



THE OREGON SKIER

IN OTHER WORDS, A PERSON SO FEARLESS YET GENTLE,
SO BOLD YET KINDLY, SO WORLDLY YET MELLOW,
THAT THEY RESEMBLE A BUNDLE OF PARADOXES
WRAPPED IN A BUNGEE CORD OF ENIGMA STUFFED
INTO AN ENVELOPE OF MYSTERY. ON SKIS.

Which brings us to the story of our heroine, an impressive skier herself, who happened upon a majestic white peak in the upper left hand quarter of the map one day. On this peak stood a great, woodsy lodge that, the minute she laid eyes on it, brought to mind the grand and hospitable mountain chalets of Europe. No sooner had our skier-heroine laid tracks in the fresh powder surrounding the enchanted building than she vowed to make a habit of it. And no sooner had she crawled under the Native American blanket in her hand-carved bed than she dreamed a mysteriously vivid dream. She dreamed it was possible to play all manner of winter sports there, even in the middle of summer. And when she woke up, she found it was true.

Now here's another thing you may find mysterious. There are as many types of snow in Oregon as there are cheeses in France. You can taste them all if you have a few days: from the dry, fluffy goodness of Mt. Bachelor's high desert peak to the mid-July wonder of Mt. Hood's glacier to the deep, creamy drifts of the Willows.

You are cordially invited to sample our snows. And our cheeses, for that matter. We'd love to have you. But hand-carved beds don't grow on trees, so let's keep it among friends. Okay?

Start planning your Oregon ski vacation at traveloregon.com or by calling 1-800-547-7842.



Timberline Lodge, Mt. Hood, Oregon