

LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN
OCTOBER, 1949



Are YOU joining us this Winter?

We're going—experts and novices alike—some to soar down . . . down . . . down over the crisp white snow—others to be “shown the ropes” on nursery slopes. Then, at the day's end, to join together for a laugh, a song and a drink before a crackling log fire. Yes—we're going—by Cook's! Are you coming too?

COOK'S WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE

Dept. HOL/I/LC, Berkeley Street, London, W.1, or branches

HARRODS

Proofed gabardine ski-suit in which every small detail has been studied to allow the wearer complete freedom of action. Jacket has deep-set armholes, bloused back and banded waist which zips on to the trousers back, anchoring them firmly in position for whatever posture is adopted. Front, placket and all pockets are zipped too. Navy, black, bottle green, silver grey or fawn. Bust sizes 32-38, waist sizes 25, 26, 28, 30. £20. 1. 1

Post Free

A typical example from our large selection of clothes for ski-ing and after ski-ing, including shirts, sweaters, waistcoats, boleros, mitts, socks, hoods, etc.

Active Sportswear
First Floor



HARRODS LTD

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1



*For experts...
by experts*

Practised skiers need no convincing—they know the great importance of a proper outfit for the full enjoyment of Winter Sports. A large selection of smart, serviceable Winter Sports clothes for both men and women is awaiting your choice at Simpson's, together with a variety of equipment of the finest quality. Why not visit our Winter Sports centre on the first floor, and get expert advice on the finer points of your Winter Sports outfit?

*Our attractive Winter Sports Booklet will be sent you on request

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd. 202 Piccadilly London W.1 Regent 2002

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 19

Vol. II. Pt. 11.

OCTOBER, 1949.

EDITORIAL

THE most important event for the L.S.C. during the last winter season (in fact during the last twenty-five years) has been the celebration of the Club's Silver Jubilee, which took place at Mürren in January. It had not been possible to celebrate this event last year owing to the travel ban, but this circumstance enabled us to join in a grand Quadruple Jubilee with the S.D.S., the S.A.S., and the Kandahar. The L.S.C. has the distinction of being the oldest ski club for ladies, having been founded at Mürren in 1923. The S.A.S. (Swiss Academic Ski Club), at Berne, and the Kandahar, at Mürren, were founded in the following year, and the S.D.S. (Swiss Ladies' Ski Club) in 1928, as the result of a race between a team of Swiss ladies and the L.S.C.

The Jubilee races are described on another page and seem to have gone with a tremendous swing. But it seems a pity that there was such a very small British entry, only five ladies out of a *startliste* of 25, and one man out of 48. Were so few of our members able to be in Mürren for this auspicious occasion, which should surely have seen the entry of every member present who had two legs to ski on? Lack of training can hardly have been the reason, since a mere day's practice was enough for one L.S.C. member.

Another notable event this year was the inclusion for the first time in an International competition of a Langlauf race for women, in the S.D.S. Skirennen at Grindelwald which is described in an article in this issue. By this development, which originated in the Scandinavian countries, a new landmark has been set up in the history of ski-ing.

Several of our members distinguished themselves last winter. Soss Roe won the British Championship for the fourth time, and also the Jubilee Giant Slalom at Mürren. Sheena Mackintosh won the Lowland Ladies' Championship, finishing second in the Downhill, and not only winning the Slalom but beating all the men as well. The Downhill was won by Hilary Laing; she and Mrs. M. Chable have been awarded the S.C.G.B. Gold Lion, and Fiona Campbell the Silver Lion. The Pery Medal for 1949 has been awarded to Evie Pinching, and the Countess of Selkirk (Durell Sale-Barker) is one of the three racers to be awarded the Diamond A-K under the revised conditions. She has won the Combined twice and the Badge on four occasions. Our hearty congratulations to all concerned.

We again send our deep thanks to the Australian Women's Ski Club for their excellent food-parcels, which continue to arrive and continue to give enormous pleasure, not only to the harassed housewife, but even more to the hard-pressed sea-cook. Catering on land is difficult enough these days, but catering at sea, as anyone who cruises in even quite a small boat knows, would be practically impossible without the assistance of our good friends overseas.

We are happy to welcome the following new members to the Club:—Miss Fiona Campbell, Miss Jean Creidt, Miss June Crosthwaite, Mrs. M. Dalgish (*née* Ryder), Miss Patricia d'Ambrumenil, Miss Shiela Daniell, Miss Helen Denham, Mrs. Elgins (*née* Copner), Miss Hilary Laing, Miss Elisabeth Langford-Holt, Miss Diana Law, Miss Sheena Mackintosh, Miss Vora Mackintosh, Miss Janet Seaton and Miss Jocelyn Wardrop-Moore.

We offer our congratulations and good wishes to the following on their marriage:—

Miss A. A. Norie, now Mrs. E. S. I. Borch-Johansen.
Miss A. Hamilton Grace, now Mrs. Segrave, June, 1948.
Miss I. Copner, now Mrs. Elgins, March 5th, 1949.
Miss X. Ryder, now Mrs. M. Dalgish, April 7th, 1949.
Miss A. D. Sale-Barker, now the Countess of Selkirk, August 6th, 1949.
Mrs. R. M. Harvey, now Mrs. Nigel Battine.

Congratulations also to the following:—

Mrs. Stirling on the birth of a daughter, November 9th, 1948.
Mrs. Bancroft (*née* Angas) on the birth of a daughter, March 4th, 1949.
Mrs. Duke-Woolley on the birth of a daughter, April 22nd, 1949.
Mrs. Skotzin on the birth of a son, May 7th, 1949.
Mrs. Pearcy on the birth of a daughter, September 2nd, 1949.

The question has again cropped up, as it periodically does (this time in connection with the A-K), as to whether Downhill races for women should be controlled, thus turning them into a kind of Giant Slalom. This it is maintained would minimise the danger to life and limb. But would it? Is it really less dangerous to be forced to turn where everyone else has turned (and *schuss* where others have *schussed*) rather than to choose one's own line according to one's own individual capabilities? Admittedly controls are sometimes necessary to keep competitors clear of rocks and other dangers, but we think that most first-class racers would agree that they should be kept to a minimum, in order to allow full scope for initiative and judgment in choosing a line. More will no doubt be heard of this question, and it would be interesting to know the views of women racers themselves on this apparently thorny subject.

The L.S.C. Race will take place next year on January 9th, at Grindelwald.

We would be glad if members would mention the BULLETIN when making enquiries of advertisers.

We fear that the BULLETIN may be slightly late in appearing this year, and also slightly slimmer than could have been wished; should this occur we apologise in advance. The causes are outside Editorial control. We would like to stress the point that articles for the next issue should be sent in by the *beginning of June*.

LETTER FROM THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S SKI CLUB

From Mrs. Ashleigh O. Davy, Hon. Sec. N.S.W. Branch.

337, EDGECLIFF ROAD,
WOOLLAHRA, N.S.W.

February 14th, 1949.

DEAR LADY BLANE,

The cup has arrived and my committee have asked me to write thanking the Ladies' Ski Club very much indeed. We all think that it is such a pretty shape and it will be a most valued possession.

The first name on it will be "Mollie Foley," who was the first N.S. Welshwoman to finish in the Australian Championship last year.

Again many thanks; not only for the cup, but for the very nice thought.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH D. DAVY.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

NOVEMBER 22nd, 1948

THE Annual General Meeting was held at 115, Cranmer Court, on November 22nd, 1948.

Mrs. Lindsay, the President, was in the Chair, and thirty-five members were present. The Minutes of the previous Meeting were read, confirmed and signed.

Mrs. Lindsay in her talk said how much she had enjoyed her term as President, and she hoped that the new President (Mrs. Oddie) would have as pleasant a time.

Mrs. Oddie was proposed and elected as the new President, and Miss I. Roe as a Vice-President.

Three new members were elected; Sheena Mackintosh, Xanthe Ryder (now Mrs. Dalgish), and Iolande Copner (now Mrs. Elgins).

Two alterations to the rules were agreed upon and passed; that "the standard for qualification shall be up to 2nd Class Standard," and that "the Committee may invite any eminent ski-runner to become an Honorary Member of the Club."

