

VOLUME XVIII *Potomac Valley Skiers, Inc.* MARCH 1982
 NUMBER 3 WASHINGTON MARYLAND VIRGINIA

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:

Diversity! It is one of the first words that comes to mind when I think about the membership of PVS. The breadth of experiences and diversity of background included in our rather limited numbers is astonishing. It also provides the club with the energy that is so evident in all of our activities.

Unity! A singleness of spirit and purpose. On the surface, this term would seem to be a contradiction to the diversity so evident in PVS. But unity is what we have in our common interest of skiing (and, some would add, eating). It is evident in the sense of "We are the best" that pervades all we do.

These too disparate factors, which give us our strength, have struck me on several recent occasions; and always in a very positive sense. We can have serious discussions on the issues of the day and still work toward a common goal; we can laugh at ourselves when the camera catches us in an awkward position; we can sail and raft and swim and hike and ... It's just great to be associated with such a group. Thank you all!

Bob Bob Marx, President

MARCH MEETING: 2ND ANNUAL ST. PAT'S DAY CELEBRATION

- DATE: WEDNESDAY March 17th 8:00 p.m.
 Note this meeting is on WEDNESDAY not the usual Tuesday.
 Vivian sez: Don't you dare show up on Tuesday!
- WHAT: Celebrate the wearin' of the green day with good eats, good friends, good slides, good surroundings.
- WHERE: Home of Vivian and Bob Barry, 2535 Ogden St. Falls Church, Va.
 Telephone: 560-3127

DIRECTIONS:

Take Beltway Exit # 10 (Rte 7) for Falls Church.
 Go about a mile to the light at Shreve Road (there is a Gino's on one corner, Giant Food on another). Turn right at this light and continue on Shreve Rd. for about 3/4 mile - past Elementary School on the left - to Ogden Street. Turn right; it is the deadend side of Ogden. 2535 has a picket fence and is the next to last house on right hand side.
 An alternate route from D.C.: Take Lee Highway thru Falls Church Center, turn right on Shreve Rd. (Rte. 703) and left on Ogden Street - about 1/2 mile from Lee Highway.

COMING . EVENT

INTERNATIONAL DINNER

DATE: Saturday, May 22nd

PLACE: Pat and Don Cope's home in Alexandria, Va.

WHAT: 12th Annual Gourmet Feast offered by PVS gourmet cooks.

COORDINATOR: Marilyn Clark. Call 978-9435 after 4 p.m.

Only 34 persons can be accomodated so call NOW.

PAST EVENT

PIZZA SHAKEDOWN by Mary Ward

Last month's meeting gave PVSers another chance to eat and talk about skiing. North African and Austrian skiers swapped tales of tall mountains with those who stayed home to enjoy the local terrain. Everyone commiserated with Angela Kuff over her wrapped-in-concrete souvenir knee from Neustift. (Ray, where were you!?) and Bob Barry with his shiner and stitches from a hit-and-run skier at Wisp. Jenckes Mason was not present to receive the sympathy we all felt for his broken ribs from Spain. Hope you all get better soon, guys!

After gorging on pizza and chicken, we retired to the Shakey annex where Aina Thomas and others entertained us for the rest of the evening. Since the professional movie vendors had stood us up, Charlie Gordon shared some excellent ski movies featuring PVSers past and present - er - present. Aina demonstrated glade skiing at Stratton. Charlie himself showed off his grass-wedel technique. We also saw Bob and Jan Marx at Alta. I won't even attempt to describe the final feature of the evening - if you weren't there, too bad!

I believe, but am not sure, we even managed to work in a business meeting.

EXCOM NOTES by Irene Farrell

Fourteen PVSers met at the Heitchue's for the February ExCom meeting. While enjoying wine and cheese provided by our generous hosts, the group discussed the following:

- # The pursuit of a non-profit designation for PVS so that treasury funds can be invested in interest bearing accounts.
- # Various trip ideas for the future including rafting, a canal hike, and a weekend sail in a chartered boat on the Chesapeake.
- # A monthly meeting next winter to be held on the slopes at Liberty where everyone is impressed with the scope of the newly opened back side.
- # Sanction enthusiastically voted to the Wyckoffs for their planned trip to La Plagne next January, such trip to include two days in Paris.
- # Special forms to be sent PVS applicants outlining membership rules and requiring applicant to list his sponsor and take the responsibility for documenting his fulfillment of the requirements.
- # The drafting of a letter protesting the inadequate safety measures at Wisp to be sent to the Wisp management with copies to other BRSC clubs.
- # The feasibility of requiring name tags at club meetings.
- # Early plans for the May International Dinner. See notice on page 2.

