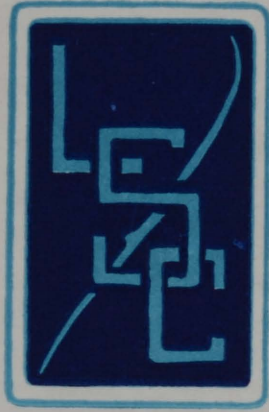


AB



LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN
OCTOBER, 1938

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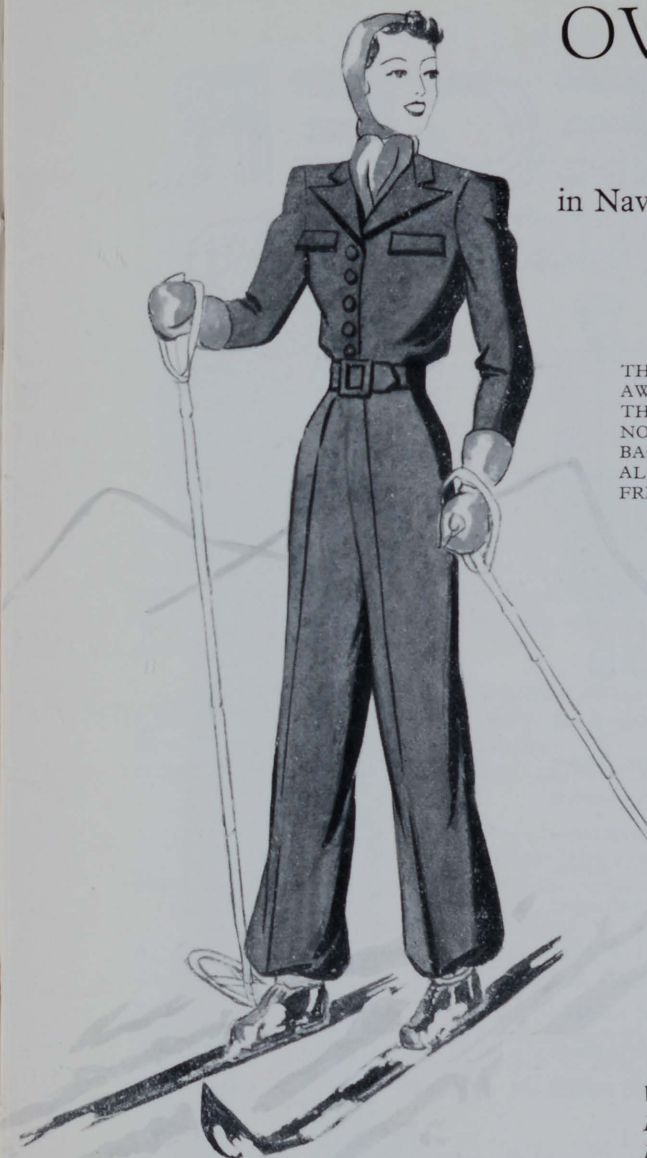
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Mr. Peter Bumphrey, the well-known British skier, has a new collection of ski-wear and will be ready to advise in the Ski department, which opens on October 3rd in the Man's Shop.

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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 13.

Vol. II. Pt. 5.

OCTOBER, 1938.

EDITORIAL.

THE Ladies' Ski Club deeply regrets the resignation of Mrs. Marjorie Greenland from the Editorship of the BULLETIN, and take this opportunity of extending their grateful thanks for all her hard work, and the excellent and efficient manner in which the BULLETIN was run.

We are glad to welcome ten new members to the Club: Miss O'Rorke, Miss da Gex, Miss Marjorie Tulloch, Miss L. M. Carter, Miss E. R. Jones, Mrs. Bill Bracken, Miss A. V. H. Grace, Miss Helen Dennis, Miss D. H. Allen and Mrs. Kingsmill.

Mrs. Barnett has resigned.

Our heartiest congratulations to Miss Fernandes and Miss Pippa Harrison, who have been awarded the Gold Medal of the S.C.G.B.

Miss Betty Heaver was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on October 21st, to Mr. Langton-May. Mrs. Colleen Eaton was married to Mr. Richard Norman. OUR VERY BEST WISHES TO THEM. Miss Bunty Walker has announced her engagement to Mr. Alec Tulloch. We want to congratulate Mrs. Parr (Bunty Fripp) on a new daughter, Mrs. Michael Murphy (Muffie Mackinnon) on a son, and Mrs. Malcolm McAlpin (Helen Boughton-Leigh) also on a son.

Condolences on the score of broken legs in the sacred cause of racing to Miss Palmer-Tomkinson and Miss Isobel Roe. This was a national catastrophe. Mrs. Alan Butler also had a similar misfortune. Miss Bunny Paterson-Brown and the Editor were wearing their shoulders dislocated, a popular injury this season. Mrs. Gordon-Lennox was more original with a "tuberosity of the fibula," and Miss Levenson specialized in broken ribs. We hope that all the injured will have entirely recovered before the coming season.

Two of our members have joined the "professional" ranks, Miss Pinching and Miss Sale-Barker. We wish them luck and lots of lucre.

THE WEATHER.—The early part of the season seems to have been phenomenally cold everywhere, thirty to forty degrees of frost being registered for several weeks on end. In the Engadine, cold was too intense for long day trips until the end of January, and snow was scarce and very light and powdery, rocks showing everywhere and fast running dangerous. Little snow fell in the St. Moritz district until the end of January, though Davos around the corner had better luck. At Suvretta the ski-hoist has been continued up another 1,200 feet to Piz Nair and a funi-toboggan from the top of the Corviglia Bahn to a similar point on that side, making these two runs pleasantly interchangeable, and providing a marvellous high-speed bob-bahn down to Suvretta. A small ski-hoist on the nursery slopes at Pontresina made life easier for beginners. The "Huskies' Club," another of Mr. G. D. Greenland's ventures, did good work at that place under the benign eye of the Gilligans.

In the Grisons, the enlargement of the Parsennbahn carriages was a lifesaver, and all immediate fear of death by suffocation has been removed. A "back-slapper" from Schatzalp to Strela Pass deals with a lot of traffic from the Platz end. There only remains for a teleferique to be run up from Klosters to the Parsenn Furcla, and nothing more could be desired. Bracken's "Gadarenes" had an excellent season and overran the slopes in prodigious numbers.

Rhone Valley district, while having its share in the extra cold weather early in the season, seems always to have had a large quantity of snow, and three extra special blizzards in January, one coinciding with the University Championship and necessitating that race being started halfway down the Chammoisaire instead of from the top. Improvements in transport at Villars include the continuation of the railway to the foot of the Chammoisaire, a funi-ski up that mountain opening far more country and providing alternate routes to the Piste Populaire. On the other a tele-ski runs up the Chaux Ronds.

