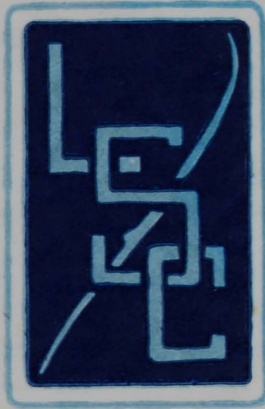


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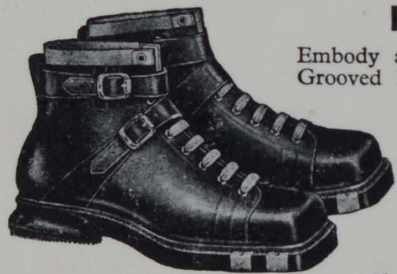


LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN
OCTOBER, 1939

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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 14.

Vol. II. Pt. 6. OCTOBER, 1939.

EDITORIAL.

THE Ladies' Ski Club wishes to express its sympathy and deep regrets to Miss Doreen Elliott on the loss of her father, and to Mr. Arnold Lunn on the death of his father, Sir Henry Lunn.

We are glad to welcome twelve new members to the Club: Miss Appleyard, Miss Lee Booker, Mrs. Bingham, Miss Hewetson, Miss Esme Hewetson, Mrs. Kenneth Smith, Miss Marion Steedman, Miss White, Miss Paton, Miss Isabel Roe, Miss Carter and Miss Norie.

Our heartiest congratulations to the following members on the receipt of their Club colours: Pippa Harrison, Isobel Roe, Nigs Tomkinson, Helen Blane, Bernie Duthie, Buntie Greenland, Buntie Tulloch (Walker), and Marion Steedman, the last three having been awarded their Golds also.

Congratulations are also due to—

Beryl Walter on her marriage to Mr. Harold Spence in Monte Carlo on April 1st. They are the first two "golds" to be welded and every good wish for a golden future.

Buntie Walker on her marriage to Mr. Alec Tulloch on June 16th in Ayr, Scotland. We hope this will not unduly interrupt her promising racing career.

Eleanor de Boulay, *née* Henderson, on the birth of a son on May 18th.

Mrs. Garnham, *née* Sargeant, on the arrival of a second son. (Here I might protest that a new member for the L.S.C. would have been popular.)

Our most important invalid this year was Miss Di Crewdson, who set an entirely new style in injuries by breaking her neck. The fact that she was the show "case" in Mürren probably did not compensate Di for the extreme discomfort of her amazing suit of armour plating. She was a very p-lucky lady.

Eileen Kingsmill was most unfortunate with a broken leg, Bunny Patterson-Brown put her shoulder out as usual, Marjory Tulloch wrecked her knee, and Marion Steedman finished her season with a like injury.

WEATHER. The weather and snow conditions varied very much in different parts of Switzerland. St. Moritz and Pontresina started the season with bags of snow, while Davos, just over the next hill, had none at all. In this district, touring to any extent was quite impossible until the end of January owing to continuous snowfalls

and avalanche danger. Visitors were not so numerous as the previous season and at no time were the hotels crowded. February saw a change in weather tactics—bright sun and no more snow—everything hard beaten and polished.

In the Davos district owing to dearth of snow practically no races could be held the early part of the season. A roped slalom on New Year's Day was a great success and resulted in Jimmie Palmer-Tomkinson and Fraulein Friedrich as winners. This couple are still roped, and we would like to offer our congratulations. We hope to gain a new member for the British Ladies' Team. After New Year a fall of snow gave something to race on and the Coronation Cup Giant Slalom and Halford Hewitt were held. Eton won the team race. Conditions were never good, and in March it started to snow continuously till the end of the month with only about three breaks of a few fine days. All the longer runs were closed because of avalanche sometimes even Kublis. The Spring Meeting had a successful three fine days—a straight race down the Maierhof and a straight race and giant slalom down Strela. This meeting was far more representative than the Derby. The S.C.G.B. training provided for British skiers for the first three weeks of the season was not as popular as it should have been, probably due to public ignorance on the subject. One or two promising young racers were discovered and will probably make an appearance next winter.

Andermatt reports the same dearth of snow in the early season, ending with an "Indian summer" season in May. The local postman, Ady Gamma, rose to fame as this year's Swiss Champion, having trained chiefly delivering mail to the White Hare Ski Club. Andermatt feels that its several excellent race courses of 2,560 feet, served by the railway and skilift, are responsible for the outstanding improvement in technique and running of its English visitors.

Rhone Valley reports a good season in spite of difficult weather conditions, good snow around the New Year followed by thaw and then a long spell of fine weather, rain at the beginning of March, which seems to have been universal, and then continuous snowfalls for weeks. There were a large number of English visitors at Villars and many races were held. The Swiss Romande was held, also the Air France Cup given by Air France to the Villars Ski Club. This was run in January with the help of the local Ski Club. Next year the Palace will give special rates for racers and there will be a Cup for both men and women and a return ticket by Air France to the winner of each event. Villars is pleased to be responsible for Marion Steedman, winner of this year's Alpine-Kandahar. She started her ski-ing there three years ago—spent two whole seasons and has won several of their cups.

A WARNING FROM VILLARS. Please do not give away your old L.S.C. jumpers with badge on them. A "Casserolier" (a gentleman who does vegetables in hotel kitchens) arrived at Villars from another part of Switzerland fully dressed in Ladies' Ski Club jumper. Many inquiries from residents and visitors as to how he came to be a member!!!!

The Oberland saw very little snow at the opening of the season and a heavy thaw in January made matters worse. A gale in February was followed by good snow, and on my arrival in Scheidegg early in February I had a week of the most divine snow and bright sun for high touring. The trip to Goppenstein was a dream; and one over the Eismeer, though supposed to be in a highly dangerous condition owing to icefalls and open crevasses, was lovely beyond words. A thaw and freeze spoiled all this, so we went to St. Moritz for the Titulescu Giant Slalom and the Weisses Bund. These races were run under the grimmest of ice conditions—from Piz Nair to Varsity Finish you went equally fast forwards, sideways or backward. No steel edge (and we all had them sharpened especially) made the slightest impression on the strecke. The Titulescu Slalom was better, as the sun came out and softened it quite nicely for the later competitors. The usual dinner was given by His Excellency at Suvretta House for the competitors, and many cups were presented and much wine consumed. Speeches were not too long and dancing followed.

The end of the season saw the first Coupe de Grande Bretagne in Chamonix. This race is supposed to be run alternately with the Alpine-Kandahar either in Mürren or Chamonix. A number of the left-overs from that function motored over in more or less part-worn condition and were given a most cordial welcome by the Ski Club de Chamonix and its amiable President, Monsieur Brandicourt. *L'air etait tres sympathique* and the staple diet champagne, but it would keep on snowing. The course Les Glaciers, down the Aiguille de Midi, two days before the race was the most marvellous expanse of powder snow some three or four feet deep, that I have ever seen or ski-ed upon. The terrain is very steep and eight "portes" were put in to keep one from shooting off into infinity—which I think was a pity, as what otherwise would have been a marvellous test of fast soft snow running and route finding became in the end a beaten and rather rutted piste, and heaven help the fallen. However, it was terrific fun and everyone enjoyed it. Genevieve Martin had a bad fall and retired. Schmidt won for France, with Ansbacher for Italy second, Chamier, Great Britain, third.

The Ladies' Ski Club Race will be held at Klosters on January 26th under the auspices of Marden's Club.

Other important fixtures are Duke of Kent's at Mürren, January 7th, British Championship at Grindelwald January 10th and 11th, S.D.S. at Grindelwald January 13th and 14th. All in very nice time to allow you to arrive in the Engadine fresh and inspired and ready for the L.S.C. Race. Roll up, ladies, roll up!

Will the members of the Ladies' Ski Club please bear in mind that their BULLETIN is paid for by the advertisements? If the advertisers reap no benefit from this, they do not renew their advertisements and the BULLETIN loses three pounds, as has been the case this year in more than several instances. If you cannot boost your advertisers you will have to pay for your own BULLETIN.

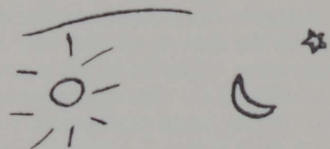
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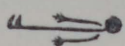
EDITOR'S NOTE.

In my efforts to secure articles for the BULLETIN I approached one of our more enterprising lady skiers, and asked for a contribution. For the benefit of those members who will search vainly through these pages for a thrilling account of "How I climbed the Gross Glockner without Skins" or "Icesteps up the Matterhorn," I have printed below her reply, terse but explanatory.