Members were told about the Club's Silver Jubilee, which was to be held at Mürren with the Kandahar, S.D.S., and S.A.S.

The editorship of the BULLETIN was again taken on by Miss P.

Harrison, as Lady Chamier, who did not manage to get to Canada last summer, was going in the summer of 1949.

The Meeting was followed by a Cocktail Party to which, for the first time, husbands and fiancés were invited, as agreed at the last Annual General Meeting. This was a great success and a very good party indeed.

QUADRUPLE JUBILEE

BY BERYL SPENCE.

THE last week-end in January was the occasion of a notable gathering of racers, ancient and modern, for the celebration of the Quadruple Jubilee of the L.S.C., S.D.S., Kandahar, and S.A.S., and most appropriately the venue chosen was Mürren. Arriving on the Friday, we were charmed to find the town *en fête* with flags everywhere to welcome Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein.

Weather conditions were nearly perfect with blazing sun and plenty of snow. This was very lucky as most other resorts had far too little snow, and far too many uncovered rocks. It was delightful to wander around after tea and meet so many old friends and members of the four Clubs.

On Saturday, a Giant Slalom was set from near the top of the ski-lift, down the steep south slopes to the fence on the Finel *Piste*, continuing down the shoulder to the Ziel at the bottom of the ski-lift.

The *damen* and *alteherren* started just above the fence after the *kanonen* had come down from the top. The controls were large and placed well apart, and the course was easy, but the setters had not given any clue between controls as to where the next pair might be expected, and one missed those nice little gaily coloured "Bally" paper flags that adorned pre-war race courses. The lack of clues caused the racers who did not know the usual *piste* to pause and peer on each edge before turning to left or right (rather like driving a car in the N.W. of Scotland when main roads have been left behind); or to miss a control altogether never having observed it at all. This latter accounted for the disqualification of four Swiss ladies including an ex-Swiss team member, Dinah Wille, and Peggy Sherer. It was disappointing that so few British entered considering the large number in Mürren just then; only five ladies and one man out of a *startliste* of 25 *damen* and 48 *herren*.

The race was won by Isobel Roe in what is becoming her unbeatable style. Fiona Campbell, a new and promising member, was 4th, Joan Murphy 16th, and Beryl Spence brought up the rear of the L.S.C., having been on ski less than a day.

In the men's race there was a "halt" of one minute during which competitors took a swig of wine. This innovation might well be extended to the ladies, who could then re-arrange their appearance and brush off any surplus snow before arriving at the Ziel, with a winning smile for the time-keeper instead of the usual gasp.

The winners of the men's race were Marc Hodler (Senioren II) and Johnny Lunde (Senioren I); Eric Lewns, the only British Kandahar entry, was 17th.

That evening we all put on our best clothes and went up to the Palace. There we found the entire racing population together with officials and members of the four Clubs, and we were given a cocktail by the Mürren Kurverein (free) before a tremendous banquet (12 francs). This was followed by speeches (*ad lib.*) and culminated in the prizes being presented by "My Lord Field-Marshal."

Sunday was another perfect day and a different kind of amusement was provided. It said "Slalom in period ski clothes and equipment, 1924" on the programme, but the costumes were much older and funnier. Full 1890's with velvet dresses down to the bindings, and picture hats complete with ostrich feathers, tied on with a veil, or colossal hatpins; fantastic Heath Robinson mountaineers complete with stove; an agile waiter in tails with beer and glass on salver; the self-styled Baron de Boom Boom with net knickers and a young tree. Brushed wool Balaclavas, knee breeches with miles of puttees, various vintages of British tourist, the inevitable male disguised as female with bulges behind and before, a clergyman (Swiss) who nervously enquired at the start whether it would offend if he wore the cloth on ski, but being reassured managed to preach an excellent sermon before the finish. There was even a genuine Bedouin, arrived from Kandahar (Kini Maillart).

The "Slalom" was down the nursery slopes in couples. The flags were Christmas trees, not a pair but just one tree round which one could stem, kick turn, fall or perform the graceful and almost extinct Telemark. One couple of intrepid British tourists of the 1900 period were roped to assist each other as they only had one stick apiece, and had an exciting descent enlivened by entanglements with slower competitors.

Bearded judges apparently from the Steppes, in a wooden pen designed to protect them from physical argument about time-keeping, distributed Garlands of Honour. Music was provided by Yodellers in costume and an Alpenhorn, and the dexterity with which the conductor did conjuring tricks with the national flag in time to the music amazed every one. A good time was had by all except Baron de Boom Boom, who still had the party spirit when boarding the train. He put his ski through the window which he had neglected to open.

The Four-Club Jubilee must be one of the happiest meetings on record, as there were no accidents and no incidents, and thanks are especially due to course-setter and *argumeister* Arnold, course-setter and Queen Bee Doreen, the Secretaries of all the clubs, and last but not least the Mürren Kurverein.

INTERNATIONAL LANGLAUF COMPETITION

S.D.S. SKIRENNEN, JANUARY 14th, 1949

By E. R. CHAMIER.

A new note of interest was added to the ever-popular S.D.S. Skirenennen held at Grindelwald on January 14th, by the first International Langlauf Competition for Women. At the FIS Committee meeting at Steveningen, Holland, in the spring, the Scandinavian countries asked for the inclusion of women's Langlauf in International programmes. It was agreed, and the S.D.S. offered to include it in their racing programme if sufficient entries were forthcoming. They were—two Finns (or are they Finesses?), three Swedes and two Czechoslovakians entered, and may I say right now that anyone who thinks of Langlauf Ladies as great beefy girls with enormous muscles and piano legs, can reject this idea at once! They were, for the most part, slim and exceedingly attractive creatures. No hips, broad shoulders, carrying themselves extremely well, and in action they simply flowed over the landscape in effortless style.

The day was a shocking one. Deep snow had fallen and this turned to rain, visibility was poor and the track difficult. A little crowd of about thirty people huddled at the Ziel with the timekeepers and officials to watch this new bit of ski-ing history being made, and peered into the mist and falling snow.

The Start and Ziel was below the Restaurant Glacier-am-Endweg, and spectators here could watch the racers appearing in the valley below—disappearing and appearing again close by the Start where a sharp *schuss* took them down again to the stream, up the high ground on the other side of the valley, across two fields and disappearing again until some twenty minutes later they re-appeared out of the blue and headed for the Ziel.

The course of 10 kilometres was covered in 51.06 minutes by Kerrtie Pehkonen, Finland, a tall, slim blonde with blue eyes and pale gold hair. Her movements were perfect rhythm and looked quite effortless. Marta Norberg, Sweden, was second in 54.00 and Margit Asber-Albrectson third in 54.04 min. None of them looked particularly exhausted, not more so than if they had been running in a Downhill Race.

They are all extremely enthusiastic about their sport and Inga Lowden has written a very good piece of propaganda which was distributed to the Women's FIS Committee. The girls left for Chamonix on the Monday and were coming back to give a demonstration in the Jura at Le Locl.

We were all very impressed with the demonstration. It requires first-class physical condition, and rigorous training. This they start in August for the winter season with long walks and climbs and gymnastics, and none of the girls smoke or drink at all during the training period and Competitions, as they take it very seriously. It looks as if Women's Langlauf is to become a fixture among the Women's Events in International Ski Competitions and the World's Championship.

The Downhill Race on the Friday was the only event to have decent weather conditions—a sunny day and Tschuggen in very good form. I was fortunate in keeping a pair of flags half-way down Mac's Leap where I enjoyed a worm's eye view of the various techniques coming over the top. Erica Mehringer and Anneliese Shuh-Proxauf took the first two places in 3.54 min. and 3.55 min., with a new Swiss girl, Ida Schopfer, third in 4.07 min. Fiona Campbell and Jennifer Howard were our only entrants.

