

Potomac Valley Skiers, Inc.

VOLUME LXXXV

WASHINGTON

MARYLAND

VIRGINIA

AUGUST VII, MCMXCIX

President's Message

In my entire impeachable reign as President of the United States (PUS), Lu Beale is the best darned unimpeachable President I know (including myself). I'd just like to say how much I'm looking forward to having PVS visit PUS in my new home state, New York. Come up and ski the Gore Range!

In these stressing times, I must note, it's always a relief to know there is only one letter difference between PVS and PUS. But back to my dear President Gennifer, I mean Paula, I mean Monika, I mean Lu.

I, as PUS, my wife Hillary, as the real President and Soon To Be Senator (STBS) from the great state of... wherever, and, of course, our daughter, Socks, wish you a joyous, laid back octoseminocentennialary. (And please support my health care plan.)

Bill Clinton

Bill Clinton, PUS

--CURRENT EVENT--

Lu Beale's 85th Birthday Extravaganza

Glad you're not missing out on this once-in-a-lifetime event being held Saturday, August 6, beginning at 6:30 p.m. at the historic Chateau Kline.



Editor's Note: We've loaded this special edition of TOOT with lots of memorabilia and have included contributions of PVSers written for her 80th birthday along with a few pieces of Lu's writing both before and after PVS entered her life. Hand-drawn illustrations by Lu were excerpted from issues of TOOT over the years.

A LU LU OF A CROSSWORD PUZZLE

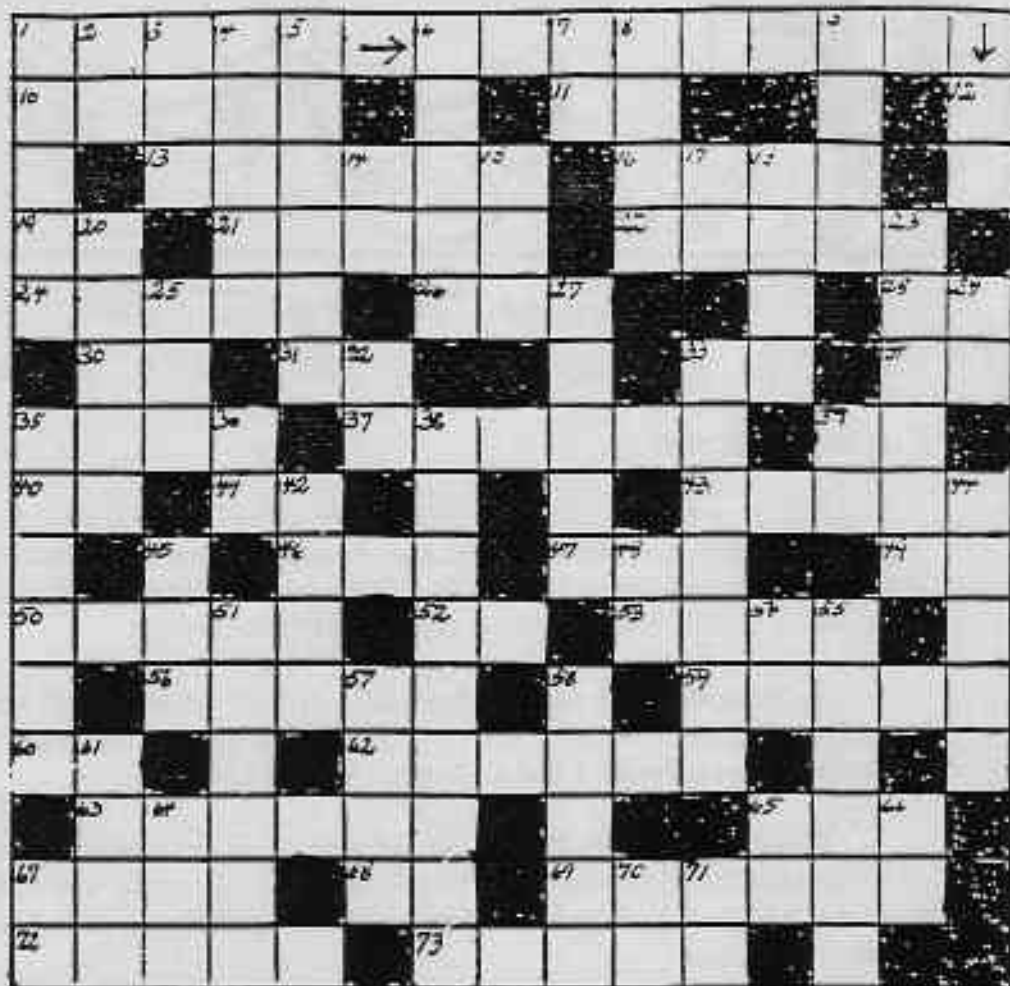
by Karen Felker

Horizontal

1. Glad
6. Anniversary
10. Musical drama
11. Negative
13. One of Lu's sports
16. Preposition
19. Accomplish
21. Toast
22. Travels
24. Get up
26. *New York Times*
28. River
30. Proceed
31. Name
33. Electrical Engineer
34. State with Fairfield Snowbowl
35. Heavy hair
37. 1914
39. Musical note
40. Preposition
41. Female
43. Ken and Myra
46. Country
47. Vehicle
49. All right
50. Lu is one
52. Italian article
53. No (German)
56. Highly desired
59. Lu declivitated here
60. Rock Island
62. Part of the Middle East
63. Skied by Lu
65. Possess
67. In addition
68. Exempli gratia
69. Beetle
72. Animals
73. Elijah

Vertical

1. Lu's transport
2. News Agency
3. Josie
4. Associated _____
5. Northerner



- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 6. _____ Eardsly | 39. State |
| 7. Nurse | 42. Certain |
| 8. Best newsletter | 44. Lu is one |
| 9. Association | 45. Mobility device |
| 12. Our heroine | 48. Article |
| 14. Nyet | 51. Lu is one |
| 15. Foxy | 54. Principal in child's game |
| 18. Ireland | 55. Sec 23 |
| 20. Musical instrument | 57. Plant |
| 23. Country in which Lu skied | 58. Language |
| 25. Charged particle | 61. Island |
| 27. Poisonous | 64. Country |
| 29. Wizard's home | 65. Conjunction |
| 32. Foreign currency | 66. Nota bene |
| 33. Not skied by Lu | 67. Prefix |
| 35. Lu is one | 70. Circa |
| 36. Unit of length | 71. Adverb |
| 38. Always sought by Lu | |

solution on page 10

FIRST LADY OF SKIING
A Brief Biography by Ron Fett

She was sent to Washington by the Associated Press--on a one-year-maximum assignment--to report government actions from the woman's angle and especially to cover the peregrinations of the First Lady (not Hillary, stupid; Eleanor). Thirty-eight years later she accepted a one-year-only appointment as Editor of TOOT. To the good fortune of us all, both tenures were extended. Lucrece Wingfield Hudgins was born August 8, 1914 in Portsmouth, Virginia.

