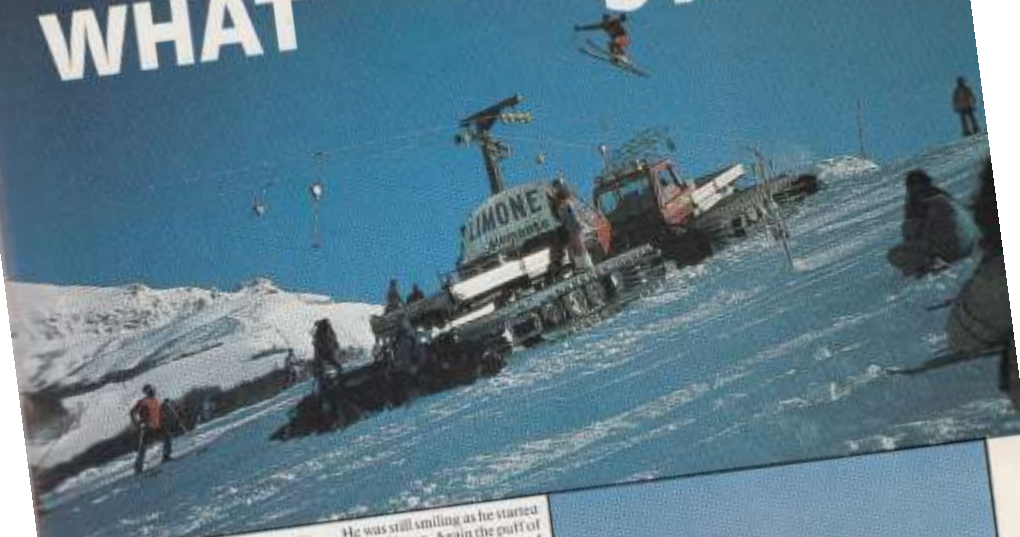


WHAT A STUNT!



executed two demonstration turns before heading for the Poma to make his way back up.

There was silence. Then claps and cheers from a small group of British onlookers. And the head of the lift company turned to his colleagues, threw his hands high and screamed: "Get me another snow-cat ... and the biggest bloody poster you can find! Now!"

Pretty girls were drafted in. Snow-cats roared. Banners proclaimed "Limone Piemonte!" The head of the ski school and his dog perched in front of the snow-cats. They even tried to get the dog to grin.

And Eddie smiled quietly.

He was still smiling as he started his second jump. Again the puff of snow on the ramp's lip. He carved a sky-line above the two snow-cats, a sky-line above the two snow-cats, lined end to end. Then he slapped down and with two more turns, more gasps and infinitely more cheering, was hurtling down to the Poma to catch another ride back up.

Eddie jumped the cats once more that afternoon. And the resort suddenly decided they were on to something good. So did the rest of us. For us, stunt-day had been special.

Eddie? He was still smiling quietly at breakfast the next morning. After all, he knew all along it would work.



SOME OTHER SILLY SKI STUNTS



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Eddie's first-ever flight and the Eagle legend is born

What A Stunt