

President

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 6

OCTOBER, 1931

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EDITORIAL.

THE L.S.C. is glad to welcome the thirteen new members who were elected to the Club at the last Committee meeting, making the total membership up to ninety-seven, though the Club deeply regrets the tragic loss of two members during the winter. Miss Furnivall lost her life in an avalanche, and Miss Stack was killed in a collision on the Lauberhorn. Both were promising and enthusiastic members, and their loss will be keenly felt by the Club.

During the season 1930-31 very few tours of interest seem to have been accomplished by members of the Club, or, if they have, they were done in strict secrecy, and no accounts of them have been sent in. Possibly the weather conditions may explain this, as during the season there always seemed to be either too little or too much snow, and the weather was rarely settled. The Editor would like to take this opportunity of reminding members that it is impossible to produce a BULLETIN without *some* assistance from the Club, and if members who go to new places, or do interesting tours and runs, would let the Secretary, Miss Spring-Rice, 36, Argyle Road, W.8, know their movements, it would make it very much easier to collect material, and then perhaps the Editor's requests for articles would not be treated in stony silence. Accounts of races in which any members have taken part would also be welcome.

However, the L.S.C. has an excellent racing record this season. The team which represented Great Britain at the F.I.S. Meeting at Mürren in February was entirely composed of members of the L.S.C., all of whom did very well: and the members who went over to Davos for the Parsenn Derby, did very good times down the course.

The outstanding feat of the season was Miss Esmé Mackinnon's success at the F.I.S. Meeting, when she beat all the Austrian, Swiss, and British competitors in both the downhill and the slalom race. In several previous issues of the BULLETIN Miss Mackinnon's name has appeared as the winner of races, usually with the description, "a promising runner, of whom great things are expected"; and we should like to congratulate her most sincerely on having begun to fulfil these prophecies!

Miss Mackinnon also won the L.S.C. Championship at Wengen.

Miss Sale-Barker is also to be congratulated on winning the British Ladies' Championship, the Swiss Ladies' Ski Club Championship, and the Ladies' Arlberg-Kandahar Race, which was held at Mürren this year. She is the first woman to secure the titles of both British and Swiss lady ski champion in one year.

The Club would like to condole with Miss Elliott, who sprained her ankle early in the season, and was prevented thereby from taking part in any races; but in spite of this she did many valuable but dull jobs, such as flag-keeping in the L.S.C. and B.L.S.C. Championship races, and, in her capacity as captain of the ladies' team at the F.I.S. Meeting, did invaluable work in routing out those members who seemed to find early rising a hardship.

The L.S.C. wishes to render grateful thanks to all those who have helped in the organization of the Club Championship and other races, and especially to Colonel De Lande Long and Mr. Arnold Lunn for their valuable help in training the team for the F.I.S.

The Annual Lunch and General Meeting took place at the Florence Restaurant on November 27th, at which twenty-nine members were present.

The date of the L.S.C. championship has been arranged for January 27th, 1932, at Mürren. As there has been some discussion as to whether members preferred to have the dates of the L.S.C. and B.L.S.C. Championships close together, to enable members to enter for both, or at widely differing dates, in order that those who do not spend the whole season in Switzerland may have a chance of entering for one race or the other, will members who feel strongly on this subject either communicate with the Secretary, or bring the matter up at the next general meeting, as the Committee would be glad to have their views when arranging the dates.

Members are reminded that they can buy the following Club sweaters, by ordering from the Hon. Secretary:—

- (a) V neck monogram sweater, sleeveless. 21/6, post free.
- (b) V neck monogram sweater, with sleeves. 25/6, post free.
- (c) Polo collar monogram sweater, with sleeves. 26/6, post free.

As the Club has not sufficient funds to enable them to keep a large stock of these sweaters, members are requested to place their orders by November 15th (stating size required), so as to give the manufacturers time to execute these orders before the winter season begins. Last year too many people delayed their orders, with the result that it was impossible to get the sweaters out in time, and the Club begs for consideration from its members in this matter next year. Badges may also be obtained from the Hon. Secretary; the ordinary L.S.C. badge and the special badge which may be worn by those members who have represented Great Britain in an International competition. This badge is like the other, but has the addition of a narrow border of red, white and blue, running along the top edge. Price 6/6.

Members are requested to inform the Hon. Secretary of changes of address or name, and any members wishing to propose likely candidates they may meet at various centres, can apply to her, or Miss Williams, Palace Hotel, Mürren, for the necessary forms.

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY DOREEN ELLIOTT.

THE Ladies' Ski Club Championship was held at Wengen on February 3rd, in fine weather, and ten competitors entered for the event.

Owing to wind having spoilt the snow on the Lauberhorn Shoulder, the course was altered at the last minute and it was settled that the race should start at the top of the Bumps and finish down at Inner Wengen, as the snow on this part was well beaten down and therefore not affected by the wind.

Unfortunately, owing to the crowded trains, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Carroll got separated from the main body of the racers and so were not informed of the change of plans and arrived too late on the Bumps to compete in the race.

Miss Tarbutt excels on the hard snow of the Inner Wengen course and beat Miss Mackinnon, who is also a native of Wengen. Both of these competitors skied extremely well and were neck-and-neck all the way, well ahead of the rest of the field.

The slalom, which was held after lunch, was a very long one and the officials decided to hold only one run down the course.

The late Flight-Lieutenant Waghorn set an extremely sporting cross-country slalom, teeming with pitfalls, which was an excellent test of judgment and technique.

Miss Carroll ran faultlessly, *hors concours*, and did the best time of the day, and it is all the more regrettable that she was unable to compete in the first part of the Championship.

Miss Sherer, who was second in the slalom, shows much promise, and when her technique equals her dash she should become a good racer.

Miss Mackinnon had a single penalty, and in spite of being placed third in the slalom she was first in the combined results, and so became the holder of the Ladies' Ski Club Championship for the second time.

Mrs. Butler is a newcomer, and considering she had had no previous experience in racing she skied with remarkable judgment and control.

Miss Duthie, also, is a promising racer and with more practice she should soon improve her technique.

Miss Walter, ordinarily a steady runner, was disappointing and did not make as good a time as was expected.

Miss Tarbutt is an example of a fearless skier who lacks control. The slalom found out her weak points and she lost all the lead she had gained in the downhill race.

Mrs. Caulfeild and Mrs. Fox organized the race admirably, with the help of Flight-Lieutenant Waghorn and many voluntary flag-keepers. All the competitors were most appreciative of these officials' efforts.

LADIES' SKI CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP.