"This was the week World War I started, but I don't think I had anything to do with that, despite rumors to the contrary."

After passively observing the snow sport while on a 1964 working visit to Jackson, New Hampshire, she joined an SCWDC learn-to-ski-week trip to Ste. Adele, Canada, led by Jamie Miller and including Marijane Harper.

"We skied every day, the last on Tremblant. It was heavenly. I was hooked."

The outing resulted in a three-part account in the Washington Post, which led directly to her writing a syndicated weekly column entitled YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN TO SKI, carried by some 50 publications across the country.

"I was 50 years old at the time and was only advocating what I found myself to be true."

Lu had launched her journalism career in 1937 at the Boston Globe after graduating from Wellesley College with double majors in English Literature and English Composition. Her first article, written after Amelia Earhart disappeared in the Pacific, concerned a little boy who had been hit on the head with a baseball bat. When he came to, his first words were, "Have they found Miss Amelia?" The piece drew wide attention.

"I thought I had it made, but they didn't have a place for me; they sent me across the street instead."

After four years on the Boston Sunday Post, as feature writer and women's page editor, she joined the AP in New York City, the "temporary" shift to Washington following almost immediately. She soon met and married Bill Beale, then News Editor and later Bureau Chief for 25 years until his retirement in 1969.

"Bill shared my enthusiasm for tennis, but I could never get him interested in going skiing."

He continues to enjoy a quiet retirement in their Northwest DC home. Their son David is an attorney in New Jersey; daughter Mary is a doctor in Columbia, Maryland.

"While raising two children and making cookies--as Mrs. Clinton later advocated--I continued to work for the AP as a feature writer on special assignments, in addition to freelancing."

For nearly three decades, she authored an annual 17-chapter children's Christmas Story for the AP that appeared in 250 papers nationwide--locally in the Evening Star. Twenty-five years after her first ski series in the Washington Post, she recounted the joys of skiing as experienced by experienced (i.e., more sneior) members of PVS while on a Jack Peoples-led trip to Mont Sutton, Canada. It caused a spurt in PVS membership applications. And how does she characterize her skiing?

"I'm a terrible stylist, but very gung-ho. I'll go on anything." Her future plans?

"I hope to ski this year and perhaps for years to come. I've sideslipped and snowplowed my way down most of the major runs at home and abroad and I can tell you from experience that it's just as easy to get down a black diamond trail in a supine position as it is standing upright. So look for me there."

"Meanwhile, I shall continue to treasure my membership in PVS which has provided me with some of the happiest and most rewarding moments of my senior years."

MINI-

COOK'S CORNER



In this special edition of TOOT, we are featuring a couple of Lu's and PVS's favorite gourmet recipes.

Elephant Stew

- 1 elephant (medium size)
- 2 rabbits (optional)
- 1 freight car potatoes
- Dash of tarragon
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cut elephant into bite size pieces (this will take about three months), place it and the potatoes in a rather large pot and simmer gently for about 7 weeks.

This should feed approximately 4,682 people. Should it be necessary to stretch the recipe to feed more people, add the rabbits. However, one should do this only if the need is imperative as some people do not like hare in their stew.



Brownies

Beale
6/90

Purchase:

- one box Duncan Hines Deluxe Brownie Mix

Add:

- one cup of water

Mix:

- as directed

Bake:

- as directed

Cut:

- into bite-size squares

Serve:

- to hungry, always appreciative PVSers



Beale
12/90



Beale
5/90

Style Plus

Adventures

Downhill, All the Way

By Lucrece Beale
Special to The Washington Post

John Newdorp is standing at the top of the mountain. He adjusts his goggles, slides his skis back and forth, plants his poles.

"Go!" snaps the starter.

John shoots forward, triggering the timing wand, and heads for the first gate in the slalom course. The turns are rutted and soft but John skis with style and finishes 13th in the group of 40 racers. John is 79 years old.

Dean Worcester is next to start. He, too, carves stylish turns and finishes 7th. Dean is 74.

I am next to last out of the gate. I leap forward, a tornado of zeal and determination. I end up DNF. Did Not Finish. Halfway down I rip off the 6th gate and slide, gate in tow, into the woods adjacent to the course. I am 75.

The race was at Mont Sutton and the racers were members of the Potomac Valley Skiers Inc. (PVS), a 25-year-old Washington area club, limited to 200 members, who were spending a week skiing in the Province of Quebec.

There were 49 of us on the trip. Discreet inquiries made to determine who rated senior-citizen discount lift tickets revealed that of the group, 28 were over 60; 15 of those over 65; 8 of those over 70; and five of those over 75.

Just who were these fogies I was with on the slalom course in my first race ever?

John Newdorp, a retired medical care administrator from Catonsville, Md., started skiing at age 46 and competed successfully in downhill and slalom races. He now skis recreationally as often as possible. "Age," he says, "is not important unless you are a cheese." To keep in shape, John runs marathons and does white-water canoeing. "But," he declares, "nothing can match the exhilaration, the joy of skiing."

Dean Worcester, a retired engineer now living in Annapolis, has skied since his Dartmouth days in the '30s. He was a downhill racer in his youth. Now, with competitive racing behind him, he skis several weeks a year for the sheer fun of it. He rows daily on the Severn River to keep in shape.

I keep in shape running up and down the stairs looking for my glasses.

Twenty-five years ago, at age 50, I went on a learn-to-ski week in Canada. The Washington Post later published a series of articles I wrote on the experience. The theme was: "You're never too old to learn to ski."

Having just celebrated my silver skiing anniversary with a week at Mont Sutton in Canada, I am updating that message. The theme now is: "You're never old enough to quit skiing."

