

LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN
OCTOBER, 1950



Send for
details of
KIMPTONS
New Model
SKI BOOT

SKI KIT

for MEN and WOMEN, BOYS and GIRLS

YOU can order your Winter Sports Outfit from KIMPTONS by post quite as easily and successfully as have thousands of others for many years.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| ● SKI TROUSERS | ● SKI MITTS |
| ● SKI BOOTS | ● SKI SOCKS |
| ● WIND JACKETS (with hoods) | ● SKATES |
| ● WINDCHEATERS | ● SKATING BOOTS |
- etc. etc. etc.

Send for Winter Sports CATALOGUE Post Free

KIMPTONS

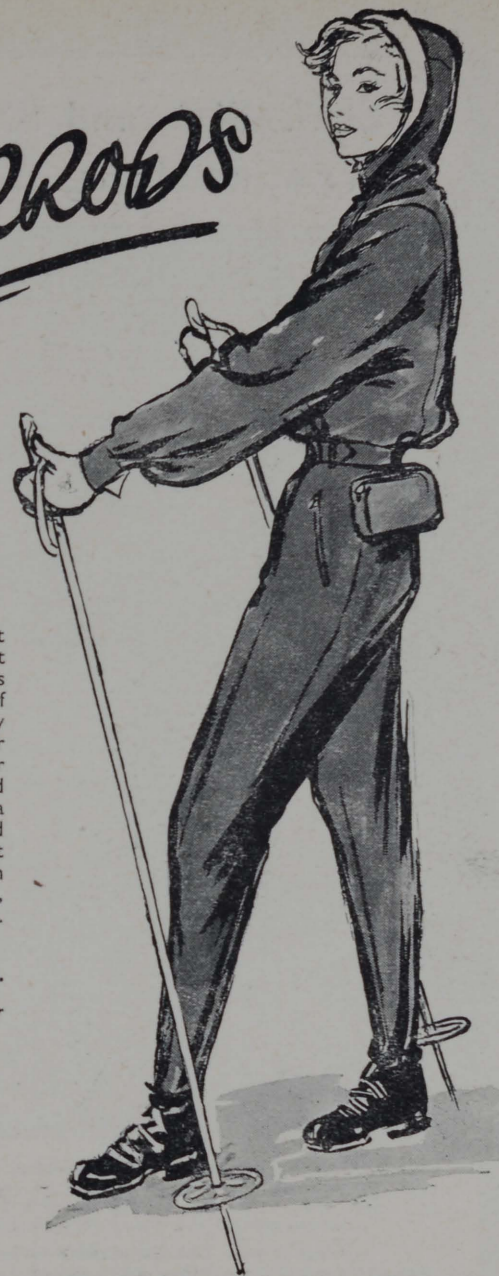
SPORTSWEAR SPECIALISTS FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

(Dept. L/50) **NEWPORT · Mon**

Sole Distributors in Great Britain for Famous **MOLITOR-WENGEN**
Handmade Swiss Ski Boots—the Finest Ski Boots in the World

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.S.C. Bulletin

HARRODS



Proofed gabardine, perfect medium for sharp-cut tailoring, makes this elegant ski-suit—one of several styles now ready in the Active Sportswear Department. Planned for completely unhampered movement, it features a tuck-in jacket; zipped hood with contrasting velvet jersey lining; zip pouch on belt. Navy or black, lined scarlet, ice or yellow. Bust sizes 34, 36, 38.

£22 13s. 6d.

Active Sportswear, First Floor

HARRODS LTD

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.S.C. Bulletin

SUN, FUN and SNOW
are calling YOU



Enjoy your Winter Sports Holidays in
SWITZERLAND

—where you get real Value for your money

Apply to your TRAVEL AGENT or to the
Swiss National Tourist Office, 458/9, Strand, London, W.C.2

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.S.C. Bulletin

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 20

Vol. II. Pt. 12.

OCTOBER, 1950.

EDITORIAL

THE BULLETIN very nearly had to go to press this year without an Editorial and with only half its articles, owing partly to the tardiness of some of its contributors, and also to the fact that the date by which the printers would *like* to have the copy in happens to coincide with Cowes Week. A sea-faring Editor hardly sets foot on shore at this time of year, so that any articles sent in after the middle of July, unless of exceptional merit, stand a good chance of being left out altogether. Contributors are besought to send in their articles or other information early, preferably by the beginning of *June*. How can due recognition be paid to the prowess of our members, in various fields, if we do not hear of the said prowess until the middle of August?

There is a certain amount of racing prowess to be recorded; Hilary Laing won the L.S.C. Race, and was 8th in the A-K Combined; Marylou Chable won the British Ladies' Championship, was 5th in the A-K Combined, and has been awarded the Kandahar Cup for this year; and Fiona Campbell won the Gornergrat Derby. Hearty congratulations to all concerned.

We wish to thank our members for their generous response to our appeal for an extra donation of five shillings. This was decided on at the last Annual General Meeting, as a means of settling an outstanding (and non-recurring) debt, and in order to avoid having to raise the subscription. We would like to remind those who have not yet contributed that their donations should be sent to the Hon. Secretary.

The President writes: "I was asked to do an article for the BULLETIN on my tour in the Italian Dolomites, but, owing to pressure of other work, I am afraid I have not been able to do so. I assume that the vast majority of the L.S.C. members are also members of the S.C.G.B., so they will be able to read an account of this tour in the September issue of *Ski Notes and Queries*; folders giving fuller details will be available to members at the Ski Club of Great Britain."

We are glad to welcome eighteen new members to the Club: Miss K. Bates, Miss M. Campbell, Mrs. de Reya, Miss C. de Reya, Mrs. D. England, Mrs. Fairclough, Miss Sonia Furlong, Miss Suzanne Izard, Mrs. Lang, Miss R. G. Macleod, Mrs. Millar, Miss P. E. Morgan,

Miss Diana Napier-Clavering, Mrs. Ringrose, Mrs. Raynsford, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Ruth Wakefield and Mrs. Wyatt.

Congratulations and good wishes to Miss Patricia FitzGerald on her marriage to Mr. Peter Young on December 3rd, 1949.

We congratulate also the following on some new arrivals:—

Mrs. Neilson, a son, March 25th, 1949.

Mrs. McSwiney, a daughter (sister for Jane and Patrick), August 29th, 1949.

Mrs. Mabey, a daughter, September 26th, 1949.

Mrs. Kemsley, a daughter, October 6th, 1949.

Mrs. J. Palmer-Tomkinson, a daughter, November 23rd, 1949.

Mrs. Dalgish (*née* X. Ryder), a son, February 23rd, 1950.

Mrs. Elvins (*née* Copner), a son, July 30th, 1950.

We offer our condolences to the following who all broke legs last season: Sheena Mackintosh, Sheila Daniell, Joan Murphy, Elizabeth Gunn, Elizabeth Langford Holt; and to Babs Bracken who damaged her *other* Achilles tendon. Also to Lady Chamier, who sustained serious injury to her leg through being mown down by one of the party she was leading, who was apparently going flat out with his eyes shut. We hope that all are making good recovery from these unfortunate accidents.

An incident occurred last season at a big race meeting which was unusual both in itself, and for the heat of divided opinion which it engendered. Certain local competitors worked out a "secret line" which, while it included all the obligatory controls, diverged from the ordinary *piste* at one point by as much as half a mile and, by-passing some tricky bits of country, rejoined the "fairway" lower down and took them duly (and speedily) through the Ziel. Whether or not the said competitors had, in devising this line, made alterations to the countryside during the summer, was not the point at issue; what they were accused of, and accused publicly at the *Preisverteilung*, was of cheating by not "going down the course." With some reason, they refused to accept their prizes. It required all the tact of a prominent ski-ing figure to get the matter sorted out; apologies were offered and prizes accepted, and no doubt an inescapable control will be placed next year.

But what, apart from controls, *is* the course? And by how much may one diverge in choosing a line? Half a kilometre? Half a yard? What about Elsa Nüssbaum's line through the trees, which one may take if one thinks one can hold it; or the rabbits' way round the back of the Devil's Dive, which one may take if one thinks one *can't* hold it? However misplaced the secrecy in this case, especially in a race with a big foreign entry, it seems to us that competitors cannot fairly be penalised for initiative in choosing a line when all the rules of the course have been observed.

The L.S.C. Meeting will be held next year on January 21st and 22nd at Zermatt.

We would like to remind our members that it is essential that the L.S.C. BULLETIN should be mentioned when making enquiries of advertisers.

LETTERS TO THE L.S.C.

18 WOLSELEY STREET, DRUMMOYNE,
SYDNEY, N.S.W., AUSTRALIA.

DEAR LADY BLANE,

6th October, 1949.

Early this year when I received the trophy the Ladies' Ski Club of Great Britain presented to the Australian Women's Ski Club, my first reaction was to ask for your address that I might immediately write and thank you and your Club members for your generous gift and say how I liked the graceful shape of the cup.

It was by the merest chance of fate that I won it as our team captain had some really bad luck in the Slalom which pulled her aggregate down. Also some competent members of our Club were abroad and others not at the meeting.

To have won a trophy which was a gift from Britain is the part which really pleased me. I love England and have spent a fair time there including the first four years of the war. So I feel that I do understand some of your problems, and the proud way you have stood up to them. To-day's paper is full of more shortages of consumer goods in England. Surely it is time that you people who have borne so much (and if I may plagiarise Shakespeare—or should I say Churchill?) so patiently for so long, deserve a respite.

What I really wish to express to you and your generous Club members is that the sentimental association of which your trophy is an expression is so very important to me. Had the words "Great Britain" not been inscribed on the cup I don't think it would have mattered to me who won it. This year I did not ski. I do not yet know who is the new holder of the cup but, whoever she is, I have no doubt she will feel as pleased as I did about the link it creates between us and England.

