

VOLUME XLVIV

Potomac Valley Skiers, Inc. MARCH, 1983

NUMBER 3

WASHINGTON

MARYLAND

VIRGINIA

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:

Winter in the Washington, D.C. area is certainly a thing of wonder. First we wonder when it will get here; then we wonder why we get buried so that even the most die-hard skiers can't get to the slopes; then in a week we wonder where it all went. The Big Snow of February 11, 1983 has come and gone but it left enough for a rousing PVS weekend at Wisp on the long Washington's Birthday weekend.

One of the more pleasant duties of the President of PVS is having the opportunity to meet and talk with people who call to find out about our club or who attend our monthly meetings to "see what we are really like." The past few months have been especially rewarding because we have had many questions and many of these prospective members have become "Applicant Members."

The second Wisp weekend turned out to be very rewarding to many of these Applicant Members as well - it provided them the opportunity to ski the required 3 days with other club members. Plus ski patroller Larry Pease who took time out from his busy Wisp patrol duties to administer the Basic Test to the enthusiastic group. I'm happy to report that all who took the test passed (including the Marx brothers, Eric and Brian, who want to become Junior Members)! Congratulations!

It is this type of turnout and the enthusiasm for the sport that proves once again that PVS truly is "The Club for Skiers."

Bob

Bob Marx, President

MARCH MEETING: Movies....Refreshments....Visiting

When: Tuesday, March 15th. 8:00 p.m.

Where: Apartment home of Aase Berling, 10401 Grosvenor Place, Rockville, Maryland. Apt. 518. Telephone: 493-6665.

FOR DIRECTIONS TO AASE BERLING'S GROSVENOR PLACE APARTMENT
SEE THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 2.



FUTURE EVENTS:

RAFT TRIP - Dina Taylor has volunteered to lead a group on a one day raft trip on the Youghiogheny River (the famous Yock!) on Saturday, July 9th.

If you are interested, call Dina immediately to get particulars. Space is limited and must be reserved NOW. Cost is \$35 which includes a smorgasbord lunch on the river. Dina will be at the March meeting at Aase Berling's to answer questions and take payments. (Telephone: 301-663-6089)

International Dinner - May 21st at the Don Cope's home in Alexandria. Reservations limited to 34. Call Marilyn Clark, coordinator, NOW. (978-9435). This event fills up early.

Billy Goat Trail Hike - April 23rd. (Rain date: April 24th) For particulars, call Lu Beale (363-3521). No reservations necessary. Just put it on your calendar. Details later.

Second Annual Jog - Lake Accotink, Va. Call Dick Clark (978-9435) if you want information but reservations not necessary. Directions and more details in April TOOT.

Cedar Run-White Oak Canyon Hike - May 14th. (Rain Date: May 15th). Details in April TOOT. Put it on your calendar now!

Annual Meeting - April 19th at the Heitchues. Don't miss this one! Movies...Trip slides...Voting for officers and new members.

PAST EVENT

The February Meeting at the Flake's by Norman Engleman

The February club meeting was held on the evening of February 15 in the beautiful Potomac home of our gracious hosts, Joan and Glade Flake. The food and drinks provided were outstanding. Considering the weather and driving conditions (four days after the Big Snow) it is noteworthy that about 50 skiers attended the event. Included were a large number of nice guests with skiing backgrounds who appear to be fine potential members.

After lots of introductions and the usual tall tales of skiing exploits, President Bob Marx conducted a short and snappy meeting. We were then treated to two fine movies of skiing and other winter activities in Canada. Everyone enjoyed. Joan and Glade deserve our thanks and appreciation for a great party.

DIRECTIONS TO MARCH MEETING AT AASE BERLING'S: 10401 Grosvenor Pl. Rockville:

From Silver Spring on Beltway take Exit 34 where you will see signs for Grosvenor Lane. Take Grosvenor Lane across Wisc. Ave, then first right into Grosvenor Park. Proceed to middle high rise - 10401. Take elevator to 5th floor and Apt. 518.