In ski movies and advertisements, skiers always are lithe, gorgeous and radiant with youth. Maybe they started out that way but, as the poets say, the river of time flows on, and those beauties and hulks grow older. And wearier. And stiffer.

Yet some ski on. On the recent Mont Sutton jaunt, those 28 over-60 skiers, when their joints began to ache and their muscles began to cramp, chose to sit in chairlifts, not rocking chairs. They intend to keep bombing the slopes until, like Douglas MacArthur's old soldiers, they just fade away—probably into a whiteout.

This is the fifth year Gaithersburg resident Jack Peoples, 62, has led a group from PVS to Mont Sutton. After rearing seven children and 36 years as a pharmaceutical salesman, Jack now is living his life's fantasy. In his first year after retirement he skied 22 different mountains and developed a talent for leading ski trips. He and assistant leader Charles Huggins, 60, from Potomac, like leading seniors. "They rarely bitch," says Jack. "They are flexible and they are usually experienced skiers."

At Mont Sutton this year, we have perfect conditions. A deep base. New snow almost daily. All 53 trails and glades are open.

As usual, we occupy the Auberge La Paimpolaise, located on the slope and just a brief climb to the nearest lift. We take over all 30 rooms and innkeeper Rolland and his staff of 40 cater to our every whim. There aren't many.



Hank and Aina Thomas take a break.

DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY (cont)



PHOTOS BY JANET MARK FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Dean Worcester starts a downhill run at Mont Sutton.

We're just so glad to be back one more year running the slopes all day and raising hell all night. Raising hell?

Let's face it, there's not a whole lot of night life at Mont Sutton and what there is is do-it-yourself. For us it was bingo and a pajama party, which turned out to be the most successful events in the history of PVS trips.

The bingo was a first for the group, and the leader swore it would be the last. I mean you could hardly stand the excitement. The competition became so intense and tempers so frayed that Silver Spring psychiatrist Paul Yessler, 67, offered a free hour of consultation to the most disturbed. When the frenzy grew worse, he made it a free group-therapy session for all.

I guess you had to be there.

The highlight of our social week was the pajama party to which everyone came attired in his sleep clothing for an evening of disco dancing. Well, really, the things people sleep in-on a ski trip!

Bill Anderson, 61, a fourth-generation Washingtonian, came attired in a raccoon coat straight out of the Roaring Twenties. He danced with abandon and was a big hit. A 75-year-old woman wore her red-striped thermal uppers and lowers. She said she'd spent thousands of dollars on ball dresses in her lifetime and it wasn't until she appeared in her red-striped underwear that she was a belle.

As I said, you had to be there.

Frank Shelburne, 76, a retired congressional shorthand

reporter who took up skiing at age 50 and skis three to five weeks a year, says, "PVS is like the college fraternity I never belonged to and coming to Sutton is like Old Home Week."

Shelburne skis from lift opening to closing, and stays with the après group until lights-out.

Every day, Bowie resident Hank Thomas, 75 and retired from the U.S. Weather Bureau, and his wife, Aina, a retired dentist, ski the baby slopes. Hank has been skiing for 35 years and Aina, born in Latvia, skied almost before she walked.

Now Hank suffers from lupus and arthritis so they ski the easy slopes. "I'm not after any merit badges," he says. "I just want to live to ski another day." "It will be a long time yet before we hang 'em up," Aina declares firmly. Next month they plan to ski with the club in Italy and France.

On the other side of the mountain, Kirk Burns, 70, and wife Peggy are leading a contrail of PVSers down the black trails. Kirk Burns, a retired American University professor who started skiing at 46, says: "Next to the discovery of the opposite sex, skiing was the most important discovery of my life." He never tires of it . . .

Peggy Burns, with three daughters and five grandchildren, thinks skiing is the perfect family sport. "Where else can young and old be outdoors together, having fun all day long?"

Back at the Paimpolaise, after three or four hours on the slopes, hungry skiers are pouring into the dining room to refuel for the afternoon. They talk of skiing. It never ends.

Seniors Mary Jane McCarthy, Bette Walker and Dorothy Mills have skied nonstop all morning. Their faces are flushed with the cold and exhilaration.

McCarthy, retired from the Public Health Service, has been skiing more than 20 years. The widowed mother of six daughters, she declares, "I'm not sure I could have survived to my golden years without skiing and the friendships made on the slopes."

Walker learned to ski in Europe where her Marine Corps officer husband was stationed for seven years. Widowed now, she takes yearly ski trips.

Dorothy Mills, retired from government intelligence service, has been skiing since 1955. A pianist and gardener, she also hikes, ice skates, swims and plays tennis. "I think I would give them all up," she says, "before I'd give up skiing."

The days fly by and finally it's the final afternoon and time for the last run. The skiers gear up and stagger outside, where it's now 12 degrees and snowing.

"All skiers are crazy," says 68-year-old Charles Gordon cheerfully. "I mean you gotta be crazy to suffer all this misery."

"Yeah," agrees 78-year-old Franklin Fiske, as they board the chairlift and ascend to make one last run.

Information from Marilyn Clark, PVS membership chairman, (703) 978-9435.

Lucrece Beale is a retired Associated Press newswoman and freelance writer living in Washington, D.C.

Creativity! Punctuality! Organization!

Professionalism!

The Lu Beale Story

If you think that you work under pressure, and you have never been in the newspaper business, you don't know what pressure is. Fifteen years ago, Lu Beale forged her *Toot* production team into a well oiled machine that has turned out more than 165 issues of this magnificent gazette.

- For those of you who have participated in one or more facets of this process, this will be a joyful reminder of the pleasures of working with Lu to publish this journal each month; the club thanks each and every one of you. We're sure you will agree that the words at the top of this page clearly describe her attitude toward the job. We hope you find the words that follow ring true based on your experiences with the process.
- For those of you who did not avail yourselves of this opportunity, we're sorry for you! In addition to the personal gratification that came from working with Lu on this process, you missed lots of fun. You will need to imagine how the words that follow might have applied if you were involved in this aspect of the club's operation.