STRAIGHT RACE.					
1st.	Miss Tarbutt	4 min. 0.8 sec.	100%
2nd.	Miss Mackinnon	4 min. 10 sec.	96.32%
3rd.	Miss Sherer	4 min. 34.6 sec.	87.68%
4th.	Miss Duthie	4 min. 42 sec.	85.39%
5th.	Miss Walter	5 min. 8 sec.	78.16%
6th.	Mrs. Butler	5 min. 31.2 sec.	72.69%
7th.	Miss Peech	7 min. 32 sec.	53.27%
8th.	Lady Raeburn	9 min. 0.4 sec.	44.55%
SLALOM.					
	Miss Carroll	1 min. 0.2 sec.	—
	<i>(hors concours)</i>				
1st.	Miss Sherer	1 min. 15.4 sec.	100%
2nd.	Miss Mackinnon	1 min. 19.2 sec.	95.21%
3rd.	Mrs. Butler	1 min. 25.4 sec.	88.28%
	Mrs. Somerville...	1 min. 32 sec.	—
4th.	Lady Raeburn	1 min. 34 sec.	80.23%
5th.	Miss Duthie	1 min. 42 sec.	73.92%
6th.	Miss Walter	1 min. 45.4 sec.	71.37%
7th.	Miss Tarbutt	2 min. 6.2 sec.	59.74%
	Miss Peech	<i>disqualified.</i>			
COMBINED RESULT.					
1st.	Miss Mackinnon	95.76%
2nd.	Miss Sherer	93.84%
3rd.	Miss Duthie...	84.65%
4th.	Mrs. Butler	80.48%
5th.	Miss Tarbutt	79.87%
6th.	Miss Walter...	74.76%
7th.	Lady Raeburn	62.39%

THE F.I.S. MEETING AT MÜRREN.

BY DOREEN ELLIOTT.

THE prospect of the F.I.S. lay heavily over the winter. Ordinarily racers do not go into training with nothing but their individual fortunes at stake; but when it becomes an international business it is only fair to the country you represent to take it seriously and do your utmost.

It was necessary, therefore, to give up smoking, rich foods and alcohol, and early bed was the order of the day. The team and the reserves had to meet at the Palace Hotel at 9.30 every morning, when the programme was settled according to the snow and weather conditions.

Representatives from Austria, Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain competed at the Meeting, which was ruined by an almost unprecedented fall of snow.

The slalom alone was held in reasonable weather. It started high up on the ridge above the Shotton Slopes and finished down at Scara Gate.

The British team were naturally nervous and Miss Sale-Barker (who was not properly recovered from a severe bout of influenza) did not ski up to her usual form in any of the races.

Miss Mackinnon, who won all three events, kept her head in every emergency. She studied the way to take every flag, and, what is more, she always skied to plan. Her coolness, her technique and her ability to remember in a race exactly what she had intended to do while practising impressed everyone who saw her.

To my mind Miss Kessler, with more practice, will soon be one of our best racers. She is at home on all types of snow, while her forward knee is the envy of all. Her performance in the slalom showed speed allied with control.

Miss Gossage, with a torn muscle in her shoulder, was not ski-ing her best, but she put up a good time; and Miss Crewdson ran very steadily and under control.

Miss Carroll is unreliable in a race: at her best she is brilliant, but too often she loses her head and misses a flag. Climbing back, to avoid disqualification, cost her a great deal of time in this case.

The downhill race was held the day after the slalom. It was snowing so hard that landmarks were indistinguishable and all tracks from the previous day were entirely obliterated. Flags marking the course were placed close together and volunteers made many tracks on the less steep gradients so as to enable competitors to ski without punting.

Miss Mackinnon, like Miss Sale-Barker, is more familiar with hard snow, but she practised energetically to become at home in the deep powder and mastered a semi-telemark position.

The telemark position won the day. It will be remembered that those who attempted to ski in their hard-snow style continually pitched on to their noses, as they had no fore and aft stability.

There was much indecision as to the best route to take: the direct line over a horribly steep edge, or round the shoulder of Kitchener's Crash. The team was eventually very well advised to go round the Shoulder, with which they were more familiar (where there would be less risk of falling and getting buried), and they came along splendidly.

The most-feared rival was an Austrian, Fraülein Lantschner, who is a marvel on ski. During practice she showed herself fearless and a perfect master of technique, but she was nervous in the race.

Owing to the continued snow, plans had to be altered and the previously settled race-courses to be abandoned. It was decided that the men, followed by the women, should race from Grüttsch-Alp down to Lauterbrünnen, which course, owing to all the trees, would be safe from avalanches. This is a most exhausting race for women—especially in the condition in which they ran it—of cut-up snow.

The last hundred and fifty yards before the finish is on a road, with a slight downward gradient, and as Miss Mackinnon turned

on to this she met a funeral cortège, which forced her on to the side in deep soft snow and caused her to lose all her impetus. In her tired condition she had to punt, and lost time in consequence.

Fortunately, one of the timekeepers ran to the other end of the road and, with the permission of the other race officials, re-timed Miss Mackinnon over the last bit. Mademoiselle Maillart, also, was impeded by the funeral and she had to turn back and come again. But for the presence of mind of this time-keeper Miss Mackinnon would have come in second to Fraülein Lantschner, instead of winning the race.

An amusing incident occurred when a violent partisan shouted *Bahnfrei* at the corpse, without, however, any effect.

Miss Mackinnon and Fraülein Lantschner skied magnificently, with not much to choose between them; but it is a great feather in Miss Mackinnon's cap to have won such a gruelling race against such an accomplished skier.

Miss Gossage, Miss Crewdson, and Miss Carroll deserve to be congratulated on the splendid way they managed the course.

Miss Sale-Barker and Miss Kessler were both unfit, and though the race exhausted them they finished gamely.

The British team behaved magnificently and the results are most satisfactory. And I, for one, am greatly indebted to them for the way in which they worked and trained, for without their unselfish co-operation we should never have made such a success of the Meeting.

The team greatly appreciated the privileges allowed them of reduced railway fares and hotel bills, in all of which they are very much indebted to the authorities who were responsible for the organization and arrangements.

SLALOM.

Mürren. February 19th, 1931.

Name.	Slalom		Combined Results.	
	I. m. s.	II. m. s.	m. s.	Points.
1st. Miss E. Mackinnon ...	1 17.4	1 20.8	2 38.2	100
2nd. Frä. Inge Lantschner ...	1 21	1 21.2	2 42.2	97.54
3rd. Miss Kessler ...	1 22.4	1 20	2 42.4	97.42
4th. Miss Sale-Barker ...	1 33.2	1 16.4	2 49.6	93.32
5th. Miss Gossage ...	1 28.8	1 21	2 49.8	93.18
6th. Miss Crewdson ...	1 29.4	1 21.4	2 50.8	92.66
7th. Frä. Romminger ...	1 35.2	1 17.4	2 52.6	91.68
8th. Frä. Streiff ...	1 31.8	1 30.2	3 2	86.93
9th. Mlle. Maillart ...	1 32.6	1 31	3 3.6	86.17
10th. Frä. Schmidegg ...	1 29.4	1 46.4	3 15.8	80.81
11th. Frä. Schmidt ...	1 57	1 36.8	3 33.8	74.01
12th. Frä. Kopp ...	1 58.4	1 40.8	3 39.2	72.20
13th. Frä. Honigmann ...	1 53.2	1 56.2	3 49.4	68.98
14th. Miss Carroll ...	2 24.4	1 50.6	4 15	62.06
15th. Frä. Ripper ...	1 56.6	2 18.6	4 15.2	62.01
16th. Frä. Zingg ...	2 31.2	1 44.2	4 15.4	61.95
17th. Frä. Roth ...	2 32.4	1 53.6	4 26	59.48
18th. Frä. Mende ...	2 29.8	2 7.6	4 37.4	57.04

DOWNHILL RACE.

