

FOX SPORT

Ski hire and repairs.

Situated next to Medran lift departure

Ski waxing 3.—

We check your bindings free

the beginning

DREAM

I always wondered what went into setting up and running a paper. A dedicated army of professionals willing to sacrifice blood, sweat and tears for the cause? A gleaming tower of steel and glass, (the nerve centre) banks of WPs, telex machines humming away and rows of telephones screaming like unattended babies? A machine — a living breathing thing running smoothly day and night, a synthesis of man and technology: A paper. This was my dream, it was soon to be shattered.

ENCOUNTER OF THE AWESOME KIND

"Hi Jay", the girl with the rocky voice said, "He's from California". She waited for him to drag his attention away from the girl at the table. "OK yar, darling, super, must dash ciao" she said, departing in a flurry. She acknowledged as many people as possible with loud "ciao darlings" as she left the bar.

"Hey man, you're Andy right, right on, awesome. Been reading some pretty carzy things about you man. Know how to write a paper together wild man, awesome". "Yes thats right", I said, maybe I can help you out. I worked in London for 3 years doing something vaguely similar, a financial setup called Valin. I threw in a "Man" at the end in an attempt to speak his language. It worked.

"Some man, I mean unreal" he replied. A stream of thoughts ran through my mind; down to business, I thought, "What do you know what you're talking about."

"Are you doing the typesetting and printing?" "Printing man, no cool dudes i know in Martigny are doing the printing. As for the printing man, got this crazed English chick lined up". "What about the artwork?" "Na, no art galleries around here man". I let her go. It was a simple enough mistake, considering the number of empty beer glasses on the table.

"Will it pay for itself; advertising? Sales?"

"Advertising man".

"Do you any advertisers yet?"

"Actually, um..."

"A bit of panic swept over me, Stay calm."

"Any local news articles?"

I left the bar hours later excited and confused, my mind spinning. In fact everything was spinning — to many empty beer glasses.

MATERIAL, MARTIGNY AND MORE

I sat in my apartment, depression hanging over me like billowing black thunder clouds. In fact, that was the reason for my acute depression, lack of billowing black clouds. My skis sat on the veranda, gouged and scratched, a shadow of their former selves. Where was the snow? Damn you ciro stratus! A week had passed since my first encounter with Jay and I longed for some action. Suddenly a loud rap on the door brought me back to earth. The door flew open and in strode Jay.

"Hi man how's it going? No snow yet. Unreal man. You wait, when it comes... Awesome." (I had become accustomed to this strange dialogue. By virtue of Various encounters at the Pub With crazed Australians from Falls Creek, and mad Canadians from Quebec City, who re-enacted their past ski experiences. Every other word they used seemed to come from a strange Thesaurus of Acid-age terms as they told of skiing in 10 ft of powder on a near vertical slope — with one ski — backwards.)

"Hey man I've got all the material. When can you go to the printers?" Jay continued. I glanced through the material. "Give me tonight to sort this all out and I should be ready by the morning". I sensed in Jay a great impatience to get moving on the paper and an even greater impatience to get to the Pub.

"OK man I can dig that. François, a Swiss guy, will pick you up at 8.00 am. Got to go man. Business, you know, hang loose."

I knew alright. A chalet girl most likely.

François arrived at 8.30 in a beaten up Volvo estate affectionally named "Spliff".

"Hi I'm Andy", I said climbing in.

"Hi man, everything ready?"

I nodded.

"Out of sight, man, lets roll."

Was he a Swiss?

"10 ft of powder backwards man" The ensuing consuing conversation told me. Yes.

"Hey man last night. Last night man I made a new pair of wings, they're so cool, you know, some times I'm so cool I just want to freak my self out. This afternoon man, this afternoon I'm going to take my wings and Winter Stick and I'm gonna take out Mont Fort man, you know straight down. Its wild."

Winter Sport Video

VERBIER'S ONLY PROFESSIONAL
VIDEO PRODUCTIONS

- VHS FORMAT
- DEEP POND
- OFF PISTE
- CLUB / GROUP DISCOUNTS
- SOUNDTRACK + TITLES

What the hell was he talking about? winter Stick? Sounds like a new ice cream to me. Just then I had a vision of the man sitting next to me bombing down Mont Fort perched precariously on an ice cream lolly with enormous wings like a horrible Pteradactyl, swooping down, screaming «wild man, wild» at the top of his voice. Not enough sleep I guess.

I came out of my dream to catch François mumbling to himself «crazy drivers, chains on and still creeping along».

The road down to Le Chable was icy and treacherous. The guy in front, in fact the 3 cars in front, were exhibiting, as far as I was concerned, the correct amount of caution. Suddenly, the engine note changed and the car slew sideways and lurched forwards. Passing the first car with its horrified passengers. We passed the others with gathered momentum and rapidly diminishing distance to the next hairpin bend. My body tensed and I braced myself for the inevitable. François' hand shot down to the hand brake and brought it up. The back end swung round as we entered the curve. Half way round I thought I heard François mumbling, again to himself, «Man wish people would learn to drive properly», and then, maybe to reassure himself, «These summer tyres are so cool man, so cool!»

The rest of the journey passed with more horrific events, and a running stream of colourful language with matching hand gestures was directed by François at our fellow drivers.

I crawled out of the car at Martigny having seen my life flash before my eyes more times than I cared to recall.

François was still rattling on about winter sticks and wings as we entered the printer.
«Bonjour Monsieur — Bonjour Monsieur — Bonjour Monsieur — Bonjour Monsieur» François called out to the four men standing behind the counter. His welcome was followed by vigorous handshaking.

