



The Fall Line

"Read it if you can."



February 2015

A Letter from our President

Dear ASCNY members,

Melissa & I recently became "empty nesters" with dreams of quiet mid-week stays at the lodge after a dump from a mighty nor'easter, with the mountain to ourselves. We still have not yet made it to MRG, despite what has been a pretty good season so far - with no thaw in sight. As the Cross-Country Race kicked off the 2015 season last weekend, we thought about the race weekends we enjoyed with our girls a decade or so ago. They were small, we had to tie their bibs on, and we watched them tackle the courses while other parents straddled their kids as they negotiated the gates with fellow ASCNY members shouting encouragement. The races were followed by the cocktail hour, awards dinner, with either Bob Nichols or John Nesbett handing out awards (including Rod Aller's medals) to the mass of youngsters, making every one of them feel like a champion. Those parents and children are now older and there are many precious shared memories from those times. We strongly suggest that all members experience the club's races and award dinner traditions. The introduction of the Legacy Cup each year at the awards dinner by Scott Alexander, with help from Rob Young & past club presidents, allows all to learn or reminisce about those who have made our club so unique & wonderful. This year will be no exception, as the dinner has grown to the point where it must be held in the base box to accommodate all those who want to celebrate their family of racers - past & future. You do not need to race to join in the celebration!

The club is vibrant and while many weekends are booked solid, there are beds available and members do cancel, so please put in a reservation. Almost every member who made reservations this year was accommodated. The boot room is also hopping with members staying in the valley coming up to the hill. We hope to continue making improvements to the lodge and encouraging more gatherings throughout the year. The board has just elected a fine slate with John Nesbett as President, Trey Gregory - VP/Treasurer, and Hooey Wilks - Secretary. Hooey has also been working with Ashley Ware in stepping up communications with additional newsletters to keep all involved. It has been a pleasure helping out as President the past two years & Melissa & I look forward to continuing to see all up at the lodge and on the mountain. This looks like a great year (aren't they all?) to be skiing at MRG.

Best Wishes,

Jim Byrne

ASCNY – Boston Gathering

A small but festive group of ASCNY members braved cold rain & Christmas traffic for the Club's First Annual Boston Area Holiday Gathering. New faces & old mingled together to celebrate the season at The King Street Tavern at the Ames Boston Hotel on December 10th. All agreed it was a great evening.

Pictured right: (Left to Right) Patrick Hayden, Molly Ladd, Gregg Stone, Ashley Ware, Brooks Ware, Taylor Ware, Adam Ware, Whitney & Thomas Sowles, Doug Walker, John Tobin (Also in Attendance – Hallie Lee)



Tales of Trails

A Toast to Boreas, Deity of Winter by Trey Gregory

Christmas is the season of holiday cheer and a moment of peace blended with time for family joy. On occasion, the ritual of raising your glass as a toast to Boreas, the Greek God of winter, has been known to assure that all dreams of a white Christmas do come true. Temperatures during this time of year at Mad River Glen often dip down into cold, single digits. This is the time to head for the lifts, hit the snow-covered trails, ascend the summits and attack the downhill slopes.

Our SUV was packed with all gear essential for the ski season, including sleeping bags, as we prepared for any mountain challenge that might present itself. Upon arrival in the valley, however, a major problem was immediately evident? There was no snow on the mountain! What to do? Clearly this situation required a father – son strategy session. I suggested learning the route of the Heady Topper Beer truck and my son called the American Flatbread Pizza place. More discouraging news, the beer truck was missing and the Pizza place was sold out! Now what?

A plan soon emerged to procure additional provisions including sporks, dehydrated gourmet food, and sleeping pads as we envisioned a cold, adventurous night at the Stark's Nest after working our way up to the summit of Mad River Glen in hiking boots equipped with crampons. With headlamps and backpacks strapped in place, we stepped across frozen animal tracks, mud, oozing ice pools and occasional crusted snowdrifts as we climbed upward into the darkness of the mountain. We missed the sunlit day trails such as the Antelope and Catamount which had transformed into a blackened spruce forest on either side of a frozen waterway. The friendly, white frosted trees now seemed to all lean toward each other in a weird, jagged black huddle highlighted by the starry sky above.