February 20th. Championship Start to Test Finish.

	Name.	Nationality.	m.	s.
1st.	Miss E. Mackinnon ...	Great Britain ...	3	5.6
2nd.	Miss Carroll ...	Great Britain ...	3	32.4
3rd.	Frä. Schmidegg ...	Austria ...	4	2.6
4th.	Miss Kessler ...	Great Britain ...	4	8.2
5th.	Miss Gossage ...	Great Britain ...	4	18.2
6th.	Frä. Zingg ...	Switzerland ...	4	20.4
7th.	Frä. Romminger ...	Switzerland ...	4	25.2
8th.	Frä. Lantschner ...	Austria ...	4	33.8
9th.	Miss Sale-Barker ...	Great Britain ...	4	47.2
10th.	Frä. Schmidt ...	Germany ...	4	47.6
11th.	Frä. Ripper ...	Austria ...	4	53
12th.	Frä. Streiff ...	Switzerland ...	4	56.4
13th.	Miss Crewdson ...	Great Britain ...	5	5.4
14th.	Mlle. Maillart ...	Switzerland ...	5	21.4
15th.	Frä. Kopp ...	Germany ...	5	22.8
16th.	Frä. Mende ...	Switzerland ...	6	6.4
17th.	Frä. Honigmann ...	Germany ...	6	32.4

RACE FROM GRUTSCH TO LAUTERBRUNNEN.

February 21st.

	Name.	Nationality.	m.	s.
1st.	Miss Mackinnon ...	Great Britain ...	10	4.4
2nd.	Frä. Lantschner ...	Austria ...	10	13.8
3rd.	Frä. Schmidegg ...	Austria ...	10	19.8
4th.	Miss Gossage ...	Great Britain ...	11	1.2
5th.	Miss Crewdson ...	Great Britain ...	11	7.8
6th.	Miss Carroll ...	Great Britain ...	11	16
7th.	Frä. Streiff ...	Switzerland ...	11	38.8
8th.	Frä. Schmidt ...	Germany ...	12	0.2
9th.	Miss Sale-Barker ...	Great Britain ...	12	33
10th.	Miss Kessler ...	Great Britain ...	13	4.6
11th.	Frä. Ripper ...	Austria ...	13	22.2
12th.	Mlle. Maillart ...	Switzerland ...	13	36.8
13th.	Frä. Romminger ...	Switzerland ...	15	28.4
14th.	Frä. Kopp ...	Germany ...	17	16
15th.	Mdme. de Latour ...	Switzerland ...	17	29.2
16th.	Frä. Zingg ...	Switzerland ...	20	36

THE LADIES' ARLBERG-KANDAHAR.

By DOREEN ELLIOTT.

THE Ladies' Arlberg-Kandahar Race was held, for the first time, at Mürren, in fine weather and in ideal snow conditions.

There were nineteen competitors for the downhill race, the first ten of whom were eligible to run in the slalom.

The beginning of the race was just below Championship Start and the finish on the usual hair-pin bend at the bottom of Shrub Slope.

The snow was beaten down and very fast, and the first part of the course was tricky and called for judgment. It consisted of a series of steep descents finishing with sudden uprisings, which, if taken too impetuously, threw the skier into the air and landed her on her back in a hollow, where she was faced with the prospect of climbing a sharp uprise, having lost all her impetus in the fall.

Miss Sale-Barker, who did a surprising time, checked her speed at the top with a couple of swings, and owing to her amazing control she was never thrown into the air, neither did she have a single fall.

Fraülein Zingg, Miss Carroll, Fraülein Streiff, and Miss Crewdson showed excellent judgment in handling the switchback, but nearly all the rest let their nerves get the better of them, and in attempting to ski too fast they fell into the hollows and lost time in extricating themselves.

Much depends on how a race is begun; it is important to start off steadily until one can get one's legs and regain one's confidence. To fall at once entails discouragement and exhaustion, and then it is only too easy to lose one's head.

Great disappointment was caused by Fraülein Inge Lantschner being unable to come over and compete in the Arlberg-Kandahar. It would have been interesting to see where she would have stood in the results. But, in my opinion, Miss Sale-Barker has no equal on hard snow and especially on the Half-way House course.

The slalom was held on the next day in almost tropical heat. The course, which was electrically timed, was long, beginning high on the ridge above the Shotton Slopes and ending by Scara Gate.

By the time the women slalomed down, after the forty men, the course was terribly cut up, and, in spite of the efforts of the flag-keepers and members of the Kurverein with spades, deep grooves appeared between the flags. It was impossible to turn anywhere except in the track, and when I afterwards inspected the course and saw the extent of the damage done I was amazed at the high standard of the ski-ing.

Miss Sale-Barker kept her lead by easily winning the slalom.

On her second run the unfortunate Miss Carroll missed a flag on a steep slope, attempted to climb back, but slipped down again and had to retire from the race. Her first time down had been very good and she had been ski-ing at the top of her form.

Fraülein Lettner slalomed fast and steadily and Fraülein Streiff ran in masterly style in spite of an injured knee.

Mrs. Butler's slaloming has improved beyond all recognition and she never loses her head; while Miss Crewdson aimed at steadiness, without fireworks. She has much improved her ski-ing this year by really hard work.

THE LADIES' ARLBERG-KANDAHAR.

Mürren. March 15th, 1931.

DOWNHILL RACE.

Name.	Nationality.	m.	s.
1st. Miss Sale-Barker	Great Britain	1	54
2nd. Frl. Zingg	Switzerland	2	23·8
3rd. Miss Carroll	Great Britain	2	25·4
4th. Frl. Streiff	Switzerland	2	33·8
5th. Miss Crewdson	Great Britain	2	34·6
6th. Frl. Lettner	Austria	2	39
7th. Mlle. Maillart	Switzerland	2	48·4
8th. Mrs. Boughton-Leigh	Great Britain	2	53·4

	Name.	Nationality.	m.	s.
9th.	Miss Leverson	Great Britain	3	11
10th.	Mrs. Butler	Great Britain	3	14·6
11th.	Frl. Roth	Switzerland	3	28·8
12th.	Frl. Denz	Germany	3	35·2
13th.	Frl. Grundler	Austria	3	47·4
14th.	Frl. Mende	Switzerland	4	7·6
15th.	Frl. Hauthal	Switzerland	4	14·8
16th.	Frl. Gurtner	Switzerland	4	42·6
17th.	Miss Ph. Scott	Great Britain	5	3·6
18th.	Miss Adlercron	Great Britain	5	12·6
19th.	Miss Cecile Scott	Great Britain	5	15·6

SLALOM RACE.

