



The Official Publication of the Mt. Mansfield Ski Club

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No. 4

Stowe Awarded '52 National Ski Championships

MT. MANSFIELD, Stowe, Vt.—The Mt. Mansfield Ski Club has been awarded the National Downhill, Slalom and Combined Ski Championships for 1952.

This will be only the third time in the last fifteen years these events will have been held in the East. They will be run during late March and are expected to attract hundreds of participants, including the American Olympic Team which will be returning from Europe at about that time. The Nationals are open to F. I. S. competitors and therefore foreign racers will be invited to participate, and this race could develop into an international event for Stowe.

The Downhill course will be on the already-famous Nose Dive Trail. This event will be an extremely technical one with the Trail being elongated to the top of the Nose, thereby adding 500 feet to its current 2000 ft. vertical drop to provide the National requirement. Extensive work on this Trail is planned to provide all the requirements for a National downhill event.

The Slalom will be on the upper S-53, then swing into the Lift line and finish below the Midway Station on the Chair Lift. Here, too, considerable work is under way to conform to the National Slalom rules of a 1000 ft. vertical drop with average of 30 degree steepness. Due to the location of the slalom, hundreds of spectators will be able to watch this race by taking the Chair Lift to the Midway Station.

An interesting sidelight of the events will be the probable use of electric timing through the use of a device for which Ruschp is now

negotiating in Switzerland. This is so delicate that it measures time down to the hundredth of a second.

"We are considerably indebted to Sepp Ruschp and The Mt. Mansfield Hotel Company for their financial aid in making the necessary improvements to the trails so that this race will be a 'National Championship' in every sense of the word, and to State Forester Perry Merrill and Members of the State Board of Forest and Forest Parks, Donald W. Smith, Edward H. Park and Walter Malmquist," a spokesman for the Club said, "for their excellent cooperation in approving the necessary trail construction in the Mt. Mansfield State Forest." Due to the far-sightedness of the State Forestry Department many important recreational developments (especially winter sports) have been encouraged in the State of Vermont.

This National Championship may be considered in the skiing world as "the" event of 1952.

STOWE ART GALLERY

An exhibit of paintings, both water colors and oils, all done by a group of Stowe artists, opened early in July at Round Hearth. Graham Gilchrist — president of the Stowe-Mansfield Association, co-proprietor of Round Hearth and member of the sponsoring group of the exhibit — states that much interest has been shown by all those who have viewed the work on display.

Among the local artists having their work exhibited are Stanley Wright, his wife Ki, and Walter Blodgett. Mr. Wright graduated

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MT. MANSFIELD SKIING

WHAT TO EXPECT

For some time we have had an urge to make some changes in the format of this paper. Beginning with this issue and continuing with all future issues, unless we have a wild influx of protests, we are using four columns instead of the former two column make-up. We feel that the use of four columns will give a professional look and possibly make for easier reading. Anyway, we are giving it a try.

Another thing that we intend to change is the masthead. Presently we are considering two examples of the photo-montage type

either one of which would give us a distinctive front page. We may consider other types of heading before the first winter issue goes to press, but we promise something new, something different. We may not get any better as time goes on—but we do change!

NEW FEATURES

For the first time since its inception this paper will feature paid advertising, beginning with the first winter issue. The present editors have tried to give directors and members what we have hoped they wanted in the way of a more

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High over the Lift Line mother and child enjoy trip on the Mt. Mansfield Lift. The ride in summer—about twenty minutes in the chair—affords sufficient time for observing the magnificent scenery that unfolds to the rider as the chairs slowly climb and descend.



The Official Publication of the
Mt. Mansfield Ski Club

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SUMMER SUMMARY

When we finish writing this little filler and get it on the way to the printer, the hardest part of getting out the summer issue of *Mt. Mansfield Skiing* is over. We pasture out our stable of writers in the summer months to fatten them up for the winter and some of them were shy of the work harness; some we never caught up with. So we had to work along slowly, picking up a little here and there, doing a bit ourselves between the heat waves. Hard to get out though it is, this summer issue is a bridge between last season and the next and we think it may pay off in good will.

Speaking of next season, we had hoped to tell you something about a talk we had with Sepp Ruschp the other evening. We went up to see Sepp about some news he had for us but later, over our notes, we decided against writing it strictly as a news item. It came to us that there was too much of Sepp in back of it all and that we could do a much better job with more time, material and space. It should be done as a personal interview with Sepp more or less telling it himself. So, in the first issue which is due about December first, we shall give you our version of *The Ruschp Story*, all about a hard working gentleman whose great ambition is to see Stowe acknowledged as the "Sun Valley of the East."

