

# *Potomac Valley Skiers*

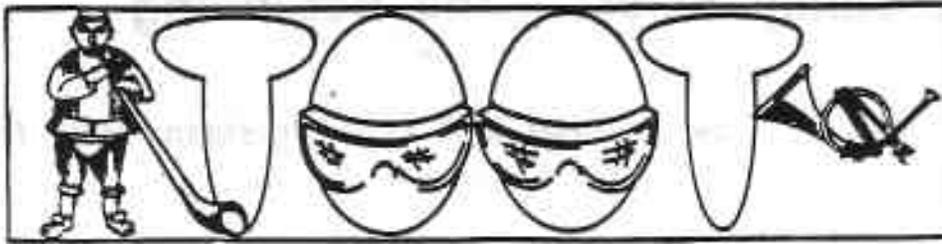


## *25th Anniversary Celebration*

*November 3, 1990*

*Founded November 7, 1965*

NOVEMBER



1990

## Potomac Valley Skiers, Inc.

### Anniversary Special

#### President's Message :

I am proud to have been president of PVS during this Silver Anniversary year. This is a club of dedicated volunteers who truly care about skiing, about their fellow skiers and about the continued welfare of their club.

With such members, PVS surely will remain strong and vital for many years to come and I look forward to our Golden Anniversary which is just a few moguls and a long schuss or two down the road.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PVS!!

*Dick*

Dick Comerford, President  
1989-91

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#### From the Editor's Desk

The first club newsletter appeared December 3, 1965, less than 3 weeks after PVS was formed. Edited by Mike Rura, it was called simply Bulletin #1. At a subsequent meeting, a boxful of little plastic horns was passed around to members for no other purpose than to liven the meeting with some noise. It turned out to be a real tootin' meeting, the name caught on and was adopted for our monthly newsletter. Then it seemed just right for a perky little ski club. It still does.

In the 25 years (and roughly 300 issues) since, TOOT has served as the club's official bugle, sounding off on various matters, keeping the membership advised of events, gossiping about our foibles, dispensing recipes, and trumpeting our considerable achievements.

In honor of our Silver Anniversary, this special edition has been assembled. Like all TOOTS, it represents the combined efforts of many writers, artists, addressors, stamp-lickers, etc., with special contributions from Nancy Monacelli who designed the front piece, Bette Walker who did a super proof-reading job, Barbara Leonhardt who laser-beamed the headlines and Production Chief Janet Marx who presided over printing and distribution.

All of us join in saying HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY TO PVS!!

*Lu Beale*

Lu Beale, Editor. 1979-90

# Potomac Valley Skiers - the Beginning

by *Founder and First President Dick King*

It all began on a European Ski trip - sponsored by The "Other Club" which, at that time in 1963, was the pre-eminent ski club in Washington, D. C.! The history of the "other club", also known as "The Ski Club of Washington, D. C." - best known by its acronym SCWDC - is that in 1935, some forlorn and lonely New Englanders who were then resident in the total D. C. area were looking for a way to pursue their beloved sport of skiing. They sought out a distant slope in Davis, West Virginia; found a long heavy rope and old motor; and VOILA!, they had a ski hill, a rope tow; AND a ski club!

BUT, this story is Potomac Valley Skiers - The Beginning. Not the beginning of SCWDC. Well, it is important to remember that it is the love of skiing that brings all skiers together around the world, on the slopes and at after-skiing events.

SCWDC sponsored a European trip in 1963 going to St. Anton, Austria and to Chamonix, France. Among the enthusiastic travelers were three guys who got to know each other and shared a new friendship. Two were New Englanders and one an eastern Pennsylvanian. Their names were Harry "Hank" Thomas, Dick King and Bill Stecher. Therein lies the beginning of a lifelong association and friendship that exists today - AND the birth of P V S! They quickly became skiing companions and good friends, starting with a mixup in accommodations the very first night (NO reservations on record thanks to a now defunct AAA Travel Company). Bill Stecher smilingly (?) slept in a bathtub that night! Following the trip, at frequent gatherings together, the three friends talked about a ski club FOR SKIERS, a novel idea. Not that SCWDC lacked skiers. No way. There were many excellent skiers there, and many others with varied levels of skill. But, the by-laws did not require skiing skills to join a ski club!?!? Hank, Dick and Bill thought there was something wrong in that process of social activity. Also, they believed strongly in the inherent value of smallness and a closer-knit group of skiing friends.