From Virginia, take Beltway Exit # 36, turning left on Old Georgetown Road. At 3rd light (about .7 mile) turn right on Cheshire/Grosvenor Lane and make immediate right turn on Grosvenor Lane. Continue 1 mile until, just before the overpass, turn left into Grosvenor Park. Continue around circle to middle hi-rise - 10401. Aase is on 5th floor, apt. 518.



The Knee

by

Ray McKinley

Before marchkneeing right into my column I shall depart from my usual

brilliantly satirical style to address a subject I deem important.

The Knee recently heard that a group of PVSers is displeasèd with this column. Specifically, it is too long (should be cut in half), not funny, and offensive to some. On

top of this, the Knee received his first ever "fan" letter which said, in part, "I suggest to you that the time has come to end the Knee column quietly and without fanfare."

No. I won't stop. No one can be all things to all people. But I believe, strongly enough to spend 6-10 hours a month away from my family to prepare it, that the column has a place. For years, Dick King had tried, as TOOT editor, to get someone to write a gossip column. He noted that club members needed to know what others are doing. I undertook that role just over 4 years ago (my God, that's a lot of columns, but it's easy when you have such adoring readers...and the pay is so good).

I fashioned the column (loosely) after the EAR, (then in the Star and a rather witty column), but at a lower level, hence the name. I don't maintain that I've always been hilarious (although I laugh uproariously when I read it) but at least I'm often drool - er - droll.

I have never intentionally lied - well - er - would you believe I really thought Patty Wyckoff ran off with the shepherd in Kneepal? And that Dot Mills really expired in that train station in Zermatt?

In particular, I would never write anything intended to offend anyone. I avoid writing about marriage problems and alcoholism even though I am aware of such problems. However, when you do something dumb or silly you may find it here. It's a gossip columnist's job.

As my favorite president, Richard Kneexon, said, I believe the great silent majority reads and occasionally enjoys this type of column. Until I am convinced to the contrary, I plan to continue. If you think you can do better, volunteer. If you think it should be only half as long, read only half of it.

On to subject matter more appropriate for this column:

Excomer Bob Barry is just back from a business trip in- horror of horrors - Taos, New Mexico. Dot and Alan Mills recently back from skiing in St Anton. Alan forgot his skis there last year so they had to go back for them.

Is there a defection in our ranks? Carol Parmenter was seen at Wisp with the Baltimore Ski Club - not PVS. But, it's not all bad. It seems she's their Special Olympics cross country ski coach. A tip of the old Kneecap to you, Carol.

After getting only slightly lost (it's the 2nd right off Glen, not the first) had a lovely time at the Flakes. After a year, it was a pleasure to see Keith and Suzy Lyon again; also, Mike Rysavy looking dapper in a mustache. He had been skiing in Czechoslovakia while visiting relatives. I also had a nice chat with Jan Marx's father, Al Nier, who is quite a skier and fit in well with PVS.

A couple of non skiing notes about PVS ex-presidents: Mariyln Clark is back working at Boat US. And Art Topping got married in Denmark recently. The Knee understands that his new spouse is finishing up some business in Denmark and will be here soon.

Last month's TOOT had genuine head lines - the result of Bob Marx's new Apple home computer. It got to the core of the matter. They really take a byte out of each page but don't look seedy at all.

And, finally, my Kneedle of the Month goes to trip leader Bob Wyckoff. Bob is the most organized trip leader I've ever met. Except this last trip when half way down the mountain from La Plagne he had to order the bus to turn around and go back up. Seems Bob had forgotten to load his skiis!!

LA PLAGNE - 1983 by Lu Beale



Chalk up another winner for Margaret and Bob Wyckoff who led 45 skiers on a super 15-day trip to France in January. Accommodations were great, injuries minor, ski conditions A One. And to top it off, a day and 2 glorious nights in Gay Paree. Heaven? There's no other word for it. If they gave Oscars for excellence in trip leading, the Wyckoffs would have a houseful.

