

MT. MANSFIELD

# Skiing\*

PUBLISHED FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE MT. MANSFIELD SKI CLUB



VOL. XXVII NO. 4

MARCH 1961

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## Interview . . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

sponsorship, even gifts of equipment by a manufacturer of ski equipment to an individual competitor. This practice has led in Europe to the evolvement of much, and properly, criticized "circuses"—to the detriment of the sport, and the disqualification of some Amateurs, because their names became associated with a particular brand of ski, wax, etc. We expect the member ski clubs to contribute, as well. In the past, collections from clubs and individual skiers have been quite inadequate—and the deficit had to be made up by generous, patriotic individuals. I said this before, but the price of a cup of coffee and a doughnut from each skier in the U.S. would solve the problem handsomely.

Q. Sepp, some of us directors and members of the club showed interest in a pre-skiing training program for racing Juniors and any other youngsters who would be glad for a chance to get in better shape. Olavi Hirvonen, who was on the Olympic Cross Country Team, and will probably compete in the 1962 World Championships as well, has offered to conduct such a program on weekends and any young member of the club should be eligible. You will recall that Gene Gillis ran a program for racers before the 1958 F.I.S. at Bend, Oregon, and several members of our club participated and benefited considerably. How does that sound to you? Also, we thought of a Pre-Season DRY SKI SCHOOL and conditioning program, open to all comers for a reasonable fee.

A. A very good idea. Why don't you try to get reactions from our club members about an adult program—we can take participation in the training for Juniors for granted. Perhaps we ought to designate a week around or after Columbus Day and get a group to sign up. I know that the mere handling of skis, walking kickturning and some exercising in ski boots can be of great help to a beginner, eliminating a few days of misery when he or she gets on the snow.



*In behalf of all club members, we extend our deep sympathies to the relatives and friends of the U.S. Figure Skating Team, which perished in an Air Disaster. (Ed.)*



## THE PERFECT DAY

was Sunday, February fifth. In my over twenty years of skiing on Mansfield I have never seen such a wonderful combination of blue sky and clear air. From points around the old Hotel at the Nose, the White Mountains, Adirondacks and the Mountains of Southern Vermont, Canada and Maine—in a radius of over a hundred miles—stood out in flawless clarity.

Yet, that afternoon, there were only two tracks on the uppermost part of the Toll Road, with at least 3000 skiers on the mountain!

Friends, how can you miss such an experience, trading it for a couple of indifferent runs?

F. S. M.



OLAVI HIRVONEN  
U.S. Olympic Cross Country  
Competitor

has offered to conduct a summer training program for Juniors.



Please read Sepp Rusch's comments on a DRY SKIING course in the "Interview" and tell us what you think of it. We know, and don't have to be told, how important pre-skiing conditioning is. To practice it, is a resolution often made (usually the first day out on skis) and promptly forgotten. Takes some character and determination, but it's great fun in a group. Would it not be nice for an intermediate skier to run the mountain, first time out, with maybe a couple stops—instead of thirty, and then ending up with cramps and pains? (Ed.)



## Happy Days at the Reindeer Station (Conclusion)

Upon being settled, snow having been banked around the outside of the tent, the first order of business was to have a royal banquet starting with wonderful homemade bread and pate de foie gras, then elegant canned lobster, a fish course of canned salmon, good canned roast beef and potatoes, then wonderful reindeer steak—tons of it—then grapefruit and cookies. You know how I can eat—well, they all ate twice as much as I. By this time, the herd had wandered off about a mile, so we went out on skis and afoot to bring them back closer to the tent.

Back in the tent—the time is about an hour after our banquet—Ned said it's time to eat, so we had another meal the size of the first. This went on, on an average of every two hours, for the fifty hours we were out, just about 25 meals! All accompanied by the best of fellowship and the greatest politeness—"thank you" and "please" and "excuse me" and "please-have-some-more." I didn't realize until later that it was all their food and not furnished by the company.

The Eskimos are truly superior men. Physically he is the most rugged I've ever seen and his I.Q. is way, way up. (John said that in comparative tests made between them and the college community of Hanover, New Hampshire, the Eskimo's average was the Hanover superior.)

They laugh at anything and come back smiling from the roughest jobs in the world.