Thank you very, very much, and I'm so sorry I took so long to write.

Yours sincerely,

MARY FOLEY.

C/O SHELL CARIBBEAN PETROLEUM Co.,
APARTADO 19, MARACAIBO,
VENEZUELA.

DEAR LADY BLANE,

15th December, 1949.

The notice for the Annual General Meeting of the L.S.C. has just reached me. I cannot therefore apologise for my absence in time although I do so now, some weeks late! I have read the notice on the back of the leaflet and enclose a cheque for five shillings.

I fear, with the wobbly state of the £, few people will get much of a ski-ing holiday.

We are saving up dollars already in the hope that next year, when our long leave comes along, we may be able to squeeze in a holiday in Switzerland—though how we shall survive the cold or have strength in our tropical bodies to hold us up I can't imagine.

Living, as we do, in a temperature of about 90° all the year round, has a somewhat weakening effect!

We've visited this end of the Andes Mts. and went over the 13,000 ft. pass leading to Colombia—but not a sign of snow—a queer feeling to be so high and see no white to break the monotony of the grey peaks.

My best wishes for Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

PATRICIA ARBUTHNOT.

24 CRANBROOK ROAD, ROSE BAY,
SYDNEY, N.S.W., AUSTRALIA.

DEAR LADY BLANE,

21st December, 1949.

I much regret that I have had to cancel my trip abroad this year, and so will not be able to avail myself of the honorary membership of the Ladies' Ski Club. I would like to say how very much I appreciated the gesture from the Club.

I hope like mad to get over the following winter. This year would have been rather a rush anyway, and next year I hope to go earlier, and perhaps gather myself together to race in the British Champs. It would be fun to meet everybody.

I often think what a grand thing it would be if a British team could come out here, but it's such an apallingly long way from anywhere I don't suppose it would be practical, unless you have some members who would like a long sea voyage. I hasten to add that I am not in a position to extend an invitation, but if there was any possibility of one being accepted, I am sure there would be no difficulty about that. New Zealand will be coming over for a return match in 1951 I think.

Best wishes for 1950, and for some wonderful ski-ing.

Maybe by next year sterling will have taken a turn for the better, to say nothing of the Australian pound.

Yours sincerely,

JILL MACDONALD.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

NOVEMBER 23rd, 1949

THE Annual General Meeting was held at 115, Cranmer Court, on Wednesday, November 23rd, at 5.30 p.m., followed by a Cocktail Party at 6.30 p.m.

The chair was taken by the President, Mrs. Oddie, and over forty members were present. The Club accounts were presented by Miss Sherer, the Hon. Treasurer, and were passed, Mrs. Tomkinson proposing and Lady Chamier seconding.

It was agreed that all members should pay a donation of 5s. to the Club for one year instead of raising the subscription.

Mlle. Kini Maillart was elected as an honorary member.

The President, in her report on the previous winter, spoke of the successful season that had been enjoyed by the Club, especially from the racing point of view, in spite of a lack of snow and currency.

It was decided that the L.S.C. Championships should in future be known as the L.S.C. Meeting, as it now included an Open Cup, a Cup for non-Internationals, and the L.S.C. Championship Cup which is open to British members only.

Lady Blane, Miss Sherer and Miss Harrison were re-elected as Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Editor, respectively, and Lady Chamier and Miss Doreen Elliott were elected to the Committee.

Miss I. Roe was then presented with a gift-token and prize for the L.S.C. Championship and the Open Cup.

It was decided in future to give engraved spoons, pencils and thimbles as prizes for both races.

The Meeting was followed by a Cocktail Party which was well attended. The Club was particularly pleased to see so many visitors including Arnold Lunn, and also Otto Furrer who, though arriving rather late, was none the less most welcome.

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB MEETING 1950

BY SHEILA DANIELL

THE Ladies' Ski Club Meeting was held on January 9th at Grindelwald. Six of us arrived on the Friday evening before from Mürren and were welcomed at the station by Mrs. Oddie, Mrs. Tomkinson and Lady Blane who had come over from Villars for the week-end.

The next day we were shown the course and practised all morning. It was the most gloriously sunny day and we spent a long time having lunch and basking in the sun at Bort. Afterwards a little Slalom practice was indicated, so we went to the top of the First and there were very kindly invited to join in the S.D.S. Junior Training Slalom. We gladly accepted and then very rudely proceeded to fill four of the first five places—Sheena Mackintosh winning easily. The girls could not have been nicer to us even if they were done out of a treat, because each prize winner received a kiss on both cheeks from a most attractive young Frenchman who was giving away the prizes.

Sunday was spent up at Scheidegg watching the men compete so successfully in the Duke of Kent, and afterwards we ran down the wonderful Lauberhorn and so back to Grindelwald for an early night before the awful ordeal the next day.

Monday dawned hot and sunny—a perfect day for the meeting. The Slalom was run in the morning (also the Lady Mabel Lunn) because the conditions were so much better then for Slalom than they would have been in the afternoon, when the sun would have been much longer on the snow. A lot of people came up to watch including several from Mürren. Unfortunately, Herr Lunn missed it

because he spent the whole morning going up and down in the chair-lift looking for his ski which he had lost somewhere on the way. The course was on top of the First and was set by the head of the Kurverein, Mr. Heinz von Bidder. There was plenty of snow due to a heavy fall a few days before and the conditions were ideal. There were nine British and two Swiss competitors and the winner was Hilary Laing who did two very good times, with Lotti Hertig 2nd and Sheena Mackintosh 3rd.

In the afternoon the Downhill took place with the Lady Denman. The start was between Egg and Bort and the finish some way below Bort. By this time it was extremely hot and the sun had melted the snow considerably making it much slower than when we had practised previously. However, it was an extremely pleasant run, and Hilary was again in great form and sailed down without a fall to win, with Vora Mackintosh 2nd and Sheena 3rd. And so Hilary was first in the Combined and became "The Ladies' Ski Club Champion," with Sheena 2nd and Vora 3rd.

The prize-giving was held in the Schweizerhof Hotel. Herr Lunn was in his usual good form, making a most amusing speech, and presented extremely nice prizes including some charming little spoons.

We left that evening for Val d'Isère having spent a very enjoyable week-end at Grindelwald, and we were all most grateful for the help from the Kurverein in organising the races and for the kindness of Lady Blane, Mrs. Oddie and Mrs. Tomkinson.

BRITISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP

BY LADY BLANE

THE British Ladies' Championship was held at Villars on January 28th and 29th. Nine ladies competed and they arrived several days before the race to practise the course.

The Development and the Ski School had worked hard on the course and everything was in good order when the day came for the Downhill Race. To complete the arrangements Arnold Lunn had arrived, which event was much appreciated by Villars, as they were very anxious to have a visit from him. It was his first visit since he had been there on his honeymoon.

Now for the Downhill Race, starters and competitors had gone up, those taking controls on the course were at their posts, as well as the time-keepers at the finish. Mlle. Balay, who was to go down before the race, started, then came number one competitor, and then a mist rushed up the mountainside and, in the words of Ruth Draper, "if you had only seen the garden a week ago!" We in Villars said we had "never seen the mist rush up like that before." All the competitors came through all right, doing quite well; the training they had done on the course helped, as otherwise they would not have found their way.

The race was won by Marylou Chable, second Sheena Mackintosh, and third Isobel Roe.

The Slalom was held the next day on the Chaud Ronde in good weather, and the order of finishing was the same; likewise the final result, with Marylou Chable the British Lady Champion for 1950.

In the evening, after the Slalom, a prize-giving was held at the Hotel du Parc, as although the Cup and prizes presented by the S.C.G.B. are given at the spring dinner in London, Villars gave every competitor a cup and a small Villars brooch. There was a very good prize-giving and an excellent speech by Arnold Lunn which was much appreciated by all nationalities present. Lady Seddon-Brown, wife of one of Villars' famous curlers and the mother of a large ski-ing family, gave the prizes away, and Sir Norman Seddon-Brown had all the ladies' cups filled with champagne in which to drink their healths. After that there was an excellent evening in the Parc bar where the prizes had been given, and next day we had sadly to say good-bye to all the ladies who had come over to compete in the Championship.

1950 WORLD SKI CHAMPIONSHIP

BY MARY WILLCOX

FOR the first time since 1939, the *Fédération Internationale de Ski* met and again proclaimed new world's champion skiers. The Alpine events of the FIS, held for the first time in the United States, took place in Aspen, Colorado. The town, a once thriving one, filled with prospectors and miners, was officially opened as a ski area in January of 1947. A year after this preparations were begun for the coming championships. New trails were cut, housing projects set up, and funds were raised to turn a small Western village into a spot adequate to handle the International event. The State of Colorado as well as many individuals gave their support to the various needs of the Committee. In spite of the excellent snow and ski conditions, it must be said that the town was not completed to the extent that it could give to its visitors the utmost of comfort. Nevertheless, in several years' time, it is the hope of those who have volunteered their time and labour that Aspen will be in a position to offer a town that will compare with its mountains.

Of the thirty-two nations eligible to compete in the Championship fourteen were represented by teams of various sizes. Among these were Argentine 2, Austria 16, Canada 17, Chile 4, Finland 3, France 11, Great Britain 2, Holland 1, Italy 4, Yugoslavia 2, Norway 9, Sweden 6, Switzerland 11, and the United States 21. Due to the late snow season in Asia and distances necessary for skiers to travel from Moscow to their ski areas, Russia was unable to condition a team to compete with other countries. She did, however, send three officials who were present at the meeting held during the games.