At La Plagne, our hotel -Le France- was right on the slopes. We had only to step out the door and ski away. No excuses, anybody. Just get up and go. Since most of us had not skied this season, we meant to spend the first day warming up on the baby slopes. But the snow was so great, the skies so sunny, we soon were going all out, afraid there'd never be so grand a day again. But, except for an occasional whiteout or snow squall, every day was as grand - sunny, windless, warm - and for 11 straight days we skied our hearts out on those endless miles of perfect snow.

It got so that, like people sunburned at the beach, we were almost praying for a rainy day so we could rest a minute, for Pete's sake!

We skied to the distant villages of Montalbert and Montchavin and Champagny where we lunched in ancient inns before making the long ski back. We skied the glacier-de-bellecote where the surrounding scenery with Mont Blanc towering in the background was a living postcard. We skied the close-to-home runs at La Plagne and Aime where Gorman Young strained a shoulder (cured by deep sound therapy); Phil Ufholz split a crucial seam in his new ski pants; June Kelsay got a black eye; Jeanne Strickland conquered her fear of pomas; Rosemary Soler, on the last run on the last day, twisted a knee; and Norman Engleman, trying to halt a long slide-fall by Dina Taylor, hurled himself in her path and cracked two of her ribs. Ah, c'est le ski, c'est la vie.

Skiing the rock-strewn last leg of the run to Champagny, Dick Comerford took off his just-bought skies and carried them on his shoulder to protect them. His feet shot out from under him and the skis flew into the air. Not to worry! Norb Kulpa, staggering behind, caught the skis in mid air while Dick went on sliding until he came to a stop straddling a bush far down the mountain whence he was extricated by the Ufholzs who had skidded down on their own rear ends.

Dot and Jenckes Mason, taking a saner course, often sat on their sun-drenched balcony to watch the Hot Dog and Tiny Tot classes perform on the slope in front of them. Also (c'mon, Jenckes, admit it!), to watch the bunnies go by.

One day Jack Lilly led 35 to Champagny for a 3-hour many-course lunch featuring raclette and snake-in-the-bottle schnapps. Ace skier Nancy Lewis led 15 on a 1-day bus trip to Courchevel where she and Jane Restani hit every black trail they could find. Bob Grasley and Kitty Foy taxied off one day to try the skiing at Les Arcs and Adele Waggaman and Kitty tried a little cross country at La Plagne. There was something for everyone.

Speaking of aces, the group was loaded with them. Not the least remarkable thing about many was their senior status. Norm Engleman, Jacques Hadler, Bob Grasley, Loe Lewis, Jack Lilly, Vince Macaluso, Tony Soler, Dean Worcester, Bob Wyckoff could make a run for Senior Olympic gold any time they chose to compete.

At the opposite end, 5 year old Joel Macaluso and 7 year old Carla Perez-Colon were seen leading their bemused parents non-stop down the red runs.

Graceful and competent lady skiers were too numerous to mention. But, how could Mary Lee Grasley ski so stylishly with her new gaiters stuffed with oranges and bread for the starving?

And how did Alice Swalm ski so beautifully when, as she declared, while sipping wine apres ski, "Every trip, I drink more and ski less!"?



LA PLAGNE (Continued)

And how did Mary Jane McCarthy ski so well in boots so tight she had to use 2 can openers to get out of them? On the last day, when she couldn't get out of them at all, a ski shopman pried them off and sold her a new pair. Well, what do you know? Back in her room, she couldn't get the new boots off!

Peter Sweeney and Huey Roberts get awards as most enthusiastic never-say-die skiers with Huey getting a gold star for agility in skiing backwards.

When the day's skiing was done, the evening's fun began. Twice Norb Kulp, using his hair dryer, blew out the hotel lights. He wasn't drying his hair, silly. Just defrosting his balcony-cached frozen beer. In darkness or light, groups of 8-10 met in one another's rooms for restorative spirits before descending to the dining room for 4-course dinners where the pastries were so rich we felt almost degenerate as we plowed into them. Pette Walker conquered Mont Blanc not once but 3 times in one sitting. That was the name of her favorite dessert and she consumed 3 servings in one evening. After hours, Jane Restani and Hortensa checked out the area's fun places in the company of the Royal Canadian Air Force Ski Team.

