

## MOMENTS

A SNOWY PEAK AT Breckenridge Ski resort

## Keeping Up with the Rockies

Colorado's altitude isn't the only thing that elevates a ski holiday here. By Joy Pecknold

WARDASHIANS, but here I actually do find myself keeping up with them. While we're riding the Mountain Top Express lift at Colorado's Vail resort, one of the locals I'm skiing with points out the Cappuccino run below us; it's the Kardashians' favourite, apparently, and had to be closed off for them in 2016 when they were filming "Snow You Didn't!" because people were stalking them so closely that it got dangerous. That's an atypical problem to have here, though, because there are 2,140 hectares of skiable terrain (making Vail the third-largest resort in the United States) plus another five ski hills less than an hour away. Also, most people aren't a Kardashian. »

As it's my first time on the mountain, I take one of the complimentary tours—they're offered for either the frontside or the back bowls and Blue Sky Basin, which is living up

to its name in the truest, bluest way on this particular day. Even though the trails could use more snow at the moment, what they have is good stuff—soft and dry even though it's not fresh—and there's nary a lift line, so we cover a lot of ground (nearly 5,000 vertical metres) before stopping for lunch at The 10th. The restaurant sits near the end of the Cappuccino run, which is perhaps why it, too, has been visited by Kim and co. This is no "run-of-the-hill" place: There's a cloakroom where diners trade their ski boots in for slippers, and mussels, lobster and quail are on the menu.

That evening, my travel partners and I swap ski bowls for Bōl, an upscale modern bowling alley and restaurant in the village. In the words of Khloé Kardashian, "This is, like, the nicest bowling alley I've ever been to." Rather than the watery beer pitchers that alleys usually dole out, here there are margaritas and Moscow mules on tap—three varieties of each, in fact. And for when hunger strikes, there's a menu

of items (including lollipops and duck pot pie), all of which are delivered directly to one's lane. We follow up that good, clean fun at the downstairs dive bar called

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The George, where the walls are plastered in ragbag signage (including old *Rolling Stone* covers and George Costanza's *The Timeless Art of Seduction* poster) and they offer Moët by the bottle (for \$110). It's hi-lo Vail-style.

Another day, another lesson in contrasts. In the morning, we drive to Camp Hale, an army training facility that operated during and post-WWII and is now the base for Nova Guides's Top of the Rockies Snowmobile Tour. When Kim Kardashian was here, she wore knee-length fur, but I opt for one of the *circa* 1970s onesies provided. After learning the basics and burning around an open field to see how everyone handles their Ski-Doo, we head up the trails. Weaving through the White River National Forest, we climb to 3,810 metres and then stop and walk up to a ridge to take in the surrounding white-tipped mountain ranges. Even without the formidable wind, the scene would take my breath away.

Back in Vail, there's another gasp on the ride to dinner as the sunset paints the sky in amber, apricot and purple. At the bottom of its namesake bowl is the Game Creek Restaurant, which sheds its private-day-club status in the evening and provides a prime perch for the fading light show. Taking the Eagle Bahn Gondola and then a snowcat to reach it is a scenic postcard in itself. Kris Jenner had planned a family





dinner here, but the kids bailed, which is a shame, because the view—a 2013 Napa Valley biodynamic red and the mint-crusted Colorado Lamb—gives me life.

Leaving Vail, we dip into Beaver Creek for the day. Although the Kardashian fam hasn't been here (as far as I know), they'd love it—the immaculate village, Candy Cabin at the top of the Strawberry Park lift and the après-ski set-up at The Ritz-Carlton. As a snowboarder, I'm won over by the absence of flat cat tracks. And with beginner runs going all the way up to the top of the mountain, newbies will dig it, too. But the real crowd-pleaser comes at 3 p.m. every day: Staff clad in kitchen whites give out warm chocolate-chip cookies at the base.

We spend our final two nights in Breckenridge, which *KUWTK* fans will know as the location of season two's "Kardashian Family Vacation." In this mining turned mountain town, interpersonal drama predates the Kardashians' visit. Established in 1859, when gold was discovered along the Blue River, it's now the state's largest historic district. I learn about the seedier side of its prospecting past on Breckenridge Heritage Alliance's Swinging Doors Saloon Tour (essentially a bar crawl elevated by a two-hour history lesson). It includes a stop at the 140-year-old Gold Pan Saloon, which boasts it has the oldest continuous liquor licence west of the Mississippi.

A stiff drink isn't necessary to raise my spirits, though. For the few hours I have left to cruise the ski hill, there's a fresh dusting of snow and slivers of sun pierce the clouds. I don't make it up the Imperial Express SuperChair (the highest lift in North America, at 3,913 metres), but I still get that mountain high. In this way—skiing, eating and drinking my way through the Colorado Rockies—I'll keep keeping up with the Kardashians.



## HIDDEN GEM

The Canadian Rockies cut a jagged line between British Columbia and Alberta, and just an hour west of Calgary, Canmore is the quickest, easiest portal to their peaks. Like many mountain towns, this one professes to be laid-back, but seeing as wintertime isn't its peak season, it can back that up more than most.

In terms of the chill vibe, it helps that Canmore isn't built around a typical ski resort. Those are within reach (Banfi's Mount Norquay and Sunshine Village are 20 and 35 minutes away, respectively), but the town doesn't live to feed the powder hungry in the same way. There is skiing five minutes from town, but it's the less ostentatious cross-country variety. To explore the Canmore Nordic Centre's 65-kilometre trail system only costs \$15 for the day, and rental equipment is \$30. Doing a loop on a weekday at 10 a.m. feels meditative—all I hear is the swish of skis on snow and my own rhythmic breathing.

You'd rightly suspect that people who are fed up with the peal and pace of city life flock to a place like this, and Sky McLean is one of them. To get closer to the mountains, the Toronto-raised real estate developer moved to Calgary first and then committed to Canmore. In 2017, she launched Basecamp Resorts. The flagship property features 30 self-check-in apartment-style suites clad in crisp whites, light woods and modern animal accents. To feel simultaneously small and spoiled rotten, sit in the rooftop hot tub with a cup of coffee and take in the towering wall of mountains directly ahead.

This year, McLean opened The Lamphouse Hotel, which is particularly suited to urbanites looking to temporarily escape the city but not their mid-century design sensibilities. If the peace and quiet gets to be too much, though, down the street there's the Drake Public House, which has live music most nights, including, for those looking to belt out a country ballad themselves, Karaoke Mondays.

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