

# Potomac Valley Skiers, Inc.

VOLUME XVI  
NUMBER 3

WASHINGTON

MARYLAND

VIRGINIA

MARCH, 1980

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

### What Next?

It's not too early to start thinking about ski trips for next year.

Anyone who would like to head a PVS ski trip present your ideas to ExCom. We are always happy to add new trips to our list of old favorites.

Your ideas for non ski activities during the off season are also welcome.

It's your club. Let us know what you would like to do and we will try to schedule it.

*Marilyn J. Clark*

Marilyn J. Clark, President

\*\*\*\*\*

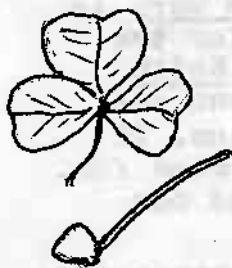
## MONTHLY MEETING

**When:** March 18th 8:00 p.m.  
**Where:** Home of Mort and Angela Kuff  
2807 38th St. N.W. Washington 20007  
Telephone 333-6039

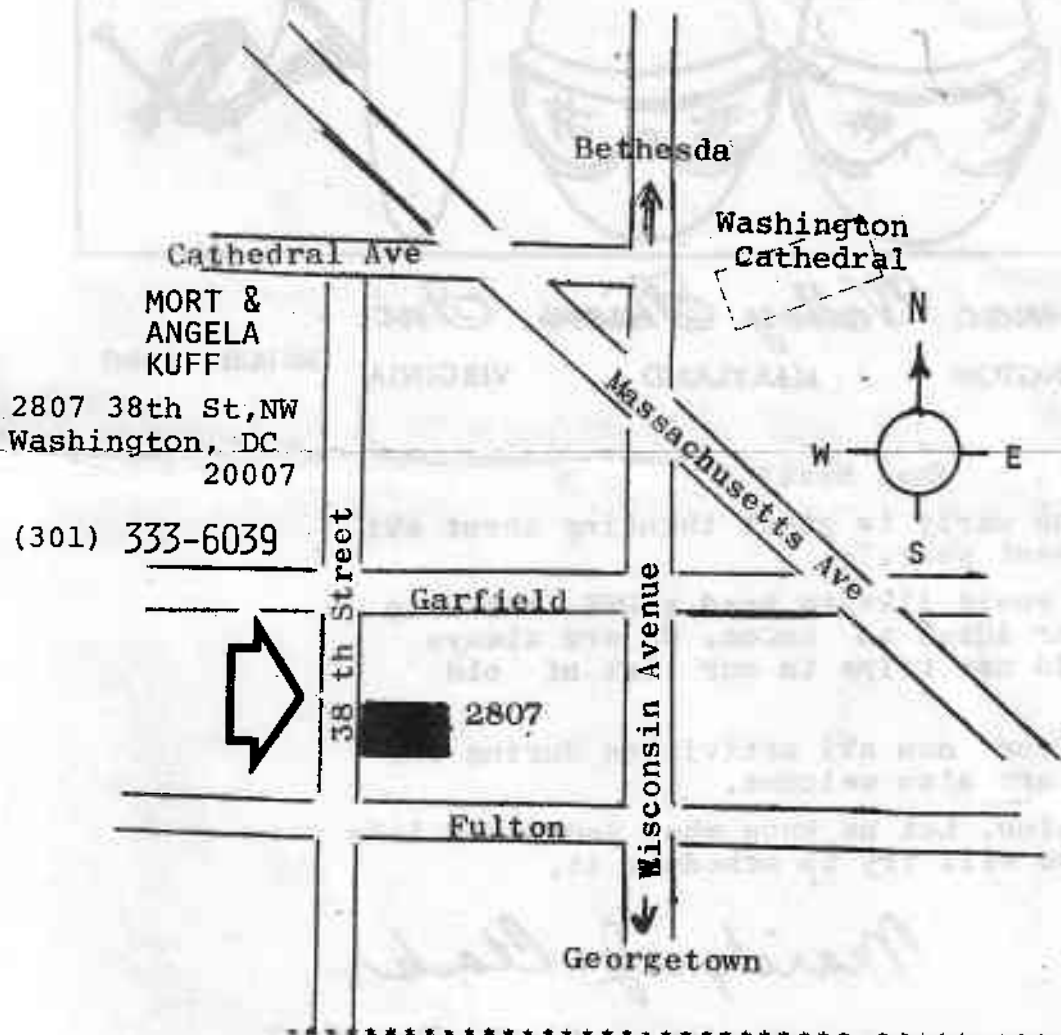
**Directions:** See map next page.