The following sentences paint a word collage of scenes from the process:

- * Lu learned a lot about the "new" techniques in the modern day reproduction process. For example,

- a refresher course in "cut and paste" (do you think that you still have mastery of those skills you learned in kindergarten?);
- how thick one can layer the white-out before you get shadows (and the cover on the copier won't close);
- what kind of tape one can use (and it **does** make a difference) to attach the copies of the old directions to the page describing the next event being hosted at one of PVS's perennial haunts;
- the shelf life of a glue stick;
- mastery of the subtle techniques involved in winding the glue stick in and out, and applying it to the desired object, without getting globs;
- how to remove an item that has been glue stuck in the place where one now wants to type the longer than expected President's message;
- and which copy companies rip you off when you come in to get the monthly pile of copies in the absence of the regular assembly/distribution crew (that means us, and we thank profusely Lu--and all the others--who pitched in for the many times we were able to take a vacation).

Lu learned a lot about who she could count on and what she had to do to meet monthly deadlines. For example,

- becoming the single most knowledgeable person in the world (The Knee included) about how to decipher Ray McKinley's handwriting. (Much of the challenge and excitement of the *Toot* production process evaporated for Lu when Nancy started typing The Knee's notes);

- the most effective, subtle, sensitive ways to prod those who promised to submit an article or a flyer for a particular issue;

- how to diplomatically find out if Larry Pease had provided the necessary supply of mailing labels for the month, so the copies (once safely retrieved from the favorite copy company) would not age to dust before being dropped safely in the mailbox;

- and which plumber she could call when her sewer backed up in her basement on the deadline day.

Lu learned a lot about geography and a lot about the U.S. Postal Service (some of you probably could have/should have warned her about the latter). For example,

- How many hotel/motel parking lots there are along the Beltway between Upper Northwest Washington, DC and West Springfield, VA--where one could rendezvous with the assembly/distribution crew to transfer custody of the "original" each month (we understand she is publishing a compendium for those with other intents);

- how to explain to Josie (who knew exactly when she and Lu had arrived at the Marx household) about not remaining indignant when they had traveled all that way only to find no one at home (the highly prized "original" would, of course, be left inside the storm door);

- where to file her claims for "work-persons" compensation after losing her hearing and having her fingers shredded following each session with the electric stapler;

- and how many *Toots* the U.S. Postal Service would return each month for insufficient (or missing) postage, because of an expired forwarding notice (left by our diligent, but mobile, addressees), or stuffed in a plastic "body bag" after one of its modern automated sorters had mangled an issue almost beyond recognition.

Despite all the travails of the process, Lu turned out the most tightly edited, consistently most interesting, and always most informative newsletter of any ski club in the area. We have truly been blessed by her dedication and service.

Thanks, Lu! We hope you have had a happy 80th birthday!

Janet and Bob Marx

LU-



THE KNEE

by .

Ray McKinley

It is a singular pleasure to be able to devote an entire column to one person, especially when it is my dearest friend, Lu Beale. (Is the column funknee yet?) I've decided to call it the LuKnee.

Let's face it--Lu has several years under her belt. If I were to cover her life year by year, I'd only have 2 words per year. No sentences.

So I've decided to skip (that's ski with a p) great portions of her life. I'll say no more about Lu's early addiction to Underwood Typewriters, or her more recent, but growing, addiction to White Out.

I'll also not comment further about Lu's dyslexic behavior regarding the placement of the Xs and Is in the Roman numerals of TOOT Volume numbers. "Only the Roman Numerologists understood them, and they are all dead by now," Lu uncontritely retorted (having tortured earlier).

Elsewhere in this special edition of TOOT (a Tootle-Lu? Most certainly not!) is a splendidly written brief biography of Lu by Ron Fett. Shoot, I had promised myself that Lu would be the only PVSer named in the LuKnee. At least I won't mention Janet Wain. Ankneeway, although Ron's piece is well written, it's basically wrong. Herewith is the truth as ferreted out by the Knee.

Although she will rarely discuss it, Lu was really born in Zambia in southern Africa and don't believe the town was Portsmouth; Zambia is landlocked. It has no ports. She was born in and named after Zambia's capital, Lusaka.

Lu's father was a member of the Wootsie tribe. Her mother was a full-blooded Tootsie. (Now you can better understand the title of our newsletter.) Up until the age of 10, Lu was known as Little Tootsie Wootsie. (Yes, I realize you knew that was coming.)

Lu's real name is Lucrece, pronounced Luress. She has an older brother, Watercrece.

It's certainly not true that she was an English major in college. The Knee's research shows definitely that Lu only made lieutenant and Zambian lieutenant at that.

A small digression from our LuKnee

historknee. The Knee does not understand the apostrophe. How can it be possessive--it's too damned small to own anything. Besides, only the Latin apostrophists understand them and they are all dead by now. Not true. Lu Beale understands apostrophes, and whether I wrote s' or 's or 'es, it was always wrong and whited out. Since Lu isn't editing this column and certainly doesn't possess it, I can put my apostrophes' an'kneewhere's I 'want''.

Lu is rightly proud of her children. Daughter, Mary, is a doctor, but not just a doctor; Mary is a pediatric kneephrologist. No, she doesn't examine bumps on your head, she examines kids' kidknees. Lawyer son David runs around a lot and has something to do with selling bonds; I believe he makes bail.

So after Lu's immigration from Zambia to Bahston, Mass. on the second sailing of the Santa Maria (I told you she had a few years under her belt), she got bored; the skiing was wretched in Bahston. So she headed for "ski town" USA, Washington, D.C.

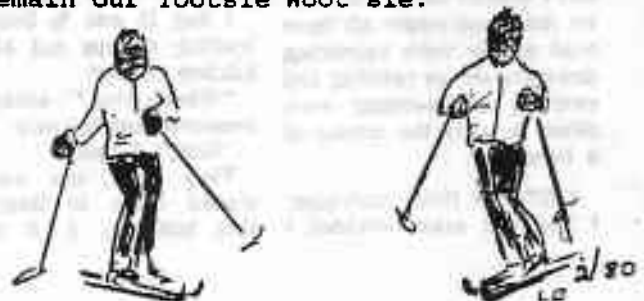
Only after Lu arrived here did she discover the "Ski Town" moniker resulted from a large contingent of Polish--who, incidentally, later founded the company, Olinski.

Lu never worked for the Washington Post. However, she did write her famous learn-to-ski story for a short-lived ski newspaper called the Washington Piste--short-lived because it was dedicated solely to finding the best ski slopes in D.C. And it was not to be confused with the Washington Pissed; that's done by Rush Limbaugh.