This idea spun in our heads for a year or so. When subtle inquiries and efforts to establish a "skiing requirement" in the SCWDC by-laws failed, the idea germinated. The group of three became a group of seven. The goal was the establishment of a small ski club where skiing was a standard requirement for membership. Those original seven were E. Packard Anderson, C. Brooke Armat, Dick King, Mike Rura, Penny Sayre Wiederhold, Bill Stecher and Hank Thomas.

These seven became a committee, established a set of by-laws (which included a requirement for all members to pass the U.S. Eastern Ski Association Basic Ski Test), arranged for a legal social organization status, and agreed upon a name. And, POTOMAC VALLEY SKIERS, Inc. was a reality. The time was November 1965. Twenty five years ago!



FOUNDING FATHERS

(AND MOTHER )

(Continued on next page)

# Potomac Valley Skiers - the Beginning

by **Dick King** (cont. from page 2)

Our first meetings were held upstairs in a small German style restaurant and beer stube on Pennsylvania Avenue just west of 17th Street known as Arnold's Hofbrau House.

We soon outgrew that site and moved to other meeting places. Members who joined that first year were accepted as charter members of the club. Quite a few of those early birds (or, kneet people, as Ray McKinley might say) are still around today! We have mourned the passing of two founders - Brooke Armat, our first treasurer, and Mike Rura, the father of TOOT and the club's information chairman.

The membership was established with a limit of two hundred members to "keep the club small and close knit." And that is what it has continued to be. For many years we did not approach the 200 limit figure. We met in various restaurants and "free" rooms around the area and slowly gravitated to individual member homes as commercial locales became harder to find. We have always tried to balance the location of meetings among Virginia, Maryland and D.C. and that continues today.

Now the club has reached the mature age of twenty-five years and is charging into the 1990s. It's operation continues successful and beneficial to its loyal membership. Wonderful, hard working self-starters have kept it going in a style relished by its participants. It is a living tribute to those early years when an idea was nurtured and developed and good people supported it with their time and continuing effort. That spirit and warmth are the foundations upon which the early efforts now survive as the club pushes the membership limit of 200. The future looks bright and positive for PVS, which is what it was designed to be: a ski club for SKIERS!

There is so much more to be told about those twenty five years by this story teller and many other story tellers. These will be told over and over at other times and under other circumstances. For now, it is time to say that this is PVS - the Beginning and the Future.

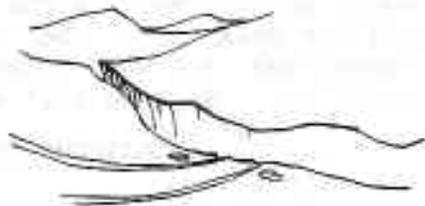
HAPPY 25th BIRTHDAY!!



Schuss



Sitzmark



Drawings on this page by charter member Nancy Monacelli

## Those Were the Days

by Aina Hertelis Thomas

I first met my future PVS friends before there was a PVS.

It was March 1965 and I was on an SCWDC trip to Vail and Aspen. One day while skiing with my roommates we saw a man with a camera and we thought "Wouldn't it be great to actually see ourselves skiing!" We approached the cameraman and a deal was made. The man was Charlie Gordon. He introduced us to his friends Pat Calef (Cope) and Brooke Armat and for the rest of the trip we skied together.

I appreciated their patience waiting for me - the beginner - as we skied the moguls. I fell after every second turn! It took time to get back into my cable bindings. The skis were Fischer wood and my boots were double-laced. However, I did sport Bogner stretch pants!!

In November of that year, Potomac Valley Skiers, Inc. was formed and in March 1966 a few of us went on a charter flight west where Maryse Delevaux and Pat Calef were the winners of a special eastern slalom race on Highland Mountain. (Incidentally, a 6-day, 3-mountain lift ticket at Aspen was \$40.)

Later that spring, Bill Stecher led a bus trip to Mt. Stratton where we all took and passed the basic ski tests to become fully qualified members of PVS.

In those early days, in addition to the two-or three-week trips to Europe or the west, many of us car-pooled on weekends to Blue Knob where we managed to survive the blue ice boiler plate and arctic breezes together with Ski Patrollers Bill Stecher, Bruce Harstad, Glade Flake, Hank Thomas, Billy and Larry Pease.

