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OCTOBER, 1951

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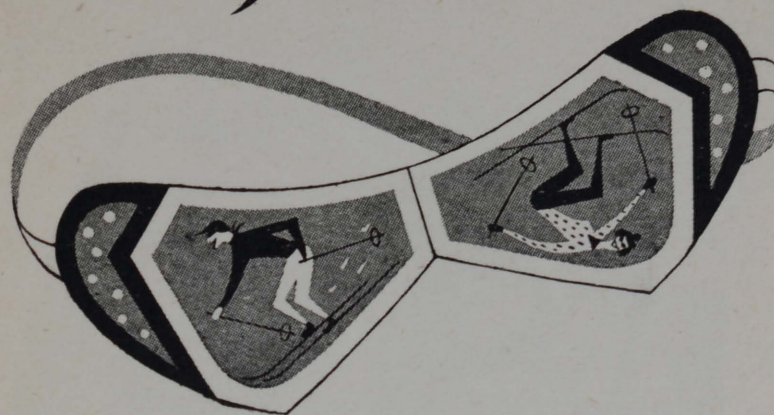
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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 21

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OCTOBER, 1951

EDITORIAL

THE Ladies' Ski Club, in common with the whole ski-ing world, has suffered a sad loss by the death during the summer of two great and valued friends, Alan d'Egville and Otto Furrer.

"Deggars," who had been suffering from a gradual and increasingly painful illness, must have been known to every skier who ever raced at Mürren and a great many more besides. He was the designer, among other things, of the Ladies' Ski Club badge. His light-hearted speeches at prize-giving or annual meeting did much to transform a sometimes rather solemn occasion into a hilarious party; his wit, humour and kindness will be remembered with joy by all his friends.

Otto Furrer lost his life a short time ago on the Matterhorn, owing to the breaking of one of the fixed ropes, while he was leading a party. One of our members writes from Zermatt: "It could be the only way for him to be killed, for it could never have happened through his own fault or negligence." Otto was one of the greatest of Alpine guides, mountaineers and ski-racers, and it is ironic that his death should have occurred while climbing his "own" mountain. Some of our members will remember his welcome appearance at the cocktail party after our Annual General Meeting in November, 1949.

The chief feature of the last winter season seems to have been the bad weather and the immense falls of snow that occurred over the whole of Switzerland. These were followed by avalanches on an unprecedented scale; in one case a chalet was swept away that had stood for 400 years. We would like to express our heartfelt sympathy with all our Swiss friends on the great loss of life and distress caused by these disasters.

In spite of the avalanches at Zermatt, which fortunately were without casualties, the L.S.C. Meeting was held, albeit a few days late. We congratulate Vora Mackintosh on winning the L.S.C. Championship, and Addie Pryor on winning the L.S.C. Non-International Challenge Cup. Vora also won the Lady Denman (Downhill) and the Lady Mabel Lunn (Slalom) Challenge Cups.

We also congratulate the organisers and officials of the Meeting for managing to hold a championship at all under such very difficult circumstances.

We are happy to welcome sixteen new members to the Club: Miss V. J. Adams, Miss A. G. Blaxland, Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Grenfell, Mrs. G. Lee Guinness, Miss E. Handley, Mrs. Hensman, Mrs. Hoare, Miss J. M. Keliher, Mrs. McDermott, Mrs. MacDonald, Miss A. Pryor, Miss A. Saul, Miss V. Stabb, Mrs. Thomas and Miss J. Whitelaw.

Congratulations and best wishes to Miss Sheena Mackintosh on her engagement to Mr. Ruairaidh Hilleary, to Miss Diana Napier-Clavering on her marriage to Mr. T. E. G. Todd, to Mrs. B. Murphy on her marriage to Mr. Shearing, to Mrs. Elizabeth Langford-Holt on her marriage to Major R. A. H. Rivers-Bulkeley, and to Mrs. Elizabeth Gunn on her marriage to Mr. Allen Tyser.

Congratulations also to the following:—

- Mrs. Arbuthnot, a son, born September 18th, 1950.
- Mrs. Skotzin, a son, born October 25th, 1950.
- Mrs. Bancroft, a son, born November 23rd, 1950.
- Mrs. Mabey, a daughter, born in 1950.
- Mrs. Neilson, a daughter, born July 15th, 1950.
- Mrs. Elvins, a daughter, born August 15th, 1951.

As we go to press we have received a copy of "A Handbook on Ski-ing," by W. R. Bracken, with a foreword by Arnold Lunn. Any book by such a master of ski-ing and ski-teaching as Bill Bracken is certain of a welcome, and we feel sure that this handbook will be of great value to beginners and "kanonen" alike.