After the Washington Piste melted, Lu became a teacher at Sidwell Friends. (That was B.C., before Chelsea.) Lu, until forced retirement at age 73 (absurd!) pursued her lifetime joy. She was the Tennis Coach--although Lu learned the game before inflation, when it was still called Ninenis.

Her plans--this winter Lu plans to continue to pursue skiing to its fullest and is reported to be planning to run a ski trip. It's a week at the Hilton Ski Liberty. Those not signing up sufficiently early will have to take two weeks.

Stay Lucid, my darlin' Lu. You remain our Tootsie Woot'sie.'''



If the Boot Fits, Head for the Hills

By Lucrece Beale

Last year I took up skiing. This is noteworthy because while I am not exactly a member of the Oldest Inhabitants Club it is pretty late in the day for me to take up any new sport, much less a perilous one.

But I tried it once—just to say I had—and I was hooked.

I'm not the only one either. Whenever there's skiing you will see plenty of silver-

First of a Sunday series on skiing.

haired schussers and you'd be surprised how neatly they fit into their stretch pants.

What they've discovered is that enthusiasm, not youth is the sine qua non of skiing and there's plenty of room at the top of the hill for the middle aged young in heart.

THE WAY I got the way I am about skiing was because of a shoe sale. I was up in New England in late winter on a little vacation strictly for rest. A friend of mine bought a pair of ski boots at an end-of-season sale. It turned out they hurt her feet so she gave them to me for a gag.

I was never one to waste anything. I use empty tin cans to make Christmas decorations and worn-out nylons to sieve the lumps out of old paint.

The only way I could not waste the ski boots was to use them. So I put them on and clomped out to the nearest mountain where all these mad people were careening down the slopes twisting and swirling and missing each other by only the intake of a breath.

I STOOD there watching. I had just about decided I

could after all use the ski boots for umbrella stands or something like that when an absolutely stunning Norse God appeared in front of me and asked if I were in his Beginners Class.

Instantly I was. I rented skis and poles and spent the next two hours learning to herring-bone up a teeny-tiny slope and side-step—ever so carefully—back down to safety.

When class was over I felt I knew all I needed to know and took the T-bar to the mountain. It was a two-mile trail to the bottom and I made it—sitting down all the way. (No mean feat and, if you don't believe it, try it.)

WHEN IT WAS over I was bruised and stiff and wet, and frozen. And I was hooked. I knew I would never be satisfied until I could get down that mountain standing up.

And not just that mountain but all the great mountains I could get to in the U.S.A. And while I was at it, why stop there? What about the Alps? Everybody was doing it!

Back home from vacation I announced my plans to the family. I said it had taken me all these years to discover Life and now there wasn't a moment to lose.

"SKIING IS an expensive business," said the treasurer of the household. "All that equipment and stuff."

"Not for me," I said brightly. "I have the boots. And here's the rest."

I dug 15 and 7/8 books of trading stamps out of the kitchen cabinet.

"What's that?" asked the treasurer suspiciously.

"Skis," I said.

They were, too, when I traded them in later for skis, bindings, and poles



Solution to Lu Lu Crossword Puzzle

H	A	P	P	Y	B	I	R	T	H	D	A	Y	↓
O	P	E	R	A	R	N	O	A	L				
N	T	E	N	N	I	S	O	V	E	R	U		
D	S	K	O	A	L	T	R	I	P	S			
A	R	I	S	E	N	Y	T	R	P	O			
G	O	E	D	O	E	E	A	Z					
M	A	N	E	M	C	M	X	I	V	M	I		
O	N	M	S	H	I	E	V	A	N	S			
T	S	U	S	A	C	A	R	O	K				
H	I	K	E	R	L	A	N	E	I	N	I		
E	I	D	E	A	L	F	S	T	O	W	E		
R	I	L	E	V	A	N	T	R	A				
S	U	T	T	O	N	R	O	W	N				
A	L	S	O	E	G	S	C	A	R	A	B		
B	E	A	R	S	E	L	I	A	S	Y			

OUR GUIDING LIGHT
by Dot Mills

The eightieth birthday celebration of our guiding light, Lu Beale: what would we have done without Lu all these years? The TOOT is our life blood. And no one who has never done this kind of operation could ever appreciate or understand the total dedication, the hours of work, work, work, organizing, meeting deadlines (worse yet, getting others to meet deadlines), and--the icing on the cake--the delightful original drawings to illustrate our various shenanigans and enhance our fun in reading about them. The TOOT is a highlight of our month.

And, over all these years, the wonderful hikes inspired. planned, organized, reconnoitered, and led by Lu. So many happy memories. She kept us going when many would have flagged by the wayside.

And her never stop, never give up, no trail is too black, live-it-up companionship on the ski slopes.

And the inspiration of her interest and love and caring for all of us. We can never repay this, only remember and appreciate with all our love.

Many, many thanks, Lu, our guiding light. Here's to many more happy birthdays. This is only the first annual 80th celebration.

Reprinted from TOOT, May 1987 by Janet and Bob Marx

A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO LU



OUR MULTI-TALENTED ~~EDITOR~~ EDITOR

abcd



ARTIST



TENNIS PLAYER



HIKER



AEROBIC DANCER



SKIER

Lucrece Helps Build A Bomber

And Finds That A Little Hook Is A Big Item In Victory

(Our Lucrece Hudgins has sampled a defense activity a week for six weeks, and with this article, concludes her series showing what you can do in various fields.)

By LUCRECE HUDGINS

Wide World Features Writer

BALTIMORE—I wanted to know about those girls doing men-sized jobs in American airplane plants so I went over to the Glenn L. Martin company factory and got myself hired for the day.

I went to work in a room so large you could put half a dozen foot ball fields in it and still have room left over for a baseball diamond. The clamor of electric drills, rolling presses, and hammer against steel was terrific.

"How do you stand it?" I yelled at the girl standing next to me.

Editors: Want a smash local series? Then have a student member try civilian defense activities in your city. It's natural!



She was assembling duralumin pieces in a jig and drilling holes in them.