**What:** Ski slides. Ski talk. Eats.

Vino. Good cheer.  
Great opportunity for all you Virginians and Marylanders to cross the border and sample life in D.C. for a change.



DIRECTIONS TO THE MARCH 18th MEETING AT THE KUFFS:



Mort Kuff says:  
 If traveling north on Wisconsin Ave., it's a left turn onto Fulton street.  
 If traveling south on Wisconsin it's a right turn onto Fulton.  
 Parking can be a problem but should be available within a block or so. No parking lots in the area.

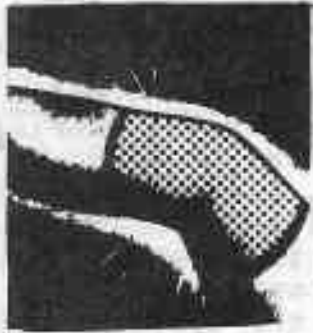
\*\*\*\*\*  
REPORT ON FEBRUARY MEETING By Bob Marx

The February 19 meeting was held at the Yes-It's-Really-Left Shakey's in Rockville. About 30 members came early and dined on the buffet (salad, chicken, pizza and fried potatoes), custom pizzas, beer and soft drinks.

Among those present for dinner were the seldom seen Stecher ladies (Elke, Heidi, Barbie, and Elke's mother), Penny and Ted Wiederhold, Charlie Gordon and Rosemary Soler. There were also about 30 people for the meeting - a number of friends and guests replacing several "diners only." It was especially nice to welcome recent applicant members Sharon and Matthew Egan and guests Susan Annis, Judy and Vince Macaluso and Irene Farrell.

A brief business meeting was conducted by VP Bob Marx in the absence of President Marilyn Clark (who was packing for the Utah trip.) This was followed by two movies arranged by Keith Lyon (who unfortunately was ill.) Alternate entertainment was provided by Shakey's big screen Olympics in the other room. It was an enjoyable evening of good food, good friends, and good fun. Thanks to all who worked to make the evening a success and our hosts at Shakey's.

\*\*\*\*\*



## THE KNEE

By  
Ray McKinley

Stop the presses for a Knee flash news announcement. The club's worst-kept secret is out. The

Knee, as they say in the spy business, has come in from the cold. (Perhaps, in the ski business, gone out into the cold would be more appropriate.) My true identity is out.

Because of my in-depth reporting and muck-raking, I was more than a little reticent (I was a big reticent) to reveal my name. I feared attribution - er - retribution. Our patient TOOT editor (more on this later) knew I was reticent because I sent her this month's column on white lined paper. When I'm less nervous I send it in on white lined noodles.

Personal to Julie King and Aina Thomas: If asked, I will continue to deny that I am the Knee. The Knee is really written by Art Buchwald but for contractual reasons that name cannot be printed. Or do I really mean James J. Kilpatrick?

If we ever get around to putting out a second edition of TOOT I think we ought to call it TUTU.

Did you catch the item in the Style section of the Washington Post on ski clubs? President Marilyn Clark said of PVS: "We're the most contrasting to the Fagowees." The Knee totally disagrees. Black Ski, Inc. is the most - er - contrasting to the Farogees. The Pres further said "We ski first and don't even try to look for nightlife." Again the Knee (and certainly Kirk Burns) disagrees. I often go out looking for nightlife - provided it doesn't keep me up past my 8 p.m. bedtime. (Nightlife - for those PVSers who don't know - is the late edition of a magazine published by Time-Life, Inc. The early edition is called Daytime.)

Let's hear it for the Knee's philosophy. ExCom recently voted down that onerous rule whereby you had to pay for drinks at PVS meetings. And we owe a special thanks to Penny Wiederhold who refused to go along with this at the Christmas party and to normally quiet club secretary Alice Swalm who spoke eloquently against it before the vote.