Saturday's Combined Slalom was held on the bottom slopes at the end of Tschuggen Run and was chiefly remarkable for the number of umbrellas in evidence. It rained continuously. Celina Seghi, with a total of 103.8; Couttet-Smith, 104.5; and Mehringer, 104.9, in this event brought the Combined Results to:—

	Total pts.
1. Erica Mehringer, Austria	0.64
2. Anneliese Shuh-Proxauf, Austria	4.40
3. Celina Seghi, Italy	6.75

The weather was a trifle worse on Sunday, necessitating the cancellation of the Reisen Slalom. Kini Maillart's brain wave of a Fancy Dress Gymkhana on ski, just behind the village, involving jumps from springboards, climbing under and over fences, crawling through snow tunnels and finally balancing on a ladder which let you down on the other side, was a most popular performance carried off with much spirit, and helped to keep the disappointed Slalomers from boredom. Celina Seghi won it, and a bottle of "Scandal" too. A very delicious and well arranged dinner-dance at the Schöneegg with prize-giving and speeches finished off a most enjoyable Ski Meeting. Our compliments and thanks to the S.D.S.

THE BRITISH LADIES' SKI CHAMPIONSHIP

By MRS. W. R. BRACKEN.

THIS year the British Ladies' Ski Championship was held at Zermatt, in perfect weather conditions, on January 25th and 26th.

Despite universal lack of snow over most of the Alps, the courses were in perfect condition and the races were held in brilliant sunshine. The Championship was run as a two-day event.

On January 25th the Straight Race was held. The course was from Gornergrat to Riffelboden, a descent of 2,330 feet. It was an easy course, the first 1,000 feet being very open and fast. Fast ski and waxing made an appreciable difference to the times. There were five controls on this part of the course to stop competitors taking short cuts. These were placed by Bill and Patsy, who set the course, to avoid any possible accidents from hitting sparsely covered rocks off the *piste*. These controls were purely directional and in no way affected the times as can be seen from the results. One of these controls was set just above the railway line leading on to the "gallery."

The Kurverein built a bridge over the railway line at this point and the control was so set that a major check was not necessary. The gallery, like the rest of the course, was fast and in very good condition and the finish was on the open slopes below Riffelboden Station.

We must congratulate Soss Roe on winning the British Ladies' Ski Championship for the fourth time. She was first in the Straight Race and second in the Slalom, thus winning the Combined. She ran with superb control and judgment, and was aided and abetted by a very fast pair of ski. Soss has a racing temperament which is to be envied; she never appears to be flustered or worried, with the result that she is able to take the best advantage of the ground over which she is racing. In the Slalom she was beaten by Sheena Mackintosh by 4/5ths of a second.

Second in the Combined was Sheena Mackintosh who won the Slalom and was third in the Straight Race. She appeared to lose time on the open slopes of the Straight Race above Riffelberg owing to slow ski. Sheena, with her strength and easy style, should undoubtedly make a name for herself in International Racing in the next few years.

Marie-Lou Chable was second in the Downhill and third in the Slalom in which she equalled the fastest time of the day on her first run. It was courageous of her to enter as she had an injured ankle which, however, in no way impaired her style.

Of the other entrants, Jean Geidt and Jane Denham deserve special mention as both are comparatively new-comers to ski-ing and this was their first race.

The Meeting was held without any fuss or bother mainly owing to the sportsmanship of the competitors and the co-operation of the Kurverein who helped in every way they could.

After the event, Mr. Candrian of the Seiler Hotel, Mont Cervin, invited the competitors to dinner after which a ball was held in honour of the S.C.G.B. and L.S.C. to celebrate the first occasion of the British Ladies' Ski Championship being held in Zermatt. The Kurverein very kindly presented each competitor with a plaque which was very much appreciated.

THE PARSENN DERBY

BY ISOBEL ROE.

THE Parsenn Derby was first run in 1924, and is the original of all the ski Derbys. As with Kandahars, Derbys have now cropped up all over the world. This year there were over 200 starters, whose ages ranged from 17-65. There are eight different age groups for men and women and it means as much if not more to Fritz if he wins in Senioren V (56 and over) as it does to the winner of the Derby itself. Each year there is much the same entry and those who have competed against each other as juniors remain lifelong rivals as they gradually qualify for the "Alteklases."

A Riesen Slalom is now run concurrently with the Derby and is

held on the previous Friday. It seems to act as rather a deceptive preview of Derby form as the results show; Max Bertsch and Annie Maurer, the Derby winners, were only 6th and 9th respectively in the Slalom. These races were won by Stig Sollander of Sweden and Micheline Demazières of France.

Up till two days before the Derby there was a continuous blizzard which made training practically impossible and also caused a few cases of mild frost-bite. The men's course is eleven kilometres and the women's six kilometres long. There is not much choice of line on the early part of the course but later there are numerous places where very valuable seconds can be gained by a thorough knowledge of the course. One competitor remarked on how willing everybody was to show new-comers the way, but he added that rumour had it that these "guides" would themselves take a totally different line on the day of the race.

In the race itself, the possessor of a too secret line is liable to find picnicking parties or other obstructions on the route. Like everybody else, these picnickers feel they own the Parsenn and are very offended at being disturbed. There are other surprises in store for the racer such as shovel men employed to patch up the course and cover up rocks or bare earth. These men apparently work with their eyes glued to the ground as one racer found to his cost when a shovel load of snow landed on his tummy instead of on its intended target. This racer being English was unable to make an official protest as this entails a deposit of 20 francs.

The race is run at 30-second intervals, which means that the slower skiers are generally passed by several later start numbers. "Grandfather," a 65-year-old Zürich competitor who took 57 minutes to complete the course, temporarily raised the hopes of several other competitors who, when they saw a number ahead, thought they must be doing well as they were about to pass at least one other racer.

Davosers took first place in the men's race and first and second places in the women's race. Max Bertsch, the 1947 Derby winner, gained his second win, and Annie Maurer her sixth successive win. Jimmy Palmer-Tomkinson, 26th, was the first English man and Hilary Laing, 6th, the first English woman. Of the 27 women entries, eight were English and the three "Alteklases" (32 and over) were left entirely to two English and an American and rather inevitably resulted in "great victories" as each racer was in a class of her own.

On a long race course like the Parsenn where there are flat run-outs, wax plays a rather big part in success and also in failure. Those who have failed happily console themselves that it was not their ski-ing which was at fault but their wax. A very genuine and quite pathetic "bad wax" story concerns two of the lady competitors who had had their ski carefully waxed with at least six different waxes. On arrival at Weissfluhjoch they decided to leave their ski for safe keeping in the corner of the ski shop. On going to collect them, they found to their horror that the ski man had thought the ski were there for waxing and that he had ironed on layer upon layer of Red Sohm.

What makes the Derby such an outstandingly popular race?

I believe that the secret of its success lies in the fact that with the numerous classes it produces so many winners. In the Olympic Games, winning is said to be of no importance—the important thing is taking part. In the Derby lots of people take part and lots of people win, too.

THE 14th ARLBERG-KANDAHAR

BY EVIE PINCHING.

The 14th Arlberg-Kandahar took place at St. Anton last winter on March 12th and 13th, the first time this race has been held at St. Anton since before the war. The Downhill Race was held down the familiar Galzig course. This, as most racers know, starts from a 20-minute climb above the top "Bubble" station (for the men), and consists of three easy *schusses* leading on to a fast traverse, and running right-handed over a cornice on to the Tobel. This is a steep and bumpy slope, and the most difficult part of the course, particularly the judging of the speed at which it is possible to enter the wood-path after a long right turn. This path is generally easy, but the faster it is entered the greater the advantage. Here waxing is also important. Then comes the Feldhernhügel, a short fast *schuss* bearing left into the Kanonrohr (a narrow funnel—new to us since the war), at the bottom of which is a narrow bridge which can be tricky in certain snow conditions. Finally, after a slightly uphill path, the last slope is reached, an easy *schuss* with a nasty bump on to the flat just before the finishing post, close by the lower "Bubble" station.

The Ladies' Start was at the top of the Traverse, an awe-inspiring place to have chosen. The three easy *schusses* at the top were thus left out, and although this made the course shorter, it deprived the *damen* of the fun of comparing their times with those of the men, and also of the time to find their legs and to recover their "nerve." There was a consolation, though, as the official Starter was Bob Handley—a most sympathetic and efficient one from all accounts.