The Oberland had the same excessive cold early in the season with snow somewhat lacking. Thaw and rain set in for the British Championship and lasted for nearly a fortnight. Then on January 27th snow fell almost steadily for a week and was followed by bright sun and cold, giving excellent snow. More snow came in the middle of February followed by extreme cold and bright sun lasting till a heavy thaw in the middle of March. The new ski-hoist up the Schiltgrat in Mürren proved a huge success, opening a lot of extra country and making four excellent race courses available from the one start. It should provide a new lease of life for Mürren.

THE L.S.C. RACE WILL BE HELD AT WENGEN ON JANUARY 3RD. It is proposed to give a cocktail party in the evening for competitors and organizers. Further information about this later.

We would again call attention to the fact that we feel this race is not sufficiently patronized by Club members. We want to make it really a wholehearted race meeting with entries from all ranks of skiers, and hope that the early date will suit more members and encourage entries. There is a cup especially given for the first non-international member in the race, and we badly want a nice large entry for this. We are a Club of over 150 members, supposedly the cream of British lady skiers, and it is sad to think that we can only muster a starting list of under ten members for this the one representative race of the year.

The S.D.S. Race is scheduled for January 14th and 15th in Grindelwald. This is always a most interesting and pleasant meeting, and we hope that our members will patronize it as largely as possible. Coming so closely after the L.S.C. race this ought to be most convenient.

L.S.C. SWEATERS.

THE Club regulation sweaters are supplied by Messrs. Lillywhites and also by Jaeger.

Anyone wishing to purchase a Club sweater must send or take with them some means of identification proving that they are members of the L.S.C.

No. 1.	Pullover with sleeves	19/6
No. 2.	Pullover, sleeveless	16/6
No. 3.	Polo neck pullover	21/-
No. 4.	Cardigan with sleeves	25/-

All these models are complete with monogram in pale blue.

Members wishing to make their own sweaters can obtain the L.S.C. monogram (price 3d. post free) from the Hon. Secretary, Miss B. A. Fripp, 19, Portland Place, W.1.

THE GENERAL MEETING.

THE Annual General Meeting was held at the Florence Restaurant on November 24th, at 12.30 p.m.

Miss Elliott was in the chair, and there were forty members present.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

Arising out of the minutes, the Treasurer said that on going into the financial question more fully, it was impossible to invest the sum of £50 (as decided at the last Annual Meeting) because this would leave a very small balance at the bank for current expenses, but that £45 had been invested in the Post Office Savings Bank.

The accounts for the year were passed, and a vote of thanks to Mr. Charles Elliott was proposed by Miss Collins and seconded by Miss Fripp.

The President presented the L.S.C. cups to Miss Walter and Miss Dobson, and chits for second and third places to Miss Dobson and Miss Duthie respectively.

The question of sending a further donation to the British Ski Team Fund was discussed, and it was proposed by Dr. Rendall that the donation should not be continued. It was then proposed by Miss Walter that the sum of £10 should be allocated to the ladies' team, to be spent at the discretion of the captain on massage for slight sprains. There was a good deal of discussion on this question, and it was eventually proposed by Miss Elliott and seconded by Mrs. Chamier that the sum of £10 should be given to the captain of the British Ladies' Team (whether or not she is a member of the L.S.C.) to be spent at her discretion on small expenses which will add to the team's comfort, such as motor car fares, massage, etc.

Miss Elliott then said that the Committee proposed that Miss Collins and Miss Fripp be re-elected as Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. This was carried unanimously.

It was proposed by Miss Bennett and seconded by Miss Fripp that Mrs. Chamier be elected as Hon. Editor of the BULLETIN, Mrs. Greenland resigning. This proposal was carried unanimously, and Mrs. Chamier asked that members should send her as many contributions as possible. Miss Macfie proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Greenland, which was seconded by Miss Fripp.

Miss Elliott asked members to vote for three new members of the Committee, the following names being proposed by the Committee:—Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Eaton and Miss Helen Blane, and these were elected to fill the vacancies.

The new L.S.C. monogram to be worn on the arm was shown to the meeting, and the Treasurer sold them to members at the end of the meeting.

The President said that it had been suggested that some members might prefer to have a cocktail party instead of the annual lunch. This proposal was put to the meeting, and it was unanimously decided that the annual lunch should be continued.

The President said that she had had a notice from the S.D.S. inviting any member of the Club to take part in their races.

In the absence of Mr. Elliott, Mr. Beveridge audited the Club books this year, and a letter from him was read by the Secretary.

Owing to faulty wording of the new rules, the election of members is carried out only at the annual meeting, therefore members elected during the past year were not in fact elected. The names of members concerned were read out, and their election ratified by the meeting. The Committee's proposal regarding the new rule was put to the meeting and carried unanimously, the proposal being "that Mr. Charles Elliott be asked to reword the rule relating to the election of members, so that the Committee and not the annual meeting governed the election of members." It was decided that a copy of the rule as worded by Mr. Charles Elliott should be printed and inserted in the new rules.

The Secretary said that she had been able to get details of two forms of insurance of ski runners, one that applied chiefly to racers, the details of which would be circularised in the December number of *Ski Notes and Queries*, and a much cheaper insurance which did not cover racing, details of which could be got from the Secretary, the premium for this insurance being 25s. for one month for £100 worth of damage.

An emergency Committee meeting was held before the annual meeting, at which Miss Elliott, Miss Fripp, Miss Collins, Dr. Rendall, Lady Raeburn, and Miss Duthie were present, and Miss de Gex was elected to the Club. She was proposed by Mrs. Morgan and seconded by Miss Sherer.

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB RACE.

By E.R.C.

THE L.S.C. Race was scheduled for February 19th at Klosters. This was altered as those ladies addicted to racing were all in the Oberland in training for the FIS. It was accordingly held at Mürren on February 25th.

The day was perfect, the course "Finnell," and the snow nicely melted by the midday sun. Miss de Cosson not being a member of the L.S.C. ran *hors concours*, her time being 2 min. 13 sec., the same as Miss Kessler's. Others were as follows:—

						<i>min. sec.</i>
Jeanette Kessler	2 13'0
Pip Harrison	2 20'6
Birnie Duthie	2 24'4
Helen Blane...	2 36'8
Biddy Armitage	2 38'4
Bunty Walker	2 41'0
Nancy Watson	2 50'6
Peggy Sherer	3 08'2
Mrs. Kingsmill	5 09'0

Miss Patricia Raeburn, as "forefather," 2 min. 39 sec.

Mrs. Kingsmill ran as a candidate for Club election, a sporting effort in such a *galère*.