• 28. Day 1939 •

S.C.G.B.
E.S.C.
Y.W.C.A.
S.P.C.A.
B.R.C.S.
V.A.D.
A.R.P.
L.S.C.



R.I.P.  E.M.L.F.

THE GENERAL MEETING.

THE Annual General Meeting was held at the Florence Restaurant on November 16th, 1938, at 12.30 p.m.

The chair was taken by Miss Elliott, the President, and there were about forty members present.

The minutes were read, confirmed and signed by the Chairman.

The election of those members elected by the Committee since the last Annual General Meeting was ratified.

The Accounts for the year were circulated and passed, and a vote of thanks to Mr. Charles Elliott was proposed by Miss Collins, seconded by Lady Raeburn, and carried unanimously.

Grant to Ladies' Ski Team. The Meeting unanimously accepted the Committee's recommendation:—"In the event of there being a British Ladies' Ski Team, to make a grant of £10 to be given to the captain of the British Ladies' Team, to be spent at her discretion on small expenses which will add to the team's comfort, and that any surplus money should be returned to the Club."

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

President. Lady Raeburn was unanimously elected to fill the office of President. Lady Raeburn thanked the meeting for her election and proposed a vote of thanks to the retiring President for her work on behalf of the Club.

Vice-President. Miss Crewdson and Miss Duthie were unanimously elected Vice-Presidents.

Hon. Secretary. Lady Blane was unanimously elected Hon. Secretary. The President proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Fripp, the retiring Hon. Secretary for all the work she had done for the Club.

Hon. Treasurer. Miss Collins was re-elected Hon. Treasurer. The President proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Collins for agreeing to serve again.

Hon. Editor. Mrs. Chamier was re-elected Hon. Editor. The President proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Chamier and congratulated her on the excellence of this year's BULLETIN.

Committee. Miss Carroll and Miss Sherer were unanimously elected members of the Committee.

Cocktail Party. Dr. Rendall read a letter from Herr von Allmen inviting members of the L.S.C. as his guests to a cocktail party at the Scheidegg Hotel on the day of the Championship. This was received with acclamation, and the Hon. Secretary was instructed to accept Herr von Allmen's invitation with thanks. It was felt that his hospitality should not be extended to non-members of the L.S.C., and Lady Raeburn was voted up to £10 to spend at her discretion to organizers of the race and hangers-on.

Alteration to Rules. The meeting unanimously accepted the alterations to the Rules proposed by the Committee.

Presentation of Cups. The President presented the Non-International Cup to Miss Harrison and chits for second and third places to Miss Harrison and Miss Duthie respectively. Miss Kessler, the winner of the L.S.C. Championship, was unfortunately not present to receive her cup. The President urged all members of the Club to enter for the Club Championship at Wengen on January 3rd.

L.S.C. SWEATERS.

THE Club regulation sweaters are supplied by Messrs. Lillywhites, Jaegers and Woollands.

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, Lady Blane, 20, Alexander Square, S.W.3.

EARLS COURT.

By E.R.C.

THE Ladies' Ski Club commenced its activities early in the season at the Winter Cavalcade at Earls Court. After the regular evening show by professionals among whom Miss Evie Pinching starred, a series of slalom races were held in which teams from various clubs competed. Two teams were entered from Villars, one from Scottish Ski Club, two from B.U.S.C., one from Marden's, two from L.S.C.

On December 14th, the 1st team L.S.C., composed of Isobel Roe, Helen Blane, Beryl Walter and Buntly Greenland, raced against the Scottish Ski Club. This being their first public appearance, the "paddock" in the basement presented an atmosphere of tension mixed with hilarity. Beryl, always prone to boot trouble, developed a different sort for this occasion, her boots being securely locked in a locker and the Commissioner gone home with the key. However, one of the hangers-on with the aid of a ski stick and a hatchet rendered the locker unfit for further use as such, and the boots were donned only just in time. L.S.C. won by 171 points to 321.

L.S.C. 2nd team, Biddy Armitage, Marion Miller, Patricia Raeburn, and Beryl Walter also won their match against Silleren the same afternoon.

The second round was scheduled for Saturday December 17th and was against the D.H.O. These gentlemen, however, had other ideas for the week-end, and failed to materialise, so the L.S.C. team went over the course and were given a walk-over. The 2nd team went down before B.U.S.C.'s II.

By process of elimination L.S.C. I found itself in the final round and billed to pay against 2nd BUSC on Monday, December 19th. Beryl's decision at the eleventh hour to go to Monte Carlo made rather a flap, but Ethel Levenson leaped into the breach. The 2nd BUSC's arrived in immaculate (?) evening dress after dining well, and obviously not taking their opponents seriously. Their symmetry of dress was marred with the ejection of Rhodes Moorhouse from their ranks by Colin Wyatt, who insisted that *he* was BUSC II and wished to race. Colin's costume was reminiscent of his last trip to Lapland, and struck a bizarre note among the more sombre "smokings." This may have undermined their morale.

The first run was as follows:—

Helen	19.4	Mouse Cleaver ...	15.4
Soss	17.2	Colin Wyatt ...	21
Buntly	17.2	Roger Bushell ...	22 2 pen.
Ethel	23	Paddy Green ...	17.3

This shook the BUSC's to the core, and they put their best ski forward for the second round. Alas! their recovery was too late.

The second run:—

Helen ...	17	Ethel ...	23	Roger ...	15.3
Soss ...	15.4	Mouse ...	17.4	Paddy ...	15
Buntly ...	16.2	Colin ...	15.2		

completed the L.S.C. victory—153 points to 157.

So perish our enemies!

L.S.C. RACE, JAN. 3rd, 1939.

By GRETA RAEBURN.

At last we have held an L.S.C. race meeting which our old Mürren friend, M. Pierre, would call "a *most* decidedly different" race. Thanks to the great kindness and famed hospitality of Mr. von Allmen of the Scheidegg Hotel and Bernese Oberland, the event went off with great gusto. True, there was some slight discontent on the part of the racers and an appearance, at least, of dutiful protest on the part of the L.S.C. officials when, on reaching the Scheidegg, we found that our friends of the D.H.O., who had kindly undertaken to organise the race for us, had decided that snow conditions made it impossible to prepare the slalom slope in time. But how much more agreeable to gather in the comfortable warm Scheidegg bar and to drink at leisure Hedi's delicious champagne cocktails, the supply of which only ceased in time for a hurried luncheon.

The racers entered into the spirit of the occasion with the greatest "stimmung," and drank almost as many cocktails as the many organisers, officials and hangers-on. "I didn't know that *you* were helping us too: how very kind," was frequently heard as the bar became fuller every moment.

The downhill race—Plum Pudding Hill, D.H.O. Gap, Saw Mills to Inner Wengen—was run in the most charming spirit of co-operation. Peggy was seen to run out of the course and politely stand aside to let a fellow member pass her through the D.H.O. gap control; Eliza took a remarkable line of her own through deep untracked snow, saying gaily that she "thought it would pay," and all chatted merrily with each control keeper. Altogether a good time was had by all.

RESULTS.

							<i>min. sec.</i>
1st.	Isobel Roe	6 8.0
2nd.	Helen Blane	6 57.6
3rd.	Adele Walker	7 9.2
4th.	Philippa Harrison	7 15.0
5th.	Elizabeth Dobson	7 26.8
6th.	Biddy Armitage	7 50.8
7th.	J. Appleyard...	8 46.6
8th.	Judy Lee-Booker	8 57.6
9th.	Margaret Sherer	9 4.0

The course was in good condition though the top stretch was slightly cut up, as heavy snow had fallen the night before and snow still fell lightly during the race. Visibility was good. We congratulate our two candidates, Joyce Appleyard and Judy Lee-Booker, the only two candidates who started. We had hoped to see more in the race as several had entered their names.

Our thanks are due to the D.H.O. Club, who so kindly organised the race for us and especially to Mr. von Allmen for his generosity in giving us such a wonderful party. An arrangement had been come to whereby the Club should pay for any guests over the

number of twenty-five. After several letters on the subject which, in the usual delightfully vague Swiss manner, had received no reply, I approached Mr. von Allmen personally whilst staying at his hotel. I received a charming smile, a wave of the hand, and an assurance that nothing was due, and that "they were not like that at the Scheidegg," as the Ladies' Ski Club have certainly discovered.

PARSENN DERBY.

By E.R.C.

THE Parsenn Derby, held on February 26th, can be most accurately described as a sequence of rocks, slush, grass and mud. The Damen, finishing at Schwendi, had only the rocks to contend with, while the Herren had the lot.