Occasionally we skied Seven Springs and Elk Mountain but Blue Knob was our favorite. Generally, we stayed at Judy's Motel in Bedford where every room had a color TV with instructions. We spent hours fiddling with this novelty.

In March '67 a group of us (Pat Calef, Peggy Lacey, Carol Parmenter, Rosie and Tony Soler, Brook Armat, Peter Lange and I) made a trip to Vail and Park City. During the two weeks the sun never went behind the clouds since there were no clouds. By the second week, sunburns were serious and Tony Soler had to show us how to bushwack on skis through the woods in the shade.

We travelled between areas in a stretch limo. Brooke did most of the driving so, as a lark, we furnished him with a proper chauffeur's cap. This caused much jaw-dropping in the lodge where another guest was overheard to remark, "Those guys from D.C. ski in style! They're so loaded they even have their own chauffeur!"

In '69 another group of us (Pat Calef, Don Cope, the Solers, Hank and Edna Thomas, Brooke Armat, Dean Worcester and I) rented a chalet in Davos. The chalet turned out to be a summer place half way up the mountain. We managed to bring up our groceries in rented VWs. But when I came down with the flu and pneumonia I was not sure I would ever get down that mountain again.



(Continued on next page)

# Those Were the Days

by Aina Thomas (cont. from page 4)

In the late spring at home, your best friends were always those with station wagons for trips to Mt Snow, Killington, Sugar Bush, Mad River Glen, Stowe. The late snowstorms provided good cover on the slopes. We left on Friday nights in a caravan of two or three station wagons. By changing drivers we arrived Saturday morning in an empty parking lot, changed into ski clothes and stood and shivered while waiting for the lifts to open - only to find that the first runs were always on solid ice ruts! But, after a few runs, all hardships were forgotten and we skied non-stop through the day. We also forgot the long lines at the toll booths on Garden State Parkway on Sunday night. Next Thursday, I waited for a phone call to do it all over again!



In the early 70's, there was a combined trip with SCWDC and a NASA group. The trip was over the New Years in two buses. The trip leader: me, Aina Hertelis. NASA was in charge of a wild New Year's Eve party. The next morning very few woke up for the departure to the slopes. Being the leader, I had to be up and at 'em along with the other PVSers. That evening my name was changed to Amazon and PVS became known as a "club that hits the slopes at sunrise, skis till dark, eats dinner and goes to bed." We haven't changed much.

Ah, but those were the days, as old folk say. The memories go on and on ....

At Seven Springs, on my second day of skiing, I was in a morning class where I was taught to "side-slip" and "traverse." At lunch time I skipped the meal to practice on my own. I started my traverse on WAGNER, crossed over to STOWE. I was afraid to make a turn so I kept going on my runaway traverse over into TYROLIA until finally stopped by the bushes and trees, I sat down and side-slipped on my side all the way to the bottom not sure which was bruised more - my ego or my rear.

Many years later on the ALPINE - a Seven Spring slope with a creek at the bottom, I schuss-ed with the idea to make a "pro"-checked stop after jumping the creek (so that I could be in the lift line with the rest). I misjudged my ability to jump, hit the opposite bank and landed headdown suspended on my skis across the creek. It took four gentlemen to upright the errant skier. Result: three broken ribs.

In Alta, the most famous run is HIGH RUSTLER - 5 black diamonds. Skiing with the Solers, Tony decided Rosy and I should traverse from the top of the chair and ski down the easy slope. The view was beautiful! I guess we enjoyed the spectacle more than we should have and, before we knew it, we had traversed too far. There we were on HIGH RUSTLER with majestic moguls left there from the Ice Age!

I decided to attempt one mogul at a time but it turned out to be one mogul at a time on my back! Also, it turned out to be a race - me, in a fetal position, screaming "I'm getting killed!" and the Ski Patrol. It all ended in the parking lot where I landed with my skis on and the Patrollers at my side unable to believe there was no need for a toboggan. I was down already. I never asked Rosy how she got off HIGH RUSTLER. She must have. I had dinner with her the other night.

In the 70's, the Deightons organized a few trips to Mont Sutton in Canada. We all fell in love with the area. This PVS tradition is continued today with Jack Peoples leading 50 plus skiers to Sutton every year. But, today we do not make our own beds, cook our own meals, wash our own dishes. Instead, we are thoroughly pampered at La Paimpolaise.

Well, after all the years, don't we deserve a little pampering?

