

Stan Joseph sent in December 2015: <http://on.wsj.com/21pQki5>

**At 95, Klaus Obermeyer says a daily aikido and swim workout keeps him fit for the slopes**

To Stan:

I very much enjoyed the article on 95 year old Klaus Obermeyer.

Also see <http://www.obermeyer.com/about-klaus.html>

I have had two relatively expensive hobbies: skiing and bridge. They are more different than blondes and brunettes. Skiing is the best.

In early 1956 I went skiing at Stowe, with Bob Goode. We stayed at the Round Hearth. I managed to break four pairs of skis the first two weekends. After the first weekend my ankles were so swollen I had to soak them to get the swelling down. I was hooked. I couldn't wait to return. I joined the Hartford Ski Club, which had a lodge near the single chair at Mad River Glen and made for relatively inexpensive ski trips ( a long boring drive) to that ski area.

When first married, I could not afford to go skiing on weekends as I needed to study (boring) for the actuarial exams, so Mary and I drove (boring) from CT each Sunday to Mount Snow. Hard to believe I often skied 50 days a year before I retired.

Of course, joining the Pico Ski Club and meeting the Joseph family was not boring. I looked forward to skiing with you at Pico each weekend. My fondest memories are of trying to keep up with you on the slopes and solving many of the world's problems while on the lift. You occasionally had something to offer. Mary and Harriet were some of the starlets in "Pete's Pearls".

We also had some fun playing tennis. A most enjoyable evening occurred when I brought a ringer, "RJ", to play doubles. We beat you and Art \_\_\_\_ called "Blue Booties". Of course the lasagna/tennis parties in Chappaqua were delightful and we met some lovely people: the Tauber, Stone, and Kemler families.

I have done a lot of research on Genealogy and have developed and/or added to many genealogies of various family trees of my relatives. One evening, it may have been your birthday, I fondly recall learning so much from you regarding genetics. I had not been aware of our common interest, and will always appreciate the knowledge you imparted to me and your many friends that were helping you celebrate that occasion. Communications is the art of telling people what you are going to tell them, then telling them, and then telling them what you told them. You clearly told us what you were telling us. Had it been recorded, you might have been eligible for a Nobel Prize in Genetics #.

We also packed our car with our family for the boring trip to and from Vermont. But this had a "benefit" of keeping our family together. My first ski outfit consisted of my wool Army OD's. Remember the sales at Wilsons? Lindholm's, the ski shop on Rt 7 across from the park in Rutland, carried Obermeyer (Alpine skier from Austria), whose brand then was "top of the line".

In <http://www.obermeyer.com/about-klaus-obermeyer.html> Klaus says: ""The days you don't ski you don't get back." I have said "I ski every weekend so I won't miss the great ones". But sometimes it seems stupid. Remember the 30 below day when we were about the only ones skiing at Pico? After each run we checked each other for white frost bite spots, fixed the issue, and got back on the lift. Klaus Obermeyer might have said ... "you do what you have to do". I also knew, better than others, that I was skiing properly when my shins were bloody.

Willy Bogner (Nordic skier from Germany) was a top name in quality ski equipment. equipment.  
<http://en.bogner.com/Company/History> You will enjoy the ski videos on this site. I like the one of two people back to back with four ski boots on two skis. Also see Bogner's history and the design of "stretch pants."  
<https://www.skiinghistory.org/lives/maria-bogner> and <http://www.si.com/vault/1961/02/06/578951/they-make-the-pants> and <http://www.shrimptoncouture.com/blogs/curate/11757741-history-of-ski-part-two> Women skiers no longer looked like Muslims as we got a better view of the shape their bodies.  
<http://fashiongear.fibre2fashion.com/brand-story/bogner/timeline.asp> Sugarbush, called "Mascara Mountain" needed stretch pants for its ambience. Sonia Lux Bogner, Willy's wife from Brazil, was the clothing designer and they are both credited as the inventor of stretch pants.

<http://en.bogner.com/Company/The-Bogners> In this web site we see Willy Bogner's first ski movie which had a wonderful word for the title: "**Skifaszination**", **war mein erster Film**. Of course we all had to see the John Jay and Warren Miller ski movies. Although a musician and entertainer, not a ski movie maker, the Harry Chapin Benefit Concerts for the Pico Ski Club were wonderful events. Harry's *joie de vivre* at these concerts, on the slopes, on the tennis court or everywhere was infectious. Consider donating to the Harry Chapin Foundation or the Harry Chapin Food Bank of Southwest Florida. Harry would like that.

