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ESTABLISHED

France '85: L'histoire de Groupe 'A'

by Jane Restani

Week one: For want of a better term, I've decided to call those who were in the hotels I stayed in Group "A". (I always wanted to be in reading group "A" in school.)

After a long and somewhat harrowing trip up the Isere valley, Group "A" (deluxe package) and Group "B" (standard package) arrived at the resort of Val d'Isere in the Haut Savoie. This simultaneous arrival was not too surprising as both groups were in the same bus. We all arrived more or less intact - except for Dina Taylor's missing boot bag. This boot bag was not unlike a UFO as it was sighted in numerous places at the same time. Like Helen Price who suffered a similar loss on last year's trip, Dina did not let this setback disturb her but, outfitted with new boots, attacked the slopes. The missing bag did turn up eventually and we were pleased to see Dina in her fashionable ski outfits.

A ski day for the memory books was Tuesday, January 29. After at least 6 inches of new snow at the base and about 12 inches at the summit, the powder skiers were set to try their somewhat rusty technique. Norm Engleman reported that those years of Utah skiing enabled him to conquer the fluffy slopes in style. Nancy Lewis reported that skiing the Grand Motte glacier in a foot of powder cured her aching knees.

Dean Worcester found the runs of Le Fornet to his liking but Charlie Farwell may have felt differently. Charlie gets my vote for the most harrowing experience of the trip. He was actually evacuated from a stalled chairlift by rope and pulley.

Other prizes for the first week: Charlotte Eddy and Aase Berling for the most dedicated shopping and the most colorful new outfits; Lu Beale for the best snowplow; Hannibal's rock cairn on Le Fornet for the most historic sight.

After having skied out the runs of Val d'Isere for a week, we were ready for new snow at Alpe d'Huez, or so we thought....

Week Two: Oh, for some snow or a less contagious virus! The good news was "Sarenè", a beautiful 10-mile quasi black run and the "Tunnel", a classic black piste. A few people managed the Tunnel on their skis but the

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Basic Group Gets Top Dollar

by Jim Slack

These being the days of less is more, it was inevitable that the basic (cheapy) group on the Wyckoff's PVS France trip should get the better deal. The first week in Val d'Isere, the standard package group stayed at Le Brussel's. While the rooms were smallish (the French travel light we were told) and the management had an odd disposition, Le Brussel's was the center of activity. The food was excellent. The bar downstairs was super. And a Poma lift only steps from the door provided ready access to the skiing.

The second week in Alpe d'Huez, the basic group stayed at L'Hermitage. Here the French apparently don't travel as light for the rooms were quite nice and most had a great view. The food was excellent and copious and the staff was a delight. And a bucket lift only steps from the door provided ready access to the skiing.

PVS&E E-Team Devastates France

by Mary Ward

As befits the PVS&E, much time was spent in E as well as Ski. And as might be expected in France, the Eats were pretty good. The restaurant at Le Brussel's specialized in delicious, leisurely (v-e-r-y leisurely until Margaret built a fire under the staff) multi-course gourmet dinners. L'Hermitage, on the other hand, served up a delicious, expeditious, multi-course gourmet dinner (including a crudite bar out of this world). It was fun to see who showed up when and who was consistentknee the last.

For lunches, the grand European tradition of skiing somewhere else was widely exercised. Skiers trekked to Val Claret and Lac du Tignes from Val d'Isere. The second week, Jack Lilly led an intrepid bunch to lunch in Villard-Reculas

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PVS FRIENDS - 1985

by Lu Beale

This issue of the International Herald Tootbune, edited and produced by Mary Ward and Jim Slack, is devoted to the adventures of the 47 PVSers just returned from 13 days skiing in the French Alps and 2 nights in Gay Paree.

Because no one hotel could accomodate all, the group was divided into 2 sections, the "deluxe" package and the "standard" package. Inevitably, claims of superiority (or lack of it) were made by each group but, in the end, which group had the best of it remained a moot question.

Trip leaders Bob and Margaret Wyckoff were, as usual, untiring in their efforts to help everyone have a good time. If Bob was the "brain" of the leadership, Margaret was its "heart and brawn" and we thank them heartedly for yet another chapter in the Wyckoff adventure series.

Europe Has (Skiing?) Weather

by Mary Slack

As we all know, skiing is largely dependent on weather. This trip ran the gamut. We arrived in Val d'Isere in a snowstorm and left Alpe d'Huez in the rain. In between, there were white-outs, sun, clouds, cold, and warm. The snow conditions covered(?) ice, packed powder, rocks, dirt, crud, corn, and, yes Virginia, even some fluffy stuff.

In order to get down, you must first go up. The French first love in lifts is The Poma. There were long pomas, short pomas, pomas that turned corners, pomas that picked you up, a triple poma, and even a defrocking poma (ask John Pulos). Of course, there were other lifts as well: uphill trash cans and downhill chairs. Not to mention Ted Cardwell demoing a T-bar with Jack Lilly.