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# MOVABLE FEASTS

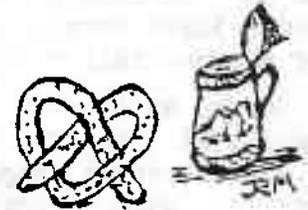
by Janet and Bob Marx

"I try not to eat on an empty stomach!"

This now famous remark by Knox Felker typifies the eating pattern of PVS members now-a-days. It wasn't always so. As a matter of fact, chips and pretzels were all that was offered at early PVS meetings - and the policy required paying 25 cents for each beer or soda!

Meeting in the upstairs of a restaurant at Pennsylvania and Connecticut Avenues - Arnold's Hofbrau - was an early monthly format. Nibbles were offered at these meetings, but many ate their fill downstairs first. (Movies and slides were shown, even then!)

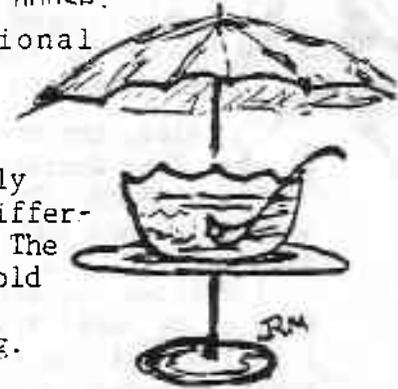
Aina Thomas was known for hosting swim parties at her apartment pool in S.W. The \$2 the club charged to cover food and pool wasn't enough, but they couldn't raise it to \$3 because then Charlie Gordon wouldn't come.



Lobster feasts were extremely popular back in the days when one could afford those red delicacies. The feeds we best remember were held in the fall at Virginia's Great Falls Park. The meal was simple...and out of this world: lobster, salads and home-made pies. Pat Cope always worried about whether the specially ordered critters would arrive from Maine on time. They always did. While Pat made a run to National Airport to pick them up, a crew was heating water on the grill - in galvanized trash cans. Being newly married with a new house to furnish, the Marxes didn't see why the trash cans should be trashed, so we took them home. Yup, they are still in use in our fourth house.



For 20 years, the mainstay of our feeds, was the International Dinner. It started as a truly multi-national extravaganza with everyone bringing a treasured, exotic dish from appetizer to dessert. As PVSers honed their palates, it was decided that 20 different dabs on the plate made everything taste alike so a carefully chosen menu of coordinated recipes was adopted. Besides, all the different dishes required so many hot trays the fuses kept blowing. The gourmet entrees were always a hit, except for the year when Hank told Aina the Cornish hens were just like the cute little quail that lived behind her house. Aina ate very slowly the rest of the evening.



The club's interest in international food led to an annual Oktoberfest at which our Deutsche hosts wunderbar, the Wyckoffs, plied us with bier, pflaumenkuchen, and the wurst food of the fall.

Desserts seem to be a priority in this club and it may be Ray McKinley's fault. At one of the early Elrod Steak & Swim events Ray instituted the now sine qua non tradition of desserts on all club menus. In fact, one branch of our eating tree evolved into a series of meetings devoted exclusively to desserts.

It was a meeting at Kirk and Peggy Burns that converted PVS from beer to wine when gallon jugs in straw baskets were passed. With the wine and cheese craze came more elaborate foods to go with them. More ambitious projects embraced the development of our famous PVS Cookbook and finally, to answer the constant demand for an update ... Nancy Garrett's COOK'S CORNER.



(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

# MOVABLE FEASTS

by Janet and Bob Marx (cont. from page 6)

Another branch of our MOVABLE FEASTS led to annual wine and cheese tasting meetings. Evolution carried these to highly refined separate events of beer tasting and gourmet wine tasting with matching gourmet hors d'oeuvres.

Yes, it's true, this crowd will eat anything and eat it all. Now that we're "older" you may see people choosing veggies over cheese but NEVER passing up the desserts. We're not called PVS & E for nothin'!!

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## COOK'S CORNER

In January, 1988, super chef Nancy Garrett's first COOK'S CORNER appeared in TOOT. Since then, with only an occasional spell out of the kitchen, Nancy has kept us finger licking and well fed.

Below are two published recipes especially popular with members.