The day was fine and foehn-ish, and the snow, slow even on the top schusses, became like porridge on the lower part of the course, so that wax for the men played an important part.

Three controls on the Gipfel endeavoured to render safer a course that showed only too plainly the lack of proper snowfall during the first part of the season, and in spite of which a number of bad falls occurred owing to inadequately covered rocks. The top of the big Derby schuss was quite amazing. Gentlemen waving yellow flags greeted you with warning cries as you approached, and ushered you ceremoniously on to a small path of snow, which was rapidly repaired by shovellers as you dispersed it with your ski, grating horribly, and where you hoped to find a path through the spectators, to take your final rush down over that father and mother of all schusses.

Spectators made themselves a general nuisance as usual, the lady lighting a cigarette with her ski across the path in the wood taking precedence. She was removed bodily by a profane competitor.

Vereina Fuchs in the Junioren won for the Damen in 9 min. 36 sec., with Nigs Palmer-Tomkinson as 2nd, and winning Sen. I in 10 min. 11 sec. gold ski. Bronze ski were won by Bidy Armitage, Peggy Rolph, Katie Dyson-Taylor, Diana Allen, Betty Blackburn, Diana Weir, Nell Carroll and Ted Chamier.

THE BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP, 1939.

By DOREEN ELLIOTT.

THERE were fifteen starters in the Women's Section of the British Ski Championship, which was held at Wengen, on January 12th and 13th, in good snow and weather conditions.

The A.S.A.A.L. course was chosen for the downhill race, which began on Plum Pudding Hill and finished 2,600 feet lower down at Staubbach-Bankli, and involved a climb of nearly forty minutes back to Wengen.

This course is particularly varied and interesting and was made all the more difficult this time by the extra large bumps which gave no opportunity for tired legs to rest on any part of the way down. In fact, it was a good test of nerve and judgment and of ski-ing technique.

In a way it was disappointing to find only four newcomers to serious ski-racing, the rest of the field being composed of long-familiar and well-seasoned racers. The standard of the British Championship is not so high that it should discourage young and inexperienced runners.

The downhill race resolved itself into a tussle between Miss Helen Palmer-Tomkinson and Miss Isobel Roe, which the former won by exactly three seconds. Each of these two competitors had broken her leg the previous season, but they were not deterred from racing this year. Miss Philippa Harrison has improved enormously as a racer and did well to secure third place, and three of the newcomers ran creditably and improved as the season went on.

The slalom was held the following day on the Brunner Slopes, which I consider lend themselves admirably to the blind type of slalom so popular nowadays at Continental meetings. The actual finish, from the spectator's point of view, is generally full of incident, but it is nerve-wracking for the police who are guarding that section of the Inner Wengen road which has to be crossed. Skiers, like the proverbial hen, are anxious to get to the other side, though they are generally tractable, but woe betide the officious policeman who attempts to stop the woodcutter and his hay luge, or to prevent the 50-centime sleighdriver from plying his trade between Inner Wengen and the village itself. As it happened, no competitor was actually balked, but it is unnerving for the racer not to feel able to rely on a completely clear run.

Miss Palmer-Tomkinson's control in slalom is as yet not equal to her dash, and so she dropped to fifth place. She appeared to lose hope and concentration in the second run, but should take courage from the thought that slaloming is only a matter of perseverance and practice.

Miss Roe, on the other hand, whose speed in downhill racing has been affected by her accident, must be congratulated upon being an easy winner of the slalom, which resulted in her winning the combined races by twenty-five points—a decisive victory—and she becomes champion for the second time.

Miss Birnie Duthie, who has retired from serious competitive racing, did well to earn second place in the slalom, with two well-judged runs, and Miss Helen Blane was third in both the slalom and the combined results.

RESULTS.

DOWNHILL RACE.

					<i>min. sec.</i>
1st.	H. Palmer-Tomkinson	5 15.8
2nd.	I. Roe	5 18.8
3rd.	P. Harrison	5 38.0
4th.	A. Walker	5 42.4
5th.	H. Blane	5 45.6
6th.	E. Dobson	6 7.6
7th.	B. Duthie	6 23.4
8th.	B. Armitage	6 25.0
9th.	M. C. Sherer	6 35.0
10th.	M. Miller	6 45.4
11th.	M. Tulloch	6 9.4
12th.	E. Turpin	7 13.8
13th.	H. Bett	7 15.6
14th.	J. Appleyard...	7 20.8

P. Rolph was disqualified.

SLALOM RACE.

			<i>1st Run</i>	<i>2nd Run</i>	<i>Total.</i>
1st.	I. Roe	...	55.8	56.0	111.8
2nd.	B. Duthie	...	60.0	62.8	122.8
3rd.	H. Blane	...	57.4	67.0	124.4
4th.	A. Walker	...	62.6	64.2	126.8
5th.	H. Palmer-Tomkinson	...	57.8	69.8	127.6
6th.	B. Armitage	130.0
7th.	M. C. Sherer	131.8
8th.	P. Harrison	135.0
9th.	M. Miller	142.8
10th.	E. Turpin	150.6
11th.	M. Tulloch	150.8
12th.	E. Dobson	153.6
13th.	P. Rolph	174.0

COMBINED RESULTS.

					<i>Points.</i>
1st.	I. Roe	520.0
2nd.	H. Palmer-Tomkinson	545.5
3rd.	H. Blane	569.0

BRITISH LADIES' TRAINING

By PIP HARRISON.

THE training season for the FIS of 1939 promised to be a good one. There was to be one trainer in the Parsenn district and another in the Oberland to give three weeks' training, starting directly after Christmas to anyone who cared to come. The idea seemed to be to get going early in the season and to encourage prospective racers; it was a pity that it did not quite work out that way, owing partly to the vagaries of the weather and partly to a considerable lack of organization.

By the end of December most of the "girls' school," including several "new girls" had collected in Grindelwald, but no one seemed able to tell us anything about the training. It transpired eventually that those three weeks had not been meant for us at all but only for those who had never trained before, though why the powers that be had not mentioned the fact is hard to tell.

However, in spite of the general vagueness and confusion (when urged by one's trainer to take the 8.30 train to Scheidegg one somehow expects him to be there too) a certain amount of slalom training was done during a fortnight rather heavily occupied with racing; the L.S.C., S.D.S. and British Championships, Lady Mabel Slalom, and Duke of Kent's Cup did not leave one much time for learning to ski.

The middle of January brought the outfit (minus Soss and Nigs who went to Davos for a week) to Wengen and serious training with Hans Schlunegger, none too soon as the FIS was less than four weeks ahead. But our troubles were by no means over. As the organization improved, the weather, which so far though sunless had been fairly good, went back on us in the form of a heavy thaw, which turned such snow as survived it into flannel, but gave a grand opportunity for a waxing bee with Schluni and a blowlamp. Getting Ostbye Klister on to the ski was found to be a simple job compared with the difficulties of getting it off everything else.

Mürren, by way of a change, greeted us with a series of blizzards and several feet of new snow, some of which had to be dug out of our bedrooms with a shovel. Ski-ing in snow above the waist (above my waist, anyway) and frequently above the head is an arduous business, and slalom was practically impossible. We could only manage two slalom practices and one race during the whole week. The T.T. Races at the end of this week were responsible for our only serious casualty; Rettles, after winning the first two races, came unstuck in the third and broke both bones in her leg—a shattering calamity. The team having by now been selected, it was decided that our trainer should come with us to Poland, a matter which was for some time in considerable doubt!!!

The week at Scheidegg had been curtailed so as to have more time at Zakopane, so after three days of perfect snow and sun in which an unprecedented amount of ski-ing was done, the party entrained for Poland. About the journey I personally am vague,

as I had collected a rather noxious flu germ; a two-day-and-a-night journey with a sizzling temperature left me unconscious of anything except the fleet of sleighs that met us at the station—there seemed to be several dozens of them.

The first two days at Zakopane were spent by me in bed, emerging at intervals from a haze of double whiskies to hear gloomy stories of thaw, rain, and a dearth of snow. However, by the time I had recovered (and handed on the germ to the luckless Bunty) the weather had improved and it was freezing hard, after having poured with rain even at the top! The resulting surface far surpassed anything in the way of ice that any of us had ever skied on before.

On the slope where we practised slalom the ice was more or less granular, one had some chance of getting up if one fell though none at all of stopping, and the bottom was a very long way down. But at least there were no rocks on it, which was not by any means the case on the downhill course.