TYROLEAN ADVENTURE by Lu Beale



"Open the Door and Let the Good Times In" could be the theme song of any Wyckoff ski trip and this year's Tyrolean Adventure was no exception as Margaret and Bob led 55 skiers through a near flawless 15 days of sensational skiing and fascinating side excursions in the Austrian alps.

The trip began January 22nd with 2 bus loads of gear-laden skiers converging at the Philadelphia airport. The pre-boarding cocktail party, hosted by Ed Wilhelm of Lufthansa, was unexpectedly lengthy due to the weather-delayed plane. Never mind. Our spirits soared as Lufthansa's spirits flowed. We passed the time getting acquainted with the group - only half of which were PVSers, the others mostly from SCWDC. Consensus: a Grand Alliance! (By trip's end, many of the "outsiders" were seeking PVS application forms.)

In due course, our plane arrived and we took off in a high good humor which was sustained all night but faltered somewhat when it developed we could not land in fog-bound Frankfurt. We continued to Düsseldorf where another plane immediately shuttled us to Munich. Here we enjoyed a leisurely free lunch as we waited for our luggage and Jack Hadler (whose flight from New York to Frankfurt had been 3 hours late) to catch up before boarding our bus for the 2½ hour trip to Neustift in the Stubai Valley near Innsbruck.

Tired though we were from our 25 hour trip, we immediately fell in love with this 400 year old village loaded with authentic gemutlichkeit. Although our three hotels were spread out more than we had expected, each had its individual charms and advantages. The breakfasts were bountiful buffet spreads (none of that roll-and-beverage-only business!) and the abundant 4-course dinners, served with swift and courteous attention, more than sustained us. Our waist bands mysteriously shrunk. In our bedrooms, we rejoiced in the feather beds and the pine and oak paneling & ceilings.

Ten of us were housed in the Mooshof and were henceforth known as the Mooses. Jack Lilly, as Mature Moose, played den father to the young set which elected officers and was a gung ho group for the entire trip. Jill Gruver, as President was Main Moose. Maxie Moose, otherwise known as Jane Restani, was Veep, while Memory Moose Patti Oehmeke was Historian, of course. (Question: Why was Steve Perlik named Massive Moose?)

Neustift had everything and the Austrian Tourist Bureau knocked itself out to make our stay there (and later at Mayrhofen) a pleasant one. First, the skiing: the snow seemingly was bottomless and though the light was sometimes poor and snow falling; the skiing was excellent, snow conditions superior. The temperatures, though low, were bearable. Best of all, there was little wind until our last day when frigid snow gales swept the top of the Stubai Glacier.

The Glacier was our favorite area. Its expansive, well groomed slopes gave everyone an ego trip and even the neophyte skied fearlessly (?).

Here, after an overnight snow storm deposited 14 inches of new powder, fine skier Gail Gell Pease, cheered on by expert Larry, worked determinedly until she mastered, once and for all, the fine art of powder skiing. And here, skiing the same powder, expert Bruce Hanshaw had what he declared was "the most pleasurable experience in my 35 years of skiing." Here ace Betty Maticic, National Nostar Gold Medalist at Squaw Valley in 1978, skied the narrow, rocky trail to the bottom and declared it "no sweat" - an opinion not shared by all.

Also at the Glacier, Alice Swalm (with left arm in a cast) starred as the One-Armed-Wonder of the Slopes; Barbara and Fred Leonhardt bombed everything in sight; and Sheldon and Dena Drews won the admiration of all as a father-daughter team extraordinaire.

(Continued)

TYROLEAN ADVENTURE (Continued)

Other ski areas at Neustift were Mt. Elfer, where rodeling the 5 mile toboggan run was a popular side attraction; and the tree-protected Schlick area where Shirley Rettig and Rosemary Soler had spectacular slides resulting in a lacerated jacket (Rosemary's) and fractured pants (Shirley's).