Ned and William were a team (a watch) and Stanley and I were the other. A little later Stanley and I went to round up the herd, 5,000 deer with just "Monkey," the dog. We must have walked 5 miles. By this time it was night. It was now about 11 p.m. and the temperature was probably about 45 degrees below zero, (outside now it's 50 below) and there was a slight breeze that is much worse than the cold. But just keeping up with Stanley made me work up quite a sweat. There was a full moon which made it literally almost as bright as day—since the days don't get very bright. It reminded me of being at sea with the great expanse—beautiful Northern lights, also (but not as good as in Vermont).

Ned, William and Stanley were the perfect hosts. They didn't baby me because they knew I wanted to really experience their way of life, but I felt they were ready to take care of me if the going got beyond me—which it darn near did. They sensed the situation beautifully—letting me do things to help

that I'm sure would have been less trouble for them to do themselves.

Here we are way the hell and gone away from everything, but sound travels remarkable distances in the cold and we hear a bombardier on the river maybe eight miles away. Stanley remarked that our tent was right on the main highway, and it was hard to sleep with all the noisy traffic going past.

There is a pack of about 14 wolves somewhere around that is one of the chief concerns of the herdsman. One lone wolf has been raising hell with the herd lately. I started off with Ned and William for one roundup but found that I was slowing them up, so I went back to the tent alone—about a mile—and there stood Mr. Wolf, between me and the tent, or so I thought. It turned out to be just some bare ground the reindeer had foraged through, but it gave me a bit of a start—you know how I am about wolves.

Next time out with Stanley, he pointed out some deer frolicking and said that was a sign the wind was coming up—and come up it did! Even the slightest breeze at 45 below is murder and this must have been 20 miles per hour. Wow! Couldn't walk into it—I backed. And then in the tent, it just came whistling through and shook the poor old rag unmercifully. (Tents have been blown down, which can be very bad if you are caught without boots or parka on.) It didn't bother the Eskimos, though. The routine was that we would nap—me fully dressed in full Eskimo rig, mukluks, Reindeer parka, and wolf skin gloves; they in just a flannel shirt partially unbuttoned. (Sleeping bags not allowed in herdsman's tents.) The stove would last about 45 minutes before the wood burned up, leaving the tent close to outside temperature. I would always wake first, see these guys sleeping with their bare skins hanging out, (it must have been 30 below in the tent) and I'd start building the fire again. We finally ran out of wood and heated the tent with one burner of the Coleman stove while Ned and William went out and found wood, God knows where, and brought it back. Took them about three hours and I was sure they were frozen to death somewhere (I practically was in the tent). But, back they came, all smiles—you'd think they had gone to the drug store and bought a bag of charcoal.

The next noon (24 hours of herding duty have passed) we moved camp to another site (it seemed to me an arbitrary place) about seven miles further from nowhere.

But before going, they decided that "White Nose", the sled deer, was a

little too difficult for me to deal with, so with lariat in hand they went into the herd—where there are about twelve trained sled deer—and within fifteen minutes they had picked one, lassoed him and brought him back. We then took the tent down, loaded everything on the sled, hitched up the deer, and away we went again.

We set up camp again and went through more of the same routine, eating royally, napping, freezing, herding, happily talking. By the way, I never heard them use a "damn" or a "hell." They neither smoked nor drank—really model men—tough as steel but gentle and sensitive. By this time you may think I like Eskimos. None of them had ever been to school and showed very little interest in the outside world, but the things they do are all important things—like surviving on their own against the most brutal elements. I guess it sort of weeds out any petty bickering. There has also been a natural selection of intelligence and ruggedness over the centuries. Only the toughest and most intelligent have been able to survive.

About six the next morning, Ned and William went out on skis to "cover the tracks," which meant that they went around the entire grazing area of the past two days to see if there were any tracks of strays going off from the herd. Since the herd had been grazing over a distance of about ten miles this meant that the circumference of the area must have been over thirty miles—all this at 40 below or colder in a wind—and in the dark except for the setting moon. They do it every day! About 2 p.m. our relief came by two dog sleds with, I am glad for their sakes, a new tent and a coal stove that will keep going over 45 minutes by itself.

We climaxed the day with the wildest ride down the hill I've ever had. This time we were being pulled down the steep winding hill. It honestly was 50 miles per hour. Felt like Santa Claus—we literally flew off the bumps. These guys like speed.

It was quite an experience; it gave me a little more concept of what's important and what isn't—and it gave me faith in the resilience and toughness of man (at least Eskimos) when it's necessary. The little feats that Paul Aschenback and I go through are just nothing to what those guys do every day. Your normal cocktail party Burlingtonian wouldn't last two days under these conditions (I just barely did!)

I'll stop now—I'm afraid you'll hear too much of this before I'm through. I'm so full of it.