The first bit of the course, which was No. 2 as No. 1 was unskiable, was a rocky traverse down which was daily to be seen the impressive spectacle of Damen of every nation *carrying* their skis. The big schuss after that, on which our course started, was covered with a sort of windblown glass on which even Eriksen edges would hardly hold. The only thing was to keep on top of one's skis wherever they went and hope for the best. If one fell, one went just as fast and rather more uncomfortably. After the schuss and a shallow gulley, the course became a very narrow track between rocks and bushes round a series of shoulders; over one bump one leapt several feet into the air and came down, with luck, on a path that was invisible from the take-off. Further on there was a wood path all ridged and rutted from checking, a horrible shoulder covered with tree stumps, and a narrow glade cut out of thick Christmas trees, with one sharp turn in it and a series of switchbacks down to the finish.

In reasonable snow it is not a course that would require very much ski-ing, but covered with green ice it seemed the most murderous piece of mountain that one has ever been compelled to ski down. It certainly reduced us all to a state of jitters and not us alone: everyone was dismayed, and even the tough Germans were saying it was awful.

It was impossible to train the course properly, all one thought of was getting down unscathed, in fact of getting down at all. There even came a moment when the Englische Damen refused to go up and do it again! A high tribute to the general frightfulness was that none of the competitors hurt themselves training the course, one could not afford to take any chances at all.

The weather even now had not finished with us. Two days before the race it blew a howling blizzard and the course was closed, so some of us, by way of relaxation, spent a morning at the hospital having our knees and ankles X-rayed in the cause of science. The next day it was still blizzarding at the top, the sort of blizzard that

one could not see or breathe through and that tore off any unprotected pieces of face; lower down it was pouring with rain and all slush. Twice down the course exhausted patience and dry clothes; the only ones who had any left were Helen, Nancy Watson, and Jimmy Tomkinson, who went nobly off in the rain and with our two interpreters represented Great Britain and Canada in the FIS parade.

It was fortunate that it thawed as otherwise the race would probably not have been held. Even as it was the Polish Army, mobilised by Arnie, had to break up the ice on the first traverse with ice axes in order to make it skiable. In the day's respite between the Abfahrt and Slalom a little training was done, with some difficulty as the downhill course had iced up again, the slalom slope was closed, and it was not easy to find enough snow anywhere else. For the slalom itself, after a day's postponement owing to a blizzard, there was a slight snowstorm and the same unnerving ice. None of the cine films that I have seen give any idea of how nasty it actually was—there was a certain amount of new snow about but on a surface like a skating rink it did not help very much.

We had felt rather encouraged after beating the Swiss for third place in the straight race but alas, that icebound gulley was our undoing. The British team, contrary to the opinions of some, is markedly abstemious in the matter of drink, cigarettes, and late nights, but after this debacle anyone could have had about eight perfectly good pairs of ski for the price of four stiff glasses of vodka!

OVERHEARD.

(*On the Schiedegg train.*)

"Oh, yes. I saw Harold about an hour ago on 'Oh God.' He was doing a series of 'linked graves.'"

(*On the Bumps.*)

"I'm frightfully sorry, you know—but you *did* leave your line—"

"Leave my line! Of course I did! What do you think I am? *A ruddy tram?*"

(*On the practice slopes, Pontresina.*)

"Ay, by goom, but I'm fed oop wi' this! I'm goin' to St. Moritz and spend the afternoon on the vernacular."

THE HIGH MOUNTAINEERING COURSE, ROSEGG VALLEY.

BY JOAN PATON.

I HAVE been asked to write a short account of the S.C.G.B. ski mountaineering course held in 1939. At the time, surrounded by the glorious peaks of the Rosegg, Bernina and Chapütschen and gazing across the lake at the base of the Rosegg glacier, nothing could have seemed easier. Now, however, sitting in an English drawing room on a typical midsummer's day (a thick mist everywhere) it seems much more difficult.

For those who went on the course there need be no article written. The glorious fortnight that we spent under the teaching of Christian Rubi and the leadership of Mr. MacGregor, will leave its own special story in the minds of all who were there.

For the benefit of those who were not so lucky, I will try to describe a little of what we did and learnt.

On Saturday, March 18th, we were to meet Mr. MacGregor at Pontresina. Most of us did. From there on was a two-hour walk on ski to the Rosegg Hütte where we were to spend our next fortnight. There were sleighs to take the luggage and those who preferred an hour's freeze in a sleigh to a two hours' walk.

I learnt that Mac thought it well worth walking, and did the same. We arrived ten minutes or so before the bulk of the party in the sleighs as they had done some shopping before starting. We were thus able to take stock of the rest of the party as we sipped our tea and they tumbled shivering into the comfortable sitting room of the hut.

Why is it that first impressions are always so devastating? We gazed at the others and they gazed at us and we all wished we hadn't come! But Mac was prepared to cope and organised us into our very comfortable rooms. We all had beds and a few of us single rooms.

Then followed dinner and a talk afterwards from Christian and Mac who told us of our movements for the morrow and gave us the general time table for the course.

The next day was to be what was later termed a very easy day. Breakfast at nine and a gentle climb up to the nearest hut, the Tschierva hut, on the glacier of the same name. Those who had been in Switzerland some time found the pace a little slow, but were quite glad to eat lunch in the sun at the hut. The rest were just comfortably tired.

Coming down the easy and not very crevassed foot of the Tschierva glacier we tried our first roped ski-ing under the tuition of Christian and Fetter, the handsome guide from Pontresina and Peter, a smiling local. We found it not too difficult, as with the rope round our waists we merely went our own sweet way and the guide obligingly fitted in, occasionally shouting directions if the ground was likely to be dangerous. We were to learn more about roped ski-ing later!



SLALOM AT TATRANSKA, LOMNICA CZECHOSLOVAKIA.



"PIP."



ZAKOPANE, POLAND.



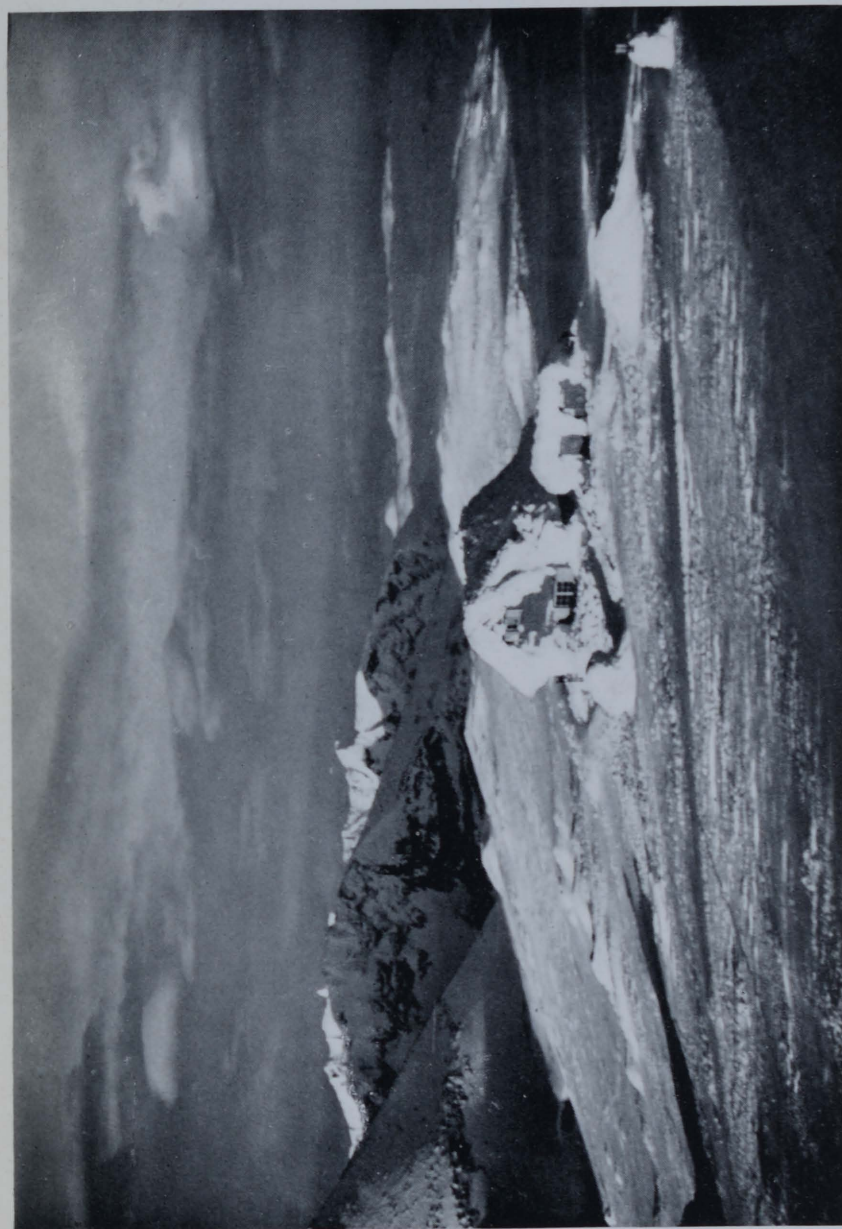
START OF "AK" SLALOM, PARSON'S SHOULDER.