All the teams arrived in Aspen two to three weeks prior to the

meet with the exception of the U.S., Great Britain and Argentine. The two former teams spent their time practising at Sun Valley, Idaho. For those who were not familiar with the congregation of different nationalities, particularly Americans, whose largest neighbours are the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, it was a most colourful sight to see so many costumes streaking down the mountain (yodelling in each one's native language) or to listen to the discussions about American beer in the local bar. If more than four languages were assembled at the discussion and a mutual language was non-existent, facial expressions, wry or otherwise were used. The last week before the meet an increasingly fast *schuss* of parties was given for the teams by the Dick Durrances (a great American skier and 1950 FIS course setter), the Gary Coopers (first in the hearts of their country-men and women!), and others who added to the gaiety of the world's drink, eat and play championship.

On Sunday afternoon opening ceremonies of the FIS meet were held at the foot of Aspen Mountain. Speeches were made by Colorado's Governor, Lee Knous, Mayor Eugene Robinson of Aspen, and Colonel N. R. Oestgaard of Oslo, who is the President of the FIS. The Colonel spoke graciously of the co-operation of all the teams and welcomed the crowd to the coming games. The Rifle High School Band then played the U.S. National Anthem which went well except for a trombone that had frozen during the speeches. Preceding all this was a parade from the Jerome Hotel led by four former FIS titlists, Anton Seelos of Austria, James Couttet of France, Sigmund Ruud of Norway, and Evie Pinching of Great Britain. Miss Pinching was England's sole representative, as Mrs. Rosemarie Fuchs, who had also come to compete for England, broke a leg while training the week before. Winner of the FIS in 1936, Evie Pinching taught ski-ing to the Army of the Rhine, and also trained the 1948 women's Olympic team. Shortly after this she suffered a broken back in an automobile accident which kept her off ski until two weeks before the 1950 FIS meet. In spite of the fact that Evie was placed low in the races, there was no question of the great support given her by the spectators, as she skied down the courses.

During the week of the games, every form of entertainment was held. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, John Jay (skier and photographer) showed his colour movies on ski-ing in North and South America and Europe. On Saturday night, following the awards to the 1950 FIS Champions, a huge dance was held which fairly burst the walls of Aspen's old Armory Hall. With the tension competition at an end all teams abandoned training and a rousing "blow-out" ensued. Special honours went to Henri Oreiller, whose jitterbugging was unsurpassed, and Georges Schneider who arrived dressed as the Swiss version of a Colorado cowboy (complete with ten gallon hat and boots).

It may well be said that the actual races took up the time that extra-curricular channanigans did not. The opening race of Monday, February 13th, was the Ladies' Giant Slalom, held on the Silver Queen, over a course of one and a quarter miles in length, with a

vertical drop of 1,200 feet, and through thirty-five control gates. The first eight places went, respectively, to:—

	Time
1. Dagmar Rom, Austria	1' 29.6"
2. Trudi Jochum-Beiser, Austria...	1' 29.8"
3. Lucienne Schmidt-Couttet, France	1' 30.0"
4. Erika Mahringer, Austria	1' 31.8"
5. Anneliese Schuh-Proxauf, Austria	1' 31.9"
6. Lydia Gstrein, Austria	1' 32.7"
7. Resi Hammerer, Austria	1' 33.1"
8. Katy Rudolph, U.S.A.	1' 33.4"

The Men's Giant Slalom was held on Tuesday, also on the Silver Queen; the course was one and a half miles in length with a vertical drop of 1,800 feet, through thirty-five control gates. The first eight places were as follows:—

	Time
1. Zeno Colo, Italy	1' 54.4"
2. Fernand Grosjean, Switzerland	1' 55.2"
3. James Couttet, France	1' 55.3"
4. Henri Oreiller, France	1' 55.8"
5. Georges Schneider, Switzerland	1' 55.9"
6. Carlo Gartner, Italy	1' 56.0"
7. Georges Panisset, France	1' 56.3"
8. Guttorm Berge, Norway	1' 56.5"

On Wednesday the Ladies' Slalom was held at the top of the Magnifico cut off through some fifty gates. The course, quite steep in parts, was icy. Two runs were made with the winner having the best Combined time. The results were:—

	Total time
1. Dagmar Rom, Austria	107.8"
2. Erika Mahringer, Austria	107.9"
3. Celina Seghi, Italy	109.5"
4. Anneliese Schuh-Proxauf, Austria	109.9"
5. Lucienne Schmidt-Couttet, France	111.0"
6. Andrea Mead, U.S.A.	111.7"
7. Trudi Jochum-Beiser, Austria	114.4"
8. Georgette Thiolliere-Miller, France	115.1"

The Men's Slalom, run on the same course as the women's, was longer and through a dozen or so more gates. The day was clear, and the race was postponed until noon so that the course, which was icy, would have a chance to soften. Switzerland's Georges Schneider, many times Slalom winner, came in first. The placements were as follows:—

	Total time
1. Georges Schneider, Switzerland	126.4"
2. Zeno Colo, Italy	126.7"
3. Stein Eriksen, Norway	128.0"
4. Jack Reddish, U.S.A.	128.4"
5. {Ernie McCullough, Canada	129.0"
{Egon Schopf, Austria	129.0"
{James Couttet, France	129.0"
8. Olle Dalman, Sweden	129.8"

The last two days of the meet were reserved for the most exciting event, the Downhill Race. Taken at high speeds it is a great test of endurance. The women's course on Friday dropped 1,830 feet in a mile and three quarters through sixteen gates. Ruthie's Run and Lower Roch Run over which the course was set was in good condition. Only two injuries were sustained from a group of spectacular spills. The results were:—

	<i>Time</i>
1. Trudi Jochum-Beiser, Austria	2' 6.6"
2. Erika Mahringer, Austria	2' 7.5"
3. Georgette Thiolliere-Miller, France	2' 8.4"
4. Anneliese Schuh-Proxauf, Austria	2' 8.6"
5. Katy Rudolph, U.S.A.	2' 8.9"
6. Lucienne Schmidt-Couttet, France	2' 10.0"
7. Janette Burr, U.S.A.	2' 10.7"
8. Suzette Thiolliere, France	2' 11.0"

On Saturday the Men's Downhill Race was held, again at an hour permitting the sun to soften the course. Starting at the top of Aspen Mountain the trail went through the dam over Niagara Falls, into the bottom of the Silver Queen to the finish at the Mine. It had a 2,800 feet vertical drop over a distance of 2.3 miles. The course many times sloped away from the radius of turn necessary and was made up of narrow and extremely steep *schusses*. The results were:—

	<i>Time</i>
1. Zeno Colo, Italy	2' 34.4"
2. James Couttet, France	2' 35.7"
3. Egon Schopf, Austria	2' 36.3"
4. Gottlieb Perren, Switzerland	2' 37.7"
5. Christien Pravda, Austria	2' 38.1"
6. Jean Pazzi, France	2' 38.6"
7. Edy Mall, Austria	2' 38.9"
8. Hans Nogler, Austria	2' 39.5"

The proudest entry of all was perhaps Steve Knowlton, of the U.S., whose wife gave birth to a son two hours before the race. Steve withdrew from the Downhill so that he might await the arrival of his first child.

Closing ceremonies were held at the Armory Hall on Saturday afternoon. Before the presentation of awards Colonel Oestgaard again spoke. National anthems were sung in honour of the nations present, and in a packed but quiet hall all went well as the FIS brought its 1950 meet to a close. The little town of Aspen relaxed, as probably did many other small towns in fourteen other nations.

To a group of more than thirty race officials a congratulatory note is due for having run off a world championship with such ease and co-ordination. Also to the foreign skiers a great hand for participating so well in the activities that went towards making the meet a success.

GORNERGRAT DERBY, 1950

BY FIONA CAMPBELL

BEFORE I launch myself into this account, I must say that I am extremely embarrassed at having to write it, and that I was coaxed into doing so by a very persuasive and prominent member of this Club.

My uneasiness is caused by the fact that I managed to scrape a win in the Derby and therefore find it rather difficult to write about it.

The fourth International Gornergrat Derby meeting was held in Zermatt on March 17th, 18th and 19th in as near perfect conditions as possible.

I was already in Zermatt, skiing with Egon Petrig, one of the local guides and a "waxing wizard"; it was undoubtedly largely thanks to my fast ski that I did well in the race. Sheena Mackintosh joined me a week before the races, but had the bad luck to have a fall in slushy snow and break her leg four days before the meeting. Luckily it was not a bad break and she was walking in a plaster of paris a few days later.

The Austrian, French and Italian teams arrived on March 13th and demoralised us greatly by taking everything straight. We discovered later that they had slow ski, especially the Austrians, who seldom put in a swing or a check down any part of the course.

The good weather held and helped by the admirable organisation we were able to put in a lot of practice. The Kurverein issued all racers with free passes on the railway and on the chair-lift during certain hours of the day. Special trains (which the public were not allowed to use) took us up the Gornergrat so that the course was very clear. A similar scheme was enforced on the chair- and ski-lift side, down which two races were being held. This scheme helped both racers and non-racers, the former because they were not held up and the latter because they were not put off by hordes of speed fiends.

The first race was a Downhill from Blauherd, which is reached by chair- and ski-lift. The length of the men's course was 3½ km. and the drop 1,100 m. The ladies' start was about 500 m. below the men's.

The course is not very difficult but fairly fast in places. At one sharp bend on to a path there is a huge pine tree, which very luckily had been padded with straw bales. I had reason to bless the man who thought of this as I had an argument with this tree on my way down! Despite the fact that 100 people had already raced down it, the *piste* was in remarkably good condition.

Outstanding among the competitors was Bernhard Perren, of Zermatt, who had returned from Aspen with the Swiss FIS team only three days before and who won this race, and the two girls, Lia Leismüller, of Germany, and Anne Pelissier, Italy, who tied for first place in the ladies' event.

