

PSH Ski & Snowboard Club hits Quebec



By MARKO PRIMORAC

Foreign Correspondant

On January 5, the members of Penn State's Ski and Snowboard Club from Harrisburg, Berks and University Park, along with Bloomsburg University loaded low-budget buses armed with ski equipment, personal gear, and Pepsi.

Our destination: Mount Treblant, Quebec.

On our journey to Canada, we watched snowboarding movies, *Gladiator*, *Dumb and Dumber*, and some other movie that I do not remember since I had a few too many Pepsis. I did manage to read most of Irving Welsh's novel, *Acid House*. It was so good I was laughing hysterically, out loud, while sitting by myself.

During our trek (which lasted about 14 hours) we made three stops; two in New York state, and one in downtown Montreal. The Canadians were very receptive, and they even spoke English, in addition to the regional tribal tongue, "French." The croisants were phenomenal.

Upon our arrival in the ski resort town of Treblant, we unloaded into our hotel, the "Khandahar."

The rooms were spotless, and most of them had full kitchens. Each room had a two-person bed, as well as a pull-out couch in the living room and a fake fireplace.

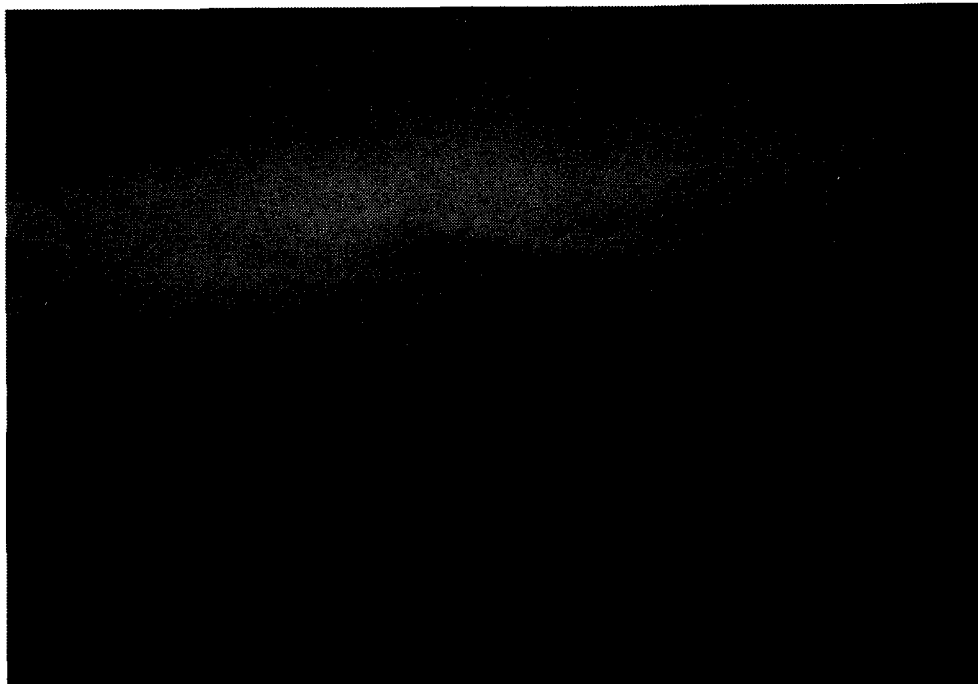
In the morning, there was a free breakfast buffet, which I capitalized on four out of the five days there. On our first day, Monday, we went for some free food down in the hotel lobby, and headed off to pick up rentals for the two non-ski or snowboard owning losers of the group: Becky and I. Once we filled out the paperwork we were promptly given our gear and we headed to the slopes. It was Becky's first time on skis, and Jesse and I were going to be the instructors.



A daytime view of Mount Treblant, which is a couple miles from Montreal.