BUNTY GREENLAND.
Tying for First Place in "AK" Slalom.



MARION STEEDMAN.
Winner "AK" Slalom and Combined.



THE FANRAKEN HUT, NORWAY. PORT OF CALL OF THE "K" TEAM.



THE ROAD TO GOPPENSTEIN—LOTSCHENLUCKE AND LOTSCHENTHAL LEFT BEHIND.



THE CLIMB TO THE LOTSCHENLUCKE FROM ALETSCHE GLETSCHER.

And so home to an enormous supper, lots of chatter, some veltliner perhaps, and bed.

The day following, to rest our legs we practised methods of roping ourselves together; later we pulled each other out of imaginary crevasses up some convenient rocks by the hut and providing one had on an old wind jacket and did not mind some cuts and bruises, it was all great fun. Cameras of course had a field day.

That night Christian gave us a lecture on the general formation of glaciers, the best equipment to use and the fundamental things to do and not to do when glacier ski-ing. Later one of the party produced a concertina, which proved invaluable during the course (do someone bring one next year) and we each began to think the others weren't so bad after all.

Next morning, with breakfast at a rather more unreasonable time we set out on our first real day's expedition. We were to climb to the Fuorcla Sella, the pass leading into Italy. Promptly to the tick Rubi set out, and those who weren't still hunting for lunch or skins followed him across the lake. (We soon learnt of Christian's punctuality and as it was much more pleasant climbing close behind the guide, the party subsequently was always on time.)

The Sella pass expedition proved the most unenjoyable of the whole tour. Many of us were not fit and none of us was versed in the use of ropes for climbing and descent. Owing to lack of snow, the ground was rather crevassed and that, combined with the essential frequent halts, made the duration of the climb very much longer than had been estimated. We were all tired, when nearly at the top a halt was called. A slight blizzard had blown up and the descent was not easy. Several crevasses opened beneath our feet and we began to comprehend the full importance of roped ski-ing and crevasse work.

Following this, conditions became unsuitable for touring and extensive knot practising left us feeling a little stuffy and depressed. However, Rubi with his unfailing enthusiasm had something for us. We set off unto the local wood with no knowledge of what was in store. Up, up, we clambered; it was hard work; as our guide, strange man, would make it a sort of obstacle race and insist on pulling us over hummocks, tree trunks and all manner of icy slopes. After nearly two hours we had climbed little more than 1,000 feet and were mercifully still out of the wind. Here before anyone could get cold we got a big fire burning. Later as people began to stamp their feet we were shown how to build a snow igloo and then built our own. These are surprisingly warm inside, particularly if built correctly with a small entrance hole much lower than the roof of the igloo, so that the warm air rising is trapped inside.

And so home for tea, having made very much more than the best of a horrid day.

That night orders were given for an early start providing the weather was at all possible for Pitz Chapütschen, 3,386 metres high, and about a six-hour climb.

We all felt much stronger in technique by now and with a fairly passable day dawning, set out. Soon we came in sight of the Coatz Hütte perched high above our heads, and here the guides left sacks of bread in the snow for the hutkeeper to fetch. We also saw several chamois. I say saw, though I wonder how many of the party really did. I confess to shouting with glee at several immovable rocks before finally spotting them. They are really much bigger than one expects.

Lunch was a chilly affair as now we were in the clouds, and in spite of layers of clothes we were glad to move on.

Arrived at the shoulder we had to cross a long gully in order to reach the peak of Chapütschen. Here we were to witness the most alarming and exciting episode of the course.

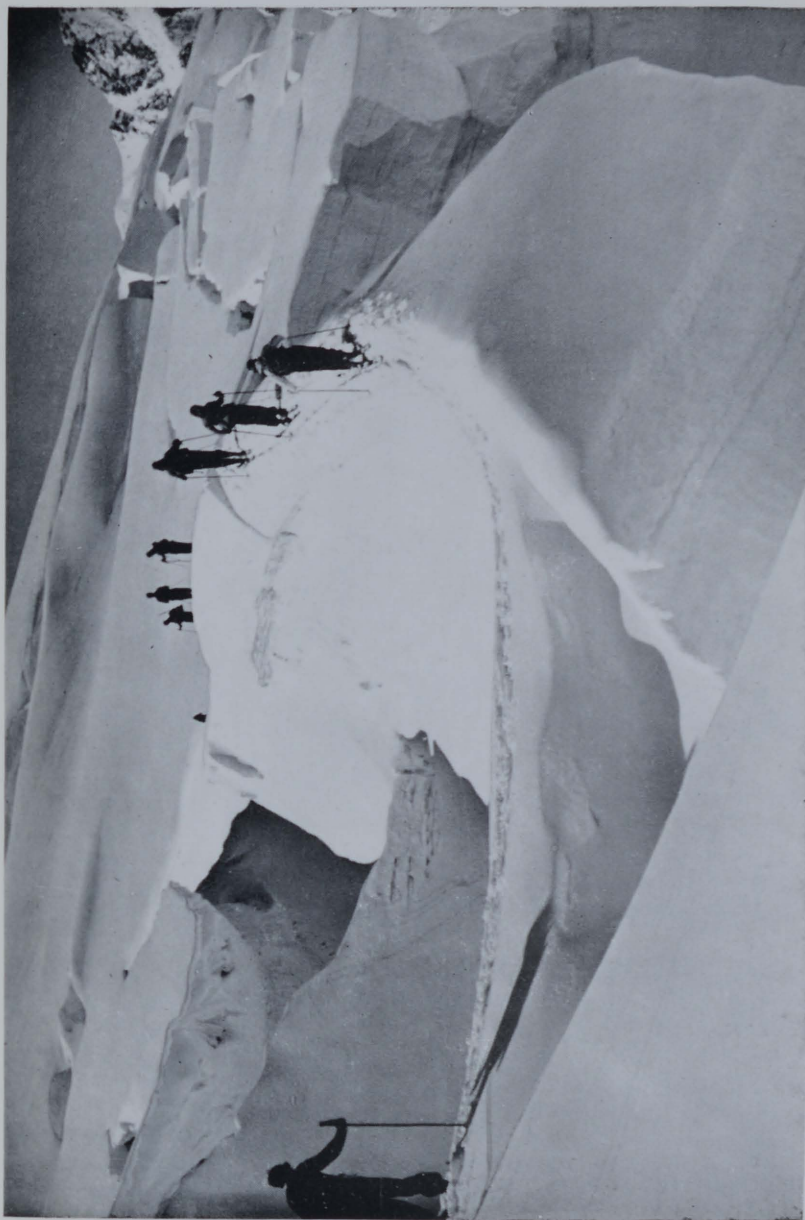
The gully was steep and widened lower down, thus affording little support for the snow. There seemed some danger of an avalanche, but however, there were some rocks and boulders to give the snow support and as it was our only way Rubi decided to attempt it. He told us all to space out and warned the man behind him to wait until he was across before starting. He was about half way when with an ominous crack the snow he was on gave way and slid down the hill. Five seconds later the main part of the slab above, losing its support, came crashing down. In vain we watched the tumbling snow for any figure being carried down the mountain; would we find his body in time? we wondered. Then as the mist of snow cleared away a huddled figure was seen at exactly the spot Christian had been standing twenty seconds before. In a miraculous way, before the main avalanche descended, he had managed to freeze on to one of the rocks and so avoid being carried down. A broken ski and a missing ski stick (which we subsequently saw 500 feet below) was all the damage. A little cognac and he was at the head of the party leading up hill again.

Conditions, however, were not improving, and we were all a little shaken; reaching the saddle shortly afterwards, we decided to give the weather best and turned for home. The visibility was almost nil, but we were led a perfect track down in really wonderful snow, except for the first 500 feet where moving wind slab beneath our feet was rather frightening.

So the days hurried by, alternating usually between a day spent in learning and instruction and a climb to one of the local peaks.

One of these instruction days we spent learning to cut ice steps in an ice wall. These essentially need practice in cutting to give greatest support in climbing. They must be of good shape, cut fairly deep and within easy reach of each other; they take some time to cut so that a light and efficient axe is very important.