With one race over, the following ones do not hold such terror, although they may be worse ordeals. Undoubtedly Saturday's Giant Slalom down Rio was the most frightening. That morning the

ski-lift was reserved until 10.30 for competitors and we all went up to view the course. It had frozen during the night and the snow was very hard indeed.

Having only had previous experience of three Giant Slaloms, I do not know very much about them, but it struck me that over a 2 km. course the thirty odd gates were too spread out for a Slalom and too close together for a highly controlled Downhill race. For instance, near the bottom of the steep glade called Rio it was possible to take four gates straight without a check or a swing and after a slight right hand curve were two more gates which could also be taken straight with a long flat run out to follow.

As it turned out to be a very hot afternoon the snow had softened and after 100 competitors had skied down, the *piste* was banked like a miniature bob run. One or two competitors, myself among them, hit these banks wrongly and slid a considerable distance in a rather undignified position.

The Slalom start was behind the top of the chair-lift, and after a short *schuss* and stretch of path continued down the same course as the previous race till it came to the steep bank above Rio. This is not unlike Mac's Leap at Scheidegg and is an admirable place for a three- or four-gate vertical. It could not be taken very fast anyway, because the left-handed, right-angled turn on to Rio acted as a control. Rio had twelve or fourteen gates and could have had many more. From there on it was comparatively easy and was chiefly a question of remembering how the gates were placed. The Ziel was the same as the previous race but the Kurverein shovel men had done an admirable job filling in the ruts on the last slope. Suzanne Costamagne, of Chamonix, won the race in 4 min. 1.2 sec.

On Sunday morning for the Derby it was dull and trying to snow, and by the time the racers' train left at 12 noon there was a strong wind and the snow was beginning to fall. The start for all was at the big rock just below Gornergrat station. (Last year this rock was the beginning of the Gornergrat run.) The train dropped us there and we had to stand about in the open for an hour and a half. Jeannette Oddie had come up with me to the start and was wonderful. We paced the railway line and she plied me with brandy-soaked sugar lumps.

The course of $6\frac{1}{2}$ km. was not difficult, there were just two patches that worried me. The *piste* (what one could see of it as the visibility was very bad) was in exceptionally good condition. The gallery, which is a wooden platform built out at right angles to the train tunnel and stretching for about 1 km., was sufficiently flat to be taken straight the whole way with only a few directional swings. There is a lovely *schuss* at the end of it but there were ruts on the run out. This bit worried me slightly as I hate going fast into ruts. Then it is flat for about 150 yds. followed by the Riffelalp *schuss*. This is a steep bank above the Riffelalp Hotel with bumps at the bottom and a very narrow rutted run out past a tennis court and a hut. I had turned about three somersaults on this a few days before and was not at all happy about it. However, a few swings at the top and it was successfully

negotiated. The visibility was much better in the trees and with the unpleasant bits over I relaxed and the next thing I knew I was on my knees, having caught my stick inside my ski while pushing and skating along the path! It happened just before a big open glade which I *schussed* and got up speed again to help me along the path which followed. I pushed harder than ever wondering when it would come to an end. At last, round a corner, there were the indication flags; a few more pushes and I was on the last *schuss* down to the Ziel, which was by the river opposite the jump, just above Winkel-matten.

It was over. I had never been so completely exhausted in my life and remember asking myself why I had done it, but, looking back, I thoroughly enjoyed it. Somebody gave me a cup of Ovomaltine (a wonderful reviver) and someone else took off my ski. The loud-speaker was blaring out something, I caught the words—"fastest time, 10 min. 23-2/5 sec., Suzanne Costamagne, Chamonix." A few minutes later they gave out my time, 1/5 second faster. I was so dazed that it took a few moments to penetrate.

It is interesting to note that over this course of 6.5 km. and 1,500 m. vertical height the fastest men's time done by Johnny Lunde, of Norway, was 8 min. 23 sec., and Bernhard Perren, who came second, was 1/5 second slower. This fantastically small margin over such a long course is almost incredible. 1/5 second is just one extra push.

The prize-giving was held that night in the Mont Cervin Hotel. Bernhard Perren, who won the first two races, received the Challenge Cups given by Major Beddington Behrens, and Johnny Lunde received the Comte de Suzannet's Cup for the Derby. Each class winner received a medallion, and for the Derby the first two ladies and men received watches as well, presented by the Comte de Suzannet personally. The winners of each class also received gold brooches. Bill Bracken gave prizes for the best British entries which were presented by Mrs. Bracken.

Before I finish I would like to say how much we all appreciated the kindness and trouble taken by the organisers of this most enjoyable meeting and to thank them for all they did. I also want to thank Jeannette Oddie for her encouragement and moral support which did much to keep my spirits high throughout the meeting.

FOR SALE AND WANTED

Advertisements must reach the Hon. Editor by July 1st. Price 1d. per word. Names and addresses must be included, and payment should be sent with order.

CHILD'S SKI BOOTS for sale, best Swiss make, size about 1, price £2. Also CHILD'S LINED SNOW-BOOTS, size 2, price £1.—Write Mrs. Forster, Rydal, Crawley Down, Sussex.

FOR sale, CHILD'S DIVAN BED AND MATTRESS, as new, £8. HIGH CHAIR, £2. COT AND MATTRESS, pie-war, £8. TWIN PRAM, £4.—Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson Hilborough, The Warren, Kingswood, Surrey.

MONTE ROSA

BY PAT FARQUHARSON

I HAD been looking at Monte Rosa for four years and suffering from a mounting mania to have a look over the top; so when the chance came I leapt at it. Edmund Pedrich, the guide with whom I did Breithorn in 1948 and Breuil earlier this year, knew I was crazy to try it, and suggested I should go with Dinah Menke, who lives in Montreux. At that time I had never seen Dinah ski so, knowing she was about twenty, asked E. if I wouldn't be much slower than her, since I wasn't prepared to be—or, indeed, capable of being—hustled at that altitude. He gave me a thoughtful look and said, "No-o. I do not think you will be slower. But of course you will be *much* more tired." Biting on the bullet, I said, "Yes, I expect I shall; after all, I'm much older." To which he replied, "*That* is what I *meant*." An auspicious start.

I left the food to E. and D., stipulating only for plenty of tea, sugar and chocolate. What I didn't think of, which was a godsend, was glucose tablets. But for them I should still, I think, be clawing my way over that summit ridge. All the rest was obvious; smoked ham, Nescafé, Ovomaltine, butter, eggs, bread, tinned ravioli and soup.

E. also provided crampons for himself and D., explaining at length that I should be much happier roped in the centre without them. This would have carried more conviction had D. not spent all her time on the summit ridge expatiating, in her faultless French, on her gratitude for his forethought in providing them and how secure they made her feel. "Secure" in no way expressed my sentiments, but I have to confess that I don't think that even a mechanical grab would have made me feel exactly cosy. But there, people who do their first stint on rock on the second highest mountain in Europe—and the verge of senility—can't expect much.

We set off for the Bétémps on Monday, March 27th, putting ski on and off on patches of snow and rock on the nasty little path that leads from Rotenboden below Gornergrat to the glacier (in the opposite direction to the glazed shute which, this year, precipitated one towards the Théodule).

The Bétémps is a palace of a hut, though the fact that the kitchen is almost walled off from the dining room doesn't make for warmth. (N.B.—Never try a hut tour in a nylon shirt—as if you would.) I went to bed early, frankly pretty scared of what next day would bring forth, and thankful that D.'s wish for a radio and dance music would have to go unfulfilled. I took a pair of silk pyjama legs, as I can't do with scratchy blankets; not only were they useful at night but just about saved my life next day under my *vorlages*, in default of the woolly union suit which I don't own but without which no outing on Monte Rosa should be attempted.

We got up at 4.30 (ugh!) and went through the usual purgatory of forcing down some breakfast, after which the Gypsy's Warning was made clearly manifest in the fact that E. wouldn't let us wear wind-

jackets or more than one sweater, maintaining ominously—and oh! how rightly—that we should need them more later. So out we went, and up; and up; and up. While fully realising that almost everybody can trump my experience of high mountains, I defy anyone south of Greenland to find either a longer or a colder one than Monte Rosa.

The first half-hour or so was all right. It wasn't cold, oddly enough, or steep, and we got nicely into the rhythm. Castor and Pollux looked wonderful, the ice-fall on Castor monstrously lovely. The Matterhorn and the Dent d'Hérens were aligned like a dragon's back and, from that angle, curiously identical in shape. Lyskamm looked quite sheer, and Rosa herself was hidden by the foreshortening.

We passed the huge rock which is almost as big as the Bétémps and often mistaken for it from the Gornergrat and got to the slope (*sic*) which divides Untere from Obere Plattje. I'm no good at judging gradients but it is so steep that I found it physically impossible to go straight up on skins and so, shortly afterwards, did Dinah. Edmund got a good bit further before he took his ski off, evidently lacking the muscle which ties itself in an agonising lump in my left leg at a given angle, but very soon we were all carrying ski. I enjoyed that bit. It was good hard snow, and so warm I was down to a shirt, so had a jacket and three jerseys to cushion my collarbone. It took about three-quarters of an hour; though D., who loathes carrying, took a bit longer.

We roped up under the crest and then, God help us, we got over it and into the wind. I don't know what constitutes gale force, but that's the strongest velocity I ever want to walk into. In about 15 minutes we had all our clothes on, and hoods, and in my case those American racing goggles which were wonderful. The wind was far too strong to make oneself heard, otherwise, believe me, we'd have turned back after about half an hour. I did try just lying down, on the various occasions on which I fell, but E. just dragged on the rope till up I got again.