The Knee thinks we should change the title of TOOT editor to TOOTOR. Then we could call all of us readers TOOTEES or perhaps TT. (I loved that one.)

Knee Inside Scoop: I've caught ordinarily erudite TOOT editor in a really dumb one. Last month in trying to explain her error in the directions to the Heitchues she tried to pawn herself off as Mea Culpa! Who dat?

I understand that PVSer and good friend Doris Worcester has been in the hospital of late. She has our best wishes for a rapid recovery.

When I started this column over a year ago I was what you might call a Kneephyte. Now I've matured and I believe the style is truly Kneeclassical.

I just found out that the SCWDC magazine also has a gossip column. It's called SKIEAR. How tacky. Perhaps, if I lose sufficient weight, I'll call this SKIKNEE. Ouch!

Speaking of gossip columns, any such beast is only as good as its gossip (unless you like bad puns) and I need YOUR HELP. Please tell me items about other PVSers which you think are Kneesworthy (and we obviously have a very low threshold.) Everyone likes to see his or her name in print yet I see some of you so infrequently. Please, now that I have been identified, try to help.

Now for the Knee's Kneedle-of-the-Month which this month is subtitled "Phear of the Phone" and goes to the club's Nominating Committee.

(Continued next page.)

THE KNEE (Continued)

It seems that the Nominating Committee was chaired by Jim Wingrove who does not like to talk on the telephone. So Jim's wife, Barbara, did all the calling to committee members to arrange a meeting. At the meeting, a potential slate of new ExCom members was selected. After one unsuccessful call to recruit an ExComer, Jim turned to Barbara and said "You call them." Barbara made a couple of calls and remembered that at the meeting Malle McKinley had volunteered to help. Barbara suggested that Chairman Jim get Malle to do the calling. "Great idea," said Jim. "You call Malle."

So Barbara called Malle to inform her she had been granted the privilege of calling people. Well, Malle is also not overwhelmed about making phone calls so, in the end, her husband, and part-time Knee, Ray ended up making the calls.

Enuf. I'm off to Utah to ski.

\*\*\*\*\*

**EDITOR REPLIES TO KNEE:**

TOOT Editor categorically refuses to be called Tootor. A tootor wields a horn, an editor wields a blue pencil. If the pen is mightier than the sword, how mightier the pencil than the horn.

BIG SKY, ANYONE?

Big SKI in Montana is offering 2 days free lift tickets, lodging and meals to one or two PVS members who might be interested in leading a trip there in '81.

If anyone is interested and would like to stay longer lift tickets would still be free and meals and lodging available at a 50% discount.

Want more details? Call Ray McKinley at 790-8812.

REPORT ON WISP 11 By

By Reg and Jean Heitchue

Trip leaders, Ray and Malle McKinley, did a super job providing an enjoyable weekend at Wisp. We had fine company, plenty to eat and SNOW. We were delighted on arrival to find snow on the ground - much more than these writers saw in Northern Vermont the previous week. Bill and Fran Bullster and Irene Farrell, who arrived early, reported good skiing.

Saturday morning all 18 of us headed for the slopes with much enthusiasm after hearing the report "Best skiing in the east at Wisp and Canaan." Four of our party headed for Canaan while the rest went to Wisp which was great for cruisers and mogul freaks alike.

Former PVSer Bob Barry and the Heitchues headed out early planning to be first on the slopes until Reg discovered "No Plastic Accepted." Irene saved them a trip back to the lodge and a choice parking space when she loaned them a blank check.

After skiing we headed back to Timberlake for a great spaghetti dinner and many fine desserts provided by the McKinleys with the assistance of Vivien Barry.

None of us felt like moving from the warm fire after a big day of skiing and big dinner. Except Malle. She decided to go sliding down the steep snow-covered driveway on a trash bag! Shortly she had enticed the younger ones (no, not Ray) into building a jump. Then they discovered an inner tube. Really, Malle!

Sunday we enjoyed skiing on a light dusting of freshly fallen snow. Mark, Tom and Jim Heitchue especially enjoyed the moguls along with Janet and Richard Neumann. The Kuffs found the long run from the top of the mountain to their liking. Fran and Irene were seen many times headed for Boulder Run.