March 16th.

	Name.	Nationality.	m.	s.	Points.
1st.	Miss Sale-Barker	Great Britain	2	36·2	100
2nd.	Frl. Lettner	Austria	2	53·6	89·99
3rd.	Frl. Streiff	Switzerland	3	0·2	86·68
4th.	Mrs. Butler	Great Britain	3	7·3	83·71
5th.	Miss Crewdson	Great Britain	3	17·6	79·05
6th.	Mlle. Maillart	Switzerland	3	30·3	77·29
7th.	Mrs. Boughton-Leigh	Great Britain	3	37·3	71·88
8th.	Miss Leverson	Great Britain	3	44·8	69·50
9th.	Frl. Zingg	Switzerland	3	51·9	67·36

Miss Carroll (Great Britain) was disqualified.

THE LADIES' SKI-RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP.

THERE were only four entries for the ladies' race in the British Ski Championship Meeting, which was held at Wengen on January 12th and 13th, under bad conditions of hard, icy snow, and very little of it.

The straight race was run over the men's course, but with a simultaneous start instead of a Hindmarsh, from the hut in the Tschuggen Glade down to the usual Grund finish. This is a descent of about 2,500 feet, and Miss Sale-Barker was first, fifteen seconds ahead of Miss Mackinnon. In the slalom, which was set on the slopes from above the woodpath down to the sawmill, Miss Sale-Barker secured a runaway victory, thus winning the title of lady ski champion from last year's holder, Miss Mackinnon.

THE LADIES' SKI-KUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP.

STRAIGHT RACE.

	Name.	m.	s.	Points.
1st.	Miss Sale-Barker	9	2	100
2nd.	Miss Mackinnon	9	17	97·29
3rd.	Miss Kessler	9	18·2	97·01
4th.	Miss Crewdson	10	54·2	84·78

SLALOM.

	Name.	Time.	Marks.	Slalom Analysis.		
				1st Part.	2nd Part.	
	Name.	m.	s.	secs.	secs.	
1st.	Miss Sale-Barker	3	9·6	100	94·4	95·2
2nd.	Miss Mackinnon	3	55·6	81·69	103·2	132·4
3rd.	Miss Kessler	4	44	67·02	150·6	133·4
4th.	Miss Crewdson	4	59·2	64·05	164·8	134·4

		COMBINED RESULT.						
Name.								Points.
1st.	Miss Sale-Barker	100
2nd.	Miss Mackinnon	89.49
3rd.	Miss Kessler	82.02
4th.	Miss Crewdson	74.42

OBITUARY.

DOROTHY FURNIVALL.

THE Ladies' Ski Club will greatly miss Dorothy Furnivall, who lost her life in company with her mother and two others when the party they were with was overwhelmed by an avalanche on the Jungfrauoch last February.

Although a good skier of very great promise, Dorothy Furnivall was known to few of the ski-ing fraternity outside Adelboden, and it is there she will be mostly missed this coming winter in the social as well as the ski-ing life of the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Furnivall had taken their three children to Adelboden regularly every Christmas holidays for some years, and there they had all learnt to ski. Dorothy passed her Third Class Test quite soon and her Second in the winter of 1928-1929. That same year she won the local visitors' race, winning it again the next two years, besides winning other races in the neighbourhood. She was a very dashing skier who promised to become a fine racer. She was elected to the L.S.C. in 1930.

The Furnivalls had made several long expeditions. One of these, the Wildhorn-Wildstrubel tour, is described by Dorothy in the *Ski Notes and Queries* of October last. It was during this tour that the fatal expedition was planned to the Jungfrauoch on which the tragedy occurred.

She was also a very good tennis player, and had won several open tournaments and played at Wimbledon in 1930.

The sympathy of all members of the L.S.C. goes out to Mr. Furnivall in his great loss.

HELEN STACK.

ANOTHER loss which will be greatly felt by all those who knew her is the tragic death of Miss Stack, who lost her life in an accident while staying at the Scheidegg this spring.

Helen Stack was elected to the Ladies' Ski Club in 1929, and was a very promising skier; one member says of her, "She was one of the most enthusiastic and untiring ski-runners I have ever seen." Although she has not yet made a name for herself among British racers, she had come out very well indeed in local races, against the Swiss who were competing, especially in Slaloms. Although she was nervous when entering for races, she never lost her head when running, and as she was possessed of great courage and loved speed above all things; probably in a year or two she might have been competing in, and possibly winning, our big

events, especially as she was determined to improve her running, and for that purpose spent most of last winter at Arosa, in order to familiarize herself with soft snow, on which she felt she got no practice at Wengen. On hard snow she ran very fast and rarely fell.

Apart from ski-ing, what seems to have impressed everyone who ever met her was the unusual "aliveness" that she possessed. Everyone seems to have felt very strongly that she was filled with the joy of life, which did not show itself in any sort of exuberance, but simply meant that she was never bored or dull, or even tired, or anything except happy. She was very fond of hunting, and dancing, and driving a fast car; and it makes her tragic death all the more pitiable, that she was so abounding in vitality and humour and love of life than it would have been had she been cast in a more usual mould.

THE HOME OF THE GIANTS (NORWAY).

AT four o'clock in the afternoon we reached the elusive sky-line, which, for the last hour, had been steadily retreating from us, and we found ourselves at last on the summit of Besshö.

At our feet a great cliff appeared to drop into space—it did, in fact, fall some 3,000 feet to the lake Rusvand. This wall of cliff swung round in a semicircle, so that the steep arrête—rising from lake to summit—was a sight to stir any cragsman's heart, and made a fine dark frame of rocks for the waves of mountains which opened up before us. We saw great rock cliffs plunging down to endless narrow lakes lying in the bottom of the valleys; there were layers on layers of rocky peaks of beautiful and distinctive shapes, like the greater mountains of Switzerland; there were big cone-shaped mountains with snow to the very top, most primitive in form, as though a child had been asked to draw a mountain and had made a pencil outline round a white space; these are the sort of mountains you ski down in dreams, with long gradients where you put your ski together and drop like a stone with the snow swishing under your ski and rising in a cloud behind, till you are nearly blinded by the wind in your eyes. . . . There were also the typical Norwegian hills—curious humps of snow which, in the changing light, seemed to melt into the distance like great clouds, and emerge again to reality as the sun caught them; and, best of all, there were mysterious ice mountains, all spires and pinnacles and bastions, delicate green and blue in the shadows and curves, and glittering silver in the sunlight. It was the veritable "region of heart's desire" that G. Winthrop Young writes of; the

"Land of the shadow and haunted spire,
Land of the silvery glacier fire,
Land of the shadow and starry choir,
Magical land of hills."