After this issue is safely in the mail we are going on vacation. When we return we shall have to begin thinking about next winter's issues, start early and do a lot of work to make this paper what we have been striving at—the best

damn' ski paper of its kind in the East. We heard it once described by a speaker as a "collector's item." We thought of that the other day when a man drove a truck up to our back door. He was a collector, too. Odd thoughts we have! Had another one not long ago. Thought of getting a man with a long black whip to stand over us when the deadline gets close just to make sure that we step up to the old typewriter and do our stuff. Speaking of whips, sometime we would very much like to do a piece about Parker Perry's *Whip* at the Green Mt. Inn in Stowe. There's wonderful material there, but first we have to make a "deal" with Parker and that's another story.

This is where we came in, and this is where we go out to wield our trusty (and rusty) machete on the jungle which has crept up to the house while we have been slaving over a hot typewriter.

The Staff

SKI TOURING THE ALPS FROM AUSTRIA TO SWITZERLAND

(A letter to Mr. and Mrs. Sepp Ruschp)

By MRS. C. V. STARR

DEAR HERMINE & SEPP:

Just in case you might be interested, and even if you aren't, I shall try to give an account of our first ski tour (Hoch Tur) over the Silvretta Pass which took us from Galtur in Austria to Klosters, in Switzerland. Words can paint many pictures, but I shall find it difficult to etch our adventure with enough color to do it justice.

Neil, Teresa "Whiz" Chancellor, a seventeen-year-old English girl, and I were fairly fit, having skied

most of the winter, but were still not toughened up for climbing, so before starting on this big trek we made a few short day tours near St. Anton-am-Arlberg. We rose early and either caught the Galzig funicular, climbed the Valuga, toyed with about five hunks of bread and butter and large draughts of tea in the Ulme Hutte, and then spun down a winding valley to Stuben, where a "boler" (champagne and red wine) and sumptuous open-faced sandwiches restored life to our weary limbs; or we drove in a wheezing taxi to Zurs, went up the long T Bar, where on skins we plodded up the Madloch for an hour or so to the crest, and then had a delightful open run down into Lech, picturesque inspiration for Ludwig Bemelman's "Eye of God." This run could be delicious or exasperating according to the snow conditions. The sun flooded the valley early and late so that the texture was constantly changing.

One morning, when the weather reports seemed propitious, we left St. Anton by car and drove down one valley toward Landeck and up another to Galtur, the starting point. The tour normally takes three days and two night. We had the good fortune of one ski-fuhrer (guide) apiece—Rudi Matt, head of St. Anton Ski School, and this past winter co-director of Sun Valley's School; Ludwig Tschol, our guide on many a trip, and Pepi Gabl, last year's F. I. S. Trainer of the Austrian Girls' Team. Neil and I made a ludicrous attempt at carrying, in rucksacks, our own lares and penates; such as, changes of underwear, extra sweaters, an inadequate supply of reading matter as it turned out, canasta cards (essential!) kleenex without which I am a whining pilgrim, and a blessed plastic flask of schnapps. When we actually started climbing, our companions, gently but firmly, relieved us of most of our stuff. I couldn't have been more mortified, and then grateful!

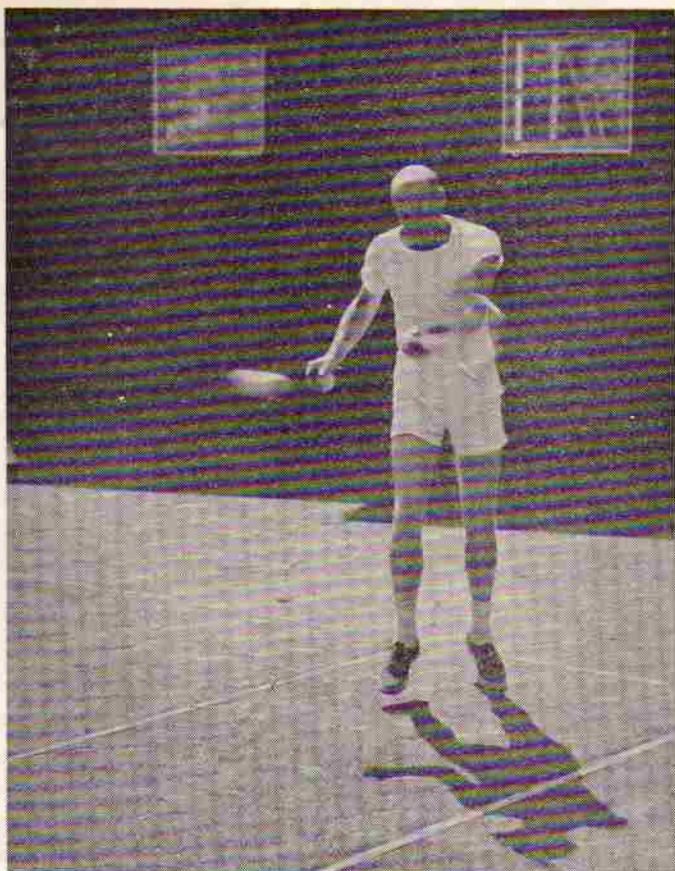
After a leisurely lunch in Galtur, to avoid walking in the noon heat, we set out at two o'clock. The climb with skins on our skis up the Jamtal (Jam Valley) was a long, tiring pull of four and a half hours. We frequently wished that instead of our synthetic skins we had had real seal skins like the guides, because seal hair catches well enough uphill and slides downhill much more readily. But for the encouragement of our understanding guides I could have