(End)

## Our Junior Program—

(Continued from Page 2)

the East. It was just one of those races you dream about and gave him the event in a walk. Luck was with him also because this timely win gave him the opportunity to race on February 3, 4 and 5th at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs where were assembled the country's best along with top flight representatives from the great racers of Europe. Although a fall in the first run eliminated him from the combined, in the course of the meet his time in specific races bettered the whole field. Without a doubt he was the sensation of the competition; a truly remarkable performance for one so young.

Billy now goes to the tryouts for the United States World Championship Team and as this is written is leaving the race at Winter Park in Colorado and at Aspen. We wish him all kinds of success in this, the toughest of competitions. Certainly with Marvin Moriarty and Rip McManus your club has three of the top skiers in the country.

And while we're on racing, we are all most pleased with the results of the Ryan Cup held at Mt. Tremblant on February 12th. Moriarty won for the third time in a row to retire the Cup, Kidd was second, Les Streeter, third and Rip McManus fourth for a full sweep for the Mt. Mansfield Ski Club. All in all it looks as though these boys are putting together a great racing season for our Club.

The 1960-61 season will see more National Alpine Championship races in the East than we have had for many a year. The Senior Nationals at Wildcat, the NCAA Collegiate Championships at Middlebury and the North American Championships at Lake Placid will each bring together the outstanding ski competitors in the United States, but perhaps of more spectator interest than any will be the National Junior Alpine Championships to be held at Stowe on March 16-17-18. Here will gather about 125 boys and girls from the seven divisions of the National Ski Association along with an entry from Canada. These youngsters represent the coming great Alpine champions and their performance will be witnessed by racing devotees in very large numbers.

Individual honors are tops on the list in the three day meet, but team competition is always exciting as the entrants from each division strive to put their section of the country in the winning column. Ten boys and five girls, all under 18 years of age, from each division make up these teams and they, along with alternates, have been chosen after rugged local try-out races. The Giant Slalom will be run on March 16th, the Slalom on March 17th

and the Downhill on March 18th and any one of these races will make a spectacle well worth watching.

As always, scores of dedicated individuals have been working to put together a meet that will be as faultless as possible and all of Stowe will be in a most festive mood to greet this great gathering of youngsters. It will be an event that you shouldn't miss and remember that this year, with the additional new trails on Mt. Mansfield, there will be plenty of room for you to take runs yourself between the exciting moments in the competition.

Awards will be made at a banquet to be held on Saturday night. This, of course, is complimentary to all competitors and limited additional reservations may be made at \$5.00 per person. This party will be mainly for the kids and no detail is being overlooked to give them a wonderful evening, long to be remembered.



Let no one get the idea that our club's main aim is the development of "Winners." But as we introduce hundreds of youngsters to the sport, give them training and other help where needed, the emergence of champions is a happy by-product, a dividend for efforts. In school, young people play baseball, basketball, football and engage in track — all that is over at graduation, but skiers remain skiers as long as they can walk, to incalculable physical and spiritual boons.

(Ed.)



**MAN WITH A PROBLEM**—When most people fall down skiing, all they have to worry about is brushing the snow off their stretch pants. But George Appleton, Jr., of Buffalo, New York, has to worry about something else—his beard.

**MARVIN MORIARTY**, Elite A Racer who competed in World Championships, just won the Ryan Cup at Mt. Tremblant the third time and retired the trophy.



Photo: Bob Hagerman

**BILL KIDD** in action—see cover.



Photo: Bob Hagerman

Typical of the enthusiastic participants of the Stowe School Skiing Program is Pauline Mara, 12 years old. Already a smart skier, she will do increasingly well. Our guess is, that when she grows to dating age, those dates will be mostly on the Nose Dive.

## Should We Not Hang Heads In Shame?

Training International Competitors and the financing of squads and team to represent the United States in Olympic and World Championship Competitions has long been a problem of organized skiing. The fund drives held every other year or so have been carried on mainly through clubs of the various divisions of NSA and, although many generous contributions are made, the total amounts have been pitifully small to properly support a representative team from a country as large and as wealthy as ours. But beyond this no means have been found to provide continued training for potential international competitors between Olympic and World Championship seasons.

This winter a whole squad of Canadian racers, boys and girls with coaches and managers, are training in Europe with the support of their Association. In contrast, only four U. S. boys, with haphazard scanty help from different clubs and individuals — and no guidance from organized leadership — are straggling about the Alps, representing the United States in various competitions. Next winter, we'll be able to send only four boys and four girls to the World Alpine Championships in Europe — and that's going to bat with two strikes! We must do something about this sorry prospect, and we will.