The Slalom was held in the afternoon on the Nursery Slopes, results being as follows:—

			<i>Total.</i>	<i>1st run</i>	<i>2nd run</i>
			<i>s.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>s.</i>
1st.	Miss Harrison	...	103'0	51'6	51'4
2nd.	Miss Kessler	...	107'0	55'4	51'6
3rd.	Miss Duthie	...	125'6	70'0	55'6
4th.	Miss Watson	...	127'8	64'6	63'2
5th.	Miss Blane	...	129'2	66'8	62'7
6th.	Miss Armitage	...	132'0	76'8	55'2
7th.	Miss Sherer	...	137'4	67'8	69'6
8th.	Miss Walker	...	160'0	84'4 + 11	64'6

double penalty

Combined results were as follows:—

					<i>Points</i>
1st.	Miss Kessler	218'6
2nd.	Miss Harrison	223'0
3rd.	Miss Duthie	244'9
4th.	Miss Blane	260'2
5th.	Miss Armitage...	264'0
6th.	Miss Watson	272'8
7th.	Miss Walker	289'0
8th.	Miss Sherer	298'1

HAVE YOU HEARD—

the one about the young man in the Kronenhof Tavern, who ordered a couple of fried eggs with bacon in his best German, and found himself with a schlitten and two horses!!!!!!

how the immaculately fitting vorlages of one of our leading lady skiers were unable to stand the strain.

in a French train—French lady reading the L.S.C. BULLETIN—
Not at all like a *ladies'* magazine."

Members of the Eagle Ski Club and other high mountaineering circles will be interested to hear that in the T.T. Races at Mürren a number of the British Ladies' Team donned skins to climb from the top of the ski-hoist to the start on the Schiltgrat, a distance of some 300 yards. This, at any rate, is a step in the right direction.

THE BRITISH LADIES' TRAINING.

By B. ARMITAGE.

AFTER the preliminary gallops of the T.T. races at Mürren eleven English and two Canadian ladies went to Grindelwald to begin their month's training with Hermann Steuri. For the first two days the sun shone benignly and Hermann led us pleasantly down the Tschuggen and through series of more or less conveniently placed slalom flags. Then as snow clouds gathered threateningly in the sky the observant bystander would have noticed a correspondingly ominous gleam in a certain blue Suisse eye. On the following day the storm broke. The summing up was over, Hermann now knew where he, or rather we, stood (or didn't), and as the snow whirled frantically down he made his plans for our future clear: plans which blanched the cheeks of the former team and left the newcomers with knocking knees.

For example, the English ladies, it appeared, closely resembled both in form and behaviour so many sacks of potatoes, and as a direct consequence of this must learn to hop. Therefore, for the next week the inhabitants of Grindelwald had a daily hearty laugh at our perspiring and kangaroo-like efforts. We hopped to the right, we leapt to the left and in a frenzy of zeal hurled ourselves upwards in every direction. Soss got the knack of it first and then Helen, while to many of the rest was thrown a pitying, "What do you think you are, a mule?" This was by no means all; our next motto, we were told, was to be "Hips," as these parts of our anatomies were failing lamentably to do their bit, and must as soon as possible be brought into play. Thus to Wengen was granted the pleasing though unusual sight of thirteen earnest young women concentrating with a commendable singlemindedness on their respective, er—"hips"!

During the first week Marjorie Tulloch had the bad luck to sit down on her "old trouble," and this served finally to exclude her from any further training, and later, when beginning to ski again it necessitated the seat of her pants being crammed full of Sorbo bath mats. Fortunately this did not prevent her yodelling.

After a hectic journey during which we and the Englische Herren formed a chain and manhandled our combined ten tons of "Gepäck" from train to train, we arrived at Wengen. There we suffered a big misfortune as Soss broke her leg while racing for the Atalanta Cup. Doreen was heard to mutter while hurrying to the body, "It would be Soss," and we echoed her dismally for days, adding remarks such as "Almost any other leg than hers," which were of course extremely constructive and helpful, especially to poor Soss. The game of ten little nigger boys was by now in full swing and on the following day a knife edge in the no-fall race disposed of Ted, dislocating her shoulder very badly and knocking her, I regret to say quite, quite silly!

Here I would like to remark that as a newcomer to the training I entered its family circle with feelings more often connected with the dentist's waiting room. These feelings were in no way spontaneous but the product of the numerous gloomy rumours in circulation. Now with the power of print behind me I wish and feel it my duty to disprove these. Never once during the whole month was I the recipient of either blows or harsh words, and all my carefully formed plans for conciliation, such as offering to black Birnie's boots and carry Rettles' skis were never needed. On the contrary the absence of friction and anything other than complete harmony would have done justice to any girls' friendly society.

The weather was blazing at Mürren, hot enough in fact for butterflies, Birnie's Panama and other heralds of spring; here we put in some of the hardest work. Hermann proved himself to be an exceptional psychologist, as his method of teaching, which involves copious vituperation and praise only when really due, produced a remarkable quality of endeavour and enthusiasm. In one morning alone I have seen his pupils blind with rage, on the brink of tears and translated with delight, which, though exhausting, certainly serves to keep up the interest. He himself was indefatigable, and in the evenings between tea and dinner lectured his Damen on technique, who, poor dears, sat looking rather like drowsy owls, squinting heroically in their efforts to concentrate. They did concentrate though, waking and sleeping, as Soss actually sat up in the night crying, "I can't go down there, Hermann, I can't!" Helen was frequently to be seen with her lips moving, and if one listened one could hear the words, "Hops—hips—vorlage—the resistance of the snow—the impetus of the ski," all woven into a hectic formula.

We bussed to Engelberg very comfortably except that those sitting at the back felt sick from the sway and those in front from our driver's evil habit of chain "Stumpfen" smoking. The days

there before the FIS passed by on a crescendo of excitement. Odd bits stand out with particular clarity—waiting at the top of the Schuss to watch how others took it—praying that it was only Pip's ski that was broken when she took that awful toss—hearing Bunty's bitter complaint that Hermann never gave her time to blow her nose and the relief of Rettles' giggle when things began to get too grim and intense. Our slalom practices on the densely beflagged slope by the bahn were most international affairs. One frequently found oneself starting off down the British ladies' course, putting in a few pairs of the Czechoslovakian's in the middle and ending up on the Italian gent's!

Two days before the race Rettles had the most appalling crash at the bottom of the glade. She acquired a strained back, two most alluring black eyes, and considerable facial alterations. I am convinced that she was concussed for days as her two eyes disagreed so heartily on the standard of size for pupils and the direction in which to look; in fact as someone bluntly said, the general effect was far from normal!

Towards the end the ski-room was a constant hive of activity; knee deep in steel shavings Hermann's Damen scraped, waxed and polished under his instructions. They themselves as well as their skis benefited greatly from this as the even rhythm of the flying corks soothed their jangling nerves and the counter-irritant of blisters and split finger nails took their minds, if only momentarily, off "the coming ordeal." I am happy to be able to say that attacks of hysterics and other displays of temperament were only remarkable by their absence; even on the last evening a high standard of self-control and British reserve (hurrah) was maintained, till knocking back their Ovomaltine without a shudder they retired resolutely and, of course early, to bed.

