

EXTRA

BROOKE
Shields with
(clockwise from
top l.) a pair of
Mounties;
Carnival Queen
Isabelle Boutin,
and Carol Alt
and Margaux
Hemingway



By KAREN MOLINE

IT WAS 28° BELOW IN Quebec City, and the queen of the Carnival was crying. It was her ball, her night of glory, yet all eyes were not on her. They were on Brooke Shields. Poor Queen Isabelle. She'd been Brooked.

She wasn't the only one. Everywhere Brooke went, it seems, she left a trail of flashbulbs behind her.

It was hardly Brooke's fault. She accepts the attention with equanimity. The Quebecois, however, are not used to Hollywood stars blowing into town on Carnival weekend for the Pepsi Celebrity Ski Invitational at Mont Ste. Anne. So when Brooke and the other celebs went up to Quebec two weeks ago for what they thought would be a relaxed few days of free skiing, they had to check their privacy at the border.

"We're celebrity sheep," said Carrie Fisher. "They're gonna shave us later."

Highlights included being herded into buses for the choosing of the queen at the outdoor ice palace, where the enthusiastic clapping of the mitten-encased locals sounded like a herd of stampeding caribou. And, too, there was the celebrity downhill air-mattress race, won by former Supreme Mary Wilson in 10.19 seconds. (Wilson, incidentally, also gave up a day of ski lessons to sing "Stop in the Name of Love" a cappella before a crowd of 4,000 in a mall to benefit the Make-A-Wish Foundation for terminally ill children.)

But all was not a snow ball. "It's perfect weather for the Carnival parade," said one official. It was below zero and snowing and stars were stuck in an imperfectly heated bubble on a float for more



CELEBRITY SKI DO

When the stars gathered in Quebec for a little charity ski bash, it was an uphill experience all the way

than two hours, and then spent some three hours waiting for Guido to feed them at his restaurant. Trust us, there's nothing uglier than an angry bunch of free-loaders.

Woody Harrelson thawed out later by expertly downing flaming sambucas at Da-gobert's disco, surrounded by barflies and "Cheers" fans. "I'm surprised by the attention," he said, "al-

though it is a good feeling to have people like you. I came here because I wanted to ski and I knew Carrie Fisher was on the list. That turned me around."

Supermodel Carol Alt came because her husband, Ranger Ron Greschner, was playing in Quebec. Robert Loggia, a long-time skier used to schussing in the Rockies or Europe, wanted to ski in the East—as did

Gregory Harrison, Jeff Witt and Alan Thicke. Also on hand were Canadians Margot Kidder and Eugene Levy. Shredder jokes made Fawn Hall smile, lips sealed. And Kristy McNichol was the brightest one—she spent one day playing indoor tennis. "Even so, I had to wear my bright red long-johns because it was so cold in there," she said.

On Sunday, with a wind

chill of minus 45°, a tanned and fit Margaux Hemingway, who went largely unnoticed despite her current People cover, won the women's downhill race. "I was so nervous before I came out," she confessed, "and I hope I can make people make that step to go and get help because alcoholism is a disease."

But the indisputable savior of the Celebrity Bus From Hell was comic Paul Rodriguez, whose nonstop patter warmed hearts if not toes. "I haven't seen this much snow," he joked at one time, "since John DeLorean got busted."

Apparently, even absent celebs can get Brooked.

(Karen Moline is a freelance writer in New York.)