It became obvious that although some die-hard individuals want to keep support from industry out of amateur organizations the results cannot be satisfactory. The National Ski Association accordingly under the presidency of Mr. Sepp Ruschp has taken a forward step and is soliciting the aid of the ski industry through special memberships. Because the fielding of properly trained and equipped teams can greatly promote public interest in the sport manufacturers, distributors, areas, carriers, lodges and the like are accepting the opportunity with much interest and it would appear that at last continuous funds are going to be available to do the job that all of us want to see accomplished.

This does not mean for one minute that member clubs are going to draw into the background and contributions are coming in from clubs all over the land to help swell the fund. Your own club has sent one donation already and through benefit performances of one kind or another and the gifts of interested members we should have a creditable amount of money to send along before the season is over.

## SQUAWK DEPT.

Mrs. (Name withheld by request) writes:

"Those kids on your January cover are certainly attractive but you threw a problem in my lap: I have three skiing daughters, aged 7, 9 and 11. "Mommy, why can't we have parkas like that?" Good equipment is a real problem nowadays, without the luxuries of high fashion!"

Guilty, but we suspect the outcome: three nice parkas under the next Christmas tree. Meanwhile, you could promote better behavior by dangling the prospect of getting these parkas in front of their little noses: carrot and donkey psychology, you know.

H. S. Chandler complains: "The skiing was advertised as fair to good. But I found a lot of ice, hit a rock and busted an edge on brand new Kaestles. They tell me I'm a pretty good skier, too."

Without exception, good skiing could be found in this area day after day—you must be one of the fellows who insists on scratching down the upper Lift Line, so your girl friend can admire you from the chair above. To give you an example: The first part of the Lord Trail from the Octagon to the Skimeister was and is pretty "hairy." It won't hurt your dignity—and will save your skis—to bypass this stretch on the Toll Road, then (since you are good) wiggle down in small turns on the side of the Lord or Skimeister, where there are absolutely no stumps or rocks, do the same on any of the T-Bar slopes, cross over to the Gulch or Lower North Slope and straight to the chairs. Now, that's controlled skiing, really enjoyable—instead of bashing down the middle of a trail which you speedsters wear down to bedrock in no time. And have you heard of the Perry Merrill, the Rimrock, the Slalom Glade? Dare you to show us any ice there!



The fund drive goes under the name of the American International Ski Competitions Fund and checks made out accordingly and sent to our office at Spruce House will be most gratefully received. If you contribute you can know that your money will be going to correct the embarrassing situation that has always confronted us. We have the potential to compete with the best in the world provided the funds are available for training. We know that your pride in your country and the boys and girls who represent it in the sport of your choice will prompt you to help.

Charlie Daly



SLALOM COURSE  
ON LITTLE SPRUCE  
STOWE CUP, JANUARY 21-22



A friendly group at the popular Top-notch, Stowe.

## MORE ABOUT SAFETY BINDINGS

(By Frank Springer-Miller)

The rigid bracket, well dubbed the bear trap, has become a relic, and survives only with some jumpers and unreconstructed die-hards.

Safety, or releasing, bindings have come to stay: estimates of effectiveness range from 25 to 75% and if improvements and refinements continue, someone will eventually come up with a simple, almost foolproof device.

Meanwhile, we have to cope with a great deal of sometimes overcomplicated machinery, and in **absence of properly conducted tests**, take the word of people with some experience—or trust the claims of manufacturers.

Among the dozens of bindings now offered, a few seem to be poorly engineered and may be dangerous — but no one may say so without exposure to the risk of a lawsuit.

However, the **majority of release bindings** rely on two principal features: a **swivelling bracket which frees the boot under extreme side pressure or twist**, and a **so-called heel-release connected with the front throw which loosens the cable in a forward fall and allows the boot heel to slip out.**

There are in use also bindings operating on different principles — spring and clamp devices to hold toe and heel to the ski, or based on swivelling action of the boot, and releasing under presumably controllable strain. I know little about them and therefore limit myself to a discussion of the types falling into the category described in the preceding paragraph.

All of these bindings can occasionally fail to operate as intended — and we are here concerned with the reasons and their remedies.

Personal observations, talks with hundreds of skiers instructors, patrol and shopmen, also the study of comments in European magazines (notably the excellent German "Winter") have convinced me that the reasons for failures lie chiefly in bad adjustments. Personally, skiing a great deal in all kinds of snow, I have not experienced an accidental release in a long time — and my binding did open when it should have.