Meanwhile, beginner Dorothy Madsen plugged doggedly away on the kindergarten slopes in ski school with instructor Pepi, each of them understanding scarcely a word the other spoke except "Hello" and "Goodbye."

Only serious injuries were a cracked bone in John Binder's wrist and torn ligaments in Angela Kuff's knee - both injuries requiring casts.

For the wounded and other temporarily hors de combat, there was no end of things to do. Sidetrips to Italy, Innsbruck, and Salzburg (some even went as far away as Venice). There was fine shopping. Mary Ward and Jim Slack made a prize purchase: a beautifully carved, delicately painted creche. Mort Kuff bought wonder boots filled with bladder which he could inflate or deflate (when he remembered) with a tiny air pump. Octogenarian Ed Wallerstein, looking to improve his already considerable skills, bought new skis, as did several others in the group. Near trip's end, in Myrhofen, Margaret Wyckoff bought new boots and bindings. She was the better for it; Bob the poorer.

For non-shoppers, there was cross country skiing. Skating. Curling. Sledding. Swimming. And, for those at the Hotel Fernau, co-ed sauna and whirlpool bathing - in the nude. (Sort of.) Also, tennis. Eleanor and Red-Crested-Yellow-Bird-Pete Peterson played several matches with Maria Wishner and Lambert Irons but the most notable game of the week was one that never got played. Ask Norm Engleman about that one. (If he can bear to talk about it.)

There was the usual fun and games with language. Jack Hadler, planning to take his laundry to a place advertising WASHAUTOMATEN, discovered it was not a laundromat but an outlet for washing machines. Joe Blum left a shaver at a hotel desk requesting a foreign adaptor be added to the plug. When he picked it up he found the American plug had been severed, a foreign one wired in. Result: nice shave in Austria; grow a beard at home.

After skiing, we often gathered for yagertee - a concoction of spiced rum in hot tea which is fast replacing gluhwein as some skiers' first choice for warm up after a cold day on the slopes. At night there was disco dancing (with Charlotte Eddy the Belle of the Ball). Plus a Tyrolean Evening where native dancers and yodelers gave an outstanding performance, Plus the unforgettable night sledding extravaganza when the whole group went rodeling down the toboggan run - pausing for refreshments and dancing (the Chicken!) at a mountain hut.

After a week at Neustift, we moved on to Mayrhofen in the Ziller Valley, stopping en route for shopping and sightseeing in Innsbruck. At the famous Olympic Ski Jump, Peter Sweeney climbed the steps to the very top. He came down starry-eyed and declared the experience a real high in more ways than one. (Nearer to heaven, perhaps?)

At Mayrhofen, we were all housed in the extensive Hotel Neuhaus where we enjoyed all the accoutrements of 4-stardom, especially the huge picture-windowed pool and the many comfortable lounges. Jeanne Strickland and Bette Walker claimed to have made the longest run of the trip: the black trail from their bedroom to private bar.

The skiing was as splendid as at Neustift and this time the pleasure was heightened by 6 days of sunny, cloudless skies.

As at Neustift, we bused to the many ski areas in the Valley. Twice the Austrian Tourist Bureau provided us with a private bus. Once, for an outstanding day at the Glacier where the views were majestic and the slopes a vast sahara of virgin snow; and once to Gerlos at the other end of Ziller where we skied both sides of the valley in super conditions. (Cont.)

TYROLEAN ADVENTURE (Continued)

Between these trips we skied the fine areas nearer the hotel where there were countless runs. Each different. Each a delight.

In the evenings, in addition to the always available disco dancing, there was a group sleigh ride to the horse barn for dancing and gluhwein. On the return trip, Penny Hanshaw took the reins and drove her sled home Ben Hur fashion.

A much heralded "Candle Light Dinner" at the Neuhaus, turned into a raunchy party when Jim Glenn announced a newly created award for Super Nighttime Activities Champion. The recipient? Norm Engleman. The award? Ask Norm. (Again - if he can bear to talk about it.)