FIS.

By E.R.C.

THE first overclouded day in a fortnight marked the departure of the FIS teams from Mürren for Engelberg. The Damen, plus trainer, hangers-on and an odd member of the Mannschaft left behind by mistake, embarked in a large green bus from Lauterbrunnen and reached their objective at 3.30 p.m. to find a foehn in full swing and living up to the best traditions of FIS weather.

The Grand Hotel housed us in grand style and we revelled in private baths and a private ski-room.

Monday 9 a.m. involved much waxing to meet the weather conditions and then two trips up the mountain to inspect the course before lunch. Rather amusing checking up on familiar faces in the funicular. "Swiss are here—the German team has been doing the course for a fortnight—there's Christel now—watch her take the first schuss. Lord, there's Schou-Nilsen at it again, having exhausted speed skating, but I hear she's not nearly so good this year. There's Allais—what tight vorlages the French wear—look as if they'd burst any moment. I hear there's only one Jap left out of four, and he's down with 'flu! Nini Zogg looks very flourishing and seems to be running jolly well—thought she might bring the baby with her, it's six weeks old. . . ."

The course seemed to meet with approval. A medium start, then a steep and very fast schuss leading into a narrow gully which became a steep drop with trees on either side (and a few in the middle) known as the Winter Idyll, the schuss of which ended in some enormous bumps, then a narrow bit to a long and flattish field of many bumps, some snappy turns to a wood path leading to three sets of steep fields, more or less alike, to the Ziel. A two hours' work-out at slalom finished the day.

Weather conditions still more trying on Tuesday, heavy thick fog, and Hermann let us have the afternoon off—probably he was in league with the hairdressers. Wednesday weather conditions were still poor, and Thursday's afternoon run under very icy conditions brought bad luck to Rettles, who took a very nasty fall in the Winter Idyll and concussed herself badly. The course was closed on Friday after eleven o'clock and the afternoon devoted to the parade of the various teams through the main street led by a formidable brass band, and followed by all the urchins of Engelberg. At the Grand Hotel followed the ceremony of the presentations of the teams to the FIS Committee, our men being conspicuous for their extraordinary variety of shirt and absence of tie.

If only the wind had been kinder! As it was, the sun struggled in vain and the course remained stolidly icy, although the start was postponed for an hour and a half. The men's schuss, much steeper and longer than the women's, was a fearsome and thrilling sight. When the women's turn came things seemed to be even a little icier and I witnessed with alarm Christel Cranz' heavy fall above the schuss, copied by Helen a little later; Schou-Nilsen swimming on her chest down the Gully and Rettles' fall at the bottom of the schuss, which seemed to indicate she had not really recovered from her concussion of the day before.

The winner was Lisa Resch, Germany, in 3 min. 32.2 sec., with Christel Cranz, 3 min. 34 sec. Pip Harrison as 16th made the best time in the Abfahrt for Great Britain in 4 min. 29.8 sec., followed by Birnie Duthie, 4 min. 30.4 sec. Rettles was 20th, Helen 21st, and Marion Miller, for Canada, 23rd.

The \$2.0m, held next day, was set by Gertsch, and certainly looked difficult enough, though the criticism from competitors seemed to be that the pairs of flags were so similar, you couldn't remember where you were. It was full of traps for those unwise enough to think that *now* they could put on a little speed.

Bunty slalomed in Rettles' place and made the best time for Great Britain, 107.5 and 111.2, taking 17th place. Helen was 19th; Pip, Marion Miller and Birnie being 21st, 22nd, 23rd respectively. The winning times were:—

1st.	Christel Cranz	s.	s.
2nd.	Nini Arx-Zogg	85.2	86.7
3rd.	Erna Steuri	89.5	87.9
						90.2	88.9

In Combiniert, Cranz, Resch and Grasegger took first three places, followed by Switzerland with Nini Zogg and Erna Steuri. Pip stood 18th, Helen 19th, Birnie 20th.

The British women, under their new training, had shown such promise that the disappointment over results was all the keener—and one forgets that it must and does take two or three years to get a team grooved in a new technique. They worked as I have never seen the British ladies work before and certainly such enthusiasm, if continued, cannot eventually fail to bear fruit.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS ON THE BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING, 1938.

BY MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT.

THE British Ski Championship Meeting had quite a reasonable entry of twenty-one men, and it was disappointing that only five women decided to race.

If a championship is not to be regarded as a farce it ought to have a large and representative entry, but for some years now the British Ski Championship has been treated with contempt by its nationals, and consequently, with even more open contempt by the ski-ing natives of Central Europe.

In an effort to popularise the meeting, the Council of the Ski Club of Great Britain decided to open the Championship, but there was no response and for two years there was only a feeble entry.

In despair the Council closed it again last year, and gently recommended to the Club's racing members that those wishing to have their names considered for the FIS should try their hand at Mürren on January 11th and 12th.

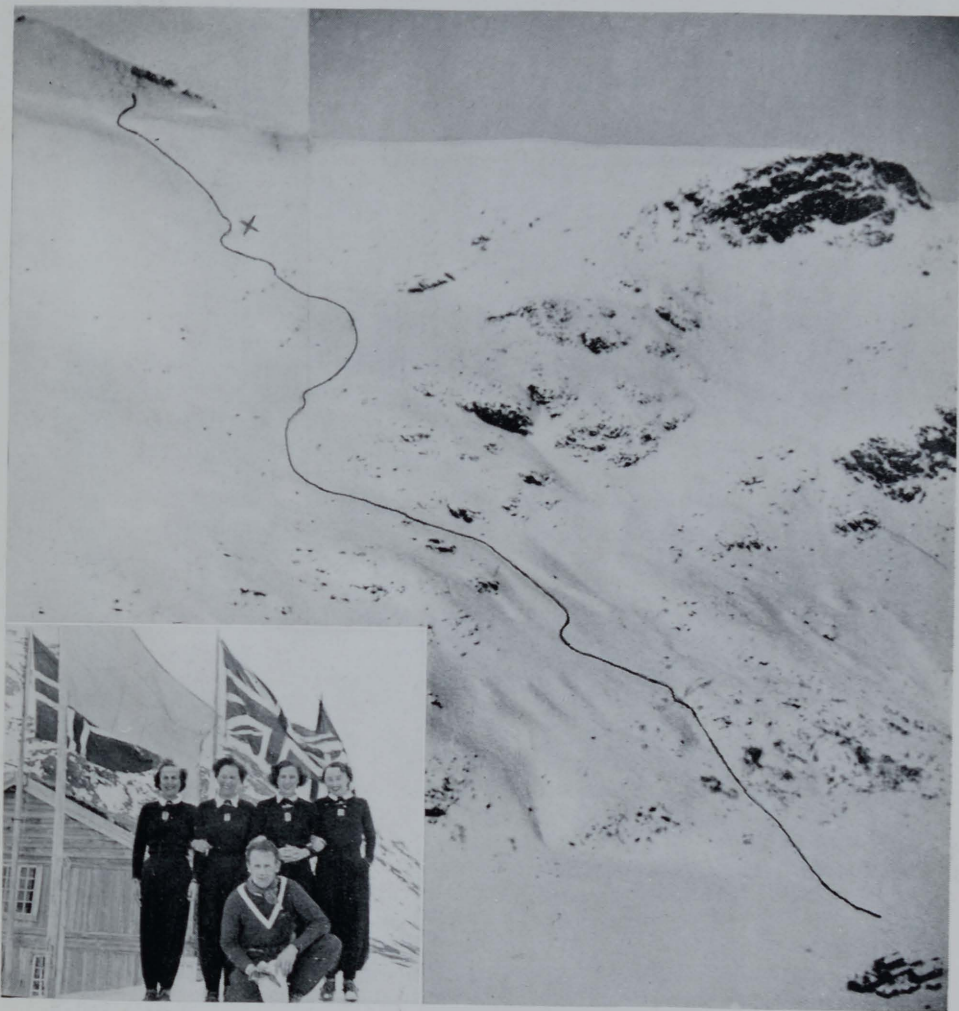
It is fortunate that the winner, Miss Isobel Roe, is quite the outstanding British racer of the moment, and possibly the only one who could hope to get placed in a big continental event.