### BETTY'S TEX-MEX DIP

Betty Comerford

On serving platter, layer as you go:

Layer 1. Mix together well:

- 1 (10 1/2 oz) can bean dip
- 1 (16 oz) can refried beans w/green chilies

Layer 2. Defrost and spread:

- 1 (6 oz) can frozen avocado dip (Mexican is a bit spicier)

Layer 3. Blend together and spread:

- 1 package Taco Seasoning Mix
- 3 Tablespoons mayonnaise
- 3 Tablespoons sour cream

Layer 4. Spread:

- Remainder of 8 oz. carton sour cream

Layer 5. Grate finely and sprinkle over last layer:

- 1/2 lb. Monterey Jack Cheese
- 1/2 lb. Colby Cheddar Cheese

Garnish with chopped black olives, finely chopped scallions, and/or chopped tomatoes. Serve with tortilla chips.

Betty reports that spreading the layers is really an art. Her method is to place several dollops of the mixture to be spread around the last layer and then gently smooth as best you can.



### RICH CHEESE CAKE

Fumiko Marquard

Crumb crust:

Combine:

- 2 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup sugar

Blend in:

- 1/2 cup (1 stick) melted butter or oleo

Press firmly over bottom and about 2 1/2 inches up the sides of a heavily buttered 9-inch spring-form pan. Chill while making filling. Will serve 12-16.

Filling:

In large bowl, soften and whip:

- 3 (8 oz.) packages cream cheese

Blend in:

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt

Adding one at a time, beat in:

- 4 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring

Pour into crumb crust. Bake at 350\* for 50 minutes or until firm in center.

Remove from oven; let stand for 15 minutes. Reset oven to very hot - 450\*.

Topping:

Combine:

- 2 cups dairy sour cream
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons vanilla flavoring

Spread mixture over top of cake. Return to 450\* oven. Bake 10 minutes or just until topping is set. Cool cake on wire rack. Chill completely.

For party touch, top with various fruit combinations. Fumiko has used kiwi fruit, strawberries, blueberries, etc.

# THE KNEE

by

**Ray McKinley**



Since this TOOT celebrates PVS's Silver Anniversaryarknee, I've been wondering - why are we called the Potomac Valley Skiers? Have you ever skied the Potomac Valley? I haven't.

I'm not even sure there is a Potomac Valley. (Could it be near Rudy Vallee?) There is a group of runners called Potomac Valley Seniors. They're all over 40. Also, there is a Potomac Valley Bank - it's nowhere near 40 (and it's in Potomac where there's nary a valley in sight). And then there's us, we are now 25. Twenty five years of skiing the Potomac Valley. And we're all over 40!

A name should say something about us, and ours doesn't. To designate where we are from, we could say Washington, D.C. and Environs Skiers .. despite a long acronym.

But, who cares where we are from? We are a ukneeque (oops!) group of individuals and our name should reflect our singularity. I've given the matter considerable thought and analysis (a full 90 seconds) and decided that since we are a group of caring, sharing long time skiers we should change the name of our club from Potomac Valley Skiers to Knowledgeable, Nice, Exciting, Expert Skiers.

It's long but it has a lovely ring and a truly super acronym. Try it out.

What I'm leading up to here is to tell you for the very first time the true story of how our name came about. So, pull up your chairs and listen ...

Once upon a time, there was a group of friends who got together regularly in Miami to water ski. You might say they were addicted to water skiing. They skied virtually every weekend, winter and summer. (In part because winter and summer aren't that different in the Biscayne Bay area but also because they were very regimented. They also made semiannual forays into the Caribbean where they would water ski for an entire week - never more, never less.

After years of this routine, some of the group were getting bored and wanted to try something different. After some - actually lots - of discussion they opted to water ski for two consecutive weeks, a major

change, and they would do it in Europe - an even more radical change. Many said it was a dumb idea - why change something that wasn't broke - but the group persisted despite the considerable grumbling.

A lot of work was done by the group to assure a cost-effective, exciting new water skiing event. They finally agreed to fly on Air India during the least expensive period which was the last two weeks in January.

When they arrived in Europe their German host was incredulous. "VATER SKIING? You can't go vater skiing in Europe in ze vinter. Is too cold. Oh, you poor vater skiers!"

He suggested they might want to try snow skiing because after all it was frozen vater.

Well, kneedless to say, the Poor Vater Skiers, as they came to call themselves, tried snow skiing and loved it. But, there was a major problem. How could they go back to Miami and face their peers? They would be vilified by their detractors who would never let them forget they were so dumb they had forgotten that in some parts of the world there is a season called winter during which there is no water skiing.