And these were the Jotunheim mountains, the "Home of the Giants."

Besides giants these mountains are inhabited by trolls and fairies, and a mysterious lady called the "Nysa," who is very beautiful, with abundant golden hair and the tail of a cow! If you are unfortunate enough to encounter her, she puts a spell on you, so that you are bound to follow her; and even though you might think you had escaped from her, you would never be at peace again, but always drawn back to the mountains and desolate places. This information came from an old fisherman, who lived all the year round in a home-made hut, which was so buried in snow when we visited him, that only the roof showed. He himself had seen all these things, and we had an uneasy feeling that one of *us* must have seen the "Nysa," because how else could we account for the fact that we had left Fefor, where the snow was good and the weather fine, and where there were certain amenities of civilization, like baths, and set our faces due west, like Lemmings, until we reached Bessheim, which is fifty miles from any railway?

We had taken three days to get from Fefor to Bessheim, on our ski. The first day was excellent and we had a splendid run down to Dalsäter on good snow. The second day professed to be a walk of 40 kilometres. But when we had accomplished it, full of pride at our excellent time, the map, even when the bootlace by which we measured the distance was stretched, refused to make it more than 26 kilometres! However, the authorities declared it was 30 kilometres, so we left it at that. For the third day we had promised ourselves a fine run by going over a mountain called Heimdalshö. We had got the best route written out on a piece of paper to show to the guide, who knew no English. But, unfortunately for us, the mountain was like marble, completely wind-swept on every side, and the climb took us about four hours, on a steep traverse so icy that the ski wouldn't grip, and even skins were useless. Also, as we, knowing no Norwegian, could not modify our instructions to the guide, we were dragged to the top of *both* summits and led down by the longest route—some 3,000 feet of open descent on perfect gradients, and the snow was icy at the top, and thawed and sticky below!

Having arrived at Bessheim to find every bit of snow swept to ice by the wind, and no prospect of a fresh fall, the sensible thing would have been to make tracks back to Fefor and good running. But this was where the "Nysa" exerted her devastating influence, and we settled down at Bessheim and explored the lakes, climbed little peaks to look at the view, and wandered up valleys to see where they led to. . . . One day we crawled up a glacier which looked as big as a pocket handkerchief with a horse-shoe of cliffs round it; here we all lost track of time and eventually nearly burst our lungs trying to keep up with our Norwegian friends, who had set their faces for home and dinner and were langlaufing at

great speed over the bumpy lake. And all the time the snow was so appalling that we became quite "Norwegian" and said we preferred going uphill and along the flat to mere downhill running! We also vowed that in these conditions nothing would make us take a real tour into the mountains unless some snow came.

However, we reckoned without the "Nysa," and when some Norwegians said they were going to a hut called Glitterheim, from which you can climb the Glittertind, we immediately accepted their kind invitation to join them. This was too much for the Trolls and Giants, so they sent a great wind to blow on us. The barometer didn't recognise it as wind, and merely registered "unsteady," but when, in the course of our expedition, we had to walk about five kilometres along a lake, it blew so hard that if you stopped moving you were nearly blown backwards. We put on some mysterious garments, which we called "Lapps' nightgowns," a white hood which laced up so that only goggles and the tip of the nose were exposed, and a sort of shirt effect that reached to the knees—not very becoming, but so effective that it was like being in a tent, with the wind howling outside. Then the clouds came down, so we only got occasional glimpses of the mountains, and most of the work was uphill, and though not steep, seemed interminably long. Eventually we reached Glitterheim and found that the "hut" was a most superior affair—we two shared a room with a bed apiece with *sheets* on them, and were offered hot water by a *maid*. We were rather dashed when we were told to put all the blankets round the stove to air, and on no account to sleep in the sheets. The next day there was so much wind and mist that Glittertind was out of the question, and so was an extension of our trip over the glaciers to another hut called Memarubo. So we groped and scratched and sidled our way back to Bessheim. We felt quite heroic as we crouched under a rock and snatched our lunch, and nosed our way from cairn to cairn in the mist, and finally skidded disconsolately down the last 1,300 feet of Scavela, which simply had to be taken slowly owing to the ease with which you could be tripped up, and possibly break a leg, on these icy waves! However, we felt that we had penetrated to the heart of the Jotunheim, and if we had done nothing else we had scotched the bogey of distances. It's almost impossible to find out how far anything is, as the Norwegians reckon everything in kilometres, regardless of height, and they prefer to exaggerate rather than underestimate, because the more kilometres you can cover in a day, the better skier you are!

After this experience we decided firmly that we had done with ski-ing on marble, and would content ourselves with looking for soft snow which was reputed to lie in the lower gullies of Heimdalshö. But the "Nysa" had evidently not yet finished with us, and she lured us forth once more, and that is how we came to be sitting on the top of Besshö on a fine sunny afternoon, admiring

the view. But, having got up, we had, unfortunately (!) to ski down again; and to get from the summit to the mainland of the mountain we had to go down a ridge well iced and 1,000 feet in height. Seen from a distance this ridge looked like a flying buttress of some great fortress, and terrifyingly steep and narrow—actually it was some twenty yards wide and just too steep to climb straight up with skins. In spite of the fact that there were many patches of rock about, and the surface was mostly scavela, it wasn't difficult ski-ing if you could tailwag, and what some Norwegians disparagingly called the "slalom technique" came in very useful when you were suddenly confronted with two sharp rocks with a narrow passage between leading to the only place on the Scavela flat enough to turn on. If you could *convince* yourself that the rocks were flags, it was very simple to stem down to the rocks, bring your ski together and shoot through, and then turn on the smooth place! We kept most circumspectly to the middle of the buttress, remembering the horrid story of the German who had skied over the edge, and there had been nothing left of him to pick up. It could be quite dangerous to anyone traversing carelessly across, as you can't see the edge, which is curved and icy, clearly, and you could easily skid over the edge—on one side you can drop about 3,000 feet to Bessvand, and on the other about 1,000 feet on to the glacier. We decided, as the snow was so bad, not to follow the glacier round—which must be a wonderful run in good conditions—but to take a short cut, which, as usual, ended in our having to take our ski off and carry them. However, we got down eventually, though our legs, ski and tempers were all rather worn, and as we swilled down glasses of milk (this is a dry canton!) we decided we'd had a splendid day.