The L.S.C. Meeting will be held on January 24th next, at Mürren, in conjunction with the Duchess of Kent Downhill Race and probably the Lady Mabel Lunn Slalom. This will be a qualifying race for the Olympics.

We would like to remind our contributors that articles should be sent in by the month of JUNE, typed with fairly wide margins, double spacing, and on one side of the paper. If there is one thing (and there are a good many) that causes tearing of the Editorial hair, it is an article typed on *both* sides of the paper; and if the author, on top of that, numbers by *leaves* instead of pages. . . . Words fail us!

Members are reminded that it is essential that the BULLETIN should be mentioned when making enquiries of advertisers.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

NOVEMBER, 1950

THE Annual General Meeting was held at 115, Cranmer Court on Thursday, November 30th, followed by a Cocktail Party. Over sixty members and their friends were present.

The chair was taken by Mrs. Oddie. The Club accounts were presented by Miss Sherer and passed.

Miss Doreen Elliott was made an honorary member.

The President, in her report of the year, said that 1949/50 had been a good season from the Club's point of view. She congratulated Sos Roe and Bunty Greenland on their successful organisation, on behalf of the S.C.G.B., of the Junior Training Scheme.

She paid tribute to the following for having distinguished themselves in the racing field:—

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------|---|
| Marylou Chable | ... | 5th in A-K and winner of British Championships. |
| Hilary Laing | | 8th in A-K and 5th in Parsenn Derby, and winner of both L.S.C. Challenge Cups. |
| Sheena Mackintosh | ... | 2nd in Alpine Ski (Slalom) against all the British men. |
| Fiona Campbell | ... | Winner of Gornergrat Derby over the same course as the men, in a time of only 2 minutes longer than best man. |

And others on their Tours, namely:—

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----|--|
| Pat Farquharson | ... | Monte Rosa. |
| Helen Fairclough | ... | Mont Blanc. |
| Frances McDermott | ... | Haute Route, Zermatt to Chamonix and back. |

Mrs. Oddie went on to welcome to the Club the twenty-one new members elected during the year, drew attention to the date and arrangements made for the 1951 L.S.C. Meeting, to the new facility to members of having a "for sale and wanted" column in the BULLETIN, and announced that the Club sweater could be obtained from Messrs. Gordon Lowe.

She then presented the prizes for the 1949/50 Meeting. Miss Hilary Laing received the L.S.C. Challenge Cup and also the Open Cup, and Miss Sheila Daniell the Cup for the first non-International in the Race.

FOR SALE AND WANTED

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

L.S.C. SWEATER, small 36-in., as new, £1 10s. od.—Apply Mrs. K. C. Smith, Cockshut, Reigate, Surrey.

A TRIBUTE IN MEMORY OF A. H. d'EGVILLE

FEW people can have had so many devoted friends of varied types and nationalities as d'Eggers, and for these his death has brought a real sense of personal loss. Underneath his light-heartedness, his clowning and pungent witticisms he concealed the tremendous courage with which he faced the long and painful illness which caused his death.

A man of great ability and talent, he brought gaiety and sparkle with him wherever he went, and above all he was a most loyal friend.

Outside his work his two passions were ski-ing and Mürren. Not only did he love the village but the people who lived in it and he was accepted in a whole-hearted way that rarely falls to the lot of a foreigner. He gave generously and consequently received even more generous measure in return, for he was much loved.

Those who saw d'Eggers leave Mürren in order to face another operation will never forget his send-off . . . such a one as has never been accorded in our memories, for the crowds came spontaneously. Even the band left the hotel to play his favourite tunes and two of his Swiss friends travelled as far as Interlaken to help with the luggage.

D'Eggers' services to British ski-ing were valuable and original. In his book, *Modern Ski-ing*, his photographs of positions and turns were taken from the rear which saved the reader from having to transpose himself.

The L.S.C. owes him a debt of gratitude, not only for his endless encouragement but for his design of the decorative Club badge.

D'Eggers was only in Mürren a short time this winter. He was too ill to ski, but on the last day he and I slid together across the practice slopes. I like to think that this pleased him for he felt that he could not bear to leave without having been on his "boards."

The last time I saw him in London he told me of his deep gratification at having been made an honorary member of the S.C.G.B.

Though we are the poorer for his death we are also the richer for having known him. He will be greatly missed.

OTTO FURRER

BY HELEN TOMKINSON

It was with deep regret that we read the news of the death on the Matterhorn of Otto Furrer.

Otto had been one of the great skiers of all time, in fact he was a symbol of greatness to all the younger generation; he held the Diamond A-K badge, and in 1932 he won the FIS World Championship. In addition he had represented his country times without number, and no International meeting was complete without Matterhorn Furrer, as he was known.