One member of PVS, to which, out of embarrassment, Poor Vater Skiers had been shortened (rest assured, none of them ever wanted to hear Poor Vater Skiers again), had an idea. They could move, en masse, to the far north, drop vater skiing and become real skiers.

Some one had heard of the Potomac Valley near Washington, D.C. and they figured that far north they could ski 8 or 9 months of the year, keep the PVS initials and become Potomac Valley Skiers.

To avoid their less than auspicious past, the new PVSers created an elaborate ruse about their beginning - being stranded on an SCWDC European ski charter trip. They swore to secrecy all the original water skiing PVSers (designated by the code "Charter Members"). Henceforth, they would all totally deny vater skiing.

So, no matter what Dick King says on page 2 of this TOOT, that's the true story of how PVS got started. You can check the veracity of this for yourself. Just ask any PVS "Charter Member" about Poor Vater Skiers. He will deny it all.

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# Fashion Parade - Skiers a la mode

by Marilyn Clark



In 1965, when PVS began, rope tows were a fact of life at many ski areas. Plain long parkas paired with stretch pants were the fashion and GoreTex, thinsulate and polypropylene did not exist. When these materials came on the market they had a huge influence on ski fashions by making possible greater styling freedom and light weight ski wear that was both warm and water repellent.

On the way to 1970, the revolutionary over-the-boot stretch pants were introduced. There was much controversy over their practicality but fashion won out and over-the-boot pants were in.

At the beginning of the 70's, wildly printed wind shirts were being worn and warm-up pants were introduced as an alternative to stretch pants.

By 1972, stretch pants in stripes or small woven patterns as well as warm-ups in wild prints were being worn. It was a colorful time!

Bib pants were introduced in 1973 and have been around ever since. This was the year that manufacturers addressed the problem skiers had of sliding all over the hill on their shiny ski clothing and introduced anti-gloss fabrics.

Remember those itchy wool hats? The Smiley Hat Company made all that itching a thing of the past when they introduced the no-itch brand hats in 1979. However, ladies continued to express their individual personalities by the choice of headwear and today, as then, anything goes.

By 1980, ski jackets were fairly short and paired with bibs or over-the-boot stretch pants. Vests were popular, especially for spring skiing. The mid-80's saw ski clothes in bright color combinations. Jackets were waist length and oversize and one-piece suits were popular.



Beate

Our old friend, in-the-boot stretch pants, made a strong return in 1987 for those who are more interested in looking slim than in staying super warm.

What's new in 1988? Neon colors - those glow-in-a-whiteout pinks and oranges. Many one-piece suits are elegantly designed in luxurious fabrics - just the thing for a soggy day at your favorite local ski area!

At the start of the 90's, the fashion trend is back to longer jackets. Who knows what else is ahead on the slopes in style and new materials? We'd love a surprise!



Beate



# From No Johns to Long Johns —

in 25 years, more or less

by *Bill Anderson*

1965 was notable for two great events: the founding of PVS and the year men came out of the closet and entered the ski fashion world.

Yes, out went the baggy pants, the old college corduroys, blue jeans, farmer's bib overalls and those wonderful bargains from Sonny's Surplus Sales of WW 2. In came the influx of the s-t-r-e-t-c-h pants with the introduction of a new material called spandex.

O God! Why did I drink all that beer and scrape the last bit of cheese fondue from the bottom of the pan? There was simply no way of hiding the old gut, as you really can't ski while holding your breath. The slim look was definitely in. In the old days our only concerns were keeping warm and staying on our feet.

The year also brought about the bell bottom pants which were first seen at the winter Olympics in Portillo, Chili. This style created the over-the-boot look. Now, how in the name of heaven were we going to get those skinny pants over those big boots?

With the bell bottoms came the blazer style parkas and, would you believe, hiphugger pants. This was simply too much.

My personal attire for the greater part of 1965 was a full leg cast which I modeled from early March to mid-September due to severe fractures of the right tibia and fibula sustained in the Alps of Pennsylvania. Blue Knob, to be specific. Of course, I decorated the cast for every special occasion. I even attended a formal dance with top hat, white tie and cast.

In 1968, the Space Age caught up to the ski fashions. Remember the great Rosemount Boots? Well, rather than looking like astronauts, we resembled the old Frankenstein monster.

The slogan for the 70's was Look Fashionable on the Slopes - no matter how well or how poorly you skied. As we all know, skiing is the number 1 masochistic sport, so we went from nice comfortable broken-in leather boots to impossible-to-break-in plastic boots. Oh, how great it felt when you took off those buckled plastic monsters!