The maddening thing was that it was quite sunny, apart from being enveloped in gusts of windwhipped snow, but the COLD . . . and we went on, and on. Then D. managed to make me understand that she couldn't feel her hands, so we both lay down (and would willingly have died, if only we could have done it quickly), but E. rubbed snow on the hands and I had a spare pair of gloves and, too bemused to protest, on we went. In retrospect, I can't imagine why we did, since E. admitted later that he never for a moment thought we'd make the saddle, far less the summit. However, I remember climbing for what seemed a lifetime to the rhythm of "Edmund must-be *mad*" but being far too stupefied to do anything about it.

It's a very deceptive mountain, almost split up in steps, so that every time you think you're getting somewhere you come round a corner and it starts all over again: but just as I was thinking that, stupefied, shaming or not, I HAD to stop, we got under the saddle and there, O miracle, we were out of the wind. You wouldn't believe the relief. We sat in the sun thawing out and looking across at the

Hochteligrat ridge and saying, bitterly, "No one will believe us, it's a lovely, breathless day over there." (It wasn't.)

We'd been at it, by then, about 5 hours. We ate some smoked ham and chocolate and glucose, and rested, I suppose, for about 20 minutes or so and then set off for the saddle, E. and D. cramponned and me, resentfully, not, and D. and I clutching the one stick apiece which we had been told to take, I can't think why, as they were far more trouble than they were worth. D., sensibly as it turned out, dropped hers quite early on in too inaccessible a place to be worth collecting till the return trip. The saddle was fine, though I should have enjoyed the view more if it had not included the ice ridge up which lay our immediate route.

This is, perhaps, the moment to admit that I really had no business trying to go any further, since I don't even much like the Findelen ridge and had I ever studied any large-scale photographs of the summit, wild horses wouldn't have got me on to it. Since, however, it looks from Gornegrat as though there are two shortish rock bumps and presto! you're up, and since E. apparently considered we were capable of getting there, off we blithely went.

The ridge that day had space on the right, blue ice on the left, and just room between for steps; several had to be cut since my boots didn't hold. Once on the rocks something dropped off—one of the famous crampons I think, which could hardly be said to fit well. They kept on coming off, so we got some nice rests in the early bits, left, as it were impaled, on pieces of rock while E. rocketted down and up retrieving bits of equipment. While tethered on one occasion I took these two photographs.* It was my last conscious action for quite sometime.

I'd heard dozens of people talking glibly about the saddle and the Dufourspitze summit but, understandably enough as I now see, little or nothing about the hour(s) intervening between the two. Let me put it like this:—

The pros, which apply to everyone, are:—

- (1) The most wonderful view I've ever seen.
- (2) Glorious, secure, granite.
- (3) The fact that, by heaven, you've (nearly) done it.

The cons, which probably apply only to me and/or to that particular day:—

- (1) Space on either side.
- (2) An obsession with the fact that What Goes Up Must Come Down.
- (3) Snow still lying; the sort that either lets your foot through or disappears with a noise like a soft sneeze.
- (4) Endless damn great pillars of the glorious rock; gendarmes, would they be? But no sooner are you up one than down again Whittington and up another.
- (5) The time we'd already taken to get there.

* See third page of inset.

L.S.C. RACE

GRINDELWALD, JANUARY 9TH



Photo by]

[Graphic Photo Union

SOME OF THE ENTRIES FOR THE L.S.C. RACE

Hilary Laing, Sheena Mackintosh, Sheila Daniell, Janet Seaton, Jean Geldt, Vora Mackintosh, with Jeannette Oddie

WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY

MOSSDAL, NEAR ØRSTA



Photo by

[Lystad]

ABOVE THE LAKE



Photo by

[Lystad]

MONTE ROSA



Photo by

[Pat Farquarson]

TWO VIEWS FROM MONTE ROSA



Photo by

[Pat Farquarson]

BRITISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP
VILLARS, JANUARY 28TH AND 29TH



[Photo by]

THE TEN COMPETITORS AND SOME OF THOSE WHO HELPED ORGANISE THE RACE

J. L. Chable, Miss Levenson, Miss G. Cotton, Mrs. Raynsford, Miss R. Wakefield, Miss I. Roe, Mme. Chable, Arnold Lunn, Miss S. Mackintosh, Gysin (one of the Villars Guides), Miss V. Mackintosh, Miss S. Dantell, Miss S. Furlong, Mrs. Murphy, Lady Blanc.

[Kings, Villars]

- (6) Clouds coming up from Italy far too fast, coupled with (2) and (5).
- (7) That wind, which caught up with us again half way along.
- (8) The fact that E. wouldn't let me do it on all fours!
- (9) And, I suppose, the altitude.

Dinah was marvellous. She'd been flat out at the saddle but had got her second wind and was sailing along singing "*C'est si bon*," without a care in the world. As for me, the rot set in properly at the place where we had to stand on a narrow, outward-sloping ledge, covered with the swooshy snow and hanging over space, and scrape along a face twice my arms' length, devoid, to my fevered eye, of handholds, and ending in a corner which effectually concealed the further horrors in store. At that, let's face it, I began to break up. I can plead in extenuation that we were over 15,000, that we'd been at it nearly 8 hours, not to mention all the "cons," but when, hours, it seemed, later, we reached what I didn't then know was the final chimney, I burst into floods of tears and tried to refuse to go on. Edmund, however, stood no nonsense, and since a well-tied rope is a powerful argument, up I went.

When I got home again I remembered that the main object of the whole exercise had been to photograph the Matterhorn from above, but at the time and in that wind it never entered my head. We simply slumped on to the summit, said, "Oh. Is it? Let's get out of this wind," shook hands punctiliously, cheerfully and despairingly (respectively) and were on our way.

Here and now I want to explode the myth that It's Worse Going Down. Indeed, having discovered this great truth, I hope, another time, to be braver going up.

We got back to the ski quite well and I was slightly cheered when D., in response to an admonition from E. to "Take care, that is a very bad crevasse," said gaily, "Oh. Are there crevasses?" because I began wistfully to hope that her undoubted superiority on the ridge might be due to the fact that she had also omitted to notice the drop!

We collapsed by the ski—again, mercifully, out of the wind—and restored ourselves with hot tea and more ham and chocolate. All the same, I was flat out, and implored E. to go down on a line as near a series of long, flat traverses as was possible on that mountain, as I honestly didn't think I could hold one turn. (Apart from exhaustion, something peculiar happened to my boots this year, and they seemed to bear little or no relation to my feet.) Dinah, whom I would willingly have killed, said she was feeling fine, fresh as a daisy, and I had a horrid vision of her and E. sailing down like birds with me, faint, but pursuing, lolloping after them like a decrepit penguin.

So off we went. The first bit was fine. The wind had dropped, in itself enough to make any run, and the snow was drifts of powder on a hard-packed base; while style cannot be said to have been my watchword, at least we were losing height at a creditable rate. And then . . . and then . . . we got into breakable crust—*faulschnee*—for nearly all the rest of the way. Even E. fell three times and poor D., who wasn't used either to ski-ing in a rucksack or, much, off a *piste*,

soon had to admit that she was more tired than she'd thought. I knew just how tired I was and reverted to the caricature or Anglicised-frog version of the Arlberg crouch, doing more lifted stems than I'd previously thought possible; and, by degrees, down we went. But enjoyable it was NOT. It was entertaining to notice the landmarks—including the crevasses—which, owing to being hunched against the wind, we hadn't seen going up, but most of our concentration was needed for the track. Only about at Untere Plattje did the snow come good and then, for a few hundred feet, it was lovely; but by then we were too tired to care. However, in defence of senility and—would it be blasphemy?—the Arlberg, I must report that E. kept looking at me and saying, "But it is most peculiar, you are still turning!"

By the time we got back to the hut we'd been out 12 hours. I know one is always told that it takes about six, and I have heard three, up, and no time at all coming down, but, in justice, E. said he had only once been on the mountain in worse weather and never on worse snow. The exhaustion, though, came from the wind, which was slap in our faces the whole way. D., who had only worn ordinary sun glasses, came home looking like a deranged panda, the skin having been literally flayed off her face all round the rims. Thanks to the American goggles, I only lost the tip of my nose, and sat in the train going home with lumps of it dropping into my lap, a becoming exercise.

(One piece of equipment which came in handy though I can't say I really expected it to was a needle and cotton.)

Given no wind the climb, though long, would be easy; even the ridge for one with no head for heights would be fine without those awful gusts and the extreme cold; and given good snow the run down would be heaven. All the same, next time I shall try from the Italian Cabana Margherita; a nice bed at 14,000 feet is just what I needed this time!

Years ago some Australian friends of mine who were going to fly the Atlantic took on a wireless operator whose technical qualifications were superb but who had never previously flown. When some well-meaning woman asked him why he was going to do it, he replied, "Madam, if we ever get there I think it will be a good thing to have done."

By and large, that goes for Monte Rosa.

SILVRETTA, 1950

BY ISOBEL ROE

I HAD some misgivings when I agreed to join a party for 14 days of real old-time ski-ing—the sort of trip where railways and ski-lifts are unknown, all your stuff and a bit of food has to be carried on your back, and a bedroom has to be shared with two or three other people, or, if your luck is out, the dormitory shelves with thirty. Was it

quite the fun it had seemed in the old days? Is glacier running all that good? Would another 14 days of the *piste* not be better value?

The start was promising. We all made the rendezvous at Schruns, and no one had lost their ski on the journey. The bus took us to Parthenen, a small collection of houses at a bend in the main valley—a bleak, unattractive spot at first sight. Oddly enough, in the days that followed we found ourselves looking back on Parthenen as a highly civilised link with the outside world.

Following the best precedents, we arrange for an early start next day. In theory, this gets one over the worst of the climb in the cool of the morning. In practice, we needn't have worried, since a biting wind, an effective remedy for overheating, made the inevitable teething troubles—ill-fitting skins and sore heels—an agony to deal with.