The day of the Downhill Race opened warm and muggy, the snow was rather icy for the men, but became soggy as the day wore on. This meant that the *damen* had rather difficult conditions of sticky spring snow, where over-edging was asking for trouble. Large crowds lined the course, and were full of encouragement for the racers.

This was an interesting race, as the predominant complaint about the course had been that it was too easy and could be *schussed* from top to bottom. This argument proved wrong, for the few (both men and women) who attempted it, with one exception came to grief and in many cases were injured. This proves that judgment of line and speed are still two of the most important factors in modern Downhill racing. Because of these accidents it was voiced by many that Downhill racing for ladies should henceforth be controlled. Should this come to pass, it would be a disadvantage to British racers. For though we are less skilled than the Alpine nationals in the art of ski-ing

(and indeed have had little opportunity of practising it) our judgment and capacity to choose a good line is, and always was, our *forte*. Apart from this, these two important factors in Downhill racing will be removed, and much of the fun and thrill of it will be lost.

The winner of this much-discussed Downhill Race was Jacqueline Martel, of France, who proved by her 7-second win that she was neither lacking in skill nor judgment. It was a great pity that Great Britain was only represented by one girl, Hilary Laing. Soss Roe, who raced so well last winter, had injured herself, and Sheena Mackintosh, who skied beautifully in practice, was most unfortunate in spraining an ankle two days before the race. Celina Seghi, one of the world's foremost racers, broke her shoulder in an unlucky fall in the Kanonrohr, but completed the course finishing fifth, a most valiant effort. She raced the following day in the Slalom when she clocked the second best time of the *damen*. Again, here she was unlucky, for on her first faultless run, the timing went wrong. She fell the second time down, thereby failing to be placed in the Slalom. In view of her excellent third run, the Committee decided she should nevertheless be awarded her Gold A-K, a most popular and deserved decision.

The day of the Slalom Race was perfect, real "A-K weather." It was set by Rudi Matt and the course was kept in perfect order by what seemed to be the whole of the male population of St. Anton armed with shovels. The standard of slaloming was very high, and the difference in times far less great than in the Downhill. Even larger crowds than the day before covered the slopes, and watched one of the most exciting Slalom Races I have yet witnessed. Of the ladies, Rosemarie Gebler-Proxauf was the winner, with also the fastest time of the day.

J. Martel, thanks to her ample lead in the Downhill, was the winner of the Combined with the two Austrians, Resi Hammerer and Dagmar Rom, second and third.

The 1949 Arlberg-Kandahar can be regarded as one of the most successful races held since the war. The atmosphere was friendly and gay, and took one back to those good old A-K days of before 1938. This was mainly due to the fact that Hannes Schneider and Arnie were both there—and in very good heart, too. Many pre-war racers came to St. Anton to watch, and many old friends and acquaintances were re-united. Finally, a word of praise for the excellent organisation. Everything went like clockwork, and everyone was able to see the race without delays or difficulties. St. Anton can be truly proud of its achievement in providing both racers and spectators with a most enjoyable Arlberg-Kandahar meeting.

AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

AWARD OF THE L.S.C. CUP

By Mrs. J. W. S. LAIDLEY.

THE Australian Women's Ski Club, New South Wales Branch, have asked me to give you a description of the conditions under which your beautiful cup was won this year.

As you probably know, our Committee decided that your cup should be a perpetual award to the first N.S.W. woman to finish in the Australian Championship Combined Downhill and Slalom. Last year the Championship was run in Victoria and Miss Foley was the winner. This year the N.S.W. and Australian Championships for men and women were held at Mt. Kosciusko, N.S.W. Much to everyone's rage, despair and ultimate sorrow, there was a great dearth of the essential snow, a few flakes would fall from a bruised sky only to be blown away, and with them went our hopes of having the races on the slopes near to the Chalet at Charlotte's Pass.

After deep consideration, and a few half-hearted falls of snow, the Race Committee decided to try and hold both Slalom and Downhill on the Main Range; it was either that or abandon everything.

Perhaps I should explain why skiers treat the Main Range with such respect. The mountains and slopes are truly beautiful but oh, so treacherous, because of the uncertain and fickle weather. Literally out of a clear blue sky, amidst bright sunshine, fog and cloud will roll up forcing skiers into an unwilling game of blind man's buff; and racers can quite easily run off course, with possibly fatal results.

The big decision having been made, we crossed our fingers and sprang into the usual activities. The Slalom was to be run first, quite a historic event as it would be the first course ever set on the Main Range.

I, having been seeded out, was put in charge of the numbers, and each unhappy entrant had to deposit 5s. for his or her number, so difficult has it become to obtain waterproof and non-running printed figures.

The great day dawned with everyone up bright and early to be sure of a prompt start. A snowmobile was away first packed with field telephone sets, slalom poles, ambulance sledge, medical kit and course-setters; in fact, it was rather like the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland." I do believe we had a mouse trap, but I won't vouch for the beehive!

The snowmobile climbed up and over Charlotte's Pass, and down the other side where it had to cross the Snowy River, a most perilous undertaking. The snow was very patchy so the river was open in many places, and the snowmobile overloaded. However, it lurched through, and after standing by to see the second snowmobile safely through (carrying competitors' lunches and firewood), set off again. A gully was selected some four miles from Charlotte's Pass.

The Slalom was a course of approximately 700 vertical feet, and was proclaimed a steep and difficult one. There were no major

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIPS (LADIES)

Zermatt, January, 1949



Photo by]

[A. Perron-Barberini, Zermatt

JEAN GRIDD, Mrs. GLEDHILL, MARJORIE COOMBS, PAT D'AMBRUMENIL, FIONA CAMPBELL, SHEENA MACKINTOSH, BILL BRACKEN, SOSS ROE, JANE DENHAM, MARIE CHABLE, VORA MACKINTOSH, ARNOLD LUNN, JUNE CROSTHWAITT, PATSY RICHARDSON, BABS BRACKEN, MORNA ATTCHISON, JANET SEATON

L.S.C. JUBILEE, Mürren, 1949
THE "OLD TIMES" SLALOM



Photo by] [Fiona Campbell
SOSS ROE and ELSA ROTH
Winners



Photo by] [Fiona Campbell
DOREEN ELLIOTT

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS"
Mürren, 1911



The hooded figure (on ski above) became the mother of the (Temporary)
Hon. Editor



MEMORIES OF A TURKISH MOUNTAIN



Photo by]

LOOKING ACROSS THE PUNCH BOWL

[Y. Lewis



Photo by]

ULÜDÜG HOTEL

[Y. Lewis

casualties, but I felt desperately sorry for those who had drawn places well down the list. There were 37 entries (men and women together), and when the time came for their second run the sun had departed and one could hear that awful ominous rattle of steel edges on ice. Miss Patsy Finlayson won the Women's Section and ran strongly and competently; she ran in the Arlberg-Kandahar in 1938 and is undoubtedly our best woman skier.

The following day the Downhill, a Giant Slalom with about 1,000 feet descent, was run on a slope quite close to the slalom gully. As before the course-setters were away first in their snowmobile, towing quite a number of skiers on ropes. The telephones, a great success in the Slalom, were rigged up once more. The sun shone, and the sky was almost brutally blue. There was a crisp breeze that felt like an icy tornado at the start, where there was no protection save the anxious forms of racers. I was one of them, and the first female to start amongst a horde of males. Having seen the majority of them fall at "Hoodoo" corner, I promptly did so myself much to my inward rage; a superb fall, nevertheless, from ice into soft snow, full tilt, head first! A giant fist, I swear, came up and hit me, taking the wind completely out of my sails; I lay becalmed, but managed to hoist a spinnaker and limp past the finishing posts.

Patsy Finlayson once again was the winner. She ran beautifully, and now holds your coveted cup until next year.

On the way home, the snow vehicles had an exciting time crossing the Snowy River, as the ice gave way and the caterpillar tracks of the first snowmobile floundered in the water. We held our breaths while it crawled up the opposite bank. Hunks of ice and snow had to be shovelled into the river to help the second one to make the crossing; it succeeded and slowly mounted Charlotte's Pass for the last time. The pass by now had a fine display of tussocky grass, which looked as though each blade had been wrapped in cellophane.