There are four chief complaints:

### FRONT THROW DOES NOT OPEN

- 1.) **Cable does not slide freely;** it may be locked in the guides or "catches" on the sides of the ski. Most of them are of soft metal and deform easily when

skis are banged together or hit an obstacle on the outside. **Check free movement of cables often.**

- 2.) **Rear cable catches are set too far back**, contrary to manufacturer's recommendations. This results in a **sharp bend of the cable** and may increase friction to the point of locking. Often a permanent kink develops. It is possible to lessen friction by using the rear catches only. Best bet: if skier insists on tight down-pull, change to turntable with long thongs.
- 3.) **No lubrication.** All moving parts of a binding should be lightly lubricated with a cold-proof grease (graphite grease, or the stuff they use on lifts).
- 4.) Frozen slush can lock a binding completely. Greasing helps, but it is better to clean the binding and check free movements.

### FRONT THROW OPENS WHEN IT SHOULD NOT

- 1.) **Faulty adjustment.** Stand on the ground with someone holding your skis down, set poles forward and push yourself forward. At that point the throw should still not open, but leave an eighth of an inch or so "to go". A hard forward fall, or getting stuck in a bump should produce enough additional strain to open the throw. Evidently, this is a touchy adjustment, varying widely with weight, strength and habitual speed of skiers. A definite shortcoming on throws of this type, an unsolved problem.
- 2.) The small lock catch on such heel-release front throws may open partly, unnoticed, and may snap open later, any time. Check during runs.

### BOOT SLIPS OUT OF FRONT BRACKET WITHOUT SAME OPENING

- 1.) Insufficient pull of cable against bracket. Again, the rear catch may be too far back (it should be at, or

slightly in front of, the anklebone).

With this type of bindings, you can't have very strong downpull of the heel. Get a turntable and longthongs.

- 2.) Most of these "Marker"-type brackets require notches in the boot sole. Make sure they are really cut in, not just scratched. Otherwise good cable pull may even help to let the boot slip out.

### BRACKET SWIVELS OPEN TOO EASILY

- 1.) Check and tighten adjustment if needed. Here again we have the problem of individual differences. Obviously, a strong fast skier needs a tighter bracket than a novice. Rule of thumb: **If it takes the strength of both hands to open the bracket, adjustment is usually tight enough.** Tighten more for skiing in deep or rough snow.

The tension in most of these brackets is controllable by pressure of a spring against a ball. Vibration in transporting skis — or even running over frozen rough snow can loosen the adjustment to the point where an unwanted release occurs. This can be remedied by cementing the adjusting screw into the desired position, but further adjustment is then impossible.

So, until that genius arrives with the "REALLY RELIABLE RELEASE" binding, one that works at all times, in any kind of snow and temperature, on racer and bunny—until then, friends, we just have to fuss and fool with the durned gadgets. For my part, any reasonable safety factor is well worth the trouble.

\* \* \*

*Skiing is full of adventure—  
Write us about anything that  
would be of interest to your  
fellow skiers . . . for instance,  
your experience with a particu-  
lar type of binding. If you don't  
want to stick your neck out, we  
won't mention your name.*

(Ed.)

## So Long, Until Summer

This is the last issue of Mt. Mansfield Skiing mailed during the Winter.

If you, perchance, missed the February edition—don't please worry, 'cause there warn't any. Rising costs of production are a problem and the prolonged cold has, in a sort of indirect way, cut our income. Skiing was, despite less snow, quite good all along—after all we were spared the usual January thaw, but it takes a sturdy soul to make more than a couple of runs in below zero weather, often with a wind to help the quick-freeze along. Well, winter is not over yet, and if the laws of averages still hold up, we should be due for a few big snowstorms, soon.

We will mail you an invitation to our general Spring Meeting and hope you will be able to attend. Your club management is vitally interested in opinions of the members and will carefully consider any constructive criticisms and suggestions.

With best wishes,

Your officers, directors and the editorial staff.



Photo: Bob Bourdon

### EVE OF A FINE SKIING DAY

Here's Chuck Savage, genial host of the Logwood on Edson Hill, ladling out a hot concoction—good for sore muscles, and injured egos, too. Next to him we see charming Mary Bourdon, who looks deceptively mild but is quite a disciplinarian as an instructor. She manages the school children's program, with an enrollment of over two hundred eager, happy youngsters. The character in the foreground is nicknamed "Smiley," but we'd rather have a look at what seems to daze him.



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