Our warm breath condensed into steam as seen through the tractor-like beams of our headlamps. We continued our cautious rise into the vast starkness and silence of the rugged mountain top. The valley below seemed to be a far away Whoville. Throughout the climb there were occasional strange and unsettling noises from the wildness of the frozen night. Occasionally, we noted wandering lights of various colors between the trees as we approached the higher elevations. One particularly concerning light was dull red and associated with a random blink pattern that seemed to be tracking our journey. At this point we have been completely

transported into the wild, the savage, frozen-hearted Northland wild. Physically on our hands and knees we dug our spikes into the glazed top of the Catamount trails summit. Dripping with sweat the North wind nipped at our faces as we ran around the bull wheel of the single chair silhouetted against the starry sky. Enthusiastically, we bounded over the deck and crossed the threshold into the comfort and security of our Stark's Nest for the night.

After dinner, we took a moment to ponder our view from the natural light of the mountaintop. Once again, that dull, mysterious, blinking red light darting around the Stark's Nest in the wild, cold night caught our attention. We questioned, was it a satellite? Was it an airplanes left wing tip light? The adventure now complete, we quickly drifted off into deep sleep. *Continued....*



Tales of Trails (continued)

A Toast to Boreas, Deity of Winter - by Trey Gregory

In the black depth of night, I was awakened by a strange scratching sound at the door. Gathering my senses and focusing my now wide-open eyes on the door window, I was startled by that same dull, red blinking light that seemed to stalk us throughout the evening. By now, my son was also awake and alarmed as I grabbed my headlamp and crawled toward the door. I jumped up and directed a bright light beam directly on the red blink light. Instantaneously, there was a shattering clatter on the outside deck. A large animal leaped into the night. Opening the door, my son and I observed a red-nosed reindeer fleeing into the treeline.

Exhausted by the events of our adventure, we returned to our deep sleep until the rising sun and noise of the morning single chair announced that it was time to leave our Nest and glide back down to earth.



Epilogue: To this day, we have had no further communication with Rudolf. Thus, the reality of his visit to the Stark's Nest on that snowless night remains unclear. Perhaps there may be something to the ritual of offering a toast to Boreas before planning a Mad River Glen ski trip.?

Daniel Archibald Nesbett

1929 - 2014

Long-time, passionate club member, Daniel Archibald Nesbett of Ivoryton, CT, passed away peacefully on December 1, 2014. He was 85 years old.

Born in March 1929, the son of Bess and John Nesbett, Dan spent his early years in Bayside, Long Island. He matriculated at Horace Greeley High School in Chappaqua, and then spent a post-graduate year at The Gunnery School in Washington, CT. He graduated from Cornell University.

Following two years as a junior navy officer, Dan started his career in advertising in New York City at BBDO, then Yardley, followed by Dancer Fitzgerald Sample, where he spent 15 years. In the 1980's, he founded Travel Market Trends, an authoritative analysis of the travel industry.

Dan was an avid skier, who found time (generally early in the morning) to write travel and humor articles for Skiing magazine, which included reviewing little-known East Coast ski mountains. His favorite was Mad River Glen. For a half-century he was a member of our club, serving on the board and editing the club newsletter. Dan

introduced many families to the club throughout the years.

He retired to Essex, CT in 1998 where he enjoyed many of his passions. He served actively on various local boards, played racquet sports, researched and wrote historical interest articles for local publications, played piano and continued to refine the art of growing the perfect begonia.



Lament of an Occasional Skier by Dan Nesbett



Long-winded people at cocktail parties. They stand there tanned and self-possessed –feet locked together, knees slightly bent, drink and forefinger extended—and tell you all the latest about Alta or St. Anton. Who Cares?

I do, for one. Terribly. My ski clothes get used so infrequently these days they never quite lose a pungent suggestion of mothballs. Eleven years of marriage have reduced my skiing to about four days a year.