We arrive at the hut in moderately good shape, dump our sacks which have been growing unaccountably heavier every hour, unlace our boots and revive ourselves with *ein Viertel Rot*. The next step is to secure accommodation and we have the luck to get bedrooms with real beds, sheets and a pillow case. There is a communal *Waschraum* with plenty of fresh glacier water, and, by keeping on the right side of the kitchen department, an occasional mug of warm water from the copper. In these circumstances, cleanliness for most people loses its place of honour next to godliness. In fact, as evening approaches, the burning question is: "*Was gibt es?*" The more observant note which end of the *Stube* is served first with the object of staking out a claim at that end on subsequent evenings. If the hut is in any way full, it is necessary to stake the claim early and hang on to it at all costs until bedtime.

Next in importance to beds and food is the drying of boots. An amicable arrangement with *Fraulein* may enable you to hang them from the kitchen ceiling, where, in an aroma of eggs and bacon, fried potatoes and steaming soup, they dry admirably. The alternative of a grating that is supposed to emit hot air is not so good.

There is nothing much to keep one up late at night, which is fortunate as the precedent of the early start is firmly established with our party. Getting up in the morning has its compensations. Washing one's face is alleged to cause painful sunburn later on, and, as one has usually gone to bed in every scrap of clothing so as to defeat the cold, all that is necessary is to remove a couple of spare sweaters, put on boots, and you are ready for breakfast—not the most attractive of the hut meals.

The average climb is something between 3 and 4 hours, and the time passes quickly with the interest in what may, or may not, lie beyond the next ridge. Some of the peaks can be climbed on ski the whole way; but most entail a short bit, varying in nastiness, which has to be done on foot, if one wishes to get to the top. The average skier with no pretensions to being a mountaineer may be content to go as far as he can on ski and call it a day. For one thing, with ski on his feet he feels reasonably at home on even a steep slope; for another, his boots are probably quite unsuited to rocks and ice. The

guide, however, has quite other views, and is determined to give full value by taking the party to the top.

At this point we develop an acute interest in the rope the guide has been carrying. It was undoubtedly a very good rope—once. I glance at my companions and wonder vaguely if they are likely to be much good at holding me if I slip. Oddly enough, it does not occur to me at the time to wonder if I could do my share in holding any of them. However, better possible death on the rope than certain death from cold, which is the alternative if one waits for the party at the bottom. We scramble up, and the guide points out the various mountains that are visible. The others seem to follow the details with absorbed interest, and it is not until we are back in the hut that I discover they were just as muddled as I was. Perhaps we were all thinking of that awkward bit coming up that may be a lot worse going down.

The run can vary from the delightful to the damnable, mainly because the weather has a habit of changing at short notice. The gradients are not very steep, so that the perfect swish of spring snow on one day can be very near a weary trudge downhill on the next: while wind can blow the surface into icy waves a foot high. High level ski-ing is very much a gamble; but these particular glaciers have the advantage of being remarkably safe, since the crevassed areas are well known, and in any spell of reasonably fine weather the accepted ski-routes are well tracked.

On the whole, the trip was most enjoyable as an end-of-the-season change from more standardised ski-ing; but I must confess that, for a short holiday, I am for the *piste* every time.

NORWEGIAN SKI-ING TESTS

BY P. PRAG

A NEW feature of Norwegian ski-ing which turned out to be a great success last year, was the introduction of the "Norwegian Ski-ing Test." Details of these tests were posted last winter to every hotel and ski centre up and down the country, and the response was so instantaneous that several resorts ran short of ski badges during the first week and had to have replenishments sent from Oslo.

The test comprises three groups and the schedule for each group is laid down by Norway Ski Association. Those who pass the test are entitled to wear the attractive "Norwegian Ski-ing" badge of 1 or 2 or 3 stars respectively.

Having gained useful experience after the first season, the organisers are now prepared for an even greater response during the coming winter sports season, and they feel assured that these tests fulfil a popular demand by Norwegian skiers as well as by visitors from abroad. Another attraction is that the grading of the three tests is progressive so that anyone who has managed to pass the one-star test will feel tempted to concentrate on training for the next test as well.

The ski instructors at the various resorts are authorised to arrange

for visitors to undergo the tests which usually take place right outside the hotel. The schedule is as follows:—

THE ONE-STAR TEST.

1. Ski-ing on the level.
2. Turning on the level to both sides.
3. Ski-ing uphill.
4. "Herring-boning."
5. Straight downhill run on slope of approx. 25 degrees.
6. Traverse on slope of approx. 25 degrees.
7. Execute at least four consecutive stem turns without stopping.
8. Stopping on the level after downhill run on slope of approx. 25 degrees.

THE TWO-STAR TEST.

1. Must have passed Test No. 1.
2. Ski-ing on the level with "double arm movement," on the run and from a standstill.
3. Traversing uphill, with turns to left and right.
4. Side-slip to both sides.
5. At least four consecutive Christies at slow speed, on a slope of approx. 30 degrees, and at least 60 metres long.
6. Cover 3 miles across varying terrain in under 35 minutes.
7. Negotiate at least five open and five closed slalom "gates" on a slope of varying gradients.

THE THREE-STAR TEST.

1. Must have passed Test No. 2.
2. Cover 6 miles in under 65 minutes.
3. Execute four Christies at speed.
4. Execute the following turns in deep snow: Two stem turns, four Christies two Telemarks.
5. Do a timed downhill run (time limit to be decided by local ski-instructor).
6. Carry out a slalom run of at least fifteen "gates" on a slope of varying gradients arranged according to the rules laid down in the N.S.F. (Norwegian Ski Association) test.
7. (Men only.) A no-fall jump of at least 5 metres.

A TRIP TO AUSTRIA IN MARCH

BY HELEN TOMKINSON

THROWING off my household cares, I boarded the train for Austria. It was the day the French President was due to arrive and in London there was a dense yellow fog, but a few miles away the sun was shining. I had a pleasant crossing drinking tea with a fellow member

who was most kind in calming me down when I had pangs of conscience about leaving my family.

On arrival at Calais I found an empty train and, to my joy, not hard wooden seats but nice upholstered carriages; and so started my long journey to Bad Gastein.

It was fun travelling through Austria again but I did wish they would not stop at every station for 10 minutes. Eventually, at 9 p.m., I arrived at Schwarzach St. Veit to find I had half an hour to wait, but at last I was on the final lap and trundled up to Bad Gastein. I was met at the station by my old friend Friedl Wolfgard who is now in charge of the ski-ing here, and it is to him and the Kurverein that my thanks are due for a most enjoyable visit.

Instead of being allowed to retire gracefully to my hotel I was at once whisked up the mountain in a "Sessel lift" to the prize-giving of a "*Sie und Er*" race, in a most attractive restaurant, a converted old-fashioned Tyrolese cow stall, full of atmosphere and *stimmung*. There were chickens roasting on spits, and all the good old Austrian dances; I felt this was a fine beginning to my holiday. Finally, at 3 a.m., we sailed peacefully down the mountain in our "Sessel lifts." How glad I was to see my bed!

Next day I was taken up the Graukogel on the north side of the valley where there is a ski-lift in two sections; in all an ascent of 3,000 ft. From the top there are two very good runs, one the normal route which is full of variety, and the other the new race-course, quite one of the finest race-courses I have ever seen. It has been cut out of the woods but it has been so well and scientifically planned that every turn is a joy to take; I was extremely impressed by it as a race track. Also from the top of these lifts there are excellent day and half-day tours which bring one on to a glacier without undue effort.

On the south side of the valley there is a lovely new cable railway which at that time (March) was not yet ready, but we had great fun as we were allowed to go up in the workmen's truck. The ski-ing country here is superb, full of variation with a magnificent top slope of 600 ft., which is very broad and can be taken fast and steep or as gently as one likes. It is very much like the Parsenn country. Further down one comes to the trees and here they are cutting more new runs, suitable for every type of skier.

I think that Gastein as a ski-ing centre has better possibilities than any other place in Austria; it has an enormous amount of country to be explored and the ski-ing is really good.

The great joy here at the end of the day is to take one of the medicinal baths which not only are excellent for all types of rheumatism but immediately take away all feelings of tiredness or stiffness after exercise and help to cure strains and sprains. These baths have done miraculous cures for people crippled with rheumatism, etc.

On my way home I did a round trip through Austria spending a day in Kitzbühel, Innsbruck and St. Anton, enjoying the varied ski-ing. But I still have a great longing to go back and do again the race track from the Graukogel to Bad Gastein.

WHY THE SKI POINTS

BY MOYRA WILLIAMS

A LONG time ago in a land very near the north pole a big storm had been raging for several weeks and the ground was covered in many feet of soft snow. All the trees were buried to their topmost branches, and life lay sleeping, tucked up cosily in white blankets. At last one day the clouds cleared away and the sun blazed out; the wind dropped and the newest snowflakes glistened like diamonds and crystals on a white sheet.

Freda and Helga, the offshoots of some fine old family trees who lived on the edge of a glacier, pushed their tips up above the snow and peeped out to see if spring had really come. Nothing else was awake yet, and it looked to Freda and Helga as if they had the whole world to themselves. This was the first time they had woken up before their elders, and the quiet country looked to them most awfully exciting.

"Are you really awake, Freda?" asked Helga; and Freda said, "Yes, Helga, are you?"

Then Helga said, "Isn't it thrilling to be the first things to come to life again after the winter?" and Freda said, "I vote we don't wake up anyone else and just keep it all to ourselves."