Miss B. Duthie, a former Champion (twice over) was placed second in both the slalom and the downhill races, and was well ahead of Miss P. Harrison, who did not do herself justice in the slalom.

It was just as well that the new ski-lift up the Schiltgrat made it easy for the competitors to reach the start, as the race consisted of two different courses ending at the same finish.

Wind and falling snow made the conditions unpleasant and wax played too important a part in the proceedings. The following day the slalom was run in the bad thaw which came so suddenly after the extreme cold at the beginning of the month.

It is important to remember that if British ski-ing is to be taken seriously abroad we ought to make a determined effort to put our Championship back on the map and to force the continentals to realize that the title of British Champion is synonymous with a ski-ing of excellence.



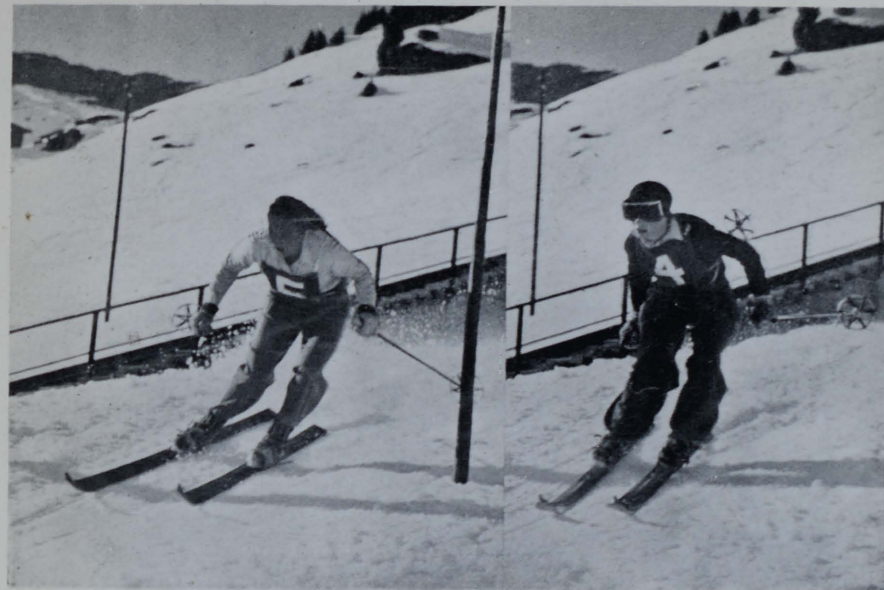
RACECOURSE AT GALDHOPPIGEN, NORWAY.
SPITERSTULEN HUT IN FOREGROUND.

(Inset) THE "K" TEAM WITH EINAR BERGSLAND (Organiser).



BRITISH LADIES' FIS TEAM.

(Left to right) BIDDY ARMITAGE (*Reserve*), BUNTY WALKER (*Reserve*), "PIP" HARRISON, HERMANN STEURI (*Trainer*), DOREEN ELLIOTT (*Manager*), BIRNIE DUTHIE, HELEN BLANE, RETTLES DE COSSON.



JEANETTE KESSLER,
Winner L.S.C. Race.

"PIP" HARRISON,
*1st British Lady in FIS
2nd L.S.C. Race.*



INSPECTING THE FIS SLALOM.
BRITISH LADIES' TEAM AND MISS MILLER (*Canada*).



PIZ MURAIGL, LOOKING ACROSS BERNINA VALLEY TO MORTERATSCH GLACIER.
HON. EDITOR IN FOREGROUND.



THE FIS COURSE AT ENGELBERG, SHOWING THE BIG SCHUSS.

RESULTS.

DOWNHILL RACE.

		Pt. I.		Pt. II.	
		m.	s.	m.	s.
1st.	Miss Roe	4	12.6	3	05.3
2nd.	Miss B. Duthie	4	16.3	3	36.0
3rd.	Miss P. Harrison	4	59.2	3	31.9
4th.	Miss Dobson	4	36.9	4	12.5
5th.	Miss Sherer (disqualified)				

SLALOM RACE.

		1st Run		2nd Run		Total.
		m.	s.	m.	s.	
1st.	Miss Roe	62.5		63.3		125.8
2nd.	Miss Duthie	63.8		64.2		128.0
3rd.	Miss Sherer	68.6		64.9		133.5
4th.	Miss Harrison	66.3		74.7		141.0
5th.	Miss Dobson	67.1		84.9		152.0

COMBINED RESULTS. (Points)

		Straight.		Slalom.		Total.
		m.	s.	m.	s.	
1st.	Miss Roe	437.9		276.8		715
2nd.	Miss Duthie	472.3		281.6		754
3rd.	Miss P. Harrison	501.1		310.2		811
4th.	Miss Dobson	529.4		334.4		864

NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN.

DEAR MADAM,

As several members of the Club have already joined the Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.) I shall consider it a favour if you will allow me to use your pages as a means of telling other members a little about this corps, in the hope that the Club will join *en masse*, so that should a national emergency arise the L.S.C. may still remain united.

The Women's Transport Service, better known as the "Fannies," is the senior transport corps recognised by the War Office for ambulance and other transport duties with the Regular and Territorial Forces in time of war. It is the only women's corps, apart from the nursing and V.A.D. services, which has a continuous record of work and training since 1909.