Skiing vicariously at parties is such torture that I also try escaping into the full-color world of the ski magazines and brochures, sometimes getting lost in protracted reveries about early morning runs in six inches of virgin powder. The opiates work temporarily, but the cause of the complaint persists.

My wife tries for a quick rescue. “Why don’t we just run up to Alpine Haven on Sunday?” she asks. “It’s only a little over an hour away. We can leave the baby with mother and...”

“That’s not skiing,” I snort. “You won’t find me standing in line 30 minutes for a 3 minute run that at best is a slalom in and out of the bodies. Why, I’d just as soon stay in

New York and go up the rope tow in Van Cortland Park.”

“That’s an idea,” she says.

“Forget it!”

The discussion ends there, since I’d rather play double solitaire weekends than slide down anything less than a 1,200-foot vertical drop. My skiing tastes were hopelessly spoiled back when the crowds were less and my discretionary income was more. But getting to the **real mountains** just doesn’t come as a matter of course any more. It’s like staging a major military campaign. All factors – timing, equipment, logistics, physical conditioning – must be anticipated in detail. Even then, there’s little guarantee that everything will turn out for the best.

For example, take the matter of timing. “Then when do you think we should go away this year?” she asks.

“How about the weekend before Christmas,” I answer. “Maybe we weren’t too lucky last year, but that was a freak.”

“How lovely,” she says, her eyes sparkling.

So we play the same odds each year, and we always come within a day or two of perfect conditions. Actually, our lot has been lack of snow, thaws, freezing temperatures, sleet, fog and rain. One year the wash-out was so bad that nearby White River Junction was declared a disaster area.

“And let’s not spoil it all,” she says, “by staying at your old ski club just to save a few dollars.”

So reservations are made at the finest hostelry in the Green Mountains. Needless to say, my dues to the ski club do little more than help print the newsletter; I haven’t seen the inside of the lodge for three seasons.

By the time the appointed Friday rolls around, everything is super-organized. The equipment has been checked and rechecked, cleaned and waxed. The ski pants have been let out. The suitcases are packed and sitting by the door, together with the picnic lunch and the cooler full of beer. We will leave the city by mid-afternoon, eat and drive in shifts and arrive by 10 pm for eight hours sleep in the pure mountain air. Imagine, we will arise refreshed in the morning for a full day’s skiing.

Shortly after lunch, however, when I am about to sneak quietly out of the office, I receive an urgent long distance call from a client and arrive home two hours behind schedule. Now, to load the car and install a new ski rack – a 10-minute job. I open the box and pull out the rack, which is followed by a cascade of suction cups, brackets, adjustable straps, nuts, bolts and an instruction sheet with schematic drawings and assembly instructions meant for a master mechanic. The sun is down now, and it has turned cold. I work slowly, no longer feeling any sensation in my fingers. We get a very late start.

The car has just come out of the garage for servicing and some minor repairs, such as fixing the horn. With the first sharp right-hand turn, it blows all by itself. New York City’s notorious mechanics have not let us down. We contemplate our arrival at 2 am; there is no way to drive into the lodge’s parking lot without sounding a prolonged blast. We will be known but not loved.

“You got in a little late last night,” a familiar voice calls as I stand in front of the ski shop. “Exactly ten after two. Ask anyone in the village.” It is Harry Thorndike, an old skiing friend.

Continued...

Lament of an Occasional Skier by Dan Nesbett

Still a bachelor and skiing every weekend.

"How's your skiing?" he asks.

"I couldn't possibly tell you," I answer. "It's 11:30 and I haven't had my skis on yet. First of all, I had trouble starting the car. Who'd have thought it would turn this cold? By the time we got here, there were so many cars we had to park almost on the other side of the valley. There was a 20-minute wait for lift tickets, and my wife decided she needed new boots – her old ones were suddenly passé! Naturally, the new boots bind, so now she is back in the shop getting her ankles encased in foam rubber. God knows what it will be next, but we'll soon find out. Here she comes."

"Darling," she says, "Do you realize it's 11:30?"

"I'm aware of that," I say.