We also learnt how to cut a horseshoe-shaped groove in the ice at the top of a steep wall. If this was made about three inches deep and slightly undercut, the tiny tree trunk thus formed would give ample support for the bight of a rope to be passed round it. Climbers could then "belay" themselves down, holding on to the



face p. 132]

"THE SURMOUNTING OF SEEMING INSUPERABLE DIFFICULTY"
ASCENT OF PIZ SELLA. SKI-MOUNTAINEERING COURSE.

"A HORSE SHOE SHAPED GROOVE IN THE ICE."



"AMPLE SUPPORT FOR THE BIGHT OF A ROPE TO BE PASSED ROUND IT."

"SUPPORTED BY HIS RUCKSACK AND WITH A 'BROKEN LEG' SPLINTED WITH AN ICE AXE."



two ends of the rope. The last man merely had to pull on one end to free it, thus leaving nothing behind on the mountain as in other methods with an ice axe, or peg driven into the ice.

Incidentally this method could rather surprisingly be used in snow by cutting a larger horseshoe and padding the rope with a coat to prevent it cutting through the snow.

We spent another damp but enjoyable day building snow igloos in twos. There was great competition as to who should build the best. The success of an igloo depends largely on the site chosen for its construction. This is best against a bank, but preferably not on top of a rose bush (though actually the bush we hit made a good carpet). One then tunnels into the side of the hill, keeping the entrance as small as possible and tunnelling up as well as along in order to give height inside. When the igloo is the required size extra warmth can be got by roofing over the passage to the hut made by shoveling away the snow from the inside. Skis, sticks and branches make a good framework and then more snow can be piled on top. Incidentally this makes the whole thing practically invisible and slight fracas was caused by us accidentally walking on each others' igloos!

One snowy day was spent watching Christian make a rescue sleigh from a pair of skis. This was complete with "bed" formed by skins wound round the injured man's sticks, which were fastened with the baskets through the ski points and handles under the toe irons. The ski were kept together by a wooden ski stick cut in three pieces and lashed between the points of the skis and in front and behind the foot irons.

The sleigh when finished was a wonderful piece of work and Fetter, supported by his rucksack and with a "broken leg" splinted with an ice axe, was pulled round the hut and finally upset into the snow. Later we all made our own of a slightly simpler type and tried ski-ing down hill with them.

For the tours, after the Sella pass and Chapütschen, they were all a great success. On one rather shorter one to Les Aguagliouis, we were interested when we brought down a snow slab avalanche on the side of the gully between the Tschierva moraine and Aguagliouis.

Fortunately we were on top of the moraine and not in the gully; when it was finally down, we were able to cross and continue the climb. On the homeward journey we examined the snow slabs and saw the five or six layers caused by each snowfall since November. Rubi explained that he had expected this danger, owing to a bad thaw in the autumn followed by frost, giving a bad adhering surface for subsequent snow layers.

For the longer tours we started at 6 o'clock in the morning. Quite apart from the fact that this enabled us to finish climbing by lunch time and have perfect conditions for descent, the sunrise and gradual change of colour on the mountains made the effort of getting out of bed well worth while.

Our longest and most successful day was the ascent of the Sella Peak. This took us eight hours and was chiefly notable for the surmounting of seemingly insuperable difficulties in the form of weak snow bridges, which had to be crossed if we were to reach the top.

We spent quite half an hour at the top of the icefall trying to find a way to continue, and finally crossed a narrow bridge with deep crevasses each side, which at first sight had seemed impossible.

The day was perfect; and we were rewarded after 100 feet of scrambling on foot with a view from the summit stretching over both Switzerland and Italy. We saw and waved to a party of skiers thousands of feet below us in Italy.

We were all sad when the time came to put our skis on for the last time this year (for many of us) and langlauf down to Pontresina. Mine host and hostesses, who were an Italian-looking brother and sister stood to wave to us from the door. Taking a last look at the peaks we had climbed I was not alone in a wish to revisit and further explore them next year.

FIN DE SAISON.

BY WHOOPPEE.

Oh, to be in Scheidegg, now that April's here,
Sun and snow, a few good friends,—and quantities of beer.
Von Allmen's in his counting house, counting out his money.
Leni's at the ice-rink bar, mixing rum and honey,—
Bracken and his Gadarene's swooping down the hills,
The latter trying hard to "schwung"—but mostly taking spills.

The Stube's very gay at night with Elsa and the "locals,"
And Raphael plays her "pull-and-push," encouraging the vocals.
Robert with his radio,—Hagmatt's bonny knees—
Minnie in her little skirt rippling in the breeze—
Mary with her little lamb, Dreda with the blues,
Seigie in wife's bloomers, make the "Daly News."

So, oh, to be in Scheidegg, now that April's here,
Ski-ing, skandal, skol and skotch, combine to make good cheer.

THE FIS IN ZAKOPANE, 1939.

BY NANCY WATSON.

I HAD never given much thought to the country called Poland: connected it with Napoleon, music and corridors, possibly bears, snow and sleighs, all slightly Russian, as seen in films, but anyway it was untried ground. I would watch this year's FIS at Zakopane. People in Mürren said pessimistically there would be no FIS, and we'd all be embroiled in international situations if we went so far away as Poland. However, on February 3rd, the party started from Lauterbrunnen, adding to its numbers at intervals until the final instalment was collected from the Palmer-Tomkinson van at Buchs. Complete, it consisted of Helen Blane (captain), Soss Roe, Pip Harrison, Nig Palmer-Tomkinson, Buntly Walker (reserve), Jimmy Palmer-Tomkinson and Robert Readhead, Marion Miller and Ted Zinkan (Canadians), Hans Schlunegger (trainer), Margaret Bain (maid) and Nancy Watson (hanger-on) with about thirty pairs of ski, and luggage; all of which had to be dealt with at seven changes.

On board the train Soss, Ted and I passed the time peacefully playing cards, until the rack avalanched and a card was lost in the excitement. The window was a total loss also. Hans went round Vienna by train with the luggage. Helen guided the rest to a real Viennese breakfast, eggs and cream complete. The badge hunters began their collection by giving pfennigs to a Nazi winter relief fund and getting a tin animal brooch in return.

Having been told that the train left at 10.15 we arrived at the station in good time to deal with the luggage. At least we thought we had, but the ticket collector said the train had gone and refused to let us pass. Pushing our way through we found Hans in a panic—and a train. Assisted by laughing porters and passengers, we threw our all into this and were pleased to find it *did* go to Cracow, although one *had* already gone. Passing through Czechoslovakia was like northern France—flat farm country. The Bata shoe factory with its own aerodrome looked like a self-contained townlet.

The mountain of luggage seemed to grow at each change and the boys were reluctant to take it on from Cracow alone, so as Pip was very becolded the girls abandoned the idea of seeing Cracow and we all went on together. No restaurant car to Zakopane necessitated raiding the buffet, but the supply of ham buns proved totally inadequate for twelve hungry people. At last Zakopane, midnight and very sleepy we were met by FIS officials, and two men who were our guides and interpreters during our stay. Two and two we drove up to the Hotel Bristol in sleighs. The horses had bells, the drivers tight thick white embroidered trousers, leather coats fur edged, and black round brimmed hats banded by cowry shells. The travellers, not looking or feeling their best, found an evening dress dance in full swing in the hotel and the band playing the "Lambeth Walk." (The Poles seemed to like it, and applauded terrifically when Maxie Heber and Ernst Baier danced it on skates a few days later.)

Louis Cochon (Canada) was the last addition to the party—he had travelled with the Swiss.

Polish times worried everyone a little at first. Eleven o'clock at the "Bucket" station seemed very late to the 8.30-ites from Grindelwald. We were thought odd asking for a picnic lunch, as lunch was still "on" when we came in at 4 p.m. We soon became accustomed to it at that hour and grew fat on the good Polish food.

Zakopane is at the edge of a low-hilled plain with the Tatra Mountains behind. Several runs were pointed out which looked as if they would be fun. One should not judge too harshly the skiing at Zakopane as we saw it this February. As usual, the FIS brought its special weather—so little snow that skiing was no fun. The course used was the third and easiest and only to be used if the conditions were the worst possible—and we never saw the best.