But after they had stood like that for some time with nothing but their noses craning out of the snow, they began to get cricks in the neck from standing so still and straight, and Freda said, "I think I've got to move. I'm going to try to climb out of my bed slowly, and lie down on top of the snow." And by moving very very gently, almost as slowly as the sun itself, she finally managed to pull herself up off the ground. Then she breathed a sigh of relief and stretched herself out to bask in the sun. Seeing how comfy she looked, Helga grew rather jealous. "I'm going to try to do that as well," she said at last. But her mother had bedded her down so close to a big fir to keep her warm that she had quite a difficult job following Freda's example. Anyway in the end she managed to crawl out without disturbing anyone else, and finally she, too, was lying straight along on top of the snow in the sunlight. Like that, the two of them felt terribly adventurous, because never before, they were certain, had two simple pieces of wood managed to arrange themselves so that they were lying on the *top* of the snow instead of standing straight up in it.

For a long time, they just remained there, chatting and gossiping and giggling away, until suddenly towards evening a slight breeze sprang up and disturbed some of the pine needles. Looking down out of their single eyes, and seeing the two girls lying in that abandoned position, the pine needles began whispering together.

"Oh dear," said Helga, "if my mother wakes up and sees me lying here, I shall get into such trouble. You don't know what a ferocious bark she has. I tell you what," she went on, "let us try to wriggle forward over the snow a little way until we are out of sight of these people. Then we will be able to talk much more loudly and comfortably."

"That would be a larch," said Freda. "It would be nice to get away from some of these dry old sticks for once."

To their surprise they found that by lying flat on their tummies they could slide forward over the snow without any difficulty. Of course, they had seen men walking over the snow on funny sort of baskets shaped like flat fish, but it had always seemed to them that this was one of the miracles only men could perform. It had never occurred to anyone at "The Larches" that a mere piece of wood could do the same thing. In fact the discovery was so exciting that although they were very soon on the glacier and out of sight of their parents, the two pieces of wood could not resist going on just a little further. One reason why they could not resist it, was that the ground began to slope as soon as they left the shelter of their clump, and although they had not at first meant to go more than a few yards, they very soon found they could not stop. Gliding slowly past their first objective, they went on and on—not very fast but quite persistently and evenly, side by side.

"Isn't this a joke," said Helga. "I had no idea snow could make such a lovely slide. One does not have to do a thing, it all happens for you."

"And look at the wonderful world ahead," said Freda, "who would have thought there was so much of it!"

"I can't see anything but snow," said Helga. "I vote we go on and see what happens at the end of it."

"And I think that's a very good idea," said Freda, "because even if we tried to go back, I don't think we should succeed."

But after a while, when all sight of their home had vanished in the dusk which was gathering behind them, Helga began to get a tiny bit anxious.

"Do you think when they find we have gone, our parents will begin to pine, Freda?" she asked doubtfully.

"Quite honestly, I don't," said Freda sensibly. "My mother's as different from a pine as a laurel is from a privet. She won't even talk to the stuck-up things." Nevertheless, Helga could not help thinking of the warm and comforting firs they had left behind, even though they were now mostly ashes.

As the dusk which had really gathered by now turned into dark the little breeze which had awakened the pine-needles increased its strength and became a gale: and then finally a few flakes of fresh snow began to fall, and the two felt their sap turning cold. You see, it wasn't really spring at all, and the wise old larches had known this all along, which is why they had not woken up like Helga and Freda. Before long a blizzard was raging again over the glacier, and Helga and Freda could hardly see each other.

"Freda," called Helga nervously, "are you there? I can't see you."

"Here!" Freda called back; "stick close to my side, or we will get lost."

But as more snow fell they were almost covered, and began to lose sight of each other even though they were nearly touching. Worse than this, they could not see where they were going, and as

often as not they would find themselves digging straight down into the snow instead of making for the surface of it. Then sometimes one of them would go up and the other down, or one of them would wander off to the right and the other to the left. Freda, who was really quite as nervous as Helga only she didn't show it, began to shiver her timbers and to think very hard as she realised that unless they did something drastic soon, they would become completely snowed under.

"Helga!" she called at last, and Helga, who could only just hear her above the whistling of the wind and through the balls of cotton-woolly snow which were stopping up her ears, replied, "Yes, Freda!"

"Helga, do you think you could slide with your nose turned and bent upwards?"

"I think it would be very difficult," said Helga, "but I could try." Well, she made a big effort, and being so supple and young she managed it in the end.

"How is that now?" asked Freda, and Helga said, "Well, I can at least see, which is something, but where are you?"

"I'm going to do the same thing," said Freda, "and then we will be able to see each other and keep in touch much more easily."

In a little while her nose appeared over the top of the snow too, and now they found their journey very much easier. They could keep side by side without difficulty, and could also keep near the surface of the snow.

After what seemed a very long time indeed, the blizzard began to clear, and what was the surprise of Helga and Freda to see ahead of them a small, square brown erection. They did not know it of course, but it was actually a house. Now in this house there lived a young inventor, who was just completing his first invention. He was terribly excited about it, because it was a device to enable men to travel quickly over soft snow, but he still needed one or two important bits before he could finish it. As soon as the blizzard cleared, he set off on his fish-shaped snow-shoes for the nearest town to buy the missing pieces. But the snow was so soft and fresh that his snow-shoes kept sinking deep into it, and he was finding it very difficult to get along. He had not gone very far, in fact, when Freda and Helga caught him up, still gliding smoothly along on their tummies (though these had been worn almost flat and smooth) and still both with their noses pointing upwards.

"My word," said the young inventor in admiration, "How do you manage to make such good time in this soft snow? I do wish you would give me a lift."

"Well if you're in a great hurry," said Freda and Helga both together, "I suppose we might. Where do you want to go?"

"I want to get to the town before evening," said the young inventor, "and we still have about 5 miles to go."

"We don't know the way," said Freda and Helga, "but if you put one foot on each of our backs and guide us we will take you along."

So the young inventor threw away his snow-shoes and jumped on their backs, and they all three went happily along together. On

the way, of course, they exchanged their stories, and told each other how they came to be there. Helga and Freda told the young inventor that they were shes, not hes, and said they had run away from the young larches and saplings to avoid the shooting when spring came.

At last they arrived within sight of the town, and the young inventor told Freda and Helga that they would see lots more people there who would ask them all kinds of questions. The two pieces of wood waxed quite coy and began turning pink. They smoothed down their sides and retied their knots; but when it came to straightening out their necks something terrible seemed to have happened.

"Freda!" called Helga, in great distress. "My neck won't go back; I can't straighten out. Whatever has happened?"

"Goodness," cried Freda, "nor will mine. What are we going to do?"

"I can tell you why that is," said the young inventor who studied science in his spare time. "It's because of the cold and the fact that you have been so long with them in this position. Wait till we get to a fire, then you can thaw out and straighten up."

As they entered the town it was just as the young inventor had said. Everyone gathered round, wanting to know how the young inventor had got down from his lonely hut so soon after the big blizzard.

"I have invented a new form of transport for swift travel over soft snow," said the young man, "but before telling you about it, let me introduce you to my two very good friends who brought me here. They say they are shes." (But, being a Norwegian, *he* pronounced them "skis" of course.)

"Ah!" said the townsfolk, knowingly, "what a marvellous invention. It's just what we have waited for all these years." And, turning to the oldest inhabitant, they asked, "What do you think, wise old man?"

Now the oldest inhabitant was very old indeed by this time, and he had not quite understood the young inventor's meaning. Picking up Freda in one hand and Helga in the other, he nodded his head several times, and then proclaimed—"Yes, I see the point. From now on and for ever, we will use ski for fast travel over soft snow. It is a very good invention."

"Wait!" called Helga and Freda in one voice, "we don't want to be used for ever. We want to have our necks thawed out, and go back to 'The Larches.'" But their little voices went unheard. Such was the jubilation over the young inventor's discovery, and the cheering which followed the oldest inhabitant's proclamation, that no-one realised Freda and Helga had even spoken. They were stood up, with their necks still bent to one side, in the middle of the market square, and people from all around the country brought over slices of timber and bent them into the same shape and called them ski as well. The young inventor's real invention was never completed, and to this day no-one quite knows quite what it was. However, travel over soft snow has increased in speed alarmingly for all that, and it just goes to show that when adventurous young females cut away from their nurseries too soon, *anything* may happen in the world.

LADIES' SKI CLUB, 1949-1950

President :

MRS. R. ODDIE.

Vice-Presidents :

MRS. W. R. TOMKINSON.

MISS I. ROE.

Past Presidents :

THE LADY DENMAN, C.B.E.

MISS OLGA MAJOR.

THE LADY MABEL LUNN.

MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT.

DR. VIOLET RENDALL.

LADY RAEBURN.

DAME KATHERINE FURSE, G.B.E.

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) :

LADY CHAMIER, 1949.

MRS. HEPWORTH, 1947.

MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT, 1949.

MISS E. LEVERSON, M.B.E., 1947.

MRS. D. FORSTER, 1948.

MISS P. RAEBURN, 1947.

MRS. COLIN FRASER, 1948.

MRS. KENNETH SMITH, 1948.

MRS. SKOTZIN, 1946.

Honorary Members :

MRS. VIVIAN CAULFEILD.

THE LADY DENMAN, C.B.E.

DAME KATHERINE FURSE, G.B.E.

Mlle. KINI MAILLART.

MISS E. A. PINCHING.

FRAULEIN ELSA ROTH.

THE COUNTESS OF SELKIRK.

MEVROUW VAN DEN BERGH-SCHIMMELPENNINCK VAN DER OYE.

FRAULEIN HELENE ZINGG.

Adams, Mrs., '47.

Adye, 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.

Bates, Miss K., '50.

Battine, Mrs. Nigel (formerly Harvey),

'23.

Blane, Lady, O.B.E., '35.