"Well, I think we'd be smart to have an early lunch and beat the crowd, then start skiing while the lift-lines are smaller. Besides, I still have to get some sunglasses."

"Why don't you do just that," I snap, "while Harry and I are taking a run?"

At the top of the mountain Harry kneels to adjust his safety strap. "So it's your first time out this year," he says. "We'll take it easy this time."

"Suits me," I say, as if I could care less. Actually, though, I resent his condescension. Hell, I used to ski circles around him! And who does he think he is wearing those silly-looking racing pants? He's too old for that stuff.

"Ready?" he asks as he loops his poles onto his wrists.

"Ready," I reply, sensing an emptiness in the pit of my stomach.

He pushes off. The trail is marked

ADVANCED. It is narrow and serpentine near the top, but I remember that it opens out about a quarter of the way down. He wedels in the loose powder along the right hand edge; his skis flip back and forth like the tail of a spawning salmon.

I pick up speed now and try following him down the edge, but my wedeling doesn't work – it's as if there are huge weights on the backs of my skis. I head for the center and try some short-linked turns to check my speed. Pure boilerplate. I edge, and stem, and snowplow for all I'm worth. "I can ski this stuff," I say aloud to myself as I skid and chatter over a mogul. Why must it be like this the first run every year? Mind over matter. Bump...almost went down there...hang on. My God, he's taking that jump. Well, here goes. Might as well be in the air as try to ski this junk. Up!.....Good. Now, skis parallel, together – weight forward. Slap! Now it's just a little runout. Weight forward again. Thank goodness, he's stopping for a rest.

With barely any speed, I catch an outside edge on a root. My legs won't respond. I collapse.

Harry's face shows an understanding, paternal smile. I could strangle the SOB if I had the strength.

When we finally reach the bottom, I can't wait to get rid of my skis, not to mention Harry. My wife is exactly where I expected to find her – in the bar.

"Nice run, darling?" she purrs.

"Horrible," I reply.

"It was the same way last year and the year before that, as I recall. It will all snap back into place in a day or two."

"We're just here for the weekend,

remember?"

"Oh, have a drink and relax. You can't force it." I know she's right, so I order a Scotch on the rocks.

By late Sunday morning I have actually made two smooth turns in a row, and my elation is so great that I telephone the boss.

"Hello, Bob," I shout into the receiver, "I hate to call you at home on Sunday, but I'm thinking about staying up for a couple of days. Might as well use that vacation time. Well, yes, it **is** snowing, and driving will **be** very bad. What do you think?"

"You know how busy we are in the office," I hear him say, "but I'll leave it up to your best judgment."

"Thanks. I'll see you later in the week. Good-bye."

I look for my wife and find her sitting over a cup of hot chocolate, watching the snowflakes swirl around outside in the flat, late afternoon light.

"I may get fired," I say, "but we're staying through Wednesday."

By Wednesday noon I have been skiing my head off for two-and-a-half solid days, and I run into another old friend who has just arrived for **his** annual outing. He is stomping and kicking snow in front of the ski shop.

"The damned wife of mine is still in there," he says. "Would you believe it? I haven't been up the mountain yet!"

"Well then," I say with a warm smile, "why don't you just take a quick warm-up run with me?" I figure this run might provide enough kicks to last through the long months ahead.

-- DAN NESBETT,
SKI MAGAZINE 1975

Life on Another Trail

By Gregg Stone



For those among us who enjoy the skinny skis and are looking for some adventure, there are two primo cross country ski events in North America each winter. The American Birkebeiner is a 107 km race in Wisconsin which attracts thousands of competitors each year. The Canadian Ski Marathon runs from the outskirts of Ottawa to the outskirts of Montreal (or in reverse) and is actually not a race, but a “loppet”. Loppets allow participants to start when they please and no times are taken. The CSM runs over two days, each with roughly five 10 mile segments, and one can do as many or as few as he or she wants.