On Saturday, February 6th, we headed for Munich, reaching the Marienplatz just in time for the 11 a.m. Glockenspiel performance. Then off to lunch and shop and stroll the vast pedestrian avenues where we mingled happily with the crowds in a memorable Bavarian street scene.

In the evening it was off to the Hofbrauhaus where, as the night wore on and the beer continued to flow, some, it is reported, danced on the tables.

Then it was Sunday and our wondrous Tyrolean Adventure was over. From beginning to end, the Wyckoffs had given of themselves unstintingly, guiding us cheerfully and unerringly through another super trip. To them we say "danke" and "auf wiedersehen." Until next year.

WISP 11 OFF WITH A BANG by Bob Barry

Twelve PVSers and guests plus 3 "young adults" spent the long Susan B. Anthony/George Washington/ Abe Lincoln weekend at Wisp. It all started with a bang when another "masked" skier and I collided during the last run of the day on Friday. With 8 stitches, a black eye and a lovely dueling scar, I went the cross-country way with Vivian the next day but the day after that was back on the downhill slopes. The skiing conditions ranged from a brisk windy 30 degrees with a light dusting Friday to ideal spring skiing on Sunday and Monday.

Pres. Bob Marx had gone hogwild and bought new Rossinol SMs and Marker M40s - nothing but the best for the Marxes. (Bob, that is. Jan was only allowed to try the demos.) Presidential comment: "Well, I might not be able to afford them at all next year." Bob has been caught up in the administration's "creative" economic strategies and will be on furlough in Sutton - oh, the life of a FED!

Norb Kulpa - no relation to Mea Culpa (eat your heart out, Ray!) finally arrived after an unintentional detour to Frederick and quickly warmed the hearts of all with his friend "Southern Comfort."

The Peases arrived late Saturday after a 10 hour trip from Liberty where they were working with the NSP. Larry and Dick Clark were kept quite busy on the slopes rescuing downed skiers. After skiing "the glacier" in Austria, "the face" at Wisp was no challenge to Gail. Marilyn played ski bunny and got a lovely sunburn.

The men outdid themselves cleaning, cooking and eating with the women holding their own as usual. Vivian, our gourmet cook, not to be outdone in the injury department, pulled a ligament in her cooking hand during her feverish flipping of flapjacks and French toast.

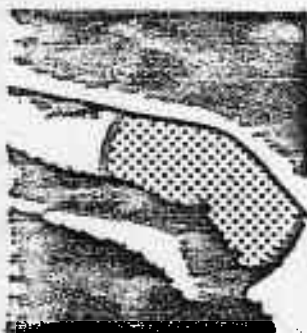
A fun time was had by all. Next year we will shoot for a week at Wisp to beat the weekend crowds. One run every 45 minutes leaves a lot of skiing to be desired.

* * * * *

The Knee

by

Ray McKinley



What a great year for skiing! The snow has been fantastic everywhere, from locally

to New England (also old England - they were downhill and Xcountry skiing in Scotland when I was there in January) to the western Rocknees (named after football great Knute Rockknee) to Europe. This winter has made up for the lack of snow during the last two winters.

The Knee just got back from skiing out west. No, I didn't ski in sunknee Californkneeia. I skied in southern Colorado and northern Knee Mexico, at Taos, Angel Fire, and Purgatory.

Knee Mexico was fun. I flew to its largest city:Albuquerqueknee. The entire state is influenced by its Spankneeish heritage. Instead of macaroknee and cheese, the New Mexican eats refried beans. They are called frijolknees.

A tip of the ol' knee cap to Jan Marx who performed admirably as last month's TOOT editor while Lu Beale was skiing in Austria. I loved her moniker for Lu: TOOT-el-lu; that's better than my TOOTSie.

My stepmother sent me a column by 'George Robinson' from the Long Beach (Calif.) Independent Press Telegram. It contains one of the funniest true ski stories I've heard.Summary:

A couple was skiing out West.After a long chair ride, they were high on the mountain when the woman felt the urgent kneed to "powder her nose" ... and there's no powder room within miles. Her husband advised her to take off her skis and step behind a clump of trees because there's no one around except him.So, what the hell, she does...