The presentation of prizes was accompanied by luscious *glühwein*. Needless to say, the prize-giving was an outstanding success!

CYPRUS CHAMPIONSHIP

LADIES' SKI CLUB CYPRUS CHALLENGE CUP

BY BETTY ARTHUR.

THIS year we had a phenomenal winter and there were those who skied from before Christmas to May 8th. There was at times 6 feet of snow. Appalling blizzards occurred and many must have read the stirring if inaccurate accounts in the daily papers of the plight of those marooned in the Army Leave Camp.

The Cyprus Ski Club had an excellent season, its membership rose to 90 and for the first time in the history of the island's skiing a team from the mainland came to compete in our Races. These were nine members of the Club "Enfants de Neptune" and their

trainer from France, Robert Gaté. (Incidentally, M. Gaté's services were secured through the French Ministry of Education—I do so wonder whether the S.C.G.B., whom we are now pestering for an Official Representative-cum-Instructor for next season, have approached the Education Authorities of this Government!) It was agreed that Cyprus and the Lebanon should each race a team of five in the Downhill and Slalom that make up the Island Championship, and that the individual times should count for the existing personal cups. The L.S.C. Cup is awarded to the first lady in the Combined result who is nor a member of the L.S.C.

The Lebanese, having finished their own races, arrived a few days before our Meeting on April 10th and thus had time to acquaint themselves with some of our trees. (I believe there are none in the Lebanon except for the one group of famous Cedars.) The Downhill Race was held in the morning on the same course as last year—from just under half a mile from the summit of Mt. Olympus, down a steep gully on the North face to a tree-covered but much more gentle *schuss* to the finish. Where the gully gives way to the gentler slope, almost exactly half-way down the course, the skier at the height of his speed is faced with a line of trees with remarkably little space between them. It is an ugly place but the Forestry department have marked two offending junipers which they promise to fell before next season. A few trees in the gully itself also provide interest and into one of these went M. Boutros, of Beirut, going very fast indeed. We were thankful and surprised when he emerged with only a broken ski and bruises.

The race was timed by the Army with a walkie-talkie and was watched by a large crowd of spectators who had trudged a considerable distance in waist-deep snow. Finishing order was Geagea (L), Itani (L), Samen (L), Henderson (C), Miss Taylor (C), Dahners (C). Gail Dahners, an 11-year-old American, who had learnt her ski-ing in Alaska, was 11th out of a field of 25. Miss Taylor, who won the L.S.C. Cup last year, did an excellent time and as one of the Lebanese said, must have skied well to beat him!

The race being over, we all repaired to the Pub, where the Ski Club entertained H.E. the Acting Governor and Mrs. Turnbull and the two teams to luncheon. It was a lovely day and very warm and only with the greatest reluctance did we stagger up to the start of the Slalom. This, however, had been chosen by Mrs. Greenland not far from the luncheon site, a kindly thought for spectators and competitors alike.

Miss Taylor, going first, did a very stylish run but missed a pair of flags at the entrance to the "glade." Unfortunately the flag-keepers were not aware that they should call her back and she knew nothing until she reached the bottom. It couldn't have been more annoying. I did the same later, but Miss Taylor, walking up the hill, kindly shouted and I was able to stop and go back, though a fairly lengthy struggle with a bush ensued. The Enfants de Neptune won easily—Geagea and Itani again getting 1st and 2nd place. Then came Henderson (C), Samen (L), and Dahners (C). Gail Dahners did

rather a cautious first run but did very well in her second and finished 10th. Miss Taylor did an excellent second run and having done so well in the Downhill, had she not had her mishap with the flags, would have finished very high up in the Combined result of both races.

Combined results were:—1st, Geagea; 2nd, Itani; 3rd, Henderson; the Lebanese winning the team race and Geagea the Cyprus Championship. Gail Dahners was 10th out of 19, just beating her mother, and thus winning the L.S.C. Cup, a most popular victory. Gail was the third member of her family of four to get a cup at this meeting, as her father, finishing 6th, won the Residents', and her younger sister the Sunday before had carried off the Children's Handicap. Gail should go far and we wish her every success if she comes to Europe this winter.

The "Enfants de Neptune" were horrified at being asked to race against ladies, let alone children, and explained that at the Cedars the females are pushed away to a different *piste* altogether from the men. We think that Bidy Duke-Woolley should take a Girls' Team over next season!

These cups and those of the smaller races run on the two previous Sundays were presented by H.E. the Acting Governor. The meeting was, I think, a great success and we hope the guests enjoyed themselves; although they found the Downhill Race very short they learnt to respect our trees! Their presence was not only a great pleasure to our Club but an inspiration to Cyprus skiers and spectators, and the sight of Robert Gaté opening the *piste* in the Downhill, flying down the slopes of Mt. Olympus at an average speed of 42 m.p.h., or floating through the Slalom, will long remain a thrilling memory. But Lebanese, look to your laurels! One day we, too, will have a ski-lift and a trainer!

MEMORIES OF A TURKISH MOUNTAIN

BY MRS. LESLIE LEVIS.

THIS is not an account of ski-ing in Turkey generally, as the ski-fields are very scattered and situated at vast distances from each other. In eastern Turkey there must be many areas where in winter ski are used as a means of communication, in areas that are as yet undiscovered and undeveloped. The main centres are at Kayseri in Anatolia and the Ulüdâg on the south shore of the Sea of Marmora above Bursa.

I was only lucky enough to visit one locality, but I did manage to get two trips to the Ulüdâg in the spring of 1948. I should imagine that the climate in Anatolia, which strongly resembles Switzerland, would be better for snow conditions than that on the edge of the Sea of Marmora. On a fine clear day and with a south wind prevailing, the summit of the Ulüdâg was tantalisingly visible from the balcony of our flat in Istanbul, a distance of approximately 60 miles. But to get there took longer than from London to any Swiss centre! In brief, the journey started by a five-hour boat trip across the Sea

of Marmora, continued by car or bus to the foot of the mountain, then by pony for two hours, followed by the remainder of the journey on ski. This I will not go into in detail as it has already been fully described in a previous article. Of course, anyone coming for a ski-ing holiday from Ankara has an overnight train journey to Istanbul before starting the above-mentioned trek. However, once there and given a good day on which to arrive, nothing could be more perfect.

The summit of the Ulüdüğ is 8,000 feet, the first 5,000 feet of which rises very steeply and is thickly wooded with spruce, birches, etc., giving way to firs as one gets higher. The hotel itself is situated at over 6,000 feet, and lies at the foot of a very large punch-bowl. In front of the hotel are the Nursery Slopes of varying steepness with a good run-out before coming to a belt of trees and a stream. Behind the hotel and for about three-quarters of the punch-bowl, rise open slopes with several gullies of varying steepness. The remaining quarter of the punch-bowl consists of steep wooded slopes giving excellent and varied practice in deep-snow wood-running.

There are three huts situated above the hotel. The Red Hut, on the wooded run, can be reached after a steep climb of 35 minutes; the middle hut, situated at the top of the punch-bowl, is an easy one-and-a-half hours' climb. From this hut you cross a saddle-back and on the other side of the mountain find yourself at the bottom of another smaller and steeper punch-bowl. After a further hour's climb the goal of the top hut is reached. The run down in good snow conditions must be something to be dreamed of; wide open slopes of perfect powder snow, far from the madding crowd, possibly only two or three of you with the mountain to yourselves! The only difficult part in the descent is crossing the saddle-back which is narrow and usually sheet ice.

The great snag to a holiday on the Ulüdüğ is the weather, which though excellent in summer, is predominantly adverse in winter. The resident watcher at the meteorological station told us that the perfect days of the winter season can usually be counted on one's fingers. The wind is the main trouble, causing drifts and wind-slab. Early in the season fog predominates, and a wet fog at that, when one cannot stir beyond the Nursery Slopes and a bell is rung from the hotel as a guide. One needs at least two changes of clothes per day. Then there is the bitter north-east wind which blows straight from the Steppes of Russia, and this is frequently accompanied by a blizzard that can last anything up to a fortnight. No sooner does the blizzard cease, and one goes to bed happy in the thought of several calm, clear days with sun and perfect snow, when the wind shifts to the south, bringing above-zero conditions with wet dripping trees and heavy sog.