I followed suit receiving my quota of Bonjour Monsieurs and equally vigorous hand shakes, happy with my handling of the opening encounter and acceptance as one of the boys I proceeded to lay out the material on the counter and run through my check list of things to be done. François stood at the end of the counter talking rapidly in French to what looked like the boss. Every now and again I caught an «Ah bon» and found them glancing in my direction smiling and nodding. God! What was the ice cream mad Pteradactyl telling him?

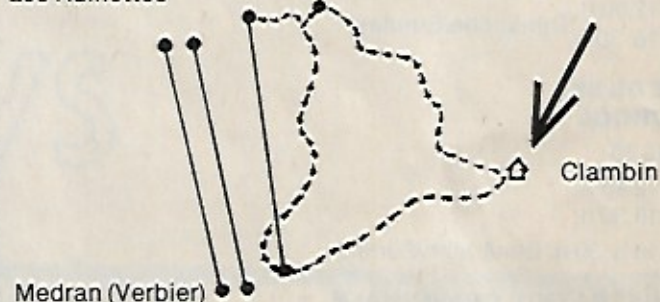
Not only do I not speak or understand a word of French but my fear of the language was still fresh after having been interrogated 3 months previously by 2 heavily armed goon-like gendarmes. I had waved in a rude manner at their unmarked car on the Peripherique after they had careered into the path of my rapidly moving motorcycle. I had tried to explain, after being viciously talked to for five minutes, that I did not think that it my fault that they drove on the wrong side of the road and conversely do everything back to front but this seemed to aggravate the situation further.

I beckoned to the boss,

*Sur les pistes...
le restaurant de Clambin!*

*Chez le "Oïndu" (Dany)
ambiance super sympa*

Les Ruinettes



«WHAT - TYPE - OF - TYPESETTING - EQUIPMENT - DO - YOU - USE?»

He stared at me with a blank look. «TYPESETTING», I repeated. That did it, his eyes lit up and he pointed urgently to the door behind me. I opened the door and stepped through expecting green VDU's and operators clicking away expertly on the keyboards, all I found was another door. Well at least I now know how to ask for the toilet!

I returned to the office wondering whether to ask to see what toilets they operated with.

It struck me to ask what paper we would be printing the newspaper on, but was immediately put off the idea by visions of the cleaning lady showing me with great pride her range of assorted toilet papers.

After a little more confusion we wound up the morning work and departed happy in the knowledge that the newspaper was on the road to completion.

A week and 3 more testing trips to Martigny later we were ready to roll the presses. I met Jay in the pub that night and he could hardly control his excitement.

«Unreal man, this is really it, far out, mega out of sight man ... Awesome».

There was not much I could add to that so I left him to celebrate, his table rapidly filling up with empty beer glasses.

That was the Dream. That was the reality. This is the newspaper.

**THERE IS NO WAY LIKE SKI SERVICE WAY
WE DO IT ALL**

Horaires services locaux Saison d'hiver 1984-85 Local Services Timetable Winter Season 1984-85

OFFICE DU TOURISME TOURIST OFFICE

Tél. 7 62 22
08.30 - 12.00 h.
14.00 - 18.30 h.
10.00 - 12.00 h. Dimanche/Sunday
16.30 - 18.30 h.

ÉCOLE DE SKI SKI SCHOOL

Tél. 7 48 25
08.45 - 12.15 h.
14.00 - 18.30 h.
17.00 - 18 h. 30 h. Dimanche/Sunday

ADMINISTRATION COMMUNALE LOCAL ADMINISTRATION

Le Châble, tél. 7 11 20
Fermé - Samedi/Saturday

TÉLÉVERBIER S.A.

Information - Tél. 7 60 00

POLICE MUNICIPALE LOCAL POLICE

Tél. 7 53 71
08.00 - 12.00 h.
14.00 - 18.00 h.

URGENCES EMERGENCIES

Jours et nuits - Tél. 7 12 56
Day and night - Tel 7 12 56

POLICE CANTONALE COUNTY POLICE

Tél. 7 60 69, Verbier
Tél. 7 11 61, Le Châble
07.30 - 12.00 h.
16.00 - 18.00 h.

Restaurant Snow Fox

Just opened next
to the Medran lift departure

A good place to meet!

MOUNTAIN AIR

SKI TUNING
SPECIALISTS

OPPOSITE
FER A CHEVAL

CRYSTAL®
GLIDE FINISH

PTT POST OFFICE

Tel. 7 40 44 - 7 40 45 - 7 40 46
07.30 - 12.00 h.
13.45 - 18.30 h.
07.30 - 11.00 h. Samedi/Saturday

TÉLÉPHONE AND TÉLEX

Ouverts samedi, dimanche et en soirée. Consulter l'horaire à la poste.

Open Saturday, Sunday and evenings. Check the timetable at the Post Office.

BANQUES BANKS

Tél. 7 45 66, CEV
7 01 81, BPS
7 54 33, UBS
7 61 61, BCV

08.30 - 12.00 h.
14.00 - 17.45 h.
08.30 - 12.00 h. Samedi/Saturday
Crédit Suisse c/Michaud
Tél. 7 44 44

08.30 - 12.00 h.
14.00 - 18.30 h.
09.00 - 12.00 h. Samedi/Saturday
14.00 - 19.00 h.
09.00 - 12.00 h. Dimanche/Sunday
15.00 - 18.00 h.

CLINIQUE LOCAL HOSPITAL

Tél. 7 40 24 et 7 65 94 (permanence)
09.00 - 11.30 h.
15.30 - 17.30 h. Consultations

DENTISTE DENTIST

Tél. 7 51 21
08.00 - 12.00 h.
14.00 - 18.00 h.