The 70's also taught us something about ski safety in clothing as the WET LOOK was quite fashionable for a few seasons until we learned that the WET LOOK was not only wet looking but also very slick and slippery. When you fell it was almost impossible to stop. You just kept sliding, sliding, sliding. Well, so much for the WET LOOK.

Going into the 80's, it appeared "anything goes" were the watch words, Warm-up pants in pyschedelic colors, even the old turtle-necks were manufactured in bright bold colors. The one-piece ski suit fashioned again after astronaut attire came into vogue. How come my waist was never at the right place in these suits? One good thing though - with the warm-ups and one-piece suits you could go back to beer drinking and thank God, the slim look was out. Since this is a family publication, I will not mention the "REAR-ENTRY" boots.

I predict that in the 90's you will once again see the baggy pants, tattered blue jeans and the return of the old college corduroys.

Well, so much for men's ski fashions....



# THE LONG AND

# SHORT OF IT

by Dick Clark

1965, the beginning year for PVS, was the era of Head skis, with their soft but quick P-tex bottoms, a hodge-podge of "safety bindings" and the infamous Lange "leaker" boots. This was also the period when the "in" thing to do with bindings was to mix and match between brands, a technique later found to be fraught with incompatibilities and resulting injuries. Color selection in boots was based on the Henry Ford early choice - black.

As we move into the early 70's we start to see colors coming into the boots, with the yellow banana boots being very popular. Foam injection was reaching its hey day about then as well. Boots in general were of rather low height, had front entry and as many as 5 buckles. Head, Garmont, Hanson, Humanic and Scott were some of the favorites along with the Raichle "red top" boot with the walkaway inner boot. Bindings were improving and gimmicks were popular. Spademan introduced its toeless binding, later to become the bane of the rental ski public. Salomon came out with its S-40 step-in binding for \$12 (run-away straps were extra), but many bindings were still using grooved boots for the boot-binding interface. Skis were making the transition from metal and wood over to fiberglass composites.

Moving into the mid 70's we see features such as the Lipe Slider and other teflon skid strips being placed under the boot toe to reduce friction during release. This was also the era of scientific testing by Carl Etlinger of Vermont Ski Safety Equipment, in which weight, age and ability were first factored into the release setting equation. Meanwhile, Burt came out with the first retractable binding as the ultimate replacement for run-away straps, and the popular Look Nevada binding was selling for \$65. Miller, out in Orem, Utah, came out with strapless poles and a new gadget called a "ski stop". GLM (graduated length method) was all the rage with the learn-to-ski-in-a-week crowd.

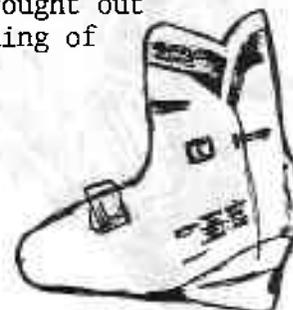
By the late 70's, ski brakes had become universal and the early qualms about losing skis on the lifts faded away as the ease of use was realized and the thrill of wind-milling skis during a double release was forgotten. Boots and bindings were now conforming to DIN standards which eliminated the incompatibilities between boots and bindings. Strapless poles (and some strapless ski bunnies) were coming on the slopes, and Salomon was trying to come out with a radical new rear-entry boot.

The 80's have produced further sophistication in boots, bindings and skis, with the two camps of rear- vs front-entry boots firmly entrenched. Computerized ski design has resulted in specialized and multi-purpose skis that are almost tailored for the individual skier. The days of knowing every ski on the market are gone, as each manufacturer has turned out multiple designs with increasingly complex graphics.

Wearing the wrong colors with your designer skis can now ruin your whole day!

On the bright side, the market has finally recognized the abnormally slow, but nonetheless steady, aging of PVS members and has regularly brought out better and easier equipment to compensate for the gradual detwitching of our muscles, to the point where we all ski better each year.

In the 90's, PVSers will climb into their computerized skis, set the controls for age 25 or so, and proceed to burn up the slopes until warned by the Ski Patrol to slow down or lose their senior citizen tickets.



Beak

# MIKE RURA'S CRYSTAL BALL - (CLOUDED?)

(Editor's note: In November, 1966, PVS celebrated its first anniversary. In honor of the occasion, a special TOOT was issued summarizing the club's achievements during its first year and prognosticating the future for PVS skiers.