A fine time was had by all.

\*\*\*\*\*

## EUROPEAN ADVENTURE

Excerpts from accounts by Gene & Barbara Geiger and Will McKeehan

Fifty goodly (more or less) and intrepid (just ask them) souls assembled at National Airport on January 25th for FVS's latest adventure in La Plagne and Val Thorens in the French Alps. The flight to Kennedy for the connecting Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt and Geneva went off without a hitch; and we arrived at Kennedy in good time to enjoy a few drinks at a well-organized happy-hour arranged by Lufthansa. As we have come to expect, Bob and Margaret's impeccable organization assured a smooth check-in and got us through the passport formalities and all luggage checked through in record time.

The 747 flight over, with our group all seated together in the back of the plane, was uneventful, unless you count watching Jean-Paul Belmondo's latest shoot-em-up set in La belle France, where we were headed, an event. In Frankfurt and Geneva we were made painfully aware of the plight of the dollar when we found that the duty-free shops charged more than Garfinkels or Eagle Liquor for like merchandise.

Our bus (a Mercedes expertly driven by "Gaston") met us in Geneva and in a sardine-like process we all managed, somehow, to board with all of our luggage. Then began a pleasant scenic ride to La Plagne. We lunched in Annecy, France in mid-fifty degree weather at a supermarket cafeteria. Back on the bus, Thelma set the mood by roaming up & down the aisle plying all young men with apricot brandy (in truth we all enjoyed some). Then as we started climbing towards La Plagne the scenery was breathtaking, although a couple of us suffered from vertigo as we did not find the view straight down for a thousand feet (without guard-rail most of the way) as stimulating as we would have liked. And as we climbed we found snow, lots of snow. On our arrival at La Plagne we found five feet of fresh snow on top of beaucoup snow.

We reached our hotel, the La Plagne-Bellecote about 4 PM, unpacked, got settled, had a "briefing" session & "kier" party at the Piano Bar, followed by a leisurely dinner at the "Bear" restaurant. The building lobby was more "cold condo" than "plush hotel", but the rooms were great, complete with kitchen, separate bedroom and balcony. The next four days were warm, clear, and sunny -- and the skiing was fantastic. The runs and lifts seemed to go on forever. In fact, although our passes were good for the adjoining Les Arcs, none of our group made it over there because no one could thoroughly cover La Plagne itself.

Many of us found that after a hard day's skiing, swimming in the large heated outdoor pool was most relaxing. And if that didn't do it, the wine & cheese parties or cocktail parties sponsored by various members of the group did it. Dinners included such entrees as beef, rabbit, or fondue. Late evenings often found 15 to 20 of us at the Piano Bar with Will McKeehan holding forth at the piano and the rest singing. You should have heard our new found British friend, Phil Linder, perform "The Threshing Machine". Bill Anderson had a sore thumb while Thelma and Ginny had some ski boot problems, but otherwise the days went blissfully.

One of the highlights was an all-day ski trip to the village of Champagny where we had a fabulous lunch at the "La Therese" restaurant, complete with many kinds of local Savoyard foods including Raclette, a heated cheese specialty, wines, and liquers. Forty-five of our group made this trip. While we ate the weather changed. Skiing back we had first rain at the low altitude of the restaurant, and then heavy, blinding snow. Thank the Lord for our guide, Jazz, who did a superb job of getting us all back. One minor casualty -- Barbara Geiger cracked a rib while helping a downed skier. We say minor because she didn't let it deter her in the days ahead -- a real fine sport! That was a day for all to remember. Incidentally, Lou Hicks also lead a large contingent safely back.

An event on Wednesday etched out one daredevil nature of the group. Many of us were skiing the La Plagne area and encountered a Frenchman with a hang glider built for two, willing to soar from the top of "Le Biolley" at 2350 meters down to La Plagne village at 1970 meters with a passenger aboard. Both Bob Wyckoff and Lou Hicks took turns with him. They would ski "over the edge" and then soar like a prehistoric bird

3-400 feet over the tree tops while the rest of us watched in apprehensive admiration from the safety of the restaurant in the valley. Others were eager to try, but increasing winds cancelled further flights.