Each Monday, Le France featured an enormous buffet of exotic delicacies. Tuesday evenings were Fondue cum Dance nights and don't let anyone tell you PVSers don't like to dance. Terrific band music got us to our feet in a hurry. Jack Lilly danced up a storm. Charlotte Reith cut rugs like mad. Charlotte Eddy, Helen Price, the Masons, the Wyckoffs, the - well, actually practically everybody got in the spirit and joined the melee and when a Conga line got going and, later, a Duck Waddle line, well, it's a good thing the Knee wasn't there to witness all the goin's on!

After 11 days of skiing it was time to say adieu, La Plagne; bonjour Paris. En route to Geneva by bus it turned out that 2 VIPs and 1 man of God had left their skis behind so it was bonjour encore, La Plagne, sooner than we planned. Skis retrieved, we resumed our journey. The Lewises had provided us with a guide to Paris marvels and we were eager to sample all.

Our Hotel Madeleine Paris was just off the Place de la Concorde within easy walking distance of all major attractions. We dined in non-touristy restaurants. Margaret Wyckoff, dining at Lescure, started with twelve escargots and had to be restrained from 12 more before the wild boar main course. Skipping French cuisine, John Pulos tried a Greek bistro on the Left Bank. Others tried the house speciality at Le Souffle or the steak at Le Hippopotame. After dinner we strolled the Avenue des Champs-Élysées and nearby boulevards until near midnight, feeling very debonair indeed.

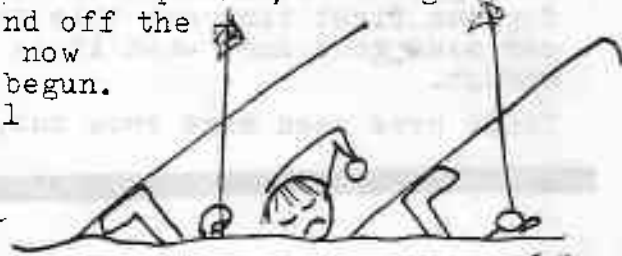
The next day, half the group took a 3-hour sightseeing tour. Charlotte Eddy, left behind by mistake, consoled herself with shopping. Others needed no excuses to freely spend their francs (play money, anyway) on perfumes, scarves, furs and leather goods.

The less affluent took a boat trip on the Seine or toured the city on foot. Sheldon Drews was seen at the Louvre extolling the beauties of the Venus de Milo for daughter, Dena. (Or was it the other way around?) The Felkers also explored the Louvre and, to fortify themselves, ate chestnuts bought from a street vendor and served in pages torn from a telephone directory. Jack Lilly searched for the Crazy Horse.

In the evening, Dean Worcester and Mary Jane McCarthy paid a mere \$5 each to sit in the top gallery to hear La Boheme at L'Opera while Dick Comerford and the Ufholzs took in the 1 a.m. extravaganza at the Lido.

Others wine and dined and lingered late over expresso, exchanging tall tales about exploits and mishaps on and off the slopes. The fabulous trip was now history. The reminisces had begun. Time to say au revoir to all and merci beaucoup to the Wyckoffs —

Until we meet again!



WISP 1 - '83 Jan 7,8,9 ^{by Angela &}
Mort Kuff

The first PVS ski trip of 1983 got off to a shaky start.

A variety of reasons that included warm weather and no snow, dwindled our original 16 to 9 PVS stalwarts.

There was the usual PVS non-stop ingesting of comestibles. No one has ever been known to leave one of our "functions" unsatiated.

Friday ski report by Geoff Wadey indicated that the hill was, "skiable". We all secretly agreed that there must be a credibility gap, somewhere.

Saturday nite, the temp. dropped and the Wisp folks made snow. On Sunday morning the conditions were eminently skiable, thus vindicating Wadey.