Once up, you must come down - which PVSers do with aplomb if not grace. Basic group skiing awards are: the "longest slide" goes to Dick Comerford on his way to "The Tunnel" in Alpe d'Huez. The "most determined seeker of black trails" award belongs to Frank Shelburn. "Spunkiest skier" is Shirley Rettig. The family that skis together are the Macaluzos - Joel, Judy, and Vince (except for young Joel's lessons in Val d'Isere). The sickest skier, of the many contenders for that title, was June Kelsay, who was totally out of commission for the 2nd week of the trip. The most determined non-skier was Angelena Glenn, who doesn't ski but came along on the trip to keep hubby Jim company.



Groupe 'A'

preferred method was head first. The bad news was rocks, rocks, rocks, and a virus (sent over from Group B) that laid low a number of Group A. Mary Jane McCarthy of the famed Lufthansa joke, was the most severely hit in our group. Bob and Margaret Wyckoff, our intrepid group leaders, seemed unaffected and even managed a trip by helicopter to distant Les Deux-Alpes to check it out as a possible future trip site.

The discovery of the week was the ice skating ability of Bette Walker and Jack Lilly, followed close behind by Carla Perez-Colon. Carla's parents, Julio and Loly, were observed praying that Carla's one remaining front tooth would not fall victim to the ice. Eugenia Ufholz could skate as well, but husband Phil decided to avoid the ice and joined those who insisted upon "skating" down the Tunnel in a not so upright position.

Despite the rocks, some folks insisted on skiing every day. For example, Katherine Reynolds. Alternative activities included computer punching (the speciality of Jacques Hadler), reading (Alice Swalm had the best library), photography (Gorman Young was observed snapping away in the old village and Jeanne Strickland was seen at the summit holding onto her fabulous Japanese cap and fluttering her shutter at the magnificent views).

After 13 days, the skiing was over and it was on to Paris where the two groups stayed at the same hotel and joined one another for a variety of shopping, sightseeing, and gastronomical adventures in the "City of Lights". All too soon, this too came to an end and it was time to return to "real life" back home and to plan, perhaps, for another trip another year.

Hot Spots in Cold Places

by Dena Drews

Val d'Isere

Dick's T-Bar: Too New Yorky.

Le Brussel's: The best - good atmosphere - good music.

Club Med: Jack L. says nice with good show - best for dancing.

Christiania: Nice proper lobby.

La Daille: Heard there was a good jazz club there.

Le Cocon: Jim & Mary say excellent local bar.

Alpe d'Huez

L'Utop (La Vallee Blanche): Sort of choppy.

L'Igloo: Good music - mostly American.

L'Hermitage: Stephan's the best bartender in town - French agree.

Le Wyc des Neiges (Adelshoffen): Best draft beer.

Le Petite Lift: The lift operator's bar.

Paris

Sergeant Recruiter: Enough wine even for PVS.

Madeleine: Nice, quiet meeting place.

Name & location unknown: Dick, Huey, & Phil say it's open very late.

Le Petite Voisin: Best corner pizzeria.

U.S. Reports PVS Equipment Purchases Cause Record Trade Deficit

by Jim Salck

President Reagan announced today that the record U.S. trade deficit could have been avoided "if only those yo-yo's (a possible reference to skiing near Camp David) in the PVS French trip hadn't bought so much equipment". The President turned snow white when told that not only John Pulos, Charlotte Reith, June Kelsay, and Ray Mckinley but both Henry and Diane Steece bought boots.

Treasury Secretary Regan whined on hearing that Jim Slack, Mary Ward, and Joe Lewis bought skis.

Paul Volcker swallowed his cigar when he found out that Huey Roberts and Ted Cardwell bought bought skis AND boots.

The Wall Street Journal reported that the amounts spent on headbands, boot bags, ski bags, and gloves equalled the budget of Wyoming.

Congress adjourned in a fit of pique when it learned that the deluxe group was just as acquisitive.

E-Team

through astonishing snow conditions (ice to gravel with all else in between) in pursuit of a special gourmet lunch spot. The lesson learned was "don't get pizza instead of the plat du jour!"

As the snow vanished, frustrated skiers turned increasingly to eating for consolation. Joe Lewis, Jim Slack, and Mary Ward discovered Le Wyc des Neiges in Alpe d'Huez. First attracted by the beer, we stayed to eat their good food (those wonderful omelets weren't even on the menu!). By the end of the week, PVS&E was filling the place every lunch hour.

In Paris, groups went off in many different ways. Margaret and Bob headed a group after escargot. Norman and The Nomads had an excellent meal but were entirely too leisurely about leaving to suit the restaurant staff. Phil and Eugenia Ufholz led a group 15 strong to a rowdy dinner that started with a basket of sausages and included all the vin ordinaire you could drink (that's a lot, by the way).