After that we really did manage to shake off the spell of the Jotunheim Trolls and set out for home. We skied over to another hotel called Bygdin, and there we were told we must go on ski for four hours, and then we could get a car to take us to the railway. We started at eight o'clock with a guide, whose ski were tied on with bits of string to sort of furry bedroom slippers; uphill and along the flat he went rather too fast for our comfort, but whenever he came to a place where you could run at all fast, he took off his ski! Fearing we should miss our train we set our teeth and padded after him, with the result that we covered the distance in 2 hours 40 minutes, to our mutual surprise.

We rather fear that the "Nysa's" influence extends across the North Sea, as we are filled with longing to go back, preferably when there has been a good fall of snow, and make tracks down the perfect slopes of Heimdalshö, Sikkalsdalhö, and Nautgarstind, and down the glacier of Besshö, and also to do the round of huts from Bessheim to Glitterheim, with a day to climb Glittertind, and then to the hut at Spitzerstulen to climb Galhöbigen, and from there over the glaciers to Memarubo, and so back to Bessheim!

An ambitious programme, which is certain to be spoiled by the weather, but it does seem a pity that all these tours, every one of which gives you at the very least 3,000 feet of running, should be allowed to remain unskied upon.

A LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND TO B.S.R.

. . . D. and I can do nothing but laugh here, as no one has the slightest idea of ski-ing at all. The one and only guide here is a Norwegian, and he can ski only because he always has, and has no idea of teaching, and doesn't try! This is just as well, as there are some three hundred people who all want to learn.

The funniest thing I ever saw was the — Ski Club ladies' race. They all fell down on the last little bit, which was quite a gentle gradient, except one, who solemnly rode her stick the whole way! The writer is considered wonderful, but I think she compares unfavourably with herself at Klosters in 1929!

D. and I won the slaloms. It was rather fun as we had never seen any of the Ski Club ski-ing, and only went in as a joke. Slalom they called it, but it was simply three sticks stuck in a gully and there was so much room between the flags that even people who did not know how to turn got round them! I simply waltzed home on mine, but D.'s was a bit more difficult, and he did it in the same time as another man, but won on style.

The snow is almost too foul. To begin with, it was wet, with large crystals, and it rained most of the time. This was easy, however, so we didn't complain. Then it froze and became rough and bumpy ice. Then it blew and snowed and became patches of soft, sticky snow and hard bumpy ice, so that one either takes a header into the soft snow or sits on the hard, and it *is* hard!

There is no snow round the hotel at all; you walk up a steep, slippery muddy path for an hour, where you find the first patch of snow. Then you walk up a gully for perhaps another three-quarters of an hour and arrive at the nursery slopes. I believe that the glacier is marvellous. Good snow and just the right gradient, but seven hours climb and nine minutes run down if you are good, which no one would be after climbing for seven hours, I should think! It is usually frightfully hot, and there are all sorts of rocks which make it exciting, especially as no one knows how to stop except by sitting down. Also all the people wear goggles made of glass, so that there are some nasty messes sometimes.

In spite of all the horrors, it is marvellous to be on the boards again. We bought ours before we came, and thank goodness we did so, as you've never seen anything like the hired ones. They have no spring, and instead of having turned up noses, they are simply Grecian! . . .

ON SKI IN CANADA.

By M. E. POWELL.

We started from Peace River Crossing, in Northern Alberta, early in December, thinking we were really going to learn something about long distance ski-ing on the flat—it was a mere trifle that there was no snow. Our ski looked very ornamental sticking up among the mail going to Fort Vermilion, three hundred miles down the Peace River. We trotted along for the first thirty miles in our boots, then the snow came, and for about fifty miles we used ski, running behind or in front of the mail sleighs, which went at an ambling trot. Then we came to a canyon, and had a fine downhill run among fallen trees and stumps for a mile or so, till we ran into an overturned sleigh near the bottom. We couldn't pass it, as the unbroken horses were so alarmed at the sight of us that we should have created awful havoc among the mail.

Shortly after the thermometer went down with a run to 54° Fah. below zero, and it was no longer possible to wear boots, at least boots that were small enough to lie on a ski, so we wore moccasins and the ski remained as a decoration on the sleighs. And that was the end of that.

We came across one Finn who used ski on the Peace River, and one Norwegian who said he knew all about ski, but had used his only once in Alberta as they balled and got so heavy. Perhaps he knew little of wax.

The next attempt we made on ski was north of the Peace River, on the old Nelson Trail, a trail where Indians go, and a few freighters take flour and dog feed to dwellers on the Arctic. As long as we were on a beaten trail all was well, but we tried to travel on untracked snow and then our ski just descended through two feet of snow to the ground below. There had been no Chinook wind that winter. The Chinook is the same as the Fohn, and without it the snow is just dry powder, and does not support any weight. How little we had realized before what we owe to the Fohn. How often we had cursed it. Never again shall we say one word in dispraise. The result of our attempts led us to the conclusion that, for river travel or on trails, ski would be of the greatest possible use when the trail is broken, even by the foot-steps of one traveller, but the only comfortable way of wearing them would be with felt boots made on the ski, such as Messrs. Lillywhite produced lately for the Greenland Expedition.

Our next attempt at ski-ing was in the Rockies during March. To the passer-by on the C.P.R. the prospect of ski-ing would appear to be nil, but let him break his journey at Banff, and he will find endless ski-ing possibilities. He should first join the local ski club. He will then be taken to the club camp at Mount Norquay, which stands at a height of 7,000 feet, between Mount Norquay and Cascade Mountain. A delightful valley stretches back for miles beyond the camp. Here are all sorts of slopes, jumps, slalom

courses and steep hills, lightly forested, where the more expert can practise wood running before tackling the steep wood run back to Banff. The duffer is provided with an easy graded trail home.

The great attraction of the place lies in the fact that ski-mountaineering is so much in its infancy that it is only now struggling with its teething process. The President and Secretary of the Club are out continually mapping possible routes free from avalanche dangers. The various ways to Mount Assiniboine have provided weeks of work. The route by Simpson's Pass is said to offer wonderful ski-ing. There are, of course, hundreds of miles of mountain country unexplored—from the skier's standpoint.

Our difficulty was the lack of ski-ing guides, but young men are now being trained for this purpose.

We had a few pleasant days, ski-ing in the Banff neighbourhood, on Mount Norquay and Sulphur Mountain, and above Sundance Valley, but we made no big expeditions. We had been travelling on foot the whole winter, and felt no desire for strenuous mountaineering.

I think there must be wonderful ski-ing in this neighbourhood in February, and spring ski-ing higher up on the glaciers, later.

LIVING IN HUTS.

If you go up to the glaciers to ski, you will, if you are lucky, have some marvellous long runs on beautiful slopes; you will probably climb peaks, with a good deal of pain and labour, from the summit of which you will be rewarded by a place in the sun from which to look at wonderful and ever-changing views of all the famous peaks of the Alps; and as you come down, you *may* have all the snow to yourself, to make your own beautiful track down, and imagine you own the world!

But—*there is another side to the picture*—not really as gloomy as it sounds, for the *misfortunes* of life in a hut lead to more fits of abandoned laughter than you would think possible.