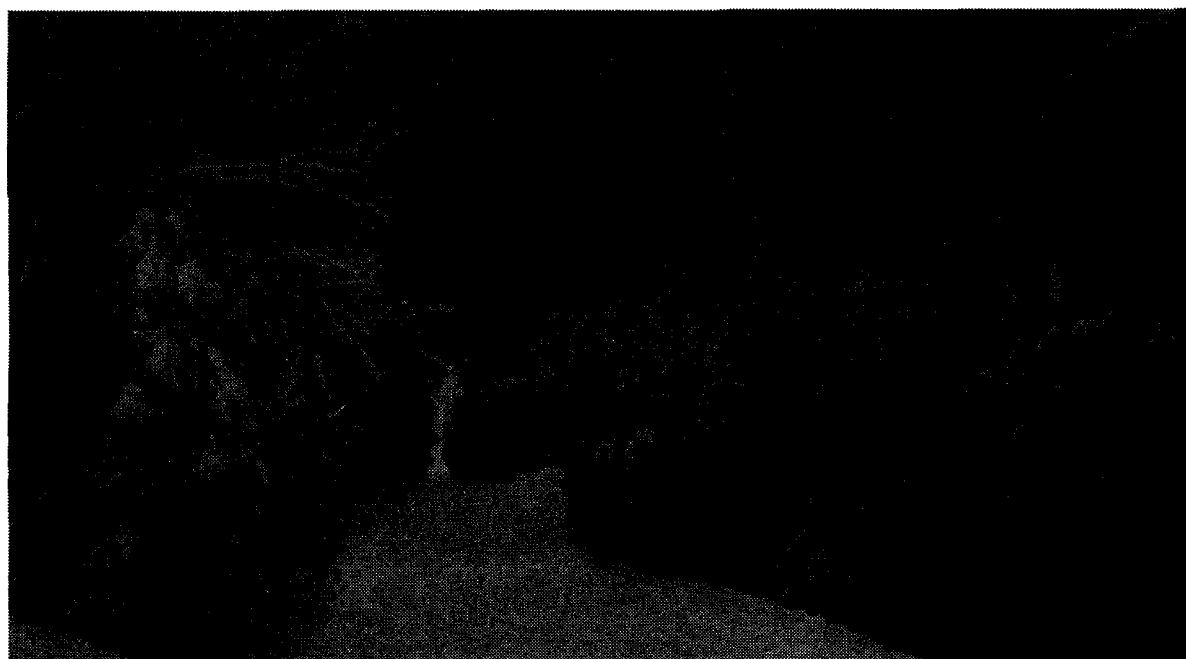
"I can't slow down," was the catch-phrase of the day. Jesse and I did our best as instructors. By the end of the day, and a few bruises, Becky was skiing like a pro.

The wind was bad that day. Since I always forget something on every trip, it was only logical that I forgot two things for this vacation: my goggles and face-mask. The wind burn wasn't too



photos by Marko Primorac

People walk the streets in downtown Mount Treblant, attempting to keep warm. At night, the wind chill felt like it was minus 30.



Off the beat and path: the view is almost as nice as the white powder.

bad, but my eyelashes were freezing together, keeping my eyes shut as I shot down the slopes.

The first night, we explored the town. Doug, Becky, and I walked around for about fifteen minutes.

We were all very impressed. The town was very colorful, there were restaurants and bars everywhere, and a handful of clubs.

To our pleasant surprise, there was a group of drunken American students thundering about as a mob, chanting, "Blame Canada! Blame Canada!" I was fighting back the tears of pride...

The nightlife was banging, and everyone from our group was partying like rock stars. In fact, the entire hotel was filled with college students drinking and playing beer pong. Suspicious pungent smoke and odors filled most floors of the hotel, nearly every night of the trip. There was also an outdoor hottub, and half-a-dozen bars within walking distance.

Unfortunately, the temperature began to drop drastically, and the skiing turned into a battle against the elements. It did not matter though

since the slopes were good, and the ice was not too bad. Walking back from the bars at night really began to suck, since the windchill made the temperature feel like it was minus 30.

We had snow storms, as well as snow-makers, so the powder was there at all times. The absolute best attribute Mount Treblant had was the lift that went straight through the center of town to the base of the mountain. When you came down to the base, you could ski down to your hotel, since they had snow-makers keeping snow on the ground.

The clubs were wild from what I heard I stuck to the a pizzeria-pub I discovered, *Yaooooo!*, and the exquisite beer they sold, the Quebecois *Borealis*.

The Mount Treblant ski trip was a blast. The skiing was good, and everyone in our club is real easy to get along with. If you didn't go, you're stupid.

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Treblant has scenery, slopes, nightlife, friendly locals, good food, and most important, good beer. It's not really 14 hours away (except on budget buslines), so try to get out there. Just remember to say, "Ey?" at the end of every sentence and question.