Last winter I drove with a friend to the midpoint of the marathon, Montebello, and checked into the Montebello Chateau, an old Canadian Pacific Railroad grand hotel that retains much of its charm and is loaded with fantastic food. The excitement the day before the start was palpable, and there was plenty of camaraderie in the large waxing room where we all tried to offset our limited training with superior ski prep. I was very impressed by a beautiful 30 something woman who was expecting to do the whole thing, while eight months pregnant.

Participants who hope to get a full day in leave early the next morning, in the dark, on school buses headed out to the start or later checkpoints. For the early going, headlamps are quite useful. Last year we had six to twelve inches of fresh snow, little wind, and temperatures about zero. But for the problem of staying warm before the start and chilling down in checkpoints while eating, this was about perfect -- very easy waxing, fast conditions, and soft snow on the side of the trail to

fall in. The hard core, known as *coureur de bois* (runner of the woods), complete the full 160 km for a bronze medal, carry a five kilogram backpack for a silver, and carry their gear and sleep out between days (gold). There are plenty of them and they are treated with great respect.

I was less ambitious, coming from the flatlands of Massachusetts, and went thirty miles each day. That proved to be a full day, but quite manageable. In a prior attempt, about five years ago I learned to bring multiple pairs of gloves and an extra hat, because once drenched with sweat from a thirty minute climb, my hands would freeze in the wet glove. This year, it being fairly cool, that was less of a problem but I longed for a down jacket to put on in a rest area. I had to get going before I was fully satiated because I was chilling down too far. Next time.

By in large, the terrain is gently undulating with broad fields and long single track sections in woods. It is not technical skiing and any member could handle all but two downhills (where there was lots of walking). The company is as nice a group of strangers as you can hope to meet. They are fit, friendly and not racing. Life at the Chateau after the skiing is a rare treat.

Next year will be the 50th running of the Ski Marathon . The organizers need about 2000 skiers to break even, and they strongly encourage ski clubs to go en masse. I hear the Gregorians are training.....

For more information: csm-mcs.com

MLK Weekend

The Cross Country race over Martin Luther King Weekend was graced with buttery conditions and comfortable temperatures. About a dozen racers were on the line, well below the previous years' large turnouts but well above the depths of attendance when John Tobin skied the course alone.

John Tobin won comfortably, while 13 year old Thomas Walker was a respectable three minutes behind. Thomas could be a rising Cross Country contender. Thomas also was about a half minute in front of his father Doug who got to experience an "I was beaten by my son" life milestone. 12 year old Paul Rawlings put in a solid time and was just ahead of Pam Nesbett. While the women's attendance was light, Pam was thrilled to get the hardware after participating in the Cross Country race for 20 years without missing a race. Much of life is showing up.

There was then a very long pause in the action when the crowd peered down the course and couldn't find any racers, put down the lone cowbell and went inside to get some coffee. After 7 minutes a gaggle of girls between the ages of 12 and 16 approached the uphill finish -- laughing and chatting -- with Tigger Nesbett pulling up the rear and crossing the finish line backwards.



Pam Nesbett and John Tobin



Racers Ready!

X-Country Race Results

Name	Gender	Age	Time
John Tobin	M		12:23
Thomas Walker	M	13	15:26
Douglas Walker	M		16:43
Paul Rawlings	M	12	19:30
Pam Nesbett	F		20:05
Izzy Nesbett	F	12	5:37
Kelsey Mottolese (guest)	F		6:07
Abigale Deery (guest)	F		6:28
Tigger Nesbett	F	15	7:38



Winners John Tobin and Pam Nesbett



Eager Racers



An exhausted Izzy Nesbett!



Peter Cosel with grandson "little man" and Dean Richards



Dean and Tony Richards

Stephen Pettibone

When did you start skiing? I started skiing when I was three. I first rode the single chair alone when I was five, which almost caused my mother to have a heart attack.

Who introduced you to the ASCNY and when? My parents, Peter and Jean Pettibone, who joined the club years before I came into the picture. My first trip up was at 6 weeks and we barely made it up the App Gap (at least that's the way I'm telling it...).