easily turned my tips down and scuttled back to Galtur. The last twenty minutes was exhaustingly steep and Whiz and I stumbled into the Jamtal Hutte, wobbly with fatigue. We were just conscious enough to be surprised at the size of the Hutte; a three-story edifice built on the uninspired lines of a CCC camp. It was filled with fearsomely energetic-looking young men, who were going through some routine Alpine guide courses. We flopped down at a table and were plied with hot tea strongly laced with schnapps. Life gradually returned to our jellied joints and we finally downed an excellent dinner. Teresa's stout-heartedness must be mentioned, as this characteristic substituted for muscle, of which there was no evidence whatsoever. Pepi, after our recent display of exhaustion, admitted having visions for the next day of dispersing his pack between Rudi and Ludwig and hoisting Whiz on his shoulders for the remainder of the climbs.

Most of the Huttas are well staffed with peasant folk, who supply good and varied food, with a cheerful minimum of service. We had the choice of single, double or bunk rooms, army blankets galore, no sheets and adequate indoor plumbing. After congratulating ourselves on our staying powers, we creaked off to bed, little realizing that the next day would be the hardest, partly because the Jamtal Gletscher (glacier) was the stiffest ascent of the tour, but mainly due to leaving late, 8:30, so that the relentless Spring sun sapped our strength (!) Doing a new tour is like phases of life. It is better not to know what is ahead, or one would not have the fortitude to press on.

We started up the Jamtal Gletscher to the Tiroler Scharte (Pass), three and a half hours of apoplectic plodding; a short rest, notable for its reviving swig of schnapps, preceding surreptitious mouthfuls of snow, and then the most rewarding part of each climb—gazing at the scene about us—the vastness—the palpable stillness—the wonder of it! Then, a twenty-minute swing in powder, down the Tiroler Ferner (glacier) to the Wiesbadener Hutte. We ate a hot lunch and sat about, alternately admiring the fabulous Alps and the guides' deft strokes with ski wax. Wispy clouds streaked the valley which proved to be a forewarning of a two-day blizzard.

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The dancing tennis player who appears to have a halo around his head and who is about to deliver a maniacal swing at a swiftly approaching ball, is Charles Blauvelt, president of Mt. Mansfield Ski Club. He probably wonders how and where we got the picture!

STOWE ART GALLERY

(cont. from page 1 col. 2)

from Pratt Institute and later won the Tiffany Foundation Scholarship. Before coming to Stowe, Wright maintained a studio and school in the Metropolitan area. During the war he served overseas as a camouflage engineer.

Wright's works have won honors in national exhibits and are represented in both public and private collections including the Metropolitan and National Academy.

Mrs. Wright, herself a talented artist and instructor, also has examples of her work on exhibition; she has also done work for some of the public places in Stowe.

Walter Blodgett's water colors have brought most favorable attention from visitors to the exhibit. He has had four one-man shows in New York; his paintings are owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and many others. Private collection owners include Nelson Rockefeller, Lowell Thomas, Benny Goodman and Peter Arno.

The sponsoring members of the Stowe Art Gallery group are: Mr. and Mrs. Wright; Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett; Mr. and Mrs. Gilcrist; Charles Daly and Ken Hoyt, all

Stowe residents and members of the Stowe-Mansfield Association.

