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All areas were full the side of the road was overcrowded and the ditch became an impediment to all would be parkers. Since the boss was inundated by the mass of irate humanity, it was time for his trusted but naive lieutenant to spring into action. Numerous casualties were occurring on the slope and first aid would be needed! But it was evident very quickly that none would exist. The phrase, "yeh, that looks like a pretty bad one", was common place much to the chagrin of the injured party.

It only got worse. A plethora of skiers ramming past the single hay bales into the razor sharp barbed wire fence created a bit of a quandary. Do you cut the brand new fence (no), do you snip the new skiwear (no), but you can't leave them stuck like Steve McQueen in the Great Escape scene. Solution a timely response of, "yeh, that looks pretty bad, I'll get back to you in a little bit, good luck". Now the impact of sledding foolhardiness, coupled with the physics of gravity and the positioning of key facilities met in an inevitable crescendo of crash, bang, "ooh, what's that odor", "get me out of here"! You guessed it; the porta-potty became even more porta in nature. It could have been renamed tilt-a-splat. This required the immediate skills and determination of an experienced and committed employee to fix the situation and do the required public relations. But what was available was an inexperienced, overwhelmed neophyte only armed with the phrase of the day, "yeh, that really is a bad one".

Later an out of control portable cameraman slides through a crowd of people waiting their turn for skiing immortality, he jumps the hay bales and crashes into a car moving in the parking lot. As the attention is there, a toboggan rams the lodge/equipment/rental window knocking the swing door down on would be participants into this foray into futility. With head bumps, sore shoulders and anger they turned on the youthful offender with words and threatened deeds that no doubt required much prayer and seeking forgiveness on the next Sunday. It didn't end there, the crash had dislodged the lodge and it was teetering back and forth while the leader of this now Titanic like bridge area had been stunned and was a bit incoherent. Later the question arose, "was it the impact of the skier or the unique brand of cough medicine that had been ingested throughout the day". Regardless the situation was becoming critical. This was the time for a man among men to step forth and save the day.

Our young hero failed to step forth and stem the tide of catastrophe but found it necessary to rapidly get to the top of the hill to an evident issue of potential disaster. An attractive young maiden in distress had fallen and didn't seem to be able to get up.

Rescue Ranger was on the way. As might be expected on such a day, by the time he arrived three taller, more dashing and obviously more skilled men had assisted her to her feet, cared for her needs and seemed to have pleased her to the point of smiles and laughter.

The longest day thankfully ended. Money had been made, reputations had been shattered, assessment of the damage was in progress when a person of curt manner approached with a letter in hand. He approached the emotionally frayed fearless leader and informed him that a cease and desist order had been issued by a judge regarding the use of the compressor. The noise was disturbing the peace and subjecting individuals to undue personal emotional stress (due to a previous condition).

Hence, the death of Ski Valley was swift and without the languishing of a failed enterprise gone bad. It was over. They went to court in a few days, the injunction was not lifted and it was really over. The old master moved onto other schemes. He was last heard of on the national nightly news sky diving from a plane. Seems he had lost the use of his legs from an accident involving some tainted liquid refreshment. His young novice ski instructor went back to school (never getting to instruct anyone or learning to ski). Though leading an interesting life nothing seemed to compare to two days of insanity on the slopes of Ski Valley. Upon reflection, he noted this was a blip on the history of mankind. But, if only a catch phrase like, "one small slip for man, one giant skid for mankind" might have brought fame and fortune to us all, "look what it did for Neil Armstrong".

Postscript: You've heard the facts as remembered by a participant (a bit jaded and abused by time and memory). Why did this idea fail? Was it by divine intervention? Could it have been human failure (most likely)? Was it just

not its time? Was this the dawning of the Age of Aquarius but not Ski Valley? As the time of gloaming descended upon the upper crest of Ski Valley, our befuddled young hero might have contemplated these and other concepts of concrete or philosophical impact. But in reality, he realized that much like King Arthur in the critical scene from Camelot that once there was a shining place called Ski Valley. And at this brief but life altering moment in the continuum of time, he truly was the indisputable "Ski King of Route 66". A title only he and he alone would know or remember.

SKI SNOW VALLEY OKLAHOMAS 1st OPENING - DEC. 1st OR BEFORE RT. 66 - KELLYVILLE

1. THREE TOWS (300 Ft.-500 Ft.-700 Ft.)
2. SKI LESSONS AVAILABLE
BY CERTIFIED INSTRUCTORS • 2 INSTRUCTORS • 2 INSTRUCTORS
3. CUSTOM SNOW BY WILLIS
4. SKI RENTALS
5. TOBOGGAN AREA
6. "HUDDLE HUT"

FOR INFORMATION

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Something for everyone at Heritage Days



Cars for dad and
Ring toss and
several
activities for
the kids
makes for a
lot of fun
for the
family at
Kellyville
Heritage Days
each year.