Your best and/or worst experience at the Lodge? Best experience: I've had too many great experiences to pick any specific one, but there's nothing like trading stories by the fire after a long day on the hill. Worst experience: the night I fell out of the top bunk of Bunk Room 3.



Tell us about your best road trip to MRG? Your worst? Best road trip to MRG – I can't think of an especially "great" one, but there have been a few memorable white-knuckle drives. Case in point – this January I was driving up fairly late. It started snowing while I was still on 89, and by the time I pulled onto 100B, there were a few inches of snow on the unplowed road. I felt like I was sledding through a meteor shower.

Best day at MRG? I've really enjoyed watching my girls learn to ski, and for each of them that first day when they barreled down Fox & Vixen on their own has been amazing for me. Second to those was a day last January. When we got up to MRG, the mountain was basically closed. Overnight, we got about a foot of snow, but in the morning the website said only Antelope and Catamount would be open from the top. Because of that and the below-zero temperatures, hardly anyone was skiing. That worked out well for me, because as I rode up the single, I realized Chute was open, started with that – amazing conditions. When I reached the midstation, a patroller was dropping the rope on Liftline – so I had first tracks all the way down (with no moguls!). I rode back up, and decided to give myself a break with a run down Antelope. As I got down to the bottom of the run, I saw a patroller dropping the rope on Lower Antelope – so again, first tracks for me all the way down. Not sure I'll be able to match that timing again.

What is your favorite trail at MRG? That's easy – Paradise (although Spring Skiing on Lower Canyon is a lot of fun).

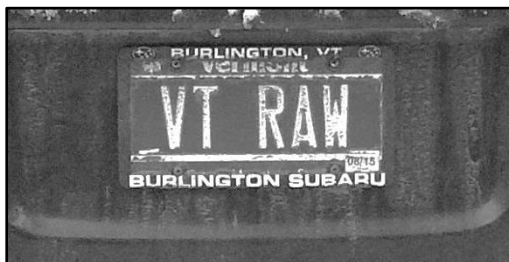
If you weren't skiing at MRG where would you rather ski? Taos.

Who is your fantasy ski buddy? Right now, I can't wait for Hannah, Kellogg and Parker to get older so we can start skiing the woods together.

Favorite après ski beverage? Just about any local VT-brewed beer (As a Midd grad, I'm partial to Otter Creek.)

Favorite ski outfit and skis? I'm pretty proud of the bunny ears I had on my helmet when we skied at MRG on Easter a few years ago. Skis – Right now I'm on a pair of Rossignol Pursuits that I love. I've never had a ski that can hold an edge like those.

Why did you join the Board of Governors? After all the great experiences I've had at the club and with the members, I want to give something back. Well, that's the politically correct response anyway.



The Soul Gallery:

Betsy Pratt - The Steward of Mad River Glen

A reprint from Powder Magazine August 2014

[The Soul Gallery](#), a tribute to iconic figures who defined skiing, [originally ran in the January 2014 issue \(42.5\)](#). As pure as snowflakes drifting through the sky, each winter represents a clean slate—an opportunity to meet new people, accomplish new goals, learn lessons about yourself and nature, and be reborn as you fly through deep powder snow. What happens when you can experience this every season throughout a lifetime? What lessons do you learn? What can you accomplish when you ski not just for years, but decades?

For a handful of old timers, the annual return of winter gives them the means to influence everyone around them. Season after season, storm after storm, they see things differently than everyone else, and they keep at it long after others slow down or simply give up. They are the pioneers, visionaries, innovators, artists, and warriors

who are fully committed. Eventually, their accomplishments help define an entire sport. Today, these skiers remind us where we came from and what lessons we can learn in order to follow in their tracks.

There's a legend that people like to tell about Betsy Pratt. She claims it never happened, but this is how it goes: In 1995, Les Otten, who'd just started building his resort empire with the American Skiing Company, made an offer to buyout Mad River Glen, which Pratt had presided over during the previous 20 years.

"When he approached her at the bar, she took a drag off her big corncob pipe, blew the smoke in his face, and told him where he could stick the check," says Eric Freidman, marketing director at Mad River Glen. "Then she sold it to skiers for half the price, and financed it interest free until she sold enough shares."