The final day at La Plagne was a heavy snow day with lowered visibility -- a good day for shopping, post card writing, and otherwise relaxing. Still, most of the group skied at least part of the day, and some all day. On Saturday morning after an all-too-short week at La Plagne our Mercedes bus, this time with a trailer for skis and luggage, picked us up for two rides for those with strong hearts -- down the winding road to the valley, and up another precarious road to Val Thorens. We stopped en route just outside of Moutiers at the "Radiana" Spa Hotel for a gourmet five-course lunch -- more food than any of us needed, but a real treat. The owner, a delightful gentleman that built the Spa with his father 50 years ago, took us on a tour through the baths after lunch.

We arrived at our "Novotel" at Val Thorens about 4 PM and quickly settled in amid a growing snowstorm. Before dinner we had a welcome drink party with representatives of the hotel and ski school there to brief us and answer our questions, followed by a short ski movie taken in the area. We found the public areas of the hotel much plusher and cozier than those at La Plagne, even though two pool tables inside the main entrance seemed a little awkward. One soon got used to circling around them to get to the reception desk, the elevators, bar, and dining room. In truth, there were many pleasant places to meet and relax, in particular the game room with its gigantic fireplace and comfy seating around it. The dining room, food and service were closer to the famed French cuisine than that at Bellecote.

One thing we had plenty of for the next two and one-half days was fresh snow; so much, in fact, that Val Thorens was shut off from the rest of the world by avalanches for three days. The banks were closed, but the lifts were not, and who needs money when there are miles and miles of powder! Seven feet of this lovely stuff fell while we were there, providing fabulous skiing. The visibility and a 24-hour bug both inhibited some of our skiing, but on the third afternoon the sun broke through in all its glory, and it was an ego trip from there out. Avalanche danger ruled out skiing the three valleys - Les Menuires, Meribel, and Courcheval - early in the week, but by the end several of our gung-ho crowd had made it with a guide, including Jack Lilly, Lou Hicks, Bob & Jean White, Werner Koch, Connie Worley, and a few others.

Ours was a very compatible and social group with someone hosting a party almost every night. On one of these happy occasions Will played his clarinet (otherwise called a flute, piccolo, horn, etc. by the group) while the rest of us danced, and then he piped the lot of us (feeling no pain) into the hotel dining room to the strains and loud chorus of "When the Saints Go Marching In". On the three evenings that dinner was not included at the Novotel groups of us tried the French cuisine of various restaurants such as the "Gloulou", "Trois Vallees", "Glaciers" and "Corotel". At the Gloulou we found a young frenchman - Dominique - playing American standards. Will just happened to have his clarinet along, and joined in, much to the delight of many Germans and Frenchmen at other tables - in fact we ended up with champagne on the house. Another incident - at the "Trois Vallees" - after Margaret Wyckoff succumbed to one of her weaknesses and demolished two dozen escargots, Bill Archer and Karen Rogers felt she looked undernourished and ordered her two more dozen. She took them in stride, but did share a few with others.

Without naming them all, a tribute should be paid to some of the expert skiers in the group who helped and instructed those of us who were less advanced - to mind comes Norm Engleman, Lou Hicks, & Don McBride. Also special mention to Suzanne Boisclair who, with her native French, accompanied Bill Archer to a dentist in the valley when a severe toothache put him out of commission.

The second week flew by faster than the first. Our last day of skiing was the most spectacular, with 8" of new powder snow and brilliant sunshine. We found we had some real powder freaks - Bob Grasley, Lou Hicks, Bob White, John Gelzer, Werner Koch, Connie Worley, Larry Pease, Norm Engelman, & Gail Gell to name a few. Then Saturday at 5 AM it was reluctantly back on the bus and planes to D.C.

PVS PROFILE      Gail Gell

By Larry Pease

Gail is the club Membership Chairperson. This is her third year of squeezing dues and application forms out of current and prospective members. She is also a member of the Executive Committee, having been selected in 1978 to complete the unexpired term of relocated ExCom member Julie King and subsequently elected to a two year term.