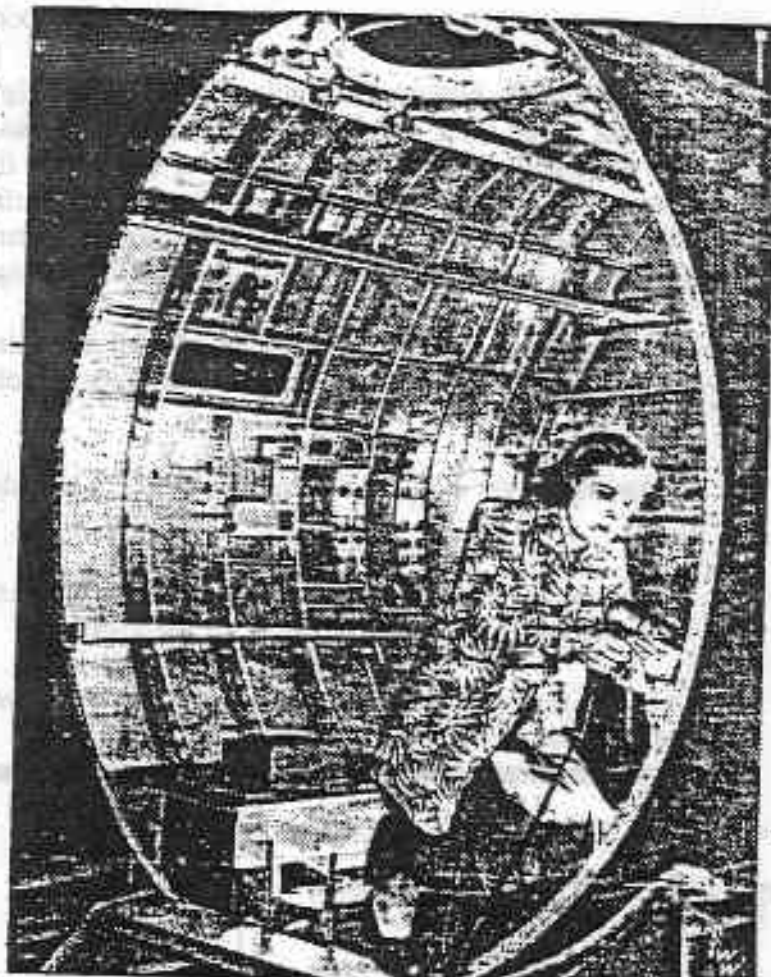
"I'm used to it," she hollered back, "I don't even hear it."

Help For Hubby

I asked her why she had taken a job in an airplane factory and she said, "If my husband is going to fight I want him to have something to fight with." She told me she used to be a telephone operator but hadn't worked for 17 years.

The foreman put me to work twisting a small piece of duralumin into a hook. I made 18 hooks in less than 2 minutes. I figured that by the end of an eight-hour day I would have made close to 5,000 hooks.

The foreman told me to look at the three long lines of medium bombers being assembled along the entire length of the room. I could see them taking shape before my eyes. The first row of noses, centers and tail sections were bare skeletons. The next were being fitted with aluminum skin. The sections were coming



QUIET LIKE A BOMBER FACTORY is the new description, but our Miss Hudgins found that the girls get used to it, and are grateful for a chance to help win the war. Here Lucrece tries a drill inside the hull of a growing war machine.

together on the final assembly line and getting their wings.

They Need Those Hooks

At the end of the line stood one huge bomber in full dress, its war paint on, its star in place. It was a beautiful sight.

"Those bombers couldn't be built without the little hooks you're making," said the foreman. "Thousands of bolts that go in them must pass through your hooks. That's how important the job is you're doing."

Around 11:30 the girls around me knocked off work for half an hour. They sat on benches and opened paper bags of sandwiches. Some of the girls wore slacks, but most of them had on their street dresses with smocks over them. I noticed that their hands were calloused and their nails clogged with steel trimmings, but they said they never worried much about it.

One of the girls I talked to was a hairdresser in Maine until she

came to work for Martin. Another girl told me her father and brother and husband were all drillers in airplane factories so she thought she ought to be one too. "Besides, I love it," she said.

College Girls, Too

There was one girl there with a B.A. in sociology from the University of North Carolina. Another was a chemical engineer from the University of Maryland.

Harry F. Vollmer, vice president in charge of manufacturing, said all the girls were doing a swell job and were especially good at detail work.

The foreman I worked for made this tribute: "Only a lady is geared so she can sit and knit all day long. In the same way only a lady is geared so she can sit and chop off a little piece of metal in an automatic jig all day long. That's why women make better knitters than men and do some factory work better. It's the way they're built inside."

They Cry 'Ski Heil'

Half the Fun Is Getting There

STE. ADELE, Canada—When the roll is called up yonder the Washington Ski Club won't be there. Not if there's snow here below.

They'll be hell bent for the ski slopes. It doesn't matter how far they are. If there's snow in them thar hills the skiers will get there.

What's more they'll make getting there as much fun as being there. Well, not quite. But they'll sure get an A for effort.

While Washingtonians stayed at home and whooped it up with Lyndon during Inaugural week, 38 members of the Ski Club set out on their first big trip of the year—a bus trek to Ste. Adele, Canada, for "seven glorious days of learning to ski in the Laurentians."

The 38 couldn't have cared less about the parties they left behind. They built their own party on the chartered bus headed north.

Present were 17 single men, 18 single women, one married couple, and me. And the driver, of course. It was clear to anyone who cared to see that while I was not exactly a member of the Oldest Inhabitants Club I did have what might be called a certain seniority.

It didn't matter. It was very soon apparent that skiers recognize no age, only stamina and enthusiasm. And on a bus trip it's the stamina that gets the highest marks. Take it from me, if you don't have it, don't go.

WE STARTED OFF at 3 p.m. Ten minutes later we made our first stop to take on a load of ice from a New York avenue vending machine.

After that we were a show stopper all the way. Folks along the highways rubbed their eyes to see that old bus jumping.

A fast game of musical chairs began and Perle Mesta couldn't have done a better job of mixing up the guests and getting them all acquainted. After a while people quit

their seats altogether and moved into the 8-inch aisle so as not to miss any of the action.

Before we reached Baltimore there were two bridge games going in the rear, a singing group in the middle, and a *cordon bleu* group up front sending back a steady stream of tidbits that included everything but a Thanksgiving turkey. No doubt they would have whipped that up, too, but it wasn't November.

AT 9 P.M. the bus stopped for supper and after that the party was over. The lights went out and various snooze pills were passed around as skiers settled down to the serious business of getting in shape for what the morrow would bring.

At 10 the next morning, after 19 hours of continuous travel on a bus, we reached our destination: Sun Valley, Canada.