The corps is entirely voluntary in peace time, and is self-contained, training its own officers and N.C.O.s. Training is carried out in regular sessions throughout the year, in sections organised into groups in every Army command; and a general training camp is held every year in July, with subsidiary short camps during the year for the different groups of sections. Training is entirely under Army supervision, and covers driving, mechanics up to Army first class standard, anti-gas defence, first aid, map reading on military lines, hygiene, sanitation, administration and cooking.

The work of the corps in the Great War is well known, and it has a remarkable tradition of efficiency and *esprit de corps*. The work is both interesting and healthy, and calls for a high standard of personal integrity and reliability. Recruits should be of the officer type, between the ages of 17 and 40.

Recruits should apply for full particulars to the Adjutant, Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.), 14, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

Yours truly,

E. S. MACFIE.

WE NEARLY REACH PIZ PALÜ.

By E.R.C.

THE band in the tavern ceased making odious comparisons about This Year's Kisses, and we paused for breath. The Very Shy Boy pushed his way feverishly to where I stood and gasped, "Kohler says if the weather settles to-morrow it will be fit to start for Piz Palü, and will you come with me?" Now to climb Palü has long been a cherished dream of mine, and the immediate prospect of dropping the first orange peel of the season on the unsullied brow of the mountain stirred me to the core. Leaving my partner in the middle of the floor, I grasped the V.S.B. firmly by the arm and rushed him away to gather details.

However, it was two days later before we found ourselves, booted, skied, cramponed and rucksacked, climbing on board the train at Surovas at 5.30 p.m. en route for a moonlight climb to the Diavolezza Hütte, and the prospect of an early morning start for Piz Palü. I suddenly discovered that I'd come away without my "Silver Eagle," and felt like stopping the train to rectify this error, but was persuaded not to.

The moon was "ridin' high" when we stepped out from Bernina Häuser and the scene was weirdly and incredibly beautiful. Piz Alv and Piz Lagalp shimmered peacefully in the moon's rays. Far away gleamed Bernina Hospice and the way to Italy. A curious haze of light seemed to envelope us like a fairy blanket. In contrast to this lovely heaven above our heads, beneath our feet the climbing track was frozen into corrugated ruts of ice on which our skis skidded and slithered in the most maddening and exhausting manner. About twenty pounds in the good rucksack (horrid contrast to my genteel bum-bag) also helped as an irritant and it was nearly three hours before we reached Diavolezza Hütte and the thrilling sight of our objective.

The tiny hut, set in the midst of the towering whiteness of peaks, basking serenely in the quiet moon, gave one that sense of utter isolation that is the essence of the high mountains. Alone—gloriously alone, far from all mundanity—but hark! is that the telephone? It was—very much so—a highly irritated female voice from St. Moritz wanting to know what I was doing and why the Third Class Test on her offspring was not taking place as scheduled.

The lovely night failed us and a gale of wind and banking clouds necessitated postponing our 6 a.m. start. Things did not look too bright, but about 9 a.m. we decided to risk it and go as far as we possibly could. At the glacier's foot we stopped to rope, I was put in the middle with the rope knotted around my waist instead of under the arm and around the shoulder, as per our Zillertal training. The progress up the icefall was most exciting and I was scared stiff. One enormous crevasse seemed to have no bridge of any sort, but we finally discovered a very shaky-looking bit at one corner, where we eventually crossed, my knees fairly knocking together. Three hours completed the icefall and the steep slopes above and then we de-skied and put on crampons as the next ascent was precipitous and hard icy crust. I had never done any serious work on crampons before and was most intrigued by the technique. It gave me a kindred feeling to a fly walking up a wall. Then we started to break through the crust sinking above the knees with every step, which was most exhausting. As the wind increased in volume and cold, Kohler started anxious inquiries *re* toes, a sensitive subject with me as they were frostbitten the previous winter. However, we struggled up and on, and an hour of this brought us to a ledge beneath an enormous cornice. Here we had to decide whether it was possible to go on. The next bit would mean along the ridge to the first peak. The wind had risen very high, the hour was nearly 2 p.m. and the cold would be terrific. Another one-and-a-half hours on crampons would make our return very late and in that wind almost impossible. So with numbed fingers we took as many snapshots as possible and started to retrace our steps. The descent back to our skis on crampons was easy by comparison, and Kohler insisted we keep our skins on till the worst of the ice bridges were crossed. Then the fun began. I have done roped descents on ski most gracefully by twos, in the Zillertal, and panned down the Swartzensteinkees without a fall, but this "three" business and tied around the middle was not in that class. Off went the guide giving me a good jerk, off went my ski also, and the V.S.B. in the middle of a kick turn would take the strain inadequately. Twenty minutes of being torn limb from limb, and streaming with curses and perspiration, I refused to budge another inch with the rope. Death in a crevasse was infinitely preferable. The guide protesting, capitulated, and from then on we had a fast and comfortable descent.

"Palü," whispered some fellow-skiers, with great respect, as they observed our ice axes and crampons, in the little restaurant at

Mortrasch. We felt a thrill of pride, anyhow we had *almost* got there. I wonder if that Silver Eagle badge would have made the difference?

NORWEGIAN INTERLUDE.

BY HELEN BLANE.

ON April 5th, 1938, four excited English girls met on the station platform of Newcastle-on-Tyne en route for Norway. A team of four Kandahar Damen had been most kindly invited by Einar Bergsland, representing the Norwegians, to compete in the Galdhoppigen Easter meeting. They were Pippa Harrison, Bunty Walker, Biddy Armitage and the writer, who had been given the honour of captaining them.

Four excellent first class cabins were ours on the good ship *Venus* by kindness of the Bergenske Dampskibsselskap Line, and the sea being fairly kind we reached Bergen at 6 a.m. the following day, having spent our time, alas—mostly in the horizontal position. Safety first!!! We were very kindly met by a member of the Bergenske Line, who saw us through the Customs and reserved our berths on the train for a night's journey to Oslo. The train journey was uneventful except for the arrival of seven Oxford and Cambridge men at Voss, who had already been a week in Norway racing successfully against a team from the West Coast.

We reached Oslo at 7 a.m. where a marvellous welcome awaited us by the whole Racing Committee, about ten strong, and headed by Einar Bergsland. Any idea of a *rest* after breakfast and baths was completely squashed by the loud ringing of the telephone with the news that the Press were waiting to photograph us, so followed a hasty donning of clothes and hurried arrangements in various group-photos with and without the boys.

Now we must see the Viking ships—the sight of Oslo—so escorted by Tom Murstad and C. C. Grøndahl, who were our "attachés" (Tom being one of the few Norwegian ski-teachers in downhill running) we were ferried across and after first viewing a model Norwegian old-world village, saw the famous ships of the ancient Vikings—frail-looking craft indeed for such courageous adventure.