Graham Gilcrist, spokesman for the group, states that he feels that the Art Gallery is just one more attraction to offer the summer visitors to Stowe in addition to golf, fishing and other sports and entertainment now available. He also thinks that it will awaken a cultural and intellectual interest in Stowe.

Operated in conjunction with the Art Gallery is a silk-screen four-page pictorial card project. This project also includes the designing of custom wallpaper. The designs now available in the cards, five in number, are very colorful and appear as individually painted cards. It is expected that soon there will be many more designs from which to choose and that they will be available for purchase in many shops from Stowe to, eventually, the West coast.

The card division of the art group is under the direction of Charles Daly who operates a studio in the Metropolitan area. He is familiar with and skillful in the use of silk-screen process as he has worked with many of the country's leading designers.

After skillful questioning on our part, we learned that Graham Gilcrist himself has a picture on exhibition. Modest though he was, we elicited the information that it had drawn "favorable comment." Strangely enough, though, while it is a winter scene and could pass for one near Stowe, it was painted while he was living in a distant city and before he had ever seen Stowe.

If it is possible for you to visit in Stowe during the summer season, be sure to visit the Stowe Art Gallery at Round Hearth.

MT. MANSFIELD SKIING

(cont. from page 1 col. 4)

complete and attractive club publication. There have been indications that we have done this, enough so that those directing the policies of the club, not wishing to drop the paper entirely or curtail size or use of picture cuts, have decided to open the pages of *Mt. Mansfield Skiing* for a limited number of selected paid advertisements.

STOWE NEWS

We are working on a plan which we hope will be successful in bringing news — who's in, who's been in or who is coming to Stowe — while it is news to our readers. Briefly, channels will be set up whereby interesting news items will be piped along to Marion Child, Sec.-Treas., of the Mt. Mansfield Ski Club, who will edit it in Stowe and pass it along to us. We are hoping, but with crossed fingers, that it will work. We've had a lot of trouble with that *Chit-Chat* column.

BOYS CAMP

There has recently been opened in the West Hill section of Stowe, a camp for boys whose ages range from ten to fifteen years. The operator of the camp is Walter Bennett, instructor in Central High School, Philadelphia. There are at present twenty boys attending the camp, although eventually facilities will be enlarged to accommodate about forty in all.

CABINS

Ground has been broken on a slight rise opposite Stowe Center — ten cabins to be built by Verner Reed, Jr. Rogers Adams, general contractor in charge of construction was unavailable for more detailed information, but our informant gave us the impression that these cabins would be better than the average roadside cabin and be designed for family living. In summer the Stowe Golf Club is

only a step across the main highway and Stowe Center is most convenient for food or entertainment. In winter this new development will be a welcome addition to housing facilities.

OUR FLYING PRESIDENT

On a recent trip to Stowe to gather what news we could of goings-on in and around the village, we dug up an item about our president, Charlie Blauvelt. It seems that Charlie is flying as co-pilot with Northeast Airlines for the duration of the summer months. So, if you fly Northeast, study the co-pilot. If he slightly resembles the picture of the wildly gyrating tennis player shown elsewhere in this issue, give him a hail. It just might be he. Incidentally, Northeast, when using the east-west runway at the Montpelier airport, comes in low and directly over our place of residence. We intend to seek shelter when this happens just in case that a wrench, or similar object, should come sailing down and carefully aimed in our direction. Charlie could have a grievance as we printed that picture without his knowledge or permission!

MT. MANSFIELD SKI CLUB

HITS 500 MARK

The Mt. Mansfield Ski Club for the first time in its history had 500 paid members on the books of the secretary at the close of the 1950-1951 season. It was also something of a record in that for the first time in the memory of the oldest member the goal set by the membership chairman was realized. There are several factors that entered into this record membership and credit should go to Charles Blauvelt, club President, for his untiring efforts in building up enthusiasm for getting the membership campaign organized. Equal credit should go to Hannes Lipponer for his work as membership chairman. It was a swell job, though, and we only hope that he can be induced to take the job again next season. Another factor that entered into our securing many new members was the new club patch, designed by Frank Springer-Miller. Unique in design for a ski club emblem, it no doubt caught the eye of many skiers and might have tipped the scales in favor of joining up. Too, it is becoming more and more known that club members get that 10% bonus on lift tickets as offered by the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Company, something that the thrifty skier cannot fail to overlook.