Around several fires kept alive by Bob Barry & this writer, we got to know several of our club members, even better.

John Pulos gave us a new insight into Greece and its people. Anyone who has missed this man's quiet charm is the poorer.

Uncle Geoff traded inane banter with Mort-the-Retort. Both appeared to revel in the groans of the others.

Dick Clark talked so much that Ex-Pres Marilyn couldn't get a word in edgewise. Cameron took his leave and his Penthouse and went to his room to study.

Larry Pease, Angela Gell, Brian Marx and President Bob Marx joined the group for Saturday-nite Live Feasting & Guffaws.

Viv Barry produced 57 varieties of eats. Bob enjoyed some skiing but was plagued by tight boots. Lot of that going 'round.

Sunday, ski conditions were excellent for our first time out this year. WISP can make good snow when it is cold enough.

Could have used more snow but, good trip!

EXCOM NOTES by Lu Beale

On February 22nd, 13 PVSers met at the Ray McKinley's lovely Great Falls home and while enjoying wine and cheese and the warmth of a blazing fire discussed the following matters:

Volunteerism and the lack of response to the appeal in the February TCOT for coordinators for various proposed events. For lack of such leaders, a number of events must be canceled.

The club's versus individual's responsibility for club events for which early down payments must be made and an individual sign-up later reneges. Decision: no general policy; each event to be decided separately.

A continuing discussion regarding the need for guide lines to help our local trip leaders plan and organize their trips. Dot Mills was appointed to chair a committee to draft such guide lines for ExCom's consideration.

ExCom accepted the proposal by Dina Taylor to lead a July 9th raft trip on the Youghioghney river.

Margaret Wyckoff, as chair person of the projector committee, reported the club's new projector had cost \$50 and she expects to enhance its sound by improving its amplifiers.

Membership chairperson Marilyn Clark reported the club has 147 members. There was an examination of current applicants' eligibility for full membership at April elections.

The calendar through May was made firm with several events added, including 2 hikes, a jog, and the International Dinner.

SKIING RUBBLE by Geoff' Wadey

Last month on a trip to Sugarloaf, Maine, with the Crabtowne Club (Annapolis) --- a trip I can heartily recommend (great hill and great people) --- we ran into a condition I call skiing rubble. The snow had become packed hard and partly frozen solid. Crews had gone out overnight with machines and had chewed it up into chunks ranging from half an inch to as big as your fist.

Many of the beginning and intermediate skiers who got out on it found that they couldn't turn, were falling down on those hard lumps, and asking themselves, "What am I doing wrong? Why can't I ski today?" The answer is that they were doing nothing wrong, but that, except for a really good, aggressive skier, the best thing to do was to quit.

The only way to ski that stuff is to go fast and hit it hard. You must take control. You are not skiing on snow. The skis are only in contact with random lumps at random points along their length and the usual edge control just doesn't work. The skis will chatter and bounce and slither back and forth as you ski. The danger is tripping --- unavoidable, if you try to be careful and go slowly. I was out with three other tough skiers and the head ski instructor. We discussed possible techniques when we stopped and concluded that theory doesn't take you far under those conditions, except for the absolute fundamentals of weight downhill and forward, but balanced over your turning edge. We skied fast and hard, but still we tripped. The answer was instant recovery. When (not if) you trip, you must get on one or the other edge instantly; otherwise you fall and it hurts. It is demanding skiing, but I would not say enjoyable skiing, except for the sense of accomplishment.

If you stick it out and if enough other people get out and fight it, often the rubble will break down into beautiful soft-textured stuff almost like slippery coarse sand. If that happens, for an hour or so the skiing can be delightful --- making effortless turns down through that soft crunchy stuff until it gets hammered down again into Eastern powder (boilerplate). In a word, if you want to ski rubble, do it fast and hard, or not at all. The only exception to this rule is to use a good hard snowplow all the way. That also will give you control, but do you have the legs for it?