However, that is painting the picture very black and one can generally manage to get out, as the fog often only starts above the Red Hut. Usually the later in the season, the better the weather. Needless to say, skins are essential; essential also to travel as light as possible as everything has to be manhandled. The hotel, although comfortable, cannot be compared to Swiss ones, and owing to the very high cost of living in Turkey it is more expensive. There is

no ski house or wax available so all your equipment must go with you. There is a Turkish Ski Club at Bursa, at the foot of the mountain, and a branch in Istanbul, both of which get daily weather reports from the met. man. In the case of a severe blizzard, the telephone lines get broken and all forms of communication cease. No one, not even the tough local peasants, can get up or down, sometimes for days on end.

I believe, but am not certain on this point, that the skiers who represented Turkey at the Olympic Games came mostly from eastern Anatolia. In the Ulüdüğ area, except for the met. man and his wife (the latter a beautiful skier quite up to International standards), and the few Turkish students who went to universities in Switzerland, the standard is generally low for both men and women. Those who enjoy touring will find endless pleasure on the Ulüdüğ, weather permitting, but for the downhill-only beaten-track enthusiast it offers little scope.

Opportunities for excursions must be seized as the weather permits. Naturally during my stay the main object was at some time to reach the summit. During my first visit there was thick fog and a blizzard which cleared late in the evening of the third day. Plans were accordingly made for an ascent the following morning. Some fourteen skiers of various degrees of skill set forth on a glorious windless morning of brilliant sunshine and after an hour-and-a-half of track-breaking by the experts of the party, the middle hut was reached. Here the picnic was eaten, and about half a dozen skiers intended continuing to the top whilst the novices turned for home. During lunch, however, which took not more than an hour, clouds appeared from nowhere and a thick fog descended. The attack on the summit had to be abandoned. The party set off for home *en masse*, and thanks to whistles, cat-calls, etc., found itself more or less together on emerging from fog into mist some thousand feet lower down. There were no trees on the mountain-side and only one rock as a landmark, which our excellent leader hit off as if he had been steering by compass. The light, always difficult on the Ulüdüğ, was on this occasion impossible, and the entire descent was done by ear!

During my second visit, five of us got to the top on a beautiful but very windy day. Result, in spite of thick face-cream, was severe windburn, especially on the neck and ears. During the descent all forms of snow were met; drifts with breakable crust, perfect spring snow in sheltered spots, sheet ice on the saddle-back, wind-slab, and more crust. However, it was a lovely run and an ambition achieved, especially as the met. man said that there are very few days when the ascent to the summit is possible.

The 6,000 feet descent to the valley at the end of the holiday was the greatest fun. The trip takes 4-5 hours according to the skiers' capabilities and how often one stops to admire the wonderful views. The top half of the descent includes open slopes, a good bit of *langlauf* along a road and some varied wood-running. The lower half is mostly narrow paths and can on occasion be very tricky, especially when rounding a corner somewhat out of control and coming face to face with a string of donkeys bringing up the provisions!

We descended after a very heavy snowfall and broke our own tracks all the way. One member of the party, a very good runner, skied right into the town of Bursa which I believe is quite exceptional. Several others got to the bottom of the mountain and the rest of the party shed their ski at various places when it got too difficult for them. The trouble at the end is the scrub, the very deep donkey-tracks, and the narrowness of the paths with a high bank on one side and a precipice on the other.

Should any keen skiers find themselves within reach of this mountain, I would not hesitate to recommend that they sally forth well armed with warm clothes and a spirit of adventure, to conquer and enjoy the hazards, adversities and wonderful opportunities offered by the Ulüdäg.

A SPELL OF THE BLUES

BY MOYRA WILLIAMS.

It was exactly a week before Christmas, and the sun was shining. The bus which had deposited myself and several other late-arriving members of the Oxford and Cambridge Ski Club in the little piazza at Sestrières had steamed off again. The piazza was bare—except for the sun shining on it. The sun fell on the orange and pink towers which butted upwards like solid and slightly ill-formed fungi from the green grass. It also fell on the green grass. It rebounded off cables which, spanning the surrounding valleys, danced away in lilting curves to neighbouring mountain tops. It bounced back at one with the rather ill-timed good humour of a practical joker off the ridges and stones beneath the cables, off the dark belts of pine trees and the patches of brown vineyard. It was giving of its best. It dared one to say it was unwanted by Englishmen, the week before Christmas.

A few youths were lounging over the balustrade of my hotel, sucking up iced orange juice through nylon straws. I said, "What are conditions like up there?" pointing to one of the cable-served summits. The man I had addressed shrugged his shoulders. He was wearing a pale blue sweater with two white rings on the arms, and a red lion on the front.

He said, "They say it's colder than down here."

I said, "Any chance of getting up there this afternoon?"

He said, "The cable-car runs every thirty minutes."

"Which is the best way down?"

"The same way you go up."

"You mean following the cable?"

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say following it."

I said hopefully, "I suppose the snow looks better when you're nearer to it than from down here." But he laughed, and turning back to his friends, he said, "That depends on how you look, doesn't it, Mac?"

Mac said, "Sure, and you want to look carefully, I'm telling you."

I said, "If you're going up this afternoon perhaps you'd show me the way down." But Mac replied, "No siree, I'm not going up there again till I've a new pair of legs."

I turned to the man in the blue sweater, but he shook his head and combed slim fingers through waves of fair hair.

"Sorry," he said, "I've not been up there yet. Take my advice and leave the heights to the Oxford boys. We've got a much nicer run here—down to a village about a quarter of a mile away."

"How long does that take?"

"On ski, fifteen minutes; by bus, five."

"Is it a tricky ski-run?"

"I don't know," he said, "I've never been there on ski."

Moving over to another group of men who wore dark blue sweaters with white crowns on their chests, I singled out the Oxford captain.

"Are you going up Banchetta this afternoon?" I asked. "If so, I'd like to come with you."

He said, "Sure, but only to train."

"That's all right by me; I'll just follow along behind you if I may."

"It'll be fairly strenuous you know."

"I'll take it slowly."

"See you on the 2.15 cable then. But snow conditions are bad you know, it's not a lot of fun."

At 2.30 we were at the top of the Banchetta. Once more we were in the sun. Once more the sun fell on to green grass, but the altitude and a sharp wind had robbed it of its heat. There was no snow on the ground, but it was icy cold.

"How the devil do we go down on this?" I asked the captain.

"We don't go down, we go up," and lifting his ski on to his shoulder he strode off along a narrow rocky ridge between two precipices. Lifting my own ski likewise—they were new ski and especially heavy—I prepared to follow. I had new boots as well. They had metal wedges across the instep to stop them buckling when the bindings were tight. The wedges did their job admirably. It would have taken a pressure of several tons to bend the instep. My feet were like wooden pegs attached to the bottoms of my unfit legs, and they did not even go where the legs dictated. Before I'd taken two paces, one of the pegs slipped on an ice-filled crack. I stumbled, and my ski fell off my shoulder. In order to prevent them sliding down the precipice alone, I slid with them. We stopped after going about twenty yards. I was badly bruised and covered with mud. Also, my trousers were torn. One of the Oxford men walking along the ridge above called "Courage! Try strapping your ski together," and walked on.