Quite apart from the really great tragedies, like being snowed up for days when you want to be on ski, there are many minor catastrophes, which mercifully cause more mirth than annoyance. There is the time when the hut is crowded, and you all have to sleep cheek by jowl in a long row on a shelf, wrapped up in horse blankets, and you keep hoping that that tickly feeling is only produced by horse hair, and *not* by anything else; and even though you are convinced that old ski boots have been used to stuff the mattress you daren't turn over, as by doing so you will disturb the whole row.

Then there is the moment when you wake up in the middle of the night to hear heavy footsteps descending the stairs, and you wonder whether it's a murderer or a rat, and rather hope it's

the former; or again, when you find that your best friend has cleaned her teeth with the precious drop of hot water that you had saved to wash with!

These horrors really only happen in Swiss huts, as the Austrian ones have very superior accommodation—little rooms with beds in them—though even here amusing situations may arise. Two young women once joined a party of Germans to do some tours in the Tyrol. They arrived at the hut to find it very full, and when at last, by a general shuffle, room had been made for the whole party, these two found themselves sharing their bedroom with two totally strange young German men. They spent a restless night, as they modestly removed nothing except their coats and ski boots, and awoke in the morning under the impression that it was raining. Looking up, they saw the two Germans, stripped to the waist and covered in soap, having a most exhaustive wash in about a tea-cupful of cold water!

All these drawbacks, however, help to make you enjoy your good moments more, but you may, if the gods are spiteful, find yourself snowed up in hut for a week or more, as happened to one party of enthusiasts who had heard that May ski-ing was the thing to do, on account of the beautiful weather, and the absence of crowds. These optimists woke up on the first morning to find snow falling, and being blown away immediately by a howling gale, and a mist so thick that it was impossible to see the gradients of the Klein Allalin Horn (10,000 feet high), which was used as a practice slope, in order to keep up the circulation.

It was a very exhilarating form of exercise, this practising, as the nursery slope was the "backbone" of a ridge, and as long as the turns were made accurately down the centre of the ridge, all was well. But should the performer diverge at all in the mist from this straight and narrow way, she slid off, on one side into deep snow, piled up by the wind, or on the other side into hard crust, where the snow had been removed by the said wind!

To add to the confusion, thirty Swiss, conducted by a certain famous Continental ski-teacher in person, arrived on the second day, and were taught to build "Igloos" in the outrun of the practice slope; so that the enthusiast, "taking it straight" in the mist, was quite likely to land head first among a bevy of bearded men, sitting in their little shelter, practising against the day when they should be benighted in the snows. The crowning outrage was that the mist and the wind produced a more deadly form of sun burn than any mere sun, and not only did the frail women lose their skin, and develop offensive sores, but the whole hut looked like a leper colony; and the famous ski-teacher came round with a very beneficial but startlingly *red* ointment, which he smeared thickly on the faces of the sufferers, before an admiring audience.

However, determined to have at least one day's ski-ing, they bore these misfortunes, stoically, and the guide said:—

"I was glad you was ladies, and not gentlemens, as then you was not so cross when the weather is bad." And when eventually their patience was rewarded, as it usually is on the glaciers, a couple of glorious days' ski-ing speedily obliterated the memory of all previous misfortunes, except as material for anecdote.

THE SKI TYRANT.

WE were discussing ski-ing technique. I told how I did nineteen linked telemarks at thirty miles an hour on the way to Jenaz and tried to explain to the other members why they had been unsuccessful. The answer was, of course, that everyone had taken the slope straight.

In ten minutes now it would be time to dress for dinner, and if we could keep the talk away from to-morrow's plans till after dinner, we would be safe, as after dinner we would rush out and dance, and therefore be too tired to climb the Parsenn the next day.

At a quarter to seven, Horace, a big black man with a sombre stare, nicknamed the telemark king, rose, and announced his intention of dressing. "One moment, Horace," a voice authoritative, and requiring more than the sum total of the company's courage to disobey, boomed forth. Wilhelmina had risen to her feet. Wilhelmina was the club star, crack quondam lady champion, K.S.C., etc., etc., and the terror of the Alps. Few people had ever seen her ski-ing, although many had felt the blast of cold air which denoted her transit, and had observed the swiftly moving cloud of snow spray which accompanied her downward flight. At her approach the multitude fled.

Horace swallowed. His gaze fell glassily on a magazine lying open on the table at a full page photograph of a girl in a bathing costume sitting in the sun on the rocks at Madeira, and wished himself elsewhere.

"Shall I order the lunches?" asked the tyrant. "I suppose it will be the 9.15?"

Everyone nodded dully, like people receiving life sentences.

"Couldn't it be the 11.15?" ventured Doris, but Wilhelmina looked steadily at Doris, and Doris was routed.

"Absurd idea!" I commented insincerely.

"I must dress," announced Horace once more, but in a tone which lacked conviction. But Wilhelmina raised an imperative hand.

"We have not definitely decided on the route down."

"There's only one way to Fideris."

"There are possible alternatives at the top."

At this moment Archibald, carrying a cocktail glass, empty, insinuated himself into the group.

"Going up the Parsenn to-morrow?" he asked. The gloomy faces of the assembled company told him "yes."

"Where to?"

"Fideris"—this from the lady champion.

"Er—that'll be fun. It looks as if the weather's going to be fine, too." Somehow I felt that snow would not be forgotten in our prayers that evening.

"Perhaps we'd better put our skins on now, we shan't have time after dinner," suggested Horace.

We went into the ski room, where Ernest greeted us with a smile. "I'm afraid you won't be able to go up to-morrow, Miss, as it's snowing to-night, and I don't think it will have stopped by to-morrow."

Ernest seemed suddenly to have assumed the appearance of a god. The party looked at him with gratified admiration. Then we made a dash for the door. Wilhelmina reached it first, and flung it open. We stood watching the light snow falling outside.

"Oh, bother," growled Horace.

I groaned. "Just like it to do this and cheat us out of the second decent run of the year."

"I think it's sickening," said Marion. "I was almost looking forward to the walk up, too, thinking how much it would make me enjoy the run down."

"This is terrible," said Archibald, fiercely. "I have to go back to England next week, and this may be my last chance."

We bemoaned our fate, that is, all of us except Wilhelmina, who, without saying a word, had walked out to talk to some guides who were standing nearby. Horace was engaged in a soliloquy on the hardness of his fate when she returned. As she drew near I could see her face was wreathed in smiles.

"I say, it's all right," she exclaimed. "The guides say it'll stop in a minute and be divine to-morrow. It's only snowing in the valley, anyway."

Jaws fell in dismay. A dead silence descended upon the company. We were incapable of movement.

Somewhere in the night a German spat noisily. . . .

PARODY.