And so the cooperative ski area was born. Whether that's how it happened or not, the cooperative has nevertheless managed to sustain Mad River Glen as a skier's mountain, where the natural terrain itself is the sole draw—not real estate. "It was her idea to create this vehicle to run the mountain because the only people she trusted were the skiers themselves," says Friedman.

Pratt is responsible for starting the cooperative that owns Mad River Glen.

PHOTO: Scott Markewitz



Betsy Pratt, irascible ski area maverick, born 1928.

PHOTO: Scott Markewitz

In typical hard-nose fashion, Pratt is reluctant to take credit for the success of the cooperative. She says she merely followed the vision set forth by Mad River Glen's founder, Roland Palmedo, who believed that mountains were there not to be destroyed for profit, but enjoyed for recreation.

"You just don't improve on nature, in my opinion," says Pratt, who now spends most of her time on the golf courses between Vermont and North Carolina. "If someone is going to be here in hundreds of years, it doesn't seem fair for us to rip everything up."

Race Weekend Information



Sunday, February 15th

Sign up for races at ASCNY Lodge 8:00am

Giant Slalom 9:30

Slalom 1:00

6:00 – 7:00 Cocktails at

ASCNY Lodge, BYO Appetizer

7:00 Dinner at MRG Basebox

RSVP for dinner to mhgmhb@gmail.com



Kids' Corner

C E J H M S U V N P S O Z M L
S A P E A R Y T O U A S M W M
E T L A D N E K E E W E C A R
K E F L R L I M K O I U R H S
A L U U I A E B M Q I I Y I J
L E W W V E D I C Z C E N P E
F M M X E Z S I F Q H G W N I
W A J D R M C C S S L J I F Q
O R D T G T J C O E T P D U E
N K S Q L W D P C R U I A T P
S Y L T E X E H J C N C A K D
E K C P N I A S R L K E C W N
I A N K S I G O W Y D E R Y N
B X P P R G P T F O H W H L R
A D U X R L B U N K R O O M S

WORD BANK

Mad River Glen
Waitsfield
Snowflakes
Single Chair
Callie's Corner
Paradise

Porcupine
Bunk Rooms
Race Weekend
Quacky
Telemark

Introducing A New Trophy – by Stephen Pettibone, Race Chairman

This year we are introducing a new trophy for an award that has been long over due. When I was taking the trophies out of the cabinet last year for the awards ceremony, I was surprised to find that although the Pratfall award has been given to the best male Giant Slalom skier over the age of 40, there was no equivalent trophy for the women. Ever impressed by the enthusiastic group of “older” women who race the course (often with zero prior racing experience) only to have the fastest award snapped up by a teenager from MRG’s race program, it was an easy decision to right that wrong. This year we will be unveiling the trophy to go along with the award. In the spirit of all our great club trophies, its construction incorporates some, uh, non-traditional materials. In this case, a salvaged piece of the vintage lodge carpet, replaced last year after decades of love. While all participants in the over 40 female category deserve the red carpet treatment, only one will receive her name on the trophy each year. Tasha Nagler was the winner of the award in it’s first official year. With this new award, we hope to see an increase in the over 40 female participants taking the course by storm.



Name: Prattfalline

Race: Giant Slalom

Category: Female over 40

Date Introduced: 2014

Other Noteworthy Facts: First Awarded in 2014, to Tasha Nagler, the trophy came a year later.



Amateur Ski Club of New York Newsletter

319 Ponus Ridge Road
New Canaan, CT 06840

Time to sharpen your skis

**Slalom and Grand Slalom
Races**

February 15th

Sign up at the lodge 8:00am

**Round of applause for
outgoing president
Jim Byrne.
Thanks for your
hard work.**

*Stay Tuned
for a new & improved
website experience!
Meanwhile,
thank you for your patience.*

Want to honor someone
whose hard work over the
years has made ASCNY
what it is today?

Contact Scott Alexander
with nominations for the
Legacy Cup Award!
scottalexander2000@yahoo.com