At the top of the second cable railway, the Kasprovy, there was a large basin where everyone practised slalom, and a fall here meant a slide of many feet to the bottom. When the sun had been at work, the snow was like the ice crystals of Earls Court Stadium; without the sun, not unlike the Earls Court Road itself. Workers were busy padding the course with snow. A ribald telegram received, suggesting to the girls that if the corridor was too icy they should try stemming, was of no help. It was a bitter disappointment to the travellers on their return to Switzerland to find no one in the least impressed by the tales of Polish ice—St. Moritz and the Titulescu had put up a rival show. The course proved dangerous in the icy conditions during practice, and far too easy and slow for a FIS course in normal conditions. In the thaw, on the actual day of the race, one did not get enough run from the first schuss to carry over the flat that followed. The women's start was a very easy schuss without a bump, then a bend to the right and one had to crouch hoping to collect speed to carry the flat, which seemed absurd when compared with the speed attained during icy conditions. A traverse round through bushes with ridges and bumps which had to be jumped and where a fall meant having to run, a glade ending in bumps and more, getting to the wood path which was dotted with tree roots and sloped away so that one was inclined to miss the left turn and land in young fir trees. The end was a fairly narrow cutting through trees, banked up with fir branches at the corners, but even so it was possible to overshoot them into the wood. The final schuss in the thaw was not fast but stumps were showing through by the end of the race. We all heartily endorsed Soss's opinion that it was pretty vile.

Excitement grew: parties of all kinds were given for the visitors. The Poles were so hospitable it was tragic that the weather refused to contribute to making the meeting a success. Hans said the course was worse than Innsbruck; Kini said the Swiss wouldn't race; the French wouldn't either; even Cristl was reported to have said "No"; what would "Arnie" say as referee of the course? But by the time "Arnie" had arrived the weather had done a *volte face*. Talking of FIS (H) weather, only once have I been as wet as at the 1939 FIS opening ceremony, and that was in a boat on a Scottish loch. Jimmy, Helen and myself, the only ones with dry

clothes, represented the British team—the two interpreters stood for Canada. It didn't rain, it poured (no one can spoil this story). The slush was deep enough for the water to run into tops of one's boots meeting the stream coming down from one's neck. Such a pity; had it been fine the beautifully embroidered white coats and trousers of the Guard of Honour of sleigh drivers and the greenish uniform and plumed hats of the soldiers, the colours of the teams' flags and those around the stadium would have made a lovely sight with the ski jump background. A quick march round and we ran!!!

The race was next day. It was fine and warm for those waiting at the finish of the straight race, but the start was delayed because it was "Blowing, snowing, misty and cold" on top. The snow at the finish was slow so the schuss to the "Mita" was not spectacular except for Per Fossum's (Norway) fall through the flags and seats at the finish.

The British were told that vodka awaited them at the finish and Soss anyway was in a hurry for her drink. She was 7th. Jimmy only found he liked vodka when he had finished. Helen hit her head over one of the jumps but luckily had a friend on the spot to urge her on. Pip and Nig did well for 10th and 11th, Robert went into the small firs. The fine interval did not last long. All began well for the men's slalom next day but soon there was a blizzard so that at times one could see nothing and it was freezing cold. The wind blew up and down the narrow gully where the slalom was set making the twisting, turning course very icy. The girls' start was postponed. Luckily there was a good hotel quite near, and it was packed with would-be spectators.

The next day was very little better, one could see, but the ice was bad. The Germans, Mai Neilsen, Gretle Schard and two little Poles were the only ones who looked like skiing. The English team had beaten the Swiss in the straight race taking 3rd place, with the Germans 1st, French 2nd. The slalom was their downfall, and was a disappointment after the enthusiastic way they had trained.

Races and prizegiving over the few days before leaving for Tatranska Lomnica for the Czechoslovakian championships were spent by some of us "seeing Cracow" and hearing something of Poland's past and present. It was fun posing as celebrities, signing autographs and being pointed out as "Fizz Pani" (FIS Pani-girls), lurching at a country house and scratching horses, cows and pigs on the nose. The week end with the Schwabes (Emmy Ripper, of Austria) walking and riding horses and a bicycle was a grand relaxation after racing. Soss and Helen certainly benefited, beating the French girls in the Czech Straight Race, and were 2nd and 3rd in the Combined at Tatranska Lomnica.

An extra bit of luggage had been collected in the shape of a *string bag* which harboured all the articles forgotten during the week-end.

Even with the poor snow conditions I think everyone enjoyed some part of their visit to Poland. A special word of thanks to Helen who was such a good captain-manager of the trip.

NORWAY, 1939

By BIDDY ARMITAGE.

NORWAY, country of blizzards and dried fish for breakfast, why do we leave it so sadly and long to return? Is it for the friends we make there? Is it for the scenic beauty and the quality of the ski-ing terrain? Is it perhaps because so much is new, strange and interesting? The reason lies partially I think in the above reasons, but also in something which can only be described as the spirit or atmosphere which surrounds all sport in Norway.

A large percentage of Norwegians ski and they are all ardent tourers. Even their racing aces of both sexes look upon touring as the chief and obvious reason for ski-ing at all. They also enjoy races enormously and organise them expertly, but the point which strikes one so is their attitude towards them. No racer ever seems to be thinking "Whom can I beat?" "How high on the lists can I get my name?" But rather hoping that it will be a good race, that they will all get down safely and that everyone, competitors, organisers and spectators will enjoy themselves. Enjoyment, that is their keynote. This does not mean that they are not keen racers, because they are, as keen as they are brilliant, but simply that they do away with that hysterical, death-or-disaster competitive spirit and judge the good humour and sound limbs of everyone to be of more importance. They succeed in making their races and the training beforehand cheerful, friendly meetings and good holidays.

The majority of the British University Ski Team and we five ladies of the Kandahar Club invited to Norway this year, arrived there on March 19th, and went straight to Myrdal where we had a week's training. Helen Blane, Pip Harrison, Marion Miller and Willy Earle who had come direct from the Alpine Kandahar joined us there just before the race.

The weather was changeable and windy, but on the day of the race it was clear and sunny. Geoffrey Appleyard tied first with Tim Heiberg, who had just won the Norwegian Championship, and Pip, who ran superbly, won the ladies' event with Helen a close second. The next day was equally brilliant. The slalom was an excellent one set in a glade cut out of the birch woods. Here, to put it crudely, the Norwegians wiped the floor with us thoroughly. Olaf Raabe won and Dave Bradley took 4th place. Hildegun Meinstad was the best girl, with Bunty 4th. This gave the combined results to both the West of Norway's teams.

The following day with great excitement we started on our week's tour across the Jotenheimen. Much to everyone's disappointment Hermann Lehmkuhl, who had done so much for us, had to return suddenly to London. Otto Türisen was the leader with Olaf in charge of the medical stores, and Tim as our human compass. Märtha Brinck, Ingolf Sand, Arnold Käch, Eric Kraus and ourselves made up the party, nineteen in number, representing seven nations.

We skied down to Flamm where we boarded our own private steamer and crossed the Sognefjord to Sogndal. Here we were

met by a bus pessimistically supplied with paper bags, which carried us until the snow became too deep. Incident was provided by Bunty breaking a window. This did not occur through boisterousness, as it might appear, but was the result of rebound from sitting firmly on a lighted cigarette!

Our first night was spent in a large hut halfway up a valley. It was beginning to blow hard and was very cold everywhere, so we played frenzied "round games" to ward off frostbite! Bunty and I were lucky enough to have attacks of the common cold so we were given coveted tots of brandy from the emergency bottle. This bottle was carried, I believe, by Otto next to his heart on the whole tour to prevent illegal tapping.

The next day was clear and sunny and yet a cold hurricane of great force blew all the time, whipping the snow up from the ground in stinging spirals. After an expedition in the morning we set off for the next hut. It was a long stiff climb on icy wind-packed snow, skins slipped, and the tracks kicked by someone fifteen paces in front were obliterated by the time one reached them.

On the very top of this mountain, the Fanaraaken (2,075 metres), is a meteorological, wireless and observation station where two men have been for four years; we were the first people they had seen since Christmas. Our diminutive hut lay about forty yards away; with the snow plastered two feet thick on the walls it looked like a drawing from a Hans Andersen story.

The next day the wind dropped and the whole week after was still, hot and brilliant. We had long, lovely days climbing up on to vast glaciers, crossing them and having two and three kilometre schusses on perfect powder or trustworthy wind-pack. Our skins got very burnt and we gave more and more the impression of a "hostile tribe"; Pip, I believe, even mistook Helen's face for one of her boots while dressing hurriedly one morning, a very pardonable error!

This touring on day after day gave one a real feeling of travelling and complete detachment from the civilised world. The formation of the country we crossed was of great interest. Sometimes the mountains could easily have been mistaken for Switzerland or Austria and at others the open rolling hills to the east of our route which gave wide views of 80 and 100 kilometres, and the U-shaped glacial valleys were unlike anything we had seen. We learnt to work with maps and compasses and planned our course in the evening for the following day.

Climbing wax which was used the whole time was new to many of us. We had to be taught not only how to apply it but also how to place our skis on the snow, which, if done incorrectly, results in the sufferer falling flat on his face, a minor irritation but not one conducive to good temper on a long steep traverse!