Borch-Johansen, Mrs. E. S. L. (*née* Noric), '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.
 Campbell, Miss M., '50.
 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.
 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.
 de Reya, Mrs., '50.
 de Reya, Miss C., '50.
 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.
 Elliott, Miss Doreen, '23.
 Elvins, Mrs. (*née* Copner), '48.
 England, Mrs. D., '50.
 Fairclough, Mrs., '50.
 Farquharson, Miss P., '47.
 Fernandes, Miss E. M. L., '29.
 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.
 Furlong, Miss S., '50.
 Garret, Mrs. (*née* Tulloch), '37.
 Geidt, Miss J. M., '49.
 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* Pymman), '24.
 Ingall, Mrs. (*née* Henniker-Hugham), '24.
 Izard, Miss S., '50.
 Jackson, Mrs. A. H., '30.
 Kemsley, Mrs. Timothy (*née* Fitzgerald), '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.
 Lang, Mrs., '50.
 Langford-Holt, Mrs. E., '49.
 Law, Miss D., '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.
 Macleod, Miss R. G., '50.
 McSwiney, Mrs. (*née* Lee-Booker), '39.
 Major, Miss Olga, '23.
 Martyn-Smith, Miss A. M., '29.
 May, Mrs. Langton (*née* Heaver), '28.
 Milbank, The Hon. Mrs. (*née* Maxwell), '28.
 Millar, Mrs., '50.
 Mitchell, Mrs. C. F. (*née* Bruce), '35.
 Moffat, Mrs. Curtis (*née* Allen), '31.
 Morgan, Mrs. D. (formerly Wright), '37.
 Morgan, Miss P., '50.
 Morgan, Mrs. R., '36.
 Murphy, Mrs. B. (*née* Paton), '38.
 Murphy, Mrs. M. (*née* Mackinnon), '26.
 Napier-Clavering, Miss D., '50.
 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.
 Raynsford, Mrs., '50.
 Reford, Mrs. R. B. S., '34.
 Rendle, Mrs. (*née* Kilroy), '30.
 Richardson, Mrs. J. (*née* Allen), '28.
 Ringrose, Mrs., '50.
 Robertson, Dr. (*née* Campbell), '28.
 Roe, Miss Isobel, '38.
 Rudd-Clarke, Mrs. (formerly Curteis), '25.
 Scott, Miss B., '30.
 Seaton, Miss J. B., '49.
 Segrave, Mrs. (*née* Grace), '37.
 Sherer, Miss M. C., '31.
 Simpson, Mrs. E. A., '50.
 Sheridan, Mrs. Brinsley (*née* Carter), '37.
 Skotzin, Mrs. (*née* Palmer-Tomkinson), '33.

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

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.
 Tulloch, Mrs. A. (*née* Walker), '36.
 Turner, The Hon. Mrs. (*née* Schuster), '23.
 Wakefield, Miss R., '50.
 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.
 Wyatt, Mrs., '50.
 Young, Mrs. James (formerly Bingham), '39.
 Young, Mrs. (*née* Patricia FitzGerald), '47.



SKI OUTFITS for SALE or HIRE

for men and women

We have had representatives on the spot in the fashionable ski centres of Europe checking the season's very latest styles in ski-wear. Consequently you may rest assured that every item in the very good selection of ski outfits which we have to offer is absolutely correct and up-to-the-minute for style and materials.

Write to Dept. WL for particulars

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets W.C.2. Temple Bar 4477.
AND BRANCHES

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.S.C. Bulletin



Shape of good things to come—the attractive cover of our famous Winter Sports catalogue, 1950-51 edition

This year's catalogue is better than ever—bright with colour, up-to-the-minute with the finest kit and equipment—informative and helpful with even a special map supplement to guide you on your way.

If you are not already on our mailing list, send us your name and address now so that we may post the catalogue to you. Publication date is October, 1950.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, S.W.1 Telephone: WHItchall 3181

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.S.C. Bulletin



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

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.S.C. Bulletin



The
AUSTRIAN ALPINE CLUB'S
"EDELWEISS" FLIGHTS
to the **AUSTRIAN SNOWFIELDS**

FREQUENT FLIGHTS TO AND FROM THE TYROL THROUGH-
OUT THE SEASON. RETURN FARE FOR A.A.C. MEMBERS £26.

SMALL ESCORTED WINTER SPORTS PARTIES FOR BEGINNERS
AND ADVANCED SKIERS TO POPULAR RESORTS AND CLUB
CHALETS.

GUIDED HUT TO HUT SKI-MOUNTAINEERING TOURS FROM
MARCH TO WHITSUNTIDE.

INCLUSIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR INDEPENDENT WINTER
SPORTS HOLIDAYS TO ALL PARTS OF AUSTRIA.

For full particulars, membership, etc., write, phone or call

AUSTRIAN ALPINE CLUB

U.K. BRANCH (OESTERREICHISCHER ALPENVEREIN)

143 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

MAYfair 0942



GORDON LOWES

**FOR YOUR WINTER
SPORTS HOLIDAY!**

Write now for particulars of
our attractive selection of
Ski-wear and equipment for
men, women and juniors. This
includes Pigswisker sweaters,
the latest Anoraks, gay shirts
and Austrian boots.

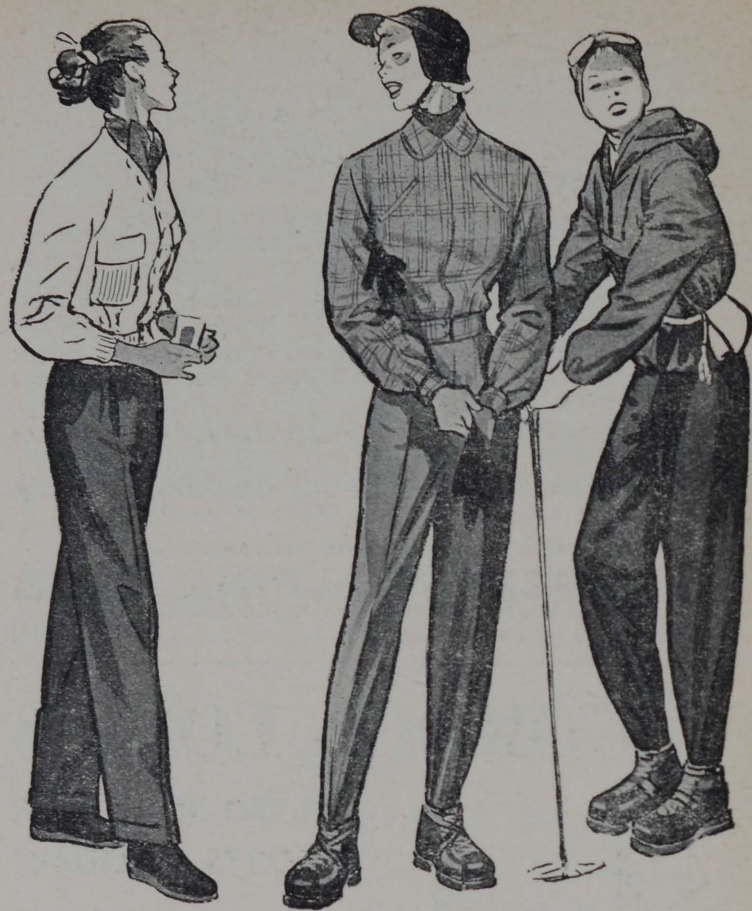
**We recondition skis, fix
Kandahar bindings, edges,
etc. Send early.**

*Hiring arranged. Second-hand
skis and wear purchased.*

**21-23, BROMPTON ARCADE
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON
S.W.3**

Phone: Kensington 4494 Cables: Gorlowe, London

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.S.C. Bulletin



On the run... or at leisure

We have everything except the snow for a successful winter holiday! There is a complete choice of smart, comfortable and correct clothes to see you through all-weather activities. After-ski-ing fashions for women and men are well worth seeing too. In the Winter Sports Centre, with expert guidance at hand, you can be equipped right to the smallest detail.

Write for our Winter Sports Folder

Winter Sports Centre — first floor

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

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.C.S. Bulletin



Have you flown on the **EPICUREAN** AIR RESTAURANT?

Best champagne luncheon
between London and Paris.

No extra charge

A worthy start for your winter holiday with same day connections to all famous centres. Ask your Travel Agent for details or get in touch with Air France.



AIR FRANCE

The 4-Engine Service

52 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. (WHitehall 0971)

WAYFARERS

Winter Sports Parties

Details of fully inclusive 17 day conducted and independent holidays at ZERMATT, WENGEN, AROSA, DAVOS, also AUSTRIAN, FRENCH and NORWEGIAN resorts appear in our programme now ready.

May we send you a copy post free?
Sole charge taken of children.

THE WAYFARERS TRAVEL AGENCY LTD.

(Est. 1920)

33, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 Tel: EUSton 4181

When replying to Advertisers please mention the L.S.C. Bulletin

ENJOY
2 days extra Ski-ing!

and greater travel comfort



BY AIR TO

Switzerland

From London to any destination in Switzerland via Basle.

Return : 3rd Class Holiday Rail Ticket included.

£22 10s. 0d.



BY AIR TO

Austria

From London to any destination in Austria via Zurich. Military permits provided.

Return : 3rd Class Rail Ticket included.

£26 10s. 0d.

N.B.—Children under 12 years of age travel at half fare. Children under two years old are transported *free*.

The Ski Club of Great Britain Air Charter Service, run by AIRWORK LIMITED, will operate from December 21st to March 24th, flying Vickers Vikings to Austria, France and Switzerland. Check the fares quoted—you will find they compare favourably with 2nd Class Sleeper travel, and you can enjoy two days extra ski-ing, thanks to time saved. Write NOW for full details of fares, times and reservations, to :—

**AIRWORK**
LIMITED

15, CHESTERFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.1. Tel: GROsvenor 4841

KING AND HUTCHINGS, LTD., PRINTERS, UXBRIDGE