

Sunset


High-Country Garden Secrets

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Park City for less

No skiing but plenty of deals in Utah's chic mountain resort town

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN CAMPBELL

My mother was moping because she had nothing fun planned, so I took her to Park City for a week-end of hikes, art appreciation, and Olympic tricks. She had a great time, and we spent about \$400 for a three-day, two-night stay, including tax and tips.

My mom's a masterful bargain hunter, so she was pleased that we saved by going in September, when lodging rates can be half of their winter zenith. The place is known for skiing and January's Sundance Film Festival, but we found hiking in the surrounding peaks stunning. Days were warm, and nights were crisp. And many locals told us it was the best time to enjoy restaurants and shops without the crowds.

Our condominium in the Lodge at the Mountain Village was spacious and located in Park City Mountain Resort, just up the hill from Main Street, downtown's shopping and dining center. My mom had a large bedroom with a private bath, I got the Murphy bed, and we had a dining area, a living room, and a full kitchen for only \$88 a night.

We also found good off-season deals at the Yarrow Resort Hotel & Conference Center, a 10-minute walk from downtown.



The Lodge at the Mountain Village



Main Street



Coda Gallery



Mountain Body

THE TAB

\$400 BUDGET

DAY

1

The Lodge at the Mountain Village
2 nights
\$194.22

Grocery store
Breakfast fixings and Tab for Mom
\$10.46

Downtown Park City
Art gallery browsing
Free

Le Bar Bohème
Wine and soda plus temporary club membership
\$16.72

Wahso Splurge
dinner, with locals' discount coupon plus tip
\$51.91



DAY 1: Hitting Main Street

My mom's first move was to drive to the grocery store for breakfast supplies—a good money-saving approach when you have a kitchen. A lifelong brand loyalist, my mom was thrilled to find Tab on the shelves; the soda is no longer stocked in the San Francisco Bay Area, where we both live. I couldn't say Tab is a good start to a healthy day, but I wasn't going to argue with Mom.

Next we hit Main Street. A landscape painter, my mother was thrilled with the number of galleries in town. We admired abstract sculptures and colorful oil paintings at Coda Gallery and Phoenix Gallery. The nonprofit Kimball Art Center had two exhibits showing, one of locally inspired landscapes and the other of colorful pop art.

Park City is high—more than 6,500 feet in elevation—and the business district runs along a hillside. I was wearing out, so we stopped for drinks at Le Bar Bohème. Because of Utah's strict liquor laws, we had to become club members before we could order a glass of wine on the patio.

Refreshed, we popped into Mountain Body, a skin-care spa and store, and my mom got a free hand-moisturizing treatment. I sampled lavender-tangerine lotion, vanilla body butter, and piña colada cream, and we both came out smelling like a tropical bouquet.

Shops are open late in town, and there was lots to look at, so we just kept browsing. As the sun faded and the sky warmed to a deep blue, the balcony of second-story Wahso restaurant drew us in. Once inside, I glanced at the menu and told my mom to turn around. "It looks great, but it's too pricey," I said.

The restaurant's manager heard me and leaned over. "Do you know about the 'locals' special?" he asked. "Two entrées for the price of one." The coupon was in the local