We often eat at "Fire and Ice" Restaurant in Middlebury, named after Robert Frost's poem: FIRE AND ICE. Unrelated is Willy Bogner's film on Fire and Ice: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4RI7eNI0cZM>

<p>Some say the world will end in fire,          Some say in ice.          From what I've tasted in desire          I hold with those who favor fire.</p>	<p>But if it had to perish twice,          I think I know enough of hate          To say that for destruction, ice          Is also great          And would suffice.</p>
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Hiking and skiing Tuckerman's, climbing Chocorua, and climbing Camels Hump were boring. The views and camaraderie were more than worth it... plus eating gormet food, called "gorp".

**SKIFASZINATION!** **The best days of my life have been looking at this beautiful world from a mountain peak and then experiencing the joy of skiing.** (Austria, Switzerland, Germany, France, Italy, Colorado, California, Nevada, New Mexico, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Maine, Vermont, and my very favorite **Sun Valley, Idaho** ... try it some time!) We have stayed at but not skied in Australia and visited Mount Alyeska in Alaska.

I have been experiencing a lot of lower back pain this past year and two Tylenols used to get me thru 1.5 hours of tennis in the morning. Unfortunately I have also had severe pain in my right shoulder, daily. I have not played any tennis since last April. Yesterday, Dr. Havig who replaced my left shoulder in October 2006 and one of Mary's knees a few years ago, gave me a shot in my shoulder, that already feels better. Hopefully it will get me to January 11, 2016 when he will replace my right shoulder. Then about five months of boring therapy will follow. I need not tell you about physical therapy. Like genetics ... you are more than an expert.

Yes, I miss skiing,

Don Sondergeld

PS Please send me a picture of the spectacular view from the top of Baldy this winter! Also Sun Valley Serenade is mentioned in <http://www.shrimptoncouture.com/blogs/curate/11703497-history-of-ski-wear-part-one-maria-echeverri>

# Technically in Medicine, not Genetics. When Alfred Nobel signed his will in 1895, he specified that the bulk of his estate be spent on awarding prizes for those who made significant contributions in one of five fields. These fields are chemistry, physics, medicine, literature and peace. A sixth Nobel Prize was created in 1969 in the field of economics. This award is not technically a Nobel Prize because the Bank of Sweden finances funds for the award. However, some of the committee nominating and selecting a winner in mathematics have ties to other committees that grant the Prize to those in other science branches.

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## Erling O. Omland Obituary

*"Hi Friends of Erling. Dad passed away peacefully Saturday..." - Kevin Omland*



Erling Omar Omland was born May 21, 1917, in Pittsfield, Mass., son of Jacob and Bessie Ellingsen Omland. He was educated in the public schools of Risr, Norway, Flatbush, NY and Roselle, NJ. He attended Union College in Cranford, NJ. He married Carolyn Burke (Connie) Omland, October 15, 1955.

For Erling, skiing was a way of life. He was founder and president of the Watchung Amateur Ski Club, currently celebrating its 75th year, and the New Jersey Ski Council. He was proud to know and support the great people who established Pico, to have helped its racing programs flourish and more recently to be a senior statesman for alpine skiing, honored to be Pico Ski Club's "Man of the Century." Starting in the late 1930s and for six decades following he made annual pilgrimages to Tuckerman's Ravine on Mount Washington. He served as director, treasurer and vice president of the Eastern Amateur Ski Association. He was a member of the board of the Vermont Amateur Racing Association and a founder of the Pico Ski Education Foundation.

After first registering as a conscientious objector, he joined and served in the 10th Mountain Division during [World War II](#), and was awarded a [Purple Heart](#) and a [Bronze Star](#) for his combat service in Italy. He taught and supervised military mountaineering skills including skiing and rock climbing with the Mountain Training Group at Camp Hale, Colorado. After the war, he taught skiing with Walter Prager at Dartmouth where he was a certified professional ski instructor and supervised military mountaineering at Camp Carson, Colorado. In 1947-8, he returned to Norway to assist in the rebuilding of the ancestral family farms which had fallen into disrepair during WWII.

Prior to moving to Vermont in 1952, he was an accountant with Johnson and Johnson in New Jersey. In Vermont, Erling held a variety of accounting and managerial positions: Green Mountain Marble, Killington Wood Products, College of St. Joseph in Rutland, St. Joseph's College in Bennington, Sisters of St. Joseph, and Rutland Mental Health.