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances.
One skier in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the Novice,
Crashing and swearing on the nursery slopes.
Then the ambitious Sportsman, with his text book
And shining morning face, coming all out
Unwillingly to grief. Then the "Testite,"
Trying to christi, with woeful prayer

Made to his judges' kindness. Then the Racer,
Full of strange notions, dressed up like a pro,
Seeking a famous reputation
Even in ——'s mouth. And then the judge,
Slowly and carefully lifting pretty stems,
Ploughing all committed to his care:
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into a lean and sunburnt mountaineer—
Goggles on nose, his knapsack on his back,
Pickaxe in hand. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange and dangerous history,
Is complete helplessness and much oblivion:
Sans ski, sans arms, sans legs, sans everything.

(It has been suggested that members might write on "My most exciting moment on ski." This is one contribution. Others would be welcome for next year's BULLETIN.)

THE RABBIT'S CLOSE CALLS.

I.

Round the bend of a sudden rushed the train;
I gadarened for the level-crossing on ski,
And straight seemed the path of death for me,
But the world's best brakes were not applied in vain.

II.

"Follow our tracks." The tracks diverged.
What should a weary rabbit do?
Children came swooping from the blue.
Where children went, I could go too.
Swift in the children's path I flew,
On the last, steep snow-field dazed emerged.

Whooping, the children raced ahead;
Bunny-teeth gritted, I sped behind,
Just keeping the upright. Help! Was I blind?
Was that a child or was it a hind
Leaping below me? The rest of its kind
Rocketed too—o'er a torrent-bed.

Over a chasm those babies had flown!
Backward floated their joyous cries.
I forgot to fall. My starting eyes
Saw all my past follies, sins, fears, and lies.
"Would any," I mused, "mourn a rabbit's demise?"
Then the torrent's bed I made my own.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHALET BERNA,
GRINDELWALD.
24th August, 1931.

DEAR MISS SPRING-RICE,

When the Ladies' Ski Club Championship was suggested for February 3rd at Mürren, the date of the FIS Downhill Meeting at Cortina was still unknown. This has now been fixed for February 4th and 6th, and I think that it is almost certain that the ladies chosen to represent Great Britain will be sent to Cortina about January 29th in order to have a week's practice there. They will probably be training at Mürren from January 22nd-29th. In these circumstances I suggest that it might be best if the Ladies' Ski Club Championship were altered to *January 27th*, when it would, incidentally, prove of assistance to the selectors of the British Ladies' Team. It would be a great pity to have it on the date announced, as all the best British ladies will then be competing at Cortina.

I should be most grateful if you would let me have a decision about this at the earliest possible date, and if you would at the same time notify Miss Cave, who may be able to incorporate the alteration in the *Year Book* Fixture List.

Yours sincerely,

ARNOLD LUNN.

The L.S.C. Championship.

To the Editor of THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN.

MADAM,

Every year there is fresh discussion in the Club as to the date of the L.S.C. Championship.

Some urge the necessity of having it in close proximity to the British Ladies' Ski Championship Meeting on the grounds that the greatest number of members visit Switzerland during the Christmas holidays.

The others hold (myself among them) that—

- (a) it is a pity to crowd two Championships together instead of spreading them over the three months of the racing season; and
- (b) that it is fairer to hold the L.S.C. Championship in the beginning of February and so give the late-comers a chance of racing.

In addition to this I should like to say that every year more and more people (except those who are inevitably restricted by the Christmas holidays) come out later in the season, when they enjoy far better snow and weather conditions. February is no longer the dead month for skiing; it is now recognised as the best.

Yours faithfully,

DOREEN ELLIOTT.

A Plea for Skirts.

To the Editor of THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN.

MADAM,

I beg the courtesy of some of your valuable space, for publicity in my endeavours to check this devastating fashion of trousers for women. I ski a bit myself and therefore hope that my words will carry more weight than those of a non-participator in the great sport.

I feel that all right-minded women should feel it a disgrace to wear trousers—like hikers—and I should like to point out that the phrase, "The woman always pays," is likely to become true in their case, if this fashion continues; for—as you have doubtless observed in the illustrated papers—the female hiker wears trousers, and the male, kilts; and if ski-ing fashions develop in these lines, it will be the trousered woman, with pockets, who will be called upon to foot the bill. I am sure I am doing your touring members a service by bringing this consideration to their notice, and I may say that I have worn a skirt myself for years with satisfactorily economical results. I should like to suggest that the members of the L.S.C. who, as racers, have the eyes of Europe upon them, could do much to bring back an atmosphere of femininity and charm to the ski-ing world, if it were made compulsory for the teams taking part in international competitions to wear skirts.

OLD-FASHIONED.

(The Editor regrets that she is unable to publish the enclosed photograph.)

To the Editor of THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN.

MADAM,

I understand that you are publishing a letter in favour of skirts for women skiers, and I should like to range myself on the side of those who advocate the return of this much abused, but useful garment. I myself have designed a skirt which I feel fulfils the skier's every need, and I should be pleased to forward patterns (in plain envelope) on the receipt of one and ninepence (to cover postage).

In addition to being a modest and graceful garment, this skirt is detachable, and can, in chilly weather, be removed and turned into a charming little cape, to be worn over the shoulders while eating lunch. It can also be fastened on the ski sticks by means of a patent spring, thus forming a sail which is of great use in progressing along the flat in windy weather; and finally, as it is made of two thicknesses of stuff, it can easily be converted into a snug sleeping bag, for use in huts.

DIEHARD.

NOTE.—As the public of the LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN is not entirely confined to members, we feel it would be injudicious to publish the accompanying diagrams.

To the Editor of THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN.

MADAM,

On Duck's Disease.

Will you permit me to congratulate your members on the almost complete disappearance of a malady from which, not so very many years ago, nearly all women skiers suffered, namely, *Duck's Disease*. The symptoms of this distressing complaint were that the seat of the trousers hung baggily to the knees, or, in extreme cases, to the ground.

After years of patient research it was discovered that this disease was spread by a malign influence known on special sign-boards as "Ladies' Tailor." According to him, one portion alone of the human anatomy (which is hereinafter delicately referred to as X) needed plenty of play when wearing trousers, and the roominess which he contrived brought on the dread disease, and consequently disrepute to women wearing trousers for ski-ing.

Having found the root of the evil, some enterprising people then realized that the size of their own X was being deliberately enlarged by these malignant Ladies' Tailors.

Did they sit down under this male tyranny? On the contrary they proclaimed vigorously that this catchword of "plenty of play" was false (even for the most exaggerated Arlberg crouch), and, after a hard fight, these brave pioneers emerged victorious, with X covered as by a glove.

Where the few led, the many followed, and the Ladies' Ski Club may congratulate itself that, except in a few isolated cases, *Duck's Disease* has been practically stamped out.

Yours faithfully,

A FORMER SUFFERER.

LADIES' SKI CLUB, 1930-1931.

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