I staggered off, bleary-eyed and broken-gaited, sustained only by the vision of the bed I knew awaited me.

But hold!

"Ski Heil!" cried the ski director. "It's a perfect day. Thirty-two degrees below zero but dry and still. You are just in time for the first lesson of your 'learn to ski' week.

"To the slopes!"

Helplessly, I lifted my trading-stamp skis to my shoulder and lurched after my comrades.

The moment of truth had arrived.

THE FIRST DAY at Sun Valley turned out to be a "get acquainted with the slopes" deal.

If you didn't want to get real intimate you could just take a quick look and sneak off to bed. A lot of people from the Washington Ski Club did just that, including me. Considering the 19-hour bus trip we'd just had it was a wise move.

On Monday morning Ski School met for serious work and, take my word for it, there's no school more serious than a ski school. Skiers like their fun and they know how to have it, but when they go to school they are as hard working as candidates for Ph. Ds.

The big bell by the school house clanged at 10 a.m. and the 38 students from Washington lined up like soldiers in front of Gerard Siegmann, the young and very competent head of the Ski School at the Suisse Hotel in Sun Valley.

I thought we looked a very sharp, if not, elegant, group. But Mr. Siegmann wasn't particularly interested in our attire. He looked us over with a cool and experienced eye. In the below zero weather we were helmeted and goggled and wrapped under so many layers of nylon and wool it was hard to tell the girls from the boys.

This didn't bother Mr. Siegmann. He only wanted to separate the men from the boys.

"All those who have never been on skis please step back," he ordered.

Ten of our group dropped to the rear. I stubbornly held my place in line. I had been on skis. I rode the tails of them right down from the top of Black Mountain in New Hampshire.

An instructor was assigned to the beginning beginners class and the rest of us were led to the T Bar. We



"Bend your knees and edge your skis" is the admonition Lu gets from ski school director Gerard Siegmann—with a little practical demonstration. Looking on are Washington Ski Clubbers Rene Newfield and Mary Davis.

Skiers Head for the Hills

were told to ride it to a point half way up the slope.

Now if you ride a lift to the top of a hill it's an achievement to get off gracefully. But when you have to get off halfway—it can be murder.

For us, it was, and in five minutes our people were sprawled all over the debarkation area.

The fourth couple on the lift collapsed as they tried to disengage the T Bar. The next couple plowed into them. Those behind, seeing chaos ahead, tried to get off before the appointed place. This left the empty bars swinging overhead like giant sledge hammers. Every time a skier got to his feet he had to hit the ground again to avoid a sledge hammer flying by.

It was a humiliating beginning.

BUT SOMEHOW we all got out of it unharmed and only hoped it wouldn't affect our class ratings. It didn't. The instructors had other ways of testing us.

We each had to make a solo run to the bottom of the hill while not only the teachers but, worse, friends looked on. It was not that friends wished one harm. It was just that everyone hoped somebody else would be the first to fall.

The first one was me and the first one did.

I was immediately assigned to the high beginners class which is pretty darn close to the low intermediate. If you want to know. It turned out to be quite a large class. Apparently a number of people had been sufficiently encouraged by my fall to fall themselves.

An instructor took us off to a little hill with no lift where we spent the day doing snow plow turns. A snow plow turn isn't too difficult by itself. What's tough is climbing up the hill a hundred times so you can come back down making the snow plow turn a hundred times.

But this was a never-say-die group if there ever was one and when we finished we not only had mastered the turn, we had the best climbing legs in the whole club.

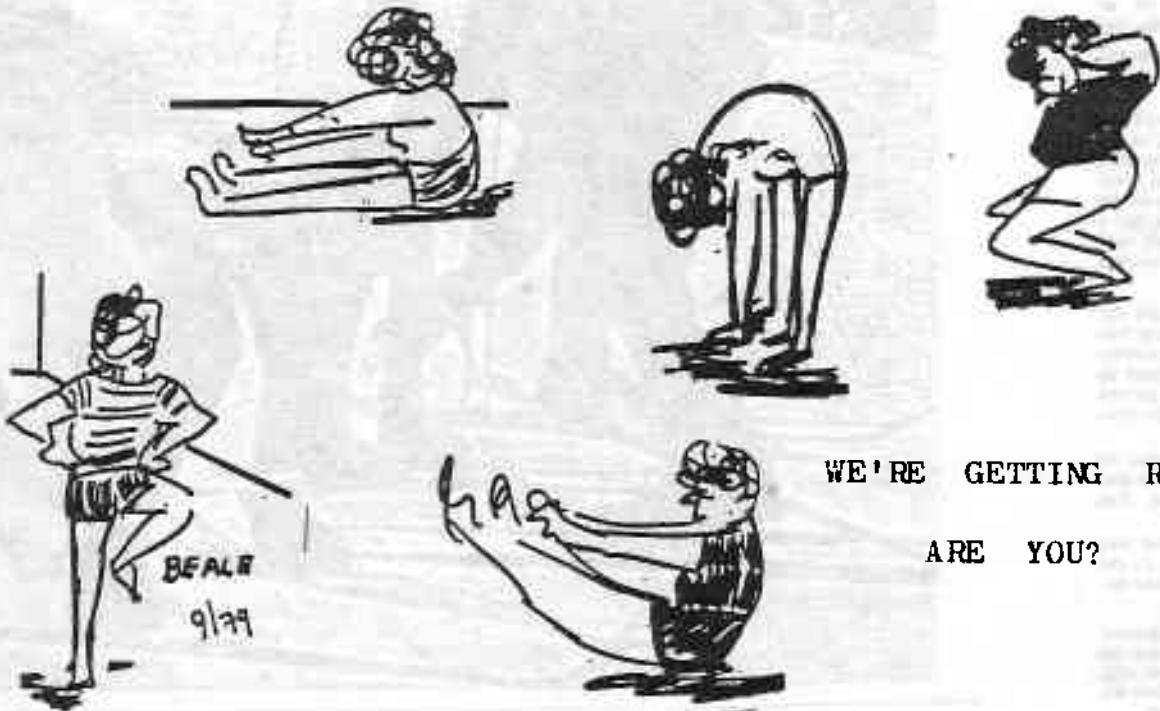
"TRES BIEN," said the instructor at the end of the day. "Tres, tres bien. With two more days work you will be ready for our day on Mont Tremblant."