By 1.30 p.m. dreaming of lunch in the offing we were told that we had been invited to lunch at 4.30 p.m. by Jakob de Rytter Kielland, but that we might have a snack now to go on with. So off we went to the centre of the city for a smørbrot and then further sightseeing by car along the banks of the fjord. The 4.30 lunch at Jakob's

house was excellent, and, Norway far from being the semi-prohibition country we had been told it was, champagne flowed in all directions. Lunch over, a cinema—how strange to see Leslie Howard in Oslo speaking English with Norwegian captions! We were now taken to Grøndahl's house where a most marvellous *supper* had been prepared, and then dancing to the gramophone and wireless. When we eventually got to bed we felt we knew Oslo and the Norwegians very well indeed.

The next day, Friday, we saw the famous Holmenkol Jump and felt rather as though we should bow down before it. That afternoon the English boys tried out the art of jumping over a small jump near Holmenkol and we were greatly impressed by the good job they made of it, particularly their captain, Geoffrey Appleyard. We later visited a very interesting museum of old ski.

That night we were entertained at a private dance at Torolf Prytze's home, a dance given in our honour so that we might meet some of the people going up to Spiterstulen (the hut where we were to stay for the race). Our hosts were most kind in seeing that we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

Saturday dawned with the realization that we had to pack and eventually foregather with only rucksack and ski, at Einar's shop. Here we found a lorry piled high with these impedimenta, gramophone records, etc. Up we climbed and drove through the streets of Oslo yelling our new war cry of Tiker, Taker, Hoch, Hoch, till Oslo must have thought some new invasion had arrived. The station was one mass of skis, rucksacks and people, for Easter is the big holiday of the year and during the week hundreds of special trains are run, as everyone makes for the mountains.

At 3.30 p.m. the trek to the back of beyond began and we sat back to admire the scenery. At every halt there was a wild stampede for food, and an invasion of small autograph hunters, with the whole of the village out to stare at the train, so you felt that this was one of their big events of the year. We passed through hilly country rather like Scotland and alongside the largest lake in Norway. At 11.30 Otto was reached and we and our rucksacks were piled into buses. After four nights of little sleep and hectic days, Roseheim, which we reached at 2 a.m. proved a haven of rest with beds and supper awaiting us, and sleep was most thankfully sought by all.

Next day we had the long walk up to Spiterstulen, but everything was superbly organized and our rucksacks and skis were all taken up for us by sleigh. The walk took us four and a half hours, and was a very gentle uphill gradient all the way, in fact, quite pleasant. Spiterstulen, which everyone had warned us as being very primitive, proved most comfortable and very different to Austrian or Swiss Huts. It is a settlement of little huts holding about 120 people, with one central hut containing the kitchen, dining room, sitting room, ballroom, etc., and the small huts divided into bedrooms. We four "honoured guests" were given a room in the

main hut with May Nillson, the Swedish girl. The height of luxury was provided by electric light and dancing every night to a radiogram. Of the thousand or more applications to attend this meeting which Einar receives, only 120 can be accommodated so the invitations are greatly sought after. The whole feeling of the meeting is not that you are there to do a grim race, but of staying in a large house party with everyone out to enjoy their holiday to the full.

The hut lies in a long bare valley above the tree line with quite high mountains on either side. The race course is on the lower ranges of Galdhoppigen, which is the highest mountain in Norway and lies in the centre of the Jotenheimer district. The ski-ing country is different to that which we know in the Alps. The course was steep, fast and very sporting, and the final schuss known as the Dukken, was none too pleasant, being narrow with bumps and coming straight out on the flat.

The whole training was excellently organized, the straight race course was trained till 3 p.m. daily, then lunch and slalom training from about 5 p.m. onwards. The first day we were only allowed to train a third of the course, all competitors stamping the course as they climbed up. At the wild cry of "Loipa" everyone scattered to right and left as a flying figure came down the track. It was very interesting to watch the different styles of ski-ing and we were greatly impressed by the good technique of the Swedes—four of them, headed by Sven Eriksen, the jumper, who is fine downhill runner too. The little Swedish girl, May Nillson, is quite one of the best skiers I have seen and ought to go very far. Unfortunately she hurt her leg in training and was unable to compete. Our English boys showed up very well against the Norwegians, and we were much struck by their good style and daring. The Norwegians themselves are very keen on what they call this new sport slalom, and in a few years will be very good indeed for they train hard. We were sorry that Laila Schou-Nillsen hurt her knee in training and was unable to compete. Walter Klausing and Hans Reiser represented Germany. The morning after our arrival an opening ceremony was held and each national flag was hoisted, and all the foreign competitors were presented with the badge of the meeting. In spite of a thaw during the week the course was kept in excellent condition by dint of hard stamping by the competitors.

What really made us feel we were at the back of beyond was to see a skier appear over the edge of the mountain with his sleigh drawn by dogs—these skiers just trek from hut to hut.

The day of the race dawned fine; the girls were the first to start and had about three-quarters of the men's course. Unfortunately we could not do the final schuss down the Dukken as they thought it too dangerous under the soggy conditions. The Norwegians hate accidents in racing: they say ski-ing is a sport and should be treated as such. The course was well controlled, and the whole organization very well done indeed.

Stella Dybwad won the women's race and Pip ran a fine second

—she is a good, steady racer. Bunty and Bidy ran nicely, but the writer caught an edge and one fall in such a short course was fatal. The men's race was won by the young Swede Hans Hanson, the Norwegian skier Andreas Wyller missed a control and the finish, the competitor in front of him having swept half the control away. Our first English boy, Donald Garrow, was tenth, a good performance out of a field of 46.

The next day we woke to a howling gale and the knowledge that the slalom was sheet ice. It was a very good and very hard slalom and won by Stella Dybwad, who did the two courses in superb style. Bunty skied very well and was 2nd, with Pip 3rd. Bidy had bad luck on her first run but did a good 2nd, and I was disqualified by falling into the Bear Pit (so called) and so leaving the course miles above me. In the combined Stella was 1st, Pip 2nd, Bunty 4th and Bidy 5th. I do want to congratulate our girls on putting up a very fine performance. In the afternoon there was a special slalom for officials, which caused much amusement.

At dinner speeches were made by all and sundry, and with everyone feeling in a most festive mood we adjourned to the prizegiving where amongst other prizes was a challenge cup for the men's combined given by the British teams. After the prizegiving the party went gaily on till 5 a.m. unmarred by the breaking of the radiogram, and definitely inspired by the torchlight procession down the race course. We all felt it was quite the best fortnight we had ever spent. Our heartiest thanks are due to Einar Bergsland, who was the chief organizer of the meeting; Lass Sulheim, the owner of the hut, who had made us so comfortable; the Heming Club, responsible for the superb organization, and everybody all round for giving us such a wonderful time. We all returned to England with the firm intention of going back to Norway again as soon as possible.

RACING ENDEAVOUR FOR SKI-ERS.

By BERYL WALTER.

