top and take our second runs. I try harder, not enough. I bet I can out drink him. Everybody is good at something! We congratulate each other on splendid performances and either head off for some recreational skiing or go for lunch at the base lodge. We pore over the results and start to think about a few libations down the approach road. The great thing about racing, is the intensity, after which we are all buddies and don't really want to kill each other. We spend a few hours at Matt's Pub downing Goombay Smashes. The traditional drink of the hardened racer. A few bowls of buffalo wings to really kill the appetite for dinner later, and back to base camp. Back into the shower to make ourselves presentable, and off to a local restaurant or stay in and relax. I'm a real party animal. I watch the TV for a while and fall asleep in the chair. It's 11 o'clock, might as well crash and be ready for tomorrow's skiing. I go to my room and find a couple of the guys are already there. I brush my teeth and crawl into my body bag. It's dark and I close my eyes to the strains of God Bless America. Isn't that where I came in. N.B. The names have been changed to protect the guilty, and they know who they are....

The Vermont House Perspective

by hankmazzucca

The Lodge Committee would like to thank everyone for supporting the Vermont House over the years. Historically, the Lodge Committee schedules general and project specific work weekends for this time of the year. This year is no exception. We are planning a general work weekend for November 16-17. The purpose of this weekend is to do the general cleaning and preparing the house for the winter. This is a wonderful opportunity for new members to see the house, meet other members and rack up committee work hours.

The Lodge Committee has already completed several project specific work weekends which are scheduled when there was limited use of the house, in addition to a general work weekend. We recently finished a planned two-year renovation of the water pipes. We also upgraded the water filtration system by replacing the existing water filter with a high performance whole house micro filtration system and additionally for the kitchen, purchased and will install an activated carbon adsorption system. Combined with the existing iron removal, water softening and state of the art ultraviolet disinfecting system, we will continue to provide high quality water at the Vermont House.

Acting as our own contractor and doing most of the work ourselves, we are able to save thousands of dollars over the cost of having a local contractor complete these jobs. If you have a specific skill or just want to help on the project specific work weekends, please contact me, we can use your help. If your staying at the Vermont House and you would like to get a first hand look at the different projects, please ask any of the Lodge Committee members and we will give you a

and as close

Over the past year, members have suggested capital improvements such as siding, air conditioning and carpeting in the rooms. These are all good suggestions and we agree that most should be done. At the present time, we are struggling with financial expenses that nobody would have expected prior to September 11th. Our insurance costs alone have doubled and one of the refrigerators failed over the summer and needs to be replaced. Like in your own home, things go wrong and they need to be repaired or replaced. These costs along with the cost of routine preventive maintenance are the committee's highest priority and we budget for most of these costs every year. Capital improvements and/or major equipment failures are more complex and expensive and require board and member approval. The Board and club members understand the value of the Vermont House and have continued to support it by both staying at the house and voting to approve capital improvements. Based on discussions with members it is clear that we must adapt to the changing times. The Lodge Committee is in the process of making changes to improve the way we do business and how the house is managed. We are also trying to address some very sensitive issues which have developed over the past several years. A major issue that the committee will be addressing concerns reservations.

It is common for some of the winter weekends to be fully booked even before the snow falls. Members who want to be in Vermont for those weekends are then forced to make more expensive reservations elsewhere, usually with a non-refundable deposit, only to find out at the last moment that someone cancelled their reservation and there is now space at the house. When this happens, members lose because it costs substantially more to stay at a hotel and the club loses because beds stay

the weekend. We continue to ask that when you make reservations, in particular, for one of the "prime" weekends, that you be sure that you are going to use that reservation. As a result of prior reservation issues, we will be making changes to the reservation and cancellation policy to minimize this from reoccurring. We are also looking at ways to address the needs of members (and their guests) who would like to have internet access within the constraints and limitations of our telephone service.

The Lodge Committee's goal is to provide all club members and their guests, the best Vermont House experience we can.

The Vermont House is a four-season facility not just a ski house and we encourage everyone to take advantage of the house. We also recommend that prior to going to the house you become familiar with the Vermont House rules and the items you will need to bring. See you at the house.