"Tres bien, indeed," we agreed. And we racked our skis and reeled off for what we felt was a well earned "apres."

Next: Apres Ski at Ste. Adele.



Liu soars to great heights in the chair lift with Washington Ski Club member Jamie Miller.



WE'RE GETTING READY!

ARE YOU?

It's a Painful Haul Both Ways--Up and Down

But New Skiers Improve

This is the last of indomitable Lucrece Beale's tales of the Laurentian ski slopes, but definitely not the last of her skiing adventures. On the agenda of this Washingtonian whose new sport began a few short weeks ago: a trip to Stowe, Vt., with the Washington Ski Club, in two weeks, she hopes. "And some day," she says, "trips to Aspen and Switzerland."

By Lucrece Beale

"Bend te knee!"
"Weight forward!"
"Angulate!"

For four days Washington ski clubbers struggled to follow the insistent orders of our instructors. No Volga boatmen pulling their barge up the river ever slaved harder.

We poled in, we shifted weight, we spread-eagled, we ate snow. We stemmed in, we brought the skis together, we crashed into trees, we ate snow. We kept our edges, we side-slipped, we collided with one another, we ate snow. We ate snow and we ate it and we ate it.

And slowly and perceptibly we improved.

On the fifth day we left our small friendly mountain in Sun Valley and headed for Mont Tremblant, highest peak in the Laurentian range. Here, hundreds of skiers crowded the lifts and came hurtling down the mountain like runaway trucks.

"I can't! I won't!" cried one of our class when she saw the enormity of the challenge before us.

BUT OUR instructor was deaf. Before we knew it we were in the chair lift, and 10 frozen minutes later we bounced off halfway up the mountain. The only way to get down was ski down.

The two-mile trail we took was called Sissy's Schuss but we didn't feel like sissies as we slowly snowplowed down behind our leader like baby ducks sedately crossing a road while traffic whizzed all around.

When we got to the bottom we felt like old hands. We rode up again and came down making stem turns. The next trip we tried parallel turns — our first. It was a long, long trip down and the trail was body strewn. When we finally reached the bottom we felt like heroes.

"Free Skiing Time!" said the instructor.

Most of the group raced for the warming hut. A few diehards (including me) set out to find out what was at the very top of the mountain.

"Fools rush in . . ."



Photo by Joanna Seimona, St. Adels, P. 1

It's the apres ski that will get you in the end, but these hardy skiers look ready to dance all night. Doing the polka: Stanley Margolies, a tax law specialist with the IRS and Claudette Daniel from Montreal.

NEVER WERE truer words spoken. After the 10-minute chair lift there was a nine-minute T Bar to the peak. For us they were nine minutes of arctic horror. The howling wind pierced our parkas. Ice formed on our eyelashes. Our fingers were numb.

We staggered off at the windswept top and if we'd had a flag we would have planted it there. But there was no time to play Hilary. Our lives were ebbing away in the cold.

We headed for the nearest trail and poled off. In an instant all the week's instruction went out of our heads and we came down like a cluster of churning windmills airborne in a hurricane. Thousands and thousands of feet we came —letting gravity have its way. When it was over it was hard to say which had

learn to light the other end of the candle.

But we had done it and nobody could take that away from us.

THE DAY'S skiing was over. We returned to base camp in Sun Valley, tired and happy after our long day's work. But we returned not to put up our feet and doze before the fire like ordinary people. Skiers, I early learned, have no curfew.

When you come in from the slopes a long day's night is just beginning. Skiing is a strenuous sport, everyone knows, but it's the apres ski that will finish you off in the end.

Home in Washington I'm an early go-to-bedder and friends don't call at our house after 9 p.m. But on a skiing trip you quickly

learn to light the other end of the candle.

THE SMALL lounge was a combination warming room, sports arena, bar and cafe. After sundown it was carpeted wall to wall with skiers who had changed into the uniform of the evening, and were more than ready for the night's entertainment.

The uniform was stretch pants, loosely knit sweaters and soft boots. The entertainment was home grown and everyone joined in, including the waiters, the ski instructors and the management.

Since this was in French Canada the language was mainly fractured French but the lines of communication were wide open and messages came across loud and clear.

An accordionist or juke box provided continual music for the Frug, the Watusi, the polka, and even an occasional foxtrot. Highlight of every evening was the Limbo in which everyone, and I do mean everyone—had to join.

Being a pretzel on the slopes all day wasn't enough. You had to become a contortionist at night and squirm, knees first, under a two-foot-high pole. With only your feet touching the floor, of course. There are

more ways than one to sprain a muscle on a ski trip!

Occasionally we left our dancing. Once we all piled under buffalo robes in two sleighs and, pulled by pairs of smoke-breathing horses, drove through the sleeping valleys of the Laurentian foothills. Steigh bells jingled in the below zero night and a full moon shone down through gently falling snow.

ANOTHER night there was a fondue party. We dipped hunks of bread into chafing dishes of a superbly seasoned molten cheese mixture. We washed it down with wine and sang French songs and felt very Continental.

Once there was a movie. A ski movie, of course. But it was made in 1937 and narrated in French and we were glad when the projector finally broke down.

Then it was back to the lounge for more dancing and song, for no night ended before 1 a.m. And the last night there were some who never went to bed at all.

But the candle held out, burned at both ends though it was. And as the trip came to an end, it had been worth it, we all agreed. For indeed, the candle had given a lovely light.

It Was Really a Vacation, No Emergencies

Although there were five registered nurses and one doctor in the Washington Ski Club group, their services were never needed. There was a not a single casualty.

Other professions represented on the trip were: teacher, engineer, secretaries 2, law specialists 3, real estate 2, housewives 3, cook, nutritionist, economist, Nasa 2, Foreign Service, Public Health, CAB, Insurance, Agriculturist, and N.I.H. research 2.



**ONE MAN'S
CONCERN!**



CALENDAR

- August 8, 1914.....Lu Beale born
August 23, 1979.....Lu Beale becomes TOOT Editor
August 6, 1994.....Lu Beale's 80th Birthday Extravaganza
April 15, 1997.....Lu Beale becomes PVS President (& pays her taxes)
August 7, 1999.....Lu Beale's 85th Birthday Bash
-

For your Soul

by Samuel Ullman, Alsatian-born
businessman and poet

"Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

"Whether 70 or 16, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the game of life.

"You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair."



LB
3/80