The huts were excellent, most of them had been opened up especially for us, and we had good hot meals and roaring fires. We used to sit round the fire in the evenings luxuriating in a delicious lassitude and sing Norwegian, English, American and Swiss songs.

As soon as it grew dark the northern lights came up, seeming to fill half the horizon; of varying breadths, crossing and changing and every few minutes dying down to rise again as one watched, like a giant battery of searchlights.

The boys were most thoughtful and kind and offered each day to carry anything for us in their rucksacks; we in return mended their clothes when they fell to pieces, which they did with great regularity! I have never seen people who so obviously enjoyed themselves to capacity the whole time. Often they seemed quite intoxicated at the end of a really perfect day, drunk with exhilaration from sun, snow and perfect ski-ing.

We arrived at Spiterstulen on the Saturday evening feeling unanimately sad that our expedition was over. Here we were joined by about 150 others who had come up for the race and an Easter holiday. There were altogether the French and Swedish teams, Norwegians, English and Americans, a Swiss, a Czechoslovakian, a Finn and a Greek. Everyone trained the course each morning and slalomed in the afternoons. Geoffrey and Willy both broke their ankles during practice which was a great disappointment.

The weather was not good and on Friday for the downhill race it snowed hard and the visibility was appalling. James Coutet won, and Dave Bradley and Rolly Alberry came in 9th and 19th respectively. Mai Nilson was the first lady, with Bunty 4th and Pip 5th. The slalom on Saturday held in almost equally arctic conditions was won by Hans Hansen and Laila Schou-Nilsen with Bunty 4th and Pip 7th.

The evening after the prizegiving was spent in a very hilarious fashion and before we knew where we were it was discovered to be breakfast time; always the sign of a good party!

We spent one night in Oslo and sailed from there in the evening with over forty of our friends giving us a great send off from the quay. They sang all our old songs with us until their voices grew faint as we slid slowly down the fjord, and we said goodbye to Norway and one of the best months of a lifetime.

ALPINE KANDAHAR.

By E.R.C.

WEATHER for the first edition of the Alpine-Kandahar seemed to feel itself exempt from the proverbial A-K weather. Snow descended solemnly and determinedly for days before. Bright intervals occurred in which competitors and the Kurverein vainly tried to beat down the heavy falls of new snow, only to have all their gallant work covered up during the ensuing night.

The French, of course, turned up in force; all the Swiss except those enticed to America, several Italians, Czechs, with a conspicuous absence of Germans, and our onetime Austrians, who were busy trying to pretend an Arlberg Race at St. Anton.

The day before the race the course presented that appalling spectacle of badly cut up deep snow so dreaded by all racers: it seemed impossible that it could have reached that state of perfection that greeted us the next day. Had the "overhead" lived up to the same standard conditions would have been marvellous, but alas, as the zero hour struck, dense clouds massing in the valley billowed up and up, and before the first half dozen *damen* had been lös-ed off visibility on parts of the *strecke* had become nil, and those called upon to run blind for the controls on the steep face or *schuss* into oblivion on Martha's Meadow found things a bit grim.

The original intention had been to have two courses—the old A-K and the Anglo-Swiss—but the impossibility of getting more than one course in condition rendered this impracticable and it was decided that the men should race twice over the "Kandahar" and the ladies once. After the start of the first three or four competitors, visibility became more and more chancy, arriving at what was practically a blackout for the men.

Verena Fuchs lived up to her season's promise and won the Abfahrt in 2 min. 31.9 sec.—a popular win. Soss was 9.4 sec. behind this, and Marion Steedman our newest "deb," anxious to obey her maestro's instructions, which she seemed to think included taking the first to second control on the steep face without a check, failed to hold this startling and impossible feat and took a U.P. (unprecedented purler) but still finished in 2 min. 41.6 sec.

Times were as follows:—

	Name.	Club.	min.	sec.
1st.	Verena Fuchs	S.C. Davos/Basel ...	2	31.8
2nd.	Christiane de la Fressange... ..	S.C. Paris	2	39.4
3rd.	Isobel Roe	Kandahar	2	41.2
4th.	Marion Steedman	Kandahar	2	41.6
5th.	Geneviève Martin	S.C. Paris	2	41.8
6th.	Françoise Matussière	S.C. Paris	2	44.0
7th.	Philippa Harrison	Kandahar	2	50.0
8th.	Bunty Greenland	White Hare S.C. ...	3	05.8
9th.	Jrina Ascherova	Svaz Lyzaru S.C. ...	3	11.2
10th.	Rösli Streiff	S.D.S.	3	24.8
11th.	Birnie Duthie	Kandahar	3	38.6
12th.	Betty Blackburn	Kandahar	3	39.2
13th.	Diana Allen	S.C.G.B.	3	53.8
14th.	Kathryn Dyson-Taylor	C.A.S.A.	4	02.6
15th.	Andrée Rueff	S.C. Nice	4	07.4
16th.	Margaret Sherer	Kandahar	4	07.6
17th.	Marion Miller	C.A.S.A.	4	20.8
18th.	Nancy Watson	Kandahar	4	27.2
19th.	Yvonne Rolph	S.C.G.B.	4	35.8
20th.	Hazel Green	S.C.G.B.	4	51.4
21st.	Peggy Rolph... ..	Kandahar	5	25.2

Hors Concours.

Gabrielly Ansbacher 3 17.4

Disqualified.

Helen Blane Kandahar 2 49.6

Conditions became so bad that the men's second race in the afternoon was called off and run early next morning. This proved itself a veritable "Kandahar" day, hot sun of the first quality, and everything in the garden was lovely.

The Ladies' Slalom, held in the afternoon, was most exciting. The start was at Shambles Corner and legions of flags found their way to the bottom of Martha's Meadow. Here Bunty Greenland put up an excellent show. Proceeding at a pace that never appeared in the least hurried and gave one no idea that she was being speedy she tied with Marion Steedman for first place in 1 min. 49.2 sec. Pippa Harrison was 3rd in 1 min. 50.6 sec. A cunningly placed pair of flags on the extreme right of the steep face proved the undoing of Soss and one or two others. She missed seeing them entirely and had a long climb back. However, this didn't seem to depress her and she greeted me cheerfully at the next pair and went out of sight chatting gaily.

Times were as follows:—

SLALOM RACE.			
	Name.	Club.	min. sec.
1st.	Mrs. Bunty Greenland	White Hare S.C.	1 49.2
	Marion Steedman	Kandahar	1 49.2
3rd.	Philippa Harrison	Kandahar	1 50.6
4th.	Françoise Matussière	S.C. Paris	1 58.6
5th.	Christiane de la Fressange... ..	S.C. Paris	2 01.2
6th.	Geneviève Martin	S.C. Paris	2 02.6
7th.	Birnie Duthie	Kandahar	2 03.4
8th.	Verena Fuchs	S.C. Davos/Basel	2 05.2
9th.	Rösli Streiff	S.D.S.	2 06.2
10th.	Betty Blackburn	Kandahar	2 08.8
11th.	Diana Allen	S.C.G.B.	2 32.2
12th.	Isobel Roe	Kandahar	2 44.6
<i>Disqualified.</i>			
	Jrina Ascherova	S.L. S.C.	
	Andrée Rueff	S.C. Nice	
	Kathryn Dyson-Taylor	C.A.S.A.	

COMBINED RESULTS.			
	Name.	Club.	Points.
1st.	Marion Steedman	Kandahar	259.9
2nd.	Verena Fuchs	S.C. Davos/Basel	264.5
3rd.	Christiane de la Fressange... ..	S.C. Paris	268.5
4th.	Philippa Harrison	Kandahar	269.5
5th.	Françoise Matussière	S.C. Paris	270.7
6th.	Geneviève Martin	S.C. Paris	272.1
7th.	Mrs. Bunty Greenland	White Hare S.C.	284.1
8th.	Isobel Roe	Kandahar	309.3
9th.	Rösli Streiff	S.D.S.	318.4
10th.	Birnie Duthie	Kandahar	329.7
11th.	Betty Blackburn	Kandahar	335.1
12th.	Diana Allen	S.C.G.B.	370.7

In case you should wonder what happened to the mere men may I add: 1st, Rudolf Rominger; 2nd, Coutet; 3rd, Agnel.

The Preisverteilung was held at the Palace in the evening. Alas, it lacked its leading feature—"the Führer's Speech"—Arnie was called away by the serious illness of Sir Henry Lunn. An A-K prizegiving without Hannes and without Arnie seemed most unnatural (like smelts without sauce tartare) but as the evening progressed, spirits rose in direct proportion to the descent of the same and a very good time was had by all.

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