Gail first skied in a field near her father's home in north-eastern Maryland. She enjoyed the experience so much she enrolled in ski school at Braddock Heights Skiway. (Her father was so overwhelmed he never skied again.)

Except for two seasons off to bear and raise infants, Gail has skied each year since 1967. The past six seasons have included a European ski trip led by her favorite leader, Bob Wyckoff. Two trips to Aspen and two other trips to Europe round out her major ski itinerary.

Gail has been a PVS member since 1970. Prior to that she was a member of the Livonia Ski Club in Michigan. She is currently a member of SCWDC and is a candidate for the Ski Patrol at Massanutten.

Gail's favorite ski memories include her first trip to France (prior to her PVS affiliation) and the many returns to zurs, Austria. Mixed feelings describe her memories of a tour of Czechoslovakia during the winter season (advertised as a ski trip.)

This winter Gail's two children, Gregory and Angela, (also PVS members) joined her on the club's ski trip to France.

PVS PROFILE (continued)

Gail is a registered nurse with a BA from American University. She is currently employed at Melwood Farms, Olney, Md., an alcoholic rehabilitation center. Gail says, "Join me for a drink, business is down."

\*\*\*\*\*

SKI PATROL NATIONAL CHARTER

President Marilyn Clark recently called the American Ski Federation to get an update on the status of the National Charter for the National Ski Patrol.

The bill is in the Administrative Law Sub-Committee of the Judiciary Committee at the present time.

It was suggested that phone calls from club members urging that the bill be sent on to the House of Representatives would be helpful.

The number to call is 225-5741.

\*\*\*\*\*

OUT TO LUNCH

There was no ExCom meeting in February because nearly everyone was off doing guess what?

\*\*\*\*\*

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

- March 18 - Monthly Meeting  
8 p.m. at the Kuffs
- March 25 - ExCom Meeting  
7:30 p.m. at Lu Beales
- April 15 Annual Meeting  
8 p.m. at the McKinleys
- May 10 Old Rag Climb
- May ? International Dinner

TRY IT -YOU'LL LIKE IT

The recent Washington Post piece on local ski clubs elicited a number of calls from interested skiers. All who called were invited to come to meetings. Welcome!

\*\*\*\*\*

SKI BAEDEKER

Switzerland By Adele Waggaman

E  
N  
G  
L  
E  
B  
E  
R  
G

S  
W  
I  
T  
Z  
E  
R  
L  
A  
N  
D

This winter ex-PVser Kitty Foy and I put ourselves in the hands of Swiss Airlines who offered many ski packages. Financial considerations led us to choose the cheapest - Engleberg, located in central Switzerland two hours by train from the Zurich Airport. For \$1036 each we got our air tickets, two weeks in a first class hotel with full breakfasts and dinners, lift tickets, pass to the swimming pool and transportation from the airport to Engleberg.

Engleberg, surrounded by high peaks and the majestic Titlis mountain, turned out to be a charming little old-world town at the end of the rail line, known for its very old monastery and Jesuit School as well as its skiing. Our hotel, the grandest in town, was only a block from the station and we were there in time for lunch.

The next morning dawned sunny and warm and we started the trip up Mt. Titlis to the ski area. It consisted of four cable car rides, each one taking us to a more advanced area while from the third one there was a long beginner's trail (not unlike the Toll Road in Stowe) taking a winding course down to the parking lot. The fourth cable led to the top and the descent from here was a tremendous black area which would have been totally lethal if the snow hadn't been so perfect. The best powder I've seen since Alta. Not many ventured this high except to have lunch.

The second day we went to a different area, Bruni, which is a wide open place served by various drag lifts - all intermediate. Lower down it was so warm and sunny most of the snow was disappearing by afternoon. There was also a novice area which provided night skiing on weekends.

We had four or five bad ski days during which I discovered the pleasures of cross country skiing. At the hotel level there were fine, long well marked trails giving directions and distances. They were fairly flat and wound through pine forests, along streams and across open fields. Every five or six miles there was an inviting restaurant. There were also cross country trails off the second and third stops of the cable cars.

On a day off from skiing we took the little red train down to Lucerne to visit a fabulous transport museum, a glacier museum, a Wagner museum and several art museums.