Within the Rutland region, Erling was a director of the Rutland Regional Chamber of Commerce (an interesting position for a lifelong socialist), and director, past president and Paul Harris fellow of the Rutland [Rotary Club](#). With his wife, Connie, he was a member of the Vermont Ecumenical Council and was active in Vermont Cursillo.

As a writer, he documented daily life in thousands of songs, poems and letters to his family. He scribed countless newsletters for ski and rotary clubs. He was honored to share his poems at 10th Mountain Division events, including having Tom Brokaw read one of his poems during the TV broadcast of the 2002 Winter Olympics. He was a contributing editor to Norway Times and Skiing Heritage. His column "Leaves from a Skiers' Journal" regularly appeared in the Mountain Times over three decades. After retirement, Erling devoted much of his time to writing, and published a memoir of his Norwegian and WWII experiences, "Hill Echoes."

Erling was consistent and devoted to his wife, Connie (Carolyn Burke Omland), who died of cancer in 2002, and to Ruth Fish with whom he delightedly shared his last decade. Erling cared deeply about social justice, peace and the health of natural systems. He loved everyday life. Mowing the lawn, chopping wood, helping those near him on projects and officiating the start of races - perhaps especially on cold days!

Survivors include son Kevin and Sonja Scheffer and grandson Alex of Maryland; daughter Mari and Laura Olsen of Northfield; son Kristian and Laurel Omland, grandchildren Phoebe and Aron of Jericho; and beloved partner Ruth Fish of Rutland.

In lieu of flowers, contributions honoring Erling may be made to Pico Ski Education Foundation, Dismas House and Rutland United Way.

Calling hours will be at Clifford Funeral Home 4 to 7p.m. Friday, September 26th and a memorial service will be held at the Andrea Mead Lawrence Lodge at Pico Mountain at 11 a.m. Saturday, September 27th followed by a lunch reception.

**Clifford Funeral Home** 2 Washington St Rutland, VT 05701 (802) 773-3010  
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## **Rutland Vermont native recalls 70 years on the ski slopes**

**By Paul D. Tomlison November 29, 2015**



These photos of Pico Ski Resort in the 1940s and '50s were shot by longtime Rutland Herald photographer Aldo Merusi.

**Somehow, I'm still skiing at 85.** I am contemplating this fact standing at the top of a long open slope looking downhill.

The morning sun highlights the groomed part of the hill, but about 4 inches of new untracked powder remains to the right, next to the trees just beyond the lift line. I shuffle my skis back and forth as I plan my run down the slope.

Several wide, sweeping turns near the top will bring me to the powder snow on the right. I imagine it to be a short slalom course before bringing me back to the main slope.

A small boy goes by, crouched forward, his dad in hot pursuit. He crashes, dad lifts him up, his downhill run resumes — he seems fearless.

I have become very conscious of other skiers and especially young snowboarders. I always look behind and around before I start out. The lift is passing overhead, kids chattering and poking each other, adults uncertain how to get off the lift. Are they from Nebraska skiing for the first time? Do they appreciate the great fun and pleasure of skiing?

As I watch, I wonder whether it is time for me to hang them up. I don't look forward to the day when I release my bindings for the last time and load my skis onto my car. It will be a long drive home remembering skiing — I pause and think and recall ...

Triggering memories

Skiers slide by me. The same boy again — a low center of gravity whizzes by, skis spread wide pointed straight down the hill, no poles, his dad again in hot pursuit, yelling to slow down — a 2025 Olympian! How long have I been standing here? The scrape of a snowboard causes me to look up as a teenager overtakes the snowboarder, a camera fixed atop his helmet to record the chase. They yell at each other — is it his friend?

Downhill, a class of tiny skiers emerges from a side trail mimicking their instructor as he skis backward, yelling encouragement.

An older woman with a determined look snow-plows slowly by. She passes through the shadows cast by the tall pine trees on the left of the slope, still moving along, slowly, deliberately. Just learning to ski, does she wish she had started younger? Is she enjoying the scenery, the fresh snow, the enjoyment of the young skiers?