Mike Rura, a founding father and first TOOT editor, looked into his crystal ball and (perhaps with tongue in cheek?) came up with the following forecast of skiing as it would be 18 years later in the Orwellian year of 1984.)

What will skiing be like in 1984? George Orwell does not enlighten us on this subject so we may give vent to our imagination. It can be said with certainty that in the years to come skiing is in for some radical changes. In the late 20th century, skiing will probably bear small resemblance to the sport as we know it today. For one thing, it will be a highly developed sport practiced by a larger percentage of the public, regardless of where they live. Skiing might one day overtake in popularity baseball and football, both as a participating and spectator sport.



More than likely, next generation skiing will be a year-round activity practiced in huge indoor SKIARAMAS. Such ski palaces might conceivably tower as high as the Empire State building, and their enormous slopes, supported by masses of structural steel, will offer the finest in tricky slalom courses, long schusses, tailored moguls, high and low jumps and runs of every dimension and difficulty, to suit novice, intermediate and expert.

The U.S.A. will be dotted with thousands of small but efficient SKIARAMAS for those with limited time for exercise or training. Some of the more enterprising of these establishments will feature movable moguls which will be differently placed from week to week and many of the skiing platforms will have undulating and eccentric surfaces that will test the best of skiers.

The snow on these man-made courses might be machine-made or artificial. Highly efficient snow machines will deposit a new layer of powder, shallow or deep, in a matter of minutes, maybe faster and of better texture than actual snow itself.



# The ( Clouded ? ) Crystal Ball

(continued from page 12)

The SKIARAMA of tomorrow will have ingenious ways of bringing skiers to the top of the ski platforms. Large centrally located elevators will whisk a hundred skiers to the top of the



slopes in a matter of seconds. Or there will be single chair lift arrangements that will glide you through a panorama of exciting winter scenes from all parts of the world. Or you might be slowly propelled along continuing window displays where you can get some ideas for your next day's shopping.

At any rate, snow problems won't exist at SKIARAMA, at least not as we know them. Perfect skiing temperatures will be maintained at all times on these extraordinary skiing premises.

We won't even mention "apres ski." Some of us may think this can't be improved but in 1984 the skier will be

more pampered than ever, on and off the slopes. After you hang up the boards for the day, you will be able to choose your own special brand of relaxation, exhilaration, or intoxication. In the heated swimming pools, saunas, solariums, and health stations, you will choose between rehabilitation or debilitation. What the facilities won't do, the special vitamins and pep pills will. You will "wirg" (the frug of '84, of course) until three and roll out of the hay at seven feeling better than you do after eight hours of sound repose on your best posturepedic. And because many PVSers will be past 40 when 1984 rolls around, latest findings of our "Institute of Geriatrics" will be available to you to keep you in the running.

And what about equipment? It will be so fancy in 1984 (as it already is) that you may not be able to afford it. The fact is you won't want to buy it anyway, partly because of its high rate of obsolescence, partly owing to your desire to have the latest, but mostly because outright buying of durable goods as we now do it will be no longer practical. In any event, what you really want from any purchase is the right of unlimited use at the lowest possible cost, and no responsibility for upkeep. In twenty years or so you will lease your whole ski outfit, use it until it shows signs of wear, then get a new lease package (the best available), all this at a cost more reasonable than today's attractive car rentals. SKIARAMAS will have ski equipment rental arrangements to meet every pocketbook.

(SO. THAT'S THE WAY THINGS LOOKED IN MIKE RURA'S CRYSTAL BALL A QUARTER CENTURY AGO. IT'S TRUE THAT ALL THOSE VISIONS HAVEN'T YET COME TRUE BUT NEVERTHELESS IT WAS PIPE-DREAMING ON A GRAND SCALE AND WHO KNOWS? - BY THE END OF THE CENTURY MAYBE, WELL, JUST MAYBE ....

WHAT DO YOU SEE IN YOUR CRYSTAL BALL? )

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# Potomac Valley Skiers Charter Members

E. PACKARD ANDERSON  
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 MICHAEL RURA \*  
 TRUDY LEMKE SANTORO  
 WILLIAM A. STECHER  
 HANK THOMAS  
 PENNY SAYRE WIEDERHOLD  
 \* DECEASED



Bob and Janet Marx  
 8312 Oakford Drive  
 Springfield, VA. 22152