All in all Engleberg was a delightful adventure but I'd still like to visit Davos, Zermatt and St Moritz if the dollar ever recovers.

\*\*\*\*\*





SKI BAEDEKER (Continued)

Adirondack Tour By Lu Beale

A  
D  
I  
R  
O  
N  
D  
A  
C  
K  
S  
K  
I  
T  
O  
U  
R

PVser Jeanne Strickland, SCWDCer Margo Kelly and I spent five days in February learning to use cross country skis and snow shoes in untracked snow deep in the Adirondack Forever Wilderness area. It was a memorable adventure made possible by a 12" snow fall that blanketed the drought stricken area on the very day we arrived.

With 8 other paying guests of Adirondack Ski Tours (a private service operating out of a small privately owned lodge in the heart of the northern forests) we tried to absorb the rudiments of handling skinny skis and snow shoes as we followed two guides through trailless forests, across endless snow drifted lakes, and up and down 2,800 foot St Regis mountain.

In the evenings, bountifully fed but sore muscled, we gathered around the fire blazing in the great fire place for wine and seminars led by distinguished area naturalists.

Trip bonus: an evening visit to Lake Placid (20 miles away) where we saw the Russians defeat Canada 6-4 in ice hockey and experienced first hand the crush and thrill of the Olympic scene - a treasured memory especially in view of the USA's subsequent humiliation of the Russians.

Back home, the exhausted PVSers report that cross country skiing is definitely the trail of the future but so far as they are concerned downhill is still the best way to go.

\*\*\*\*\*

HERE WE ARE!

In a recent column, the Knee wondered why he didn't see the Stechners anymore. Bill Stechner replies:

"We have skied 3 weeks each year in Lenzerheide, Switzerland - recently with PVSers Dick and Julie King, the Elrods, and Vannortwicks. Two years ago we also skied Whiteface, and, last year and this, Vail

"I'm not one for bragging too much but I must tell you that, this year, we skied the H--- out of Vail. In addition, the family collected 3 Gold, 9 Silver, and 3 Bronze NASTAR medals. Heidi 11, in 11-12 age group, had 1 G, 2 S, 1 B; Barbi 13, in the 13-15 age group, had the same. Elke, now 40, had 4 S and 1 G. Yours truly had 1 S and 1B and dutifully skied parkas, etc., down for the other racers."

While skiing in the West the Stechners saw Doris and Othmar Mair on their way to Aspen and visited and skied with the Kings who also hosted Hank and Aina Thomas and Penny and Mike Wiederhold. Star attraction offered by the Kings in Denver was dinner in the "Fort Restaurant which specializes in Buffalo meat and Rocky Mountain Oyster - (honest!)"

Since 1971 Bill has been on the Board of Directors of the Prince George County Medical Society - the past year as President. The Board meets the 3rd Tuesday of each month and thus has been in conflict with PVS's 3rd Tuesday meetings. Next year will be different, promises Bill, and the Knee should see the Stechners around again.

\*\*\*\*\*

CLUB OFFICIERS

President . . . . . Marilyn Clark  
 Vice President . . . . . Bob Marx  
 Secretary . . . . . Alice Swalm  
 Treasurer . . . . . Margaret Wyckoff

EXCOM

Second Term:

Gail Gell  
 Geoff. Wadey  
 Mary Ward

Membership . . . . . Gail Gell  
 TOOT Editor . . . . . Lu Beale  
 TOOT Production . . . . . Jan & Bob Marx  
 USSA - Eastern Rep .. Art Topping  
 BRSC Rep. . . . . Bob Wyckoff  
 PSF Rep. . . . . Art Topping  
 Program Chairman . . . . . Jim Slack  
 Answering Service .. Jan & Bob Marx  
 451-9158

First Term

Keith Lyon  
 Bing Poon  
 Barbara Wingrove

Ex Officio

Ray McKinley

SPRINGFIELD VA 22151  
 ROBERT AND JAMLET MAIL  
 BOX 10000 DRIVE  
 SPRINGFIELD VA 22151  
 ROBERT AND JAMLET MAIL  
 BOX 10000 DRIVE