I wonder how many have had the pleasure of skiing since the mid-1940s. I suppose few of them would understand about "bear trap" bindings, long thongs and wooden skis without steel edges. My bamboo ski poles with massive snow rings would be laughable. My Army surplus ski jacket was all white outside and olive drab inside. My brown ski pants were thick wool and my ski boots were thick leather with square toes and grooves in the heels to align the spring-loaded clamps of the bindings. My G.I. goggles featured interchangeable lenses either clear or dark green — intended for tank drivers I suppose. My cap with ear-lappers had strings so I could tie the ends under my chin. One of my poles had a clamp for a better grip on the slithery, snow-covered rope tow powered by belching truck engine. Fortunately, rope tows were not very long as my shoulders might be dislocated by the end of the day.

## **Catching a lift**

**I'm from Rutland; the Pico ski area was only 9 miles away.** Skiing was made easy as the only thing I had to do was to get my gear on, grab my skis and walk up the hill to the highway. Within minutes, I had a ride, sometimes in a car and once on top of a load of lumber.

A ticket for the rope tow cost \$2, but I often shamelessly got on the T-bar that went all the way up the mountain. The T-bar lift operator, Roxy, the same man who operated the popcorn stand at the city park, simply smiled.

Few trails were groomed, but we thought nothing of skiing in powder often up to our knees. By 11 a.m. my peanut butter and jelly sandwich wrapped in wax paper was probably leaking because I didn't secure it with a rubber band. I can't ever remember stopping for lunch, but rather ate a sandwich either going up on the lift or beside the trail. The restaurant was, in fact, a hut. Offerings were meager — cash only! Few tables inside and benches outside — brush the snow off and sit.

One Saturday, the lifts had closed and there were only two cars remaining in the parking lot. I asked for a ride. Me, but not my skis. I left them near the restaurant. They were right where I left them next day. Steel edges were a major breakthrough: narrow strips of interlocked steel, held in place with tiny screws and fitted into grooves routed out on the edges of the skis. Suddenly, Vermont "boilerplate" became more skiable.

## **Thirteen for dinner**

Vermont produced several Olympic skiers in those days. A gold-medal winner wore knickers with long socks and an ordinary knitted hat clamped in place with a set of very business-like looking goggles. I can remember seeing her ski — very aggressive; she seemed to be out of control most of the time — with her coach right behind.

I was admitted to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 1949 and, aside from whatever else happened, I joined the ski team. I was soon on the trip to compete with Norwich University. I placed well. My new 7-foot-3-inch skis probably helped. Maybe the masking tape we wound around our pant legs and jacket so they would not flap in the wind made a difference.

The highlight of the trip was a stop at my home in Rutland on the way back to West Point. I had called my mother to ask if I could bring the team for dinner. "How many?" she asked.

"Thirteen," I said.

Long pause. "When?"

"Two hours."

Longer pause. "Well, OK."

We pulled up and spilled into the house. It was over too quickly. Mother stood by the front door, exhausted. Each cadet thanked her again. The ski coach, revealing his Scandinavian heritage, kissed her hand. We hugged. "Next time, more notice," she said.

Our three cars set out for West Point, horns beeping. I could visualize my mother's retelling of the visit.

Graduation brought duty in Germany and lots of skiing there, as well as in Austria — the Hahenkamm run was memorable. A year in South Korea included a ski trip to just south of the 38th parallel. Then a year in Vietnam where, by some good luck and timing, I got to ski in Shiga, Japan.

Years later, out of the Army, with my own consulting business, I am tapped as a consultant for Winter Park Resort in Colorado. I bartered for passes rather than a fee. The result: five kids who could really ski.

### **Back to the present**

So there you have it, my rapid recollection of the pleasures of skiing. I was still standing atop the slope facing the long open slope. The tiny kid went by again, this time with a harness and a leash held by his mother. I pushed off, a long sweeping turn to the left, my momentum carrying me back across the hill into the powder. Imaginary slalom poles sprung up as I negotiated each turn with ease and grace, knees together. I counted the turns, 10, and pulled up to look back at the tracing in the snow.

Would I ever do this again — could I? I pushed off again, letting the skis take a lazy course downhill. At the bottom of the slope, the lift line had only a few skiers. I looked. I was tempted. One more? Was this it? Instead, I found myself automatically using the tip of my pole to release the bindings. I loaded my skis and poles onto the car-top rack and went inside to change for the drive home.

How many miles had I skied? How many slopes had I come down and countries had I skied in? How many kids and grandkids had I taught and watched their progress? Was it over? I still look at my skis hanging in the garage every time I back the car out. Should they remain to remind me of the pleasures of skiing?

**Paul D. Tomlingson was born in Rutland and learned to ski at Pico Ski Resort in the 1940s. He now lives in Colorado.**