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STOWE NEWS

(cont. from page 3 col. 4)

Last year hung up a fine record, but what will happen this next season? Will we fall off in membership; or will we go forward to new heights? We can keep our present membership if each member will pay his dues on receipt of notice. If each member can get at least one new member, we could hit the 1000 mark, something that should make us about the biggest ski club in the East. Selling shouldn't be too hard; tell 'em what they get: a 10% bonus, the new patch, voting and social activities privileges and, we can't be too modest, *Mt. Mansfield Skiing*. (It's good heavy paper and can be used to stuff a rathole if you don't like to read it.) Keep it in mind so that you will be ready to help Hannes hit the 1000 member goal which we have just set for him.

DEAR HERMINE & SEPP

(cont. from page 2 col. 4)

Next morning at four, I was awakened by soft thuds on the window and looked out to see a myriad of swallows prematurely winging from Italy. They were desperately searching shelter from a blanketing snowstorm. Dozens of the poor wee things were fluttering precariously on a slim wash line, and others sought refuge by clinging to the rough cement around the windows.

Someone peered in the door and, thinking it was Pepi with hot water, I motioned discreetly to come in. The head disappeared abruptly and, upon later inquiry, I discovered that Pepi had not been prowling. I suppose I shall never know who found the early morning summons distasteful and/or indiscreet. Naturally, I prefer to think the latter!

During this two-day hibernation, the snow came down in a constant sheet of whiteness. We didn't feel any sense of aloneness or danger, possibly because there was no wind. The Hutte is snuggled in a nest of cliffs, below the reach of storm currents.

Irwin Zangerle, the Hutte operator, a rosy-cheeked Tiroler, captured our hearts, with his eager-beaver efforts at canasta and lengthy accounts of madcap ski maniacs. He was a leprechaun; if I ever saw one. I asked him for his photo which sent him into paroxysms of embarrassment or mirth, I'm not sure which. This Hutte was smaller than the Jämtal, with good and plentiful fare, comfy beds, warmth, lots of blankets, less efficient but still indoor plumbing.

The next morning we arose at four, planning to leave at six, but got under way a half-hour late, which proved a blessing because the clouds cleared only minutes ahead of us. The climb was a steep but grand one, up the Vermont Ferner. On every side the fascination of the mountains bespoke itself. Peak upon peak in varying hues unfolded as the clouds lifted, and we were soon climbing in crisp sunshine. In front, to awe and inspire us, was the gleaming blue and forbidding Vermont Gletscher. We crossed beneath its shining grimness one by one, so as not to awaken its slumbering descent of a few feet per century. After a surprisingly rapid climb of only two-and-three-quarter hours, we were just below the greatest scenic drama of my life, the glorious Fourcla del Confine, dividing Austria from Switzerland. Storms had made a razor-sharp cornice between peaks. We sideslipped, then walked across the top of the flat Garda Gletscher for about 15 minutes, to the Silvretta Pass and glacier. Then following Ludwig like a good little marionette, I had the schuss of my life, on a texture that only ski dreams are made of. It was noiseless; not corn, but like whipped cream mixed with confectioner's sugar on a consistently hard base. The guides said that in their experience such beauty and snow conditions had never been surpassed. In a terribly brief hour we had swung down to the Sardasca Alpe (Hutte) having first

removed skis to walk and slither, duck fashion, down the Silvretta Aeck (a sharp ridge) which cannot be skied in Spring slush.

After refreshments, and waxing, on went the skis, and we had a long rather flat pull to within an hour of Klosters, where the snow vanished and we finally coasted onto a field of crocuses.

An idyllic stream rippled past us on the left, flanked with wild flowers, and our skis were washed of their mud. Occasionally we slaked our thirst from springs or horse troughs, much to the consternation of Pepi. Fates, including Death, were to be our lot for drinking icy water when we were so hot. The last half hour our feet swelled uncomfortably because we forgot to loosen our boots, and we barely made the haven of the Chesa Grischuna,

and the Hans Gulers' welcome, before stripping off boots and packs.

If I never ski again, heaven forbid, I shall have no regrets. Our tour was, for me, an emotional experience that is not often fulfilled. The Alps, salubrious weather and good companionship conspired to give me a dream come true.

The moral of this story is that since we first started skiing, we have successfully fought off all attempts at conversion to climbing, and now find that we have been denying ourselves one of the most exhilarating phases of ski life.

I suggest to anyone who reads this — save your money and your strength, then make haste and find out for yourself.

MARY STARR



This isn't a good picture. As a matter of fact, there are many things wrong with it. The most noticeable and glaring feature that is wrong is _____ . But we'll let you who know Mt. Mansfield tell the Photo Editor what you think is wrong.



STOWE, VERMONT

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