

Snapshots From Lake Tahoe

LuAnn and I returned from our annual ski trip last Saturday, this time to Lake Tahoe. I may not be able to bore you with our photos in person, but I'll bet I can do it with just the descriptions.

- Here is LuAnn at the Denver Airport, guarding our carry-on luggage. We ate lunch next to another couple at Lefty's Restaurant, where our piles of stuff became intermingled. When we got up to leave, LuAnn accidentally gathered up one of the other couple's items with her own, and they protested good-naturedly. I told them, "That's how she got all this other stuff."
- Next, we have Dart Discount Liquor in South Lake Tahoe. When we drove in after dark, due to the sharp angle of the intersection it looked like there was also another Dart store half-concealed in the mini-mall across the street (don't ask – you had to be there). When we quizzed the older guy at the counter (Mr. Dart?) about his "other location," we had him totally confused. Exasperated, he finally said, "This is the only Dart's in the world!" He sold us some alcoholic beverages, although I'm sure he felt it was the last thing we needed.
- Squaw Valley is celebrating the 50th anniversary of its hosting of the winter Olympics, and we happened to be having lunch at the High Camp mid-mountain bar when the U.S. was playing Canada in the Olympic men's hockey gold medal game. The four skiers in this photo look a little goofy sitting indoors with their prescription ski goggles on so they can see the TV. There were enough Canadians in attendance to support a rousing rendition of "Oh, Canada" after the deciding goal.
- Accompanying us were John and Paula, the son and daughter-in-law of close friends of ours. Here they are wearing their ski helmets, which are getting more and more popular. It's a good thing John wore his, because he took several shots to the head – one from a chairlift support bar while he was getting on, another when he

walked into the raised tailgate of our rental SUV and a final blow from me when I turned around suddenly with my skis on my shoulder.

- John and Paula are gourmet cooks (at least, compared to LuAnn and me), so we ate in a lot. Paula likes to take pictures of her creations, and this one is French toast casserole topped with pecans and mixed berries. She slightly scorched the inside-out spring roll pot stickers prepared with cabbage, carrots and unsalted peanuts, so that meal did not make the cut, photographically speaking.
- Our condo complex has a hot tub (pictured here) that seats 20, and at the same time each evening there were always four big, happy Hawaiian guys in it. Another regular hot tubber, a local, revealed that he used to live in Hawaii. Then one evening, two women got in the tub who said they were also from Hawaii and were startled to find other Hawaiians there. Iowa turned out to be the most exotic state represented in the tub. When we returned to our condo, we realized that it was the only night of the week we hadn't planned to cook and that the frozen pizza we had purchased at the beginning of the trip was...Hawaiian.
- Friday night is always fridge-cleaning night in a condo, so here are John and Paula frowning at the open refrigerator trying to figure out what they can make out of carrots, bread, ½ bottle of capers, red peppers, whole nutmeg, vanilla, corn bran cereal, chipotle hot sauce, sour cream, brown sugar and four kinds of cheese. It wasn't nearly as difficult to figure out what to do with the remaining four varieties of alcohol.

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