IN spite of all the literature on ski-ing from *The Complete Ski Runner* via *Modern Ski-ing* to *High Speed Ski-ing*, there is no reference to ski race winning. There are books for beginners on the technique of ski-ing, with painstaking diagrams of where and when to place the weight. There are books for experts with photographs by experts showing exactly how it is done, but nowhere is there a book entitled, "How to win a race." But high-speed ski-ing leads us naturally to racing; firstly to compare our speed with others, secondly, to prove that style is (a) important, (b) unimportant; thirdly, to beat someone whose prowess on ski we despise; fourthly, to travel "really fast," and eventually to win a race.



There is no information on how the latter is actually achieved. Careful questioning of the astonished winner of a race seldom extracts more than, "bit of luck," "fluke," "wax," "poor old Pushface fell down"; and other useless statements such as "simply terrified" and "scared stiff," which are hopelessly untrue. "Simply terrified" would necessitate a cautious descent by an easy route, and "scared stiff" would cause a heavy fall at the first bump or change in gradient, and the race would be won by somebody else.

However, constant observation of competitors has revealed tactics of behaviour that should prove invaluable to the would-be race winner. The commonest method is known as:—

FRIGHTENING THE OPPOSITION.

This method must be employed when the competitors are gathered together, during the funicular ride or climbing up to the start. Alternative words to suit weather conditions are suggested in brackets.

Omit all make-up and silently take your place. Yawn, start boot trouble, bending down and stretching your legs to everybody's inconvenience, at the same time muttering in a melancholy tone, "why do they have to start the race so early (late), there isn't a chance of the sun melting the Devil's Dive (think of the sog that will be waiting to wreck joints on Pluto's Pond). We shall be frozen (boiled) by the time we get to the start. How is your arm, Mary? Hope it will last over Punter's Plain. Will your knee stand this ice (pudding), Kath? You're awfully brave to be trying new 'steelers.' Don't suppose Babs'll be on 'boards' again this season. Got your shin guards on? See the control? Who wants a control

there anyway? You can't take it straight, and if you try turning above you'll slide down below; suppose it's to stop anyone else packing up in Terry's Torture. Went to see Beth in the clinic this morning; had a rotten night. Is that 'Red Sohm's? Don't need any wax to-day. Bad luck, Madge, being 13; remember Helen?"

A few prayers for courage and guidance uttered out loud at the start generally completes the "opposition's" determination to go slow and safe. Be generous with aspirins. These are guaranteed to take all strength from the knees, particularly effective before a slalom.

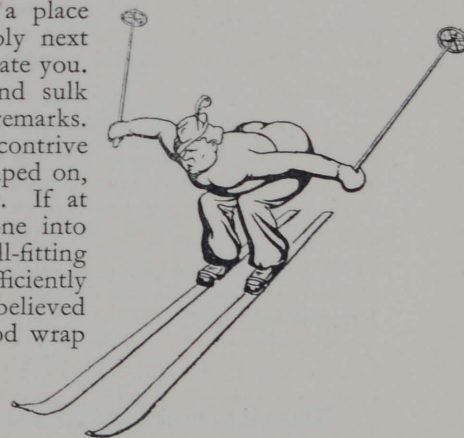
You should now win a race (if you haven't petrified yourself more than the others) and lose all your friends!

GRIM DETERMINATION.

This can be induced by watching the other competitors practising (and remembering that each one has been beaten some time during her racing career). Pick out the most obvious fault of each in turn, and think "Well, anyhow I don't wave my arms about like that, so I'm better than *her*. My knees aren't as stiff as *her's*. Why *she* doesn't kill herself in that position! *She's* 'stemming' on the flat! If that's *her* idea of 'vorlage'! Three crashes in 300 metres, I must be better than *her*. Heavens! *She's* hardly moving. *She* hasn't improved since '33," and so on to "What a hat! Hideous bags," until you have sneered yourself into a state of superiority. Wax your ski diligently, go to bed early, dream yourself into winning, and lo, and behold! to-morrow you will win (if your sense of self-importance has not evaporated during the night!).

VILE TEMPER.

This state must be cultivated only on the day of the race after a propitious beginning such as, oversleeping, discovery that a binding is broken and no time to repair it, forgetting to take abonnement to funicular, etc. Choose a place where there is no room, preferably next to someone whose grumblings irritate you. Dislodge a few ski and sticks and sulk without answering any insulting remarks. On the stiffest part of the climb contrive by loitering to get your heels tramped on, and ignore the proffered apology. If at the start you can provoke someone into deriding your colour scheme or ill-fitting plus fours, you should be sufficiently enraged to race faster than you believed possible. To complete this method wrap your horrid wet skins round your middle "as no one offered to carry them down."



You are certain to win (if your vile temper doesn't desert you with the sheer joy of ski-ing!).

RELAXATION.

This is useful when you have found other methods unsuccessful, generally about half-way through the season. Learn the course. Stay in bed three or four days, having massage on the legs and back. Eat and sleep, play the radio, read, smoke and drink. In short, enjoy yourself. Receive friends after tea to entertain you with the day's doings. On the fifth day, get up and *race*. You will be so fit after your carefree holiday, your old bruises will have subsided, you will be bound to win (if they haven't changed the course!).

DESPERATION.

This method should only be employed when, as the title suggests, you are desperate. You have been consistently beaten throughout the season, but you are still determined to win a race. Cease to worry. Go and borrow an enormous pair of ski. Persuade a boy friend to remove old mud and other accumulations such as cobwebs. Insure yourself doubly, and enjoy an evening's dancing. On the morrow swallow a double brandy and at the word "Go," go straighter than you can see. Never mind technique or style; aim down the hill and the planks will do the rest. You will be out of control in ten seconds, but keep going. If you take a terrific toss losing both sticks, do without. You may win this desperation way (if you are still alive at the finishing post!).

Surely you can now win a race? No? Then you must learn to ski like Christel Cranz.*

*Olympic Champion 1936, World Champion 1937.

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 Lavallin-Puxley, Mrs. H. W., '30.
 Levenson, Miss E., '30.
 Long, Mrs. E. R. D., '25.
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 Major, Miss Olga, '23.
 Martyn-Smith, Miss A. M., '29.
 Macassey, Mrs. K. (née Perry), '34.
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 Milbank, The Hon. Mrs. (née Maxwell), '28.
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 Morgan, Mrs. R., '36.
 Murphy, Mrs. M. (née Mackinnon), '26.
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 Norman, Mrs. R. (formerly Eaton), '30.
 O'Loughlin, Miss M. A., '37.
 O'Rourke, Miss C., '37.
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 Scott, Miss B., '30.
 Sherer, Miss M. C., '31.
 Somerville, Mrs., '29.
 Stroud, Mrs. W. (née Gossage), '28.
 Tomkinson, Miss H. Palmer, '33.
 Topham, Miss P., '31.
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 Walker, Miss A. M. O., '36.
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