By the time I had scrambled and groped my way back on to the path, they had nearly all vanished round the edge of the hill. By that time, also, my heart was thumping like a battering ram and everything was black in front of my eyes. It was mainly due to the altitude; one had to breathe in and out several times in order to fill one's lungs

with enough oxygen to stop a black-out. Anoxemia made me light-headed. I leant down to pant; the ski fell off my shoulder again, but this time they were strapped together and to my wrist and didn't go far. After a while, when things weren't quite so black, I hoisted them up once more and began to walk slowly up the path. In a little time, I got the hang of walking rhythmically and keeping my balance on the ridge against the wind. I learnt to place my unwieldy boots in places that would hold them, and to bend my body so that the ski stayed balanced on the less protruding bones in my shoulder. I even got the hang of breathing in such a way as to keep the black-outs down. I thought, at least there must be something good at the end of this that they come up every afternoon. Each time I rounded a corner I saw the last Oxford man disappearing round the one ahead, until at last I came round a corner and there was no one ahead. Luckily the path was plain enough, but the sun was sinking and it was getting colder. Suddenly I came round another corner and there they all were, sitting on the ground.

"Well, you've made it!" said some of them.

"Yes," I said, "I've made it," and took pains to sit down as if I wasn't in too much of a hurry.

"The altitude gets you at first, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "It's very trying."

After a few yards, the rocks ahead of us gave way to a ridge. Then there were more rocks and finally a precipice. Someone offered me a cigarette which I lit and immediately regretted. I coughed for five minutes. By the time I'd stopped coughing, the Oxford men were back on the path.

"It's getting a bit late," said the captain. "We think we ought to be beating it back. We'll wait for you at the end."

"Don't bother," I said, unstrapping my ski. "Just show me which way to start."

"There's only the one way—the way we came up."

He lifted his ski on to his shoulder again and started walking back towards the funicular. The others followed. Both my heels were blistered and my shoulders sore. My knees were as weak as putty. I had finally got the hang of walking uphill on the narrow path; to go downhill meant having to learn all over again. Every few yards to begin with, I sat down; sometimes voluntarily, sometimes not. It was also very cold and nearly dark. Once I twisted my ankle, and then I fell on my thumb and twisted that too. It's still bad. I got to the funicular just as the last car was starting down. The Oxford men were waiting.

"Did you enjoy the run?" they asked.

"Run's about the word."

"It's very good training, you know."

"But why the ski?"

"Helps you to feel them as part of your body."

As I lifted mine out of the deep groove they had worn in my shoulder, I knew what they meant.

Back in the hotel, the man in the pale blue sweater was drinking

a martini and playing poker. I asked him what time the bus left for the village in the morning, and we made a date.

When the snow came, and the University Races took place, Oxford won easily, a Langlauf included. Out of a team of six, they had three Canadians and a Norwegian, but I expect their training helped.

OVERHEARD

On the Schiltgrat:—

"I shouldn't be up here, I must side-slip down to the lower road."

On the Nursery Slopes:—

"You only put your cable in the back hook when you want to go fast."

As Soss Roe flashed past:—

"By Gomme she's fast!"

TAILPIECE

"More of your English peasants used to come to Switzerland in the summer than in winter, but now quite a number are beginning to come in the winter too."

LADIES' SKI CLUB, 1948-1949

President :
MRS. R. ODDIE.

Vice-Presidents :
MISS I. ROE. MRS. W. R. TOMKINSON.

Past Presidents :
THE LADY DENMAN, C.B.E. DAME KATHERINE FURSE, G.B.E.
THE LADY MABEL LUNN. MISS OLGA MAJOR.
DR. VIOLET RENDALL. MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT.
LADY RAEBURN. MRS. LINDSAY.

Hon. Editor : Miss P. HARRISON,
Lepe Point, Exbury, Southampton.

Hon. Secretary : LADY BLANE, O.B.E.,
115, Cranmer Court,
Sloane Avenue, S.W.3.
Hon. Treasurer : MISS M. SHERER,
Dundaff Muir,
Camberley, Surrey.

Committee (Including date of election) :
MRS. W. BRACKEN, 1946. MRS. HEPWORTH, 1947.
MRS. COLIN FRASER, 1948. MISS E. LEVERSON, 1947.
MRS. D. FORSTER, 1948. MISS P. RAEBURN, 1947.
MRS. D. GREENLAND, 1946. MRS. KENNETH SMITH, 1948.
MRS. SKOTZIN, 1946.

Honorary Members :
MRS. VIVIAN CAULFEILD.
THE LADY DENMAN, C.B.E.
DAME KATHERINE FURSE, G.B.E.
MEVROU VAN DEN BERGH-SCHIMMELPENNINCK VAN DER OYE.
MISS E. A. PINCHING.
FRAULEIN ELSA ROTH.
THE COUNTESS OF SELKIRK.
FRAULEIN HELENE ZINGG.

Adams, Mrs., '47.
Adey, Miss P. R., '33.
Aitchison, Miss M. L., '37.
Allen, Mrs. R. W. (née Welch), '23.
Anson, Mrs., '28.
Arbuthnot, Mrs. (née N. P. Collins), '46.
Arthur, Mrs. O. R. (née Spring Rice), '23.
Bancroft, Mrs. D. (née Angas), '37.
Battine, Mrs. Nigel (formerly Harvey), '23.
Blane, Lady, O.B.E., '35.
Borch-Johansen, Mrs. E. S. L. (née Norie), '39.
Boyd, Mrs. H. J. (née Foster), '23.
Bracken, Mrs. Wm., '37.
Butler, Mrs. A. S., '31.
Byam-Grounds, Mrs., '30.
Cadbury, Mrs. L. J., '32.
Campbell, Miss Fiona, '49.
Carroll, Miss B. E. M., '28.
Carter, Mrs. Joan, '39.
Cavendish-Clarke, Miss, '23.
Chable, Mme., '47.
Chamier, Lady, '31.
Close-Brooks, Miss L. E., '31.
Collins, Miss H. L., '31.
Corning, Miss Ursula, '24.

Creidt, Miss J. M., '49.
Crosthwaite, Miss E. J., '49.
Dalgish, Mrs. M. (née X. Ryder), '48.
d'Ambrumenil, Miss P. M., '49.
Daniell, Miss S., '49.
de Gex, Miss C. B., '37.
Denham, Miss H. J., '49.
Devine, Mrs. (née O'Loughlin), '37.
Dighton, Mrs. P. (née Hayes-Sadler), '29.
Dobson, Miss E., '31.
Dorling, Mrs., '23.
Douglas-Jones, Miss G., '25.
du Boulay, Mrs. M. H. H. (née Henderson), '36.
Duke-Woolley, Mrs. (née Armitage), '37.
Duthie, Miss A. B., '31. [37.
Elgins, Mrs. (née Copner), '48.
Elliott, Miss Doreen, '23.
Farquharson, Miss P., '47.
Fernandes, Miss E. M. L., '29.
Fitz-Gerald, Miss Patricia, '47.
Field, Mrs. (née Barrow), '29.
Fisher, Mrs. H. (née Connor), '34.
Forman, Miss D., '47.
Forster, Mrs. D. (née Tarbutt), '31.
Fraser, Mrs. Colin (née Stephen), '33.
Fripp, Miss Betty, '35.

Garret, Mrs. (née Tulloch), '37.
Gilligan, Mrs. A. E. R., '28.
Greenland, Mrs. Marjorie (formerly Mrs. G. D.), '30.
Greenland, Mrs. G. D., (née Stockwell), '30.
Gregory, Miss A. M., '37.
Gunn, Mrs. William, '47.
Hadow, Mrs. Hubert (formerly Penderel), '33.
Hamill, Mrs. J. (née Findlater), '24.
Hamlyn, Mrs. (née Taber), '23.
Harrison, Miss P., '36.
Heaver, Miss H. J., '25.
Hepworth, Mrs. P. M., '23.
Holmes-Walker, Mrs., '37.
Holt, Mrs. Geoffrey (née Samuel), '23.
Hunting, Mrs. (née Pyman), '24.
Ingall, Mrs. (née Henniker-Hugham), '24.
Jackson, Mrs. A. H., '30.
Kemsley, Mrs. Timothy (née Fitz-Gerald), '47.
King, Mrs. (formerly Hollins), '24.
King, Mrs. A. H. (née McConnell), '33.
King, Miss L. P., '28.
Kingsmill, Mrs., '37.
Kirkpatrick, Miss E., '30.
Laing, Miss H. M., '49.
Lane, Mrs., '47.
Langford-Holt, Miss Elizabeth, '49.
Lavallin-Puxley, Mrs. H. W., '30.
Law, Miss Diana, '49.
Lawson, The Hon. Mrs., '47.
Leverson, Miss E., M.B.E., '30.
Levis, Mrs. Leslie (née Hewetson), '39.
Lewellyn, Mrs. (formerly Burt), '34.
Lindsay, Mrs. (née Crewdson), '27.
Long, Mrs. E. R. D., '25.
Loyd, Mrs. Enid, '33.
Lunn, The Lady Mabel, '23.
Mabey, Mrs. (née Peck), '47.
Macassey, Mrs. K. (née Perry), '34.
MacCarthy, Mrs., '47.
Macfie, Miss E. S., '33.
Mackintosh, Miss A. S. D., '48.
Mackintosh, Miss V. J. D., '49.
McSwiney, Mrs. (née Lee-Booker), '39.
Maillart, Mlle. Kini, '47.
Major, Miss Olga, '23.
Martyn-Smith, Miss A. M., '29.
May, Mrs. Langton (née Heaver), '28.
Milbank, The Hon. Mrs. (née Maxwell), '28.
Mitchell, Mrs. C. F. (née Bruce), '35.
Moffat, Mrs. Curtis (née Allen), '31.
Morgan, Mrs. D. (formerly Wright), '37.
Morgan, Mrs. R., '36.
Murphy, Mrs. B. (née Paton), '38.