After removing most of her clothing the young woman loses her footing and commences a long, cold slide down the slope on her derriere. Her slide terminates when she hits a rock. Unfortunately, in so doing, she broke her leg.

Several days later, sitting in the lodge with her leg in a cast, she strikes up a conversation with another similarly plastered skier... that is, his leg is plastered. He is anxious to tell her how he broke his leg because nobody believes him.

He was schussing a run at great speed, he says, when he looked off to the side and saw a woman sliding down the same slope on her naked rump. He was so distracted he smacked into an aspen tree.

He swears to her this is true. The lady smiled and nodded as if it was a good story but she didn't buy it. She also didn't corroborate it. Would you have?

I understand Angela Kuff injured her other knee on the Wyckoff trip. (She injured the first one on an Engleman trip to Vermont some years back;) She says that this has improved her skiing since she now can't favor one leg!

The Knee, due to skiing, missed the ExCom meeting at the Heitchues where a near record crowd of 14 showed up. Did they know I wouldn't be there? I also hear that those of us who missed the January meeting missed one of the truly great ski movies (no, not the lamp movie!). It was about helicopter skiing in the Bugaboos."Will we have green beer at the March meeting - scheduled for St. Pat's Day at the Barrys? I understand they have some beer left over from last year and it has changed color.

From Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery Dept.: The Arlington Hall Ski Club newsletter has a new "gossip" column. It uses Ms. Piggy as a logo and is called The Nose Knows." I don't mean to be nosey but I wonder if they will have nose puns. Did I - er - blow that one? I wonder if it will be a running column.

I skied at Purgatory on Valentine weekend. You know that they stamp 1-day tickets with a different series of letters each day. At Purgatory tickets were red & white. Saturday, the stamp said CUPID. Sunday, it said KISS ME. I -er- loved it!

THE KNEE (Continued)

While skiing at Angel Fire, I met a fascinating fellow named George Stuart. He is 32 and estimates he has skied some 3500 days? Can any PVSer (even given a few extra years) top that? George has been skiing since age 3. He patrolled at Mount Sutton every day for 18 years before moving west to run Angel Fire. He was one of the 4 patrollers who brought Mr Sunday down the mountain (the same Mr Sunday of Sunday vs Stratton - the lawsuit that raised

all lift ticket prices 50% three of four years ago). George said when he arrived at the scene Mr Sunday looked dead but on closer inspection was found to be barely alive and blotto. They weren't sure he would live when they brought him down but he did. The rest is history.

I now close with a few witty knee puns:

- Tenknees shoes - wearing apparel for 10 knees.
- Enkneeme - someone I don't like .
- Enkneema - no comment.
- Sweetknees - after I kneel in sugar.
- Mediterrakneeen -my favorite see.
- Kidknee shaped - looking like a child's knee.

ACTIVITIES and TRIPS

- March 13-19 ... Ski Sutton, Canada. Deightons leading. (424-5707)
- March 17 ... Monthly Meeting at the Barry's. 8:00 p.m.
Note: this is WEDNESDAY not our usual Tuesday!
Reason: St Patrick's Day Celebration.
- March 23 ... ExCom Meeting at the Wyckoffs. 7:30 p.m.
- April 20 ... Monthly Meeting at the Heitchues. 8:00 p.m.
- April 27 ... ExCom Meeting at Adele Waggaman's. 7:30 p.m.
- May 18 ... Monthly Meeting at the Kuffs. 8:00 p.m.
- May 22 ... International Dinner at the Copes.

PVS CLUB OFFICIERS

- President Bob Marx
- Vice President Mary Ward
- Secretary Irene Farrell
- Treasurer Margaret Wyckoff
- Membership..... Gail Gell
- Program Chairman .. Ray McKinley
- TOOT Editor Lu Beale
- TOOT Production ... Jan & Bob Marx
- USSA-Eastern Rep .. Art Topping
- BRSC Reps. Bob Grasley
- Geoff' Wade

- BIGGON
- Second Term
- Jean Haitabus
- Jim Slack
- Adele Waggaman

- First Term
- Bob Barry
- Dorothy Mason
- Charlotte Reith

- Ex Officio
- Marilyn Clark

Answering Service . Jan & Bob Marx
(451-9158)

Movie Mogul Keith Lyon