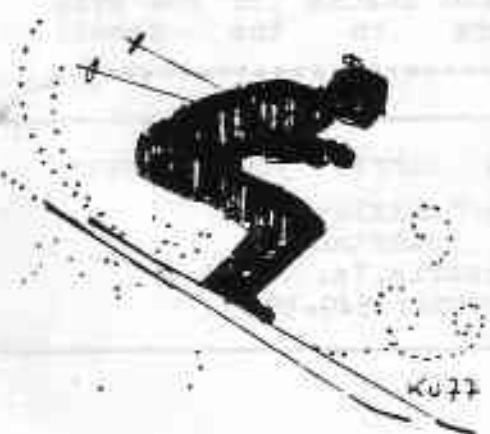
SKI CANADA

Mt. Sutton, Que. March 12 - 18

1600 vertical feet; 5 chairs; Lots of slopes for all levels of skiers. \$54 Canadian for 5 day lift ticket (the present exchange rate is 22% in our favor). Ski to and from house that has 3 bedrooms, 1 1/2 baths. Share cooking or eat out. Fun family week or for singles or pairs. The chalet rents for about \$450 (American) for 7 nights which is to be divided by those who go.

Call Bill Hagar for details. Home- 281-0755; Office- 632-3260

PVSers have been enjoying this mountain for many years.



WINTERGREEN - REBIRTH OF A SKI RESORT by William Hager

Intrigued by reports of Wintergreen's new 1000' vertical drop, I joined the 10 February running of Alpine Ski Shop's weekly bus trips, departing Thursdays at 0530 from their shop in Oakton. They use a large, comfortable Dulles Airport bus, complete with inside bathroom - indispensable for apres-ski conviviality enroute home! It's an effortless three hour trip, and the mid-week price of \$27 includes both ride and lift ticket. (Weekend jaunts cost \$37.) The return bus from Wintergreen leaves about 30 minutes after the lifts close, getting you to Oakton before 2030.

After dropping spare gear and lunches in the locker room, we strapped on skis just as the lifts opened at 0900. The snow, largely manmade but recently supplemented by 7" of the natural stuff, was excellent and nearly all slopes were open. After a few warm-up runs on the intermediate piste in front (it was, after all, five years since my last trip downhill on skis), I headed for Acorn, a short expert slope beyond the ski school, where Wintergreen "Trail Police" test skiers to ensure they are sufficiently skillful to handle the expert Highlands - location of the new 1000' drop slopes.

First off, I'd like to compliment Wintergreen for the use of a qualifying system for the expert slopes. A lot of macho skiers who weren't as good as they thought, gave the Trail Police a hard time, but it's to Wintergreen's credit that they make personnel available to enforce this program. We are all aware of the hazards of mixing novices and experts on the same slope. A side benefit, that PVSers can appreciate, is that as a consequence the Highlands were rather uncrowded and lift lines non-existent!

The Highlands offer two wide trails from the top, with a third branching out from mid point. Advanced is a better description than expert, but they were sufficiently varied to challenge me all day, as I re-learned how to carve short turns (and to tumble with grace rather than abandon!). The eight minute triple chair ride was just long enough for a welcome respite. The Highlands justifiably raise Wintergreen into the top ranks of local ski areas; it probably rates now as the best one-day ski destination from Washington.

As a footnote, Alpine's choice of Thursday likely costs them some business, since Wednesday is the holiday of choice for many professionals and self-employeds; but the skiers benefit. There can be upwards of 40 buses in the Wintergreen lot on Wednesday; there were a bare dozen the Thursday I went. If you're interested, call Walt Mullen, Alpine Ski Tours, 281-6161. Payment in advance is required but you can charge it on the phone via a credit card. Don't forget a cooler with some cold beer or wine and snacks for the trip home: partyers to the rear, sleepers to the front!

Please note the following address changes and correct your roster:

Ceryl Dawson
3139 Bradford Wood Ct.
Oakton, Va. 22124

Malle McKinley
1119 Powhatan St.
Alexandria, Va. 22314
Telephone: 549-5913