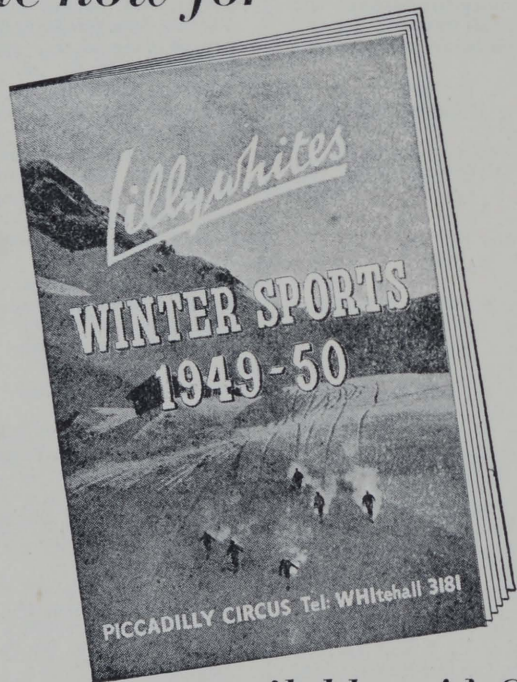
If there are any mistakes in members' names or initials they are asked to notify the Hon. Secretary, and also change of address.

Murphy, Mrs. M. (née Mackinnon), '26.
Neilson, Mrs. (née Watson), '35.
Newall, Mrs. F. L. (née Redmayne-Jones), '37.
Newton, Mrs. T. C. (née Thorne), '23.
Norman, Mrs. R. (formerly Eaton), '30.
Nugent, Mrs. (formerly Carlow), '35.
Oddie, Mrs. R. (née Kessler), '31.
O'Rorke, Miss C., '35.
Palmer-Tomkinson, Mrs. J., '46.
Parr, Mrs. H. C. (née Fripp), '35.
Paxton, Mrs. N. (née Walduck), '28.
Percy, Mrs. J. (née Hewetson), '39.
Pentreath, Mrs. (née Wilson), '35.
Philpot, Mrs. (née White), '39.
Pixley, Mrs. (formerly Allen), '39.
Playfair, Mrs. (née Mavrogordato), '27.
Powell, Miss M. E., '27.
Pugh, Miss M. R., '28.
Raeburn, Lady, '23.
Raeburn, Miss P. M., '29.
Reford, Mrs. R. B. S., '34.
Rendle, Mrs. (née Kilroy), '30.
Richardson, Mrs. J. (née Allen), '28.
Robertson, Dr. (née Campbell), '28.
Roe, Miss Isobel, '38.
Rudd-Clarke, Mrs. (formerly Curteis), '25.
Scott, Miss B., '30. [25.
Seaton, Miss J. B., '49.
Segrave, Mrs. (née Grace), '37.
Sherer, Miss M. C., '31.
Sheridan, Mrs. Brinsley (née Carter), '37.
Skotzin, Mrs. (née Palmer-Tomkinson), '33.
Smith, Mrs. Kenneth (née Barry), '39.
Snowden, Mrs. (née Paterson-Brown), '35.
Somerville, Mrs., '39.
Spence, Mrs. H. R. (née Walter), '31.
Stirling, Mrs. (née Wedderburn-Wilson), '34.
Stroud, Mrs. F. L. (née Gossage), '28.
Taylor, Miss T. A., '48.
Templeton, Viscountess, '29.
Tomkinson, Mrs. W. R. (née Blane), '29.
Topham, Miss P., '31. [29.
Tulloch, Mrs. A. (née Walker), '36.
Turner, The Hon. Mrs. (née Schuster), '23.
Vansittart-Neale, Miss P. M., '31.
Wardrop-Moore, Miss J., '49.
Williams, The Hon. Mrs. Moyra, '47.
Wittouck, Mrs., '47.
Wood, Mrs. (née Appleyard), '39.
Wright, Mrs. James (formerly Gordon-Lennox), '29.
Young, Mrs. James (formerly Bingham), '39.



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

Write now for



available mid-October

Indispensable for all
Winter Sports
Clothing and Equipment

LILLYWHITES OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS TEL: WHI 3181



CONTINENTAL
STYLE
ANORAK

OUR WINTER SPORTS SERVICE!

LET US ADVISE YOU ON WHAT
TO TAKE AND WEAR ON YOUR
SKI-ING HOLIDAY

★
We always have the most successful
snow clothes for both women and men.
The latest types of ski (avoid the expense
of hiring out there) and the best ski
boots when available. Also skating
outfits.
N.B.—"PIGSWHISKER" sweaters and
something new in ski goggles.

★
We recondition skis, fix Kandahar
bindings, edges, etc.

Gordon Lowes

21-23 BROMPTON ARCADE
KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON S.W.3
PHONE - KENSINGTON 44945 • CABLES - GORLOWE LONDON

The Wayfarers Travel Agency Ltd.

Telephone :
Euston
4181

33, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury,
W.C.1

Telegrams :
Wayfarers,
London

Travel Agents for Olympic Team, 1947/8

Tickets for Individuals and Groups
Parties arranged

Write for Winter Sports Programme 1949/50



A Genuine Welcome awaits you in

Norway
NATURE'S
WONDERLAND

Ideal snow until April, magnificent scenery, glorious sunshine and exhilarating air provide perfect conditions for ski-ing.

Hotels offer good food and comfort at moderate charges. No ration cards are required. Skis for hire.

The spirit of welcome in this land of smiles will make your WINTER HOLIDAY a wonderful experience.

Travel Agents gladly supply all particulars.

NORWAY TRAVEL ASSOCIATION

*In spite of the devaluation,
you can still have . . .*

. . . A Winter Sport Holiday in
SWITZERLAND

All Resorts will be open
with full Programmes

•
HOTELS
TO SUIT EVERY POCKET

•
As the amount of Swiss
Currency available for
WINTER SPORTS
is limited, early
application is advisable

•
*Please apply for full particulars to your
Travel Agent or to the*

SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
and Official Agency of the
SWISS FEDERAL RAILWAYS,
458/9, Strand, London, W.C.2

Fly to Winter Sports
in
AIR FRANCE
comfort



Austerity ends when you step into an Air France 'plane. The Languedoc is the last word in Air Travel luxury. It carries 33 passengers and a crew of six; it is extremely quiet and very fast; in other words it is ideal for winter travel. Your Travel Agent will give you complete information about this excellent "skiers" service.



Daily to GENEVA
from LONDON,
BIRMINGHAM,
MANCHESTER, GLASGOW,

Return fare £27 from London.

French food and wine served aboard.

AIR FRANCE

52 HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. TELEPHONE WHITEHALL 0971

King & Hutchings, Ltd.,
Hillingdon Press, Uxbridge, Middx.