



© Getty Images/John Wiley

Aspen

(a local word for tourists), you can almost always find fresh powder here. After a big dump, this is truly epic.

### The times, they are a-changing

Skiing has changed a lot in Colorado since I was rocking my neon fanny pack and ripping sweet backscratchers on mogul runs like Drunken Frenchman at Winter Park's Mary Jane (like they say no pain, no Jane).

Snowboarding has caught on in a big way, and the resorts in Summit County (including Breckenridge, Copper Mountain, and Keystone) are often packed to the gills. Consolidation means more resorts are owned by big conglomerates. In short, skiing has gone corporate, and that sucks.

Sometimes I wonder why I do it. Why would I pay US \$209 to ski Vail for a day?

Why would I pack my feet into impossibly tight boots that make me walk like a robot? Why would I take my daughter into the cold to slide down icy slopes when there's a perfectly good TV at home?

The answer comes when the sun peeks out from the grey clouds and that big, beautiful Colorado sky appears. It's my daughter's ear-to-ear smile after she and her BFF took their first run without parents down Arapahoe Basin's steep front face. It's the feel of the wind on my cheek, the laughing crowds and whoops from the chair when I pull off my trademark backscratcher grab, and the collective feel of comradeship and community as we fly down slopes of snow and ice in a ridiculous pursuit that makes no sense on paper, but makes perfect sense in our hearts.

### TRIP NOTES

*Skiing Colorado is easier and cheaper than you'd think. Here are a few tips to get you started.*

Skip the day lift ticket. The way to go is a season pass or four pack, such as the Epic Pass and Ikon Pass.

Pick a destination that fits your needs. Families will love Steamboat, Copper Mountain, Snowmass, and Keystone.

Snowboarders love Copper and Vail, while big-mountain riders should look to Aspen, Crested Butte (some of the gnarliest skiing in the US), Telluride, and the one-lift wonder of Silverton. While runs are a little short, the biggest powder is almost always found at Wolf Creek.

Mom-and-pop resorts are still worth it. You'll save a bunch of cash, people are friendly, and the relics of freedom and anti-establishmentarianism are alive and well on forgotten hills like Ski Cooper, Monarch, Arapahoe Basin, Purgatory, and Sunlight.

Most people fly into Denver (DIA), then schlepp up I-70 to the Summit County resorts. But Steamboat, Aspen, Vail, Telluride, and Crested Butte all have airports nearby, with regular direct flights all winter long. It's a little more expensive than going into DIA, but missing the traffic is priceless.

Colorado gets better later in the winter, but the snow can be finicky. Check out a source like OpenSnow (<https://opensnow.com/dailysnow/colorado/>) for spot-on snow forecasts.

Skiing and snowboarding are dangerous sports. Wear a helmet, ski in control, and, for heaven's sake, don't cut me off!



Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce

### UNEXPECTED

## A Slice of Portugal on Cape Cod

Steering between Cape Cod's cranberry bogs and sand dunes, I spin the car radio dial in search of music. What I find surprises me, because instead of pop hits or country, I pick up the haunting sounds of a *fado* song coming from a Portuguese station.

When I moved to New England a decade ago, I discovered a region rich in languages: indigenous Wampanoag people working to revive an ancestral tongue, neighbors calling Italian greetings in Boston's North End, and the French Canadian accents I hear near my Vermont home. But it took a Cape Cod road trip to meet the Portuguese-speaking descendants of Azorean and Madeiran families who settled on the shores of Massachusetts.

I am reluctant to switch off the radio when I pull into Provincetown, the town perched at the end of Cape Cod. While Plymouth, Massachusetts, is often remembered as the first landing-place of the Mayflower Pilgrims, they originally touched down right here. There's even a monument. But first, I make a beeline for Provincetown Portuguese Bakery, where a baker is rolling pieces of fried dough, called *malasadas*, in a generous layer of sugar.

Crispy and sweet, the Madeiran specialties are a favorite at the Provincetown Portuguese Festival that's held every June. To ensure a safe year on the famously treacherous coast of Cape Cod, the fishermen line up their brightly decorated boats for a traditional blessing of the fleet.

*Malasada* in hand, I wander from the bakery to the nearby Pilgrim Monument. Locals call Provincetown "the end of the world," but to me that fried dough was a sugary rejoinder to the nickname. Because for hopeful immigrants from the Pilgrims to the Portuguese, Cape Cod wasn't the world's end, it was their first glimpse of a new one.

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