MEET THE BOARD

In this issue and the next we will meet the board members of the ski club. Here are our first four:

Dennis Young, president, did not ski before joining Garden State 9 years ago. Dennis was drawn to the club by the desire to meet new people and to learn how to ski. He accomplished both...and then some! Dennis met his wife Pat through the club and now not only downhill skis but also races for GSSC. Dennis is an excellent cook who offers a home-cooked gourmet meal each year at the auction. He is an avid runner who has participated in several marathons, including the one in NYC. He also enjoys tinkering in the area of telecommunications and is quite adept at flight simulation. Dennis has

served on the Board in the capacities of treasurer, ski vice-president, president and senior delegate.

John Knierim, ski vice-president, began skiing in 1993 during a Green Mountain Coffee Contest Weekend at Killington. The bug really hit. Not only does he snowboard and downhill ski, but he is also an instructor at Killington. John joined GSSC 5 years ago looking for a combination social and ski club. He jumped right in and within a year was running the summer BBQs and cooking happens to be one of his hobbies. John is a people-person who, when not skiing and cooking, enjoys photography. John is getting married in October, we expect his new wife to tell us of the benefits of his delicious dishes! Best Wishes go to John on his marriage.

Pat Braun, senior delegate, has been a club member since 1991. Having never skied before, she agreed to "try" it in order to join what she saw as a fascinating social club. Not one for the daredevil stunts, Pat began cross-country skiing with instruction from GSSCers. In 2000, she became ASIA-certified as a cross-country instructor so she could turn others on to the beauty, exercise and social camaraderie that accompany the sport of cross-country. Some of her off-season interests are hiking, doing hospice volunteer work and doing tours of NYC. Pat has served on the Board 4 terms as secretary and earlier as senior delegate.

Mark Simendinger, secretary, started skiing 9 years ago and has been a club member for 5 years. He joined to find new people to ski with. Mark took up snowboarding 5 years ago as "it looked like a lot of fun". So much fun that last January he became an ASIA certified snowboard instructor. He will

be teaching beginning snowboarding for the club this season. Coming from a skiing background, Mark strongly believes that skiers and snowboarders can peacefully coexist. "Snowboarders need to give skiers a wide berth". His other interests include hiking, biking, and fixing up antique radios. Mark served as junior delegate on last year's board .

THE PREZ SEZ..... by dennisyoun

The BBQ's are over for the season. Camping & canoeing—DONE! No more R.A.T.D.O.G.S.! The BLUE TEAM won the Summer Olympics! If you were thinking about going to the Halloween Party, you just missed it. But don't worry, we still have many other social events coming up...Pie Night, hiking, tennis parties, Members' Brunch, and let's not forget the Snowball on December 13th! I'm sure our social V.P., Pete Sternfels, can fill you in on more of the social activities.

Our ski program for this year is starting to gear up. Lift tickets are on sale. All we need now is SNOW! John Knierim, our Ski V.P., has a great program. (He was able to put this together and still have time to get married!) We have six bus trips going to ski areas in the Catskills and Berkshire Mountains. Our goal this year is to provide more cost efficient bus trips. As always, our instruction chairman, Ray Owens, will have ski instruction on bus trips and an instruction day at Catamount.

Kas has contacted several mountains and has put together another fine race season. Remember--racing is not just for the speed demons! You don't have to ski fast to be on the race team. Trust me on this! Racing is a good way to test your skills, join in on the fun and give yourself a thrill. Give it a try on a bustrip or come up to the Vermont Lodge.

Ron Vitale will be running cross county outings during the ski season, including a trip to Lapland Lakes at the end of February. Pete Gisler will provide cross-country instruction at High Point.

There are some great Club sponsored ski trips to choose from this year: Banff/Lake Louise; Cortina, Italy; Park City, Utah; and there's the New Jersey Ski Council trip to Telluride, Colorado.

If you're looking for a place to stay in Vermont, there's a place for you at GSSC's very own Vermont Lodge near Killington. It's a great place to come and unwind, participate in group dinners and relax in front of the fireplace. Last year the Vermont Lodge had a new roof installed. This year we are looking forward to new siding. Maureen Lent will be selling shares soon. Make sure you get your reservations in early.

GSSC has many activities to choose from, be it summer or winter, for every member and friends of members. These activities are run by members who care and who are interested in providing the membership with the best programs a ski club can offer, so please take advantage of them. You will make our Webmaster very happy by checking out our website at

www.gardenstateskiclub.com .

Maybe you'll catch a glimpse of yourself on the photo page! See you at a GSSC function soon.

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