As well as being an outstanding skier, he was one of the finest mountaineers of his time. He knew every inch of the Matterhorn;

to him climbing that mountain was what a simple walk would be to us. It is tragic that in the end it was a fixed rope that let him down.

To me, Otto, the Matterhorn and Zermatt are synonymous. One feels that if Otto had to die, he would have preferred it the way he went on his beloved mountain.

We are proud to remember that on his last visit to England we welcomed him as a guest to the L.S.C. Annual Cocktail Party.

Otto's death is a great loss to all the ski-ing world and to his many friends in England, and we of the L.S.C. would like to send our deepest sympathy to his family and to his home town of Zermatt.

LADIES' SKI CLUB MEETING, 1951

BY PAT FARQUHARSON

LITTLE did we think, when we were detailed to run the 1951 meeting in Zermatt, that the *mise en scène* would be quite so dramatic.

Until the middle of the week which should have ended with the races on Sunday, life was comparatively peaceful. The preliminary arrangements went off quietly enough, not, I must confess, through any mad endeavour by the three crippled members who were officially in charge, Morna, Babs and I, but rather thanks to the help and co-operation of the Zermatt Ski Club, Ski School, Kurverein, and the solid hard work put in by Patsy Richardson—who more than qualified as an Hon. Mem.—and the Duke of Montaperto, co-opted on to the Race Committee. As there seemed unlikely to be many British competitors we were very anxious to get a good local entry and this was ensured through the generosity of the Duke and Mr. Candrian, who gave cups for the first Zermatt lady in the Open Combined, Downhill and Slalom, and for a men's race which was run, this year, in conjunction with the L.S.C. meeting.

Until Wednesday, January 17th, when five of the British trainees arrived—on what subsequently proved to be one of the last trains into Zermatt—the British entry consisted of one New Zealand and three Australian members, so at least we could claim world-wide appeal!

Zermatt, of course, was one of the avalanche centres, and on the Thursday night came the fall which carried away the bridge and most of the pylons on the Blauherd-Sunegga ski-lift, and effectively blocked the Gornergratbahn. The day originally fixed for the meeting, Sunday, January 21st, was the one on which the worst of the avalanches came down, the middle of the five days for which we were marooned, and the first on which our mail was delivered by airlift. (I could have done with less of the "mod. cons." in this direction, since it was by this means that I received the Club letter

replacing me as Rep., a missive, let me hasten to add, as long expected as it was overdue, since by then I'd had a broken leg for three weeks and was about as useful as an old wet hen.)

The trainees were, therefore, just in nice time to reply to the frenzied wires and telephone calls instigated by their families when the news broke in the English papers, and the air was full of the imprecations of those whose relations had been so anti-social as to omit to pre-pay the reply. (I speak with great feeling on this score!) Being unable to ski, the competitors occupied themselves in watching the airlift and in trying to evade the (telephonic) attentions of the British press—with only moderate success, one member being featured for her "heroic rescue" at the smashed paper kiosk outside the station (the "victim" being a few packets of cigarettes). Though nobody would have supposed it from the dramatic incidents reported, the person who came nearest to being a casualty was the local photographer when, peering madly through his view-finder for a really epoch-making shot of the airlift, he suddenly saw a sinister object hurtling towards him, and emerged from behind the camera just in time to evade being laid out by a case of chicken, which was descending rapidly (by parachute) to relieve the pangs of famine which had not noticeably been felt by the guests at the Mont Cervin. Dinner that night was alleged to feature "*poulet atomique*." The FIS rules and tables, which were also delivered by air that day, proved, for once, less lethal!

In retrospect, one concludes that the press reports can only be explained by the assumption that the "line" was dictated by the Treasury, in a futile attempt to prevent currency being squandered by would-be holidaymakers, confusion being worse confounded by the public's abysmal ignorance of the causes, effects and probable sequels of avalanches. One visitor received an impassioned plea from his partner not to visit Zermatt, "because of the terrible floods which must inevitably ensue." Though I must say that it was quite miraculous that no one was hurt, considering the idiocy with which most of the population, visiting and indigenous, stood about with their mouths open, solicitously pointing out to each other where the last fall had been, and sedulously ignoring the all-too-obvious fact that another was just about due. The blast, like bomb-blast, was much nastier in the confined space of the village than in the open; it went up the street preceded by what looked rather like a sandstorm, and snapped six largish pine trees clean off about three feet from the ground.

However, Sunday's falls were not only the worst, but also to all intents and purposes the last, and by Tuesday the Sesselbahn was working again and we were able to set the Downhill. The choice of course was, in effect, Hobson's, the Gornergrat and the Blauherd ski-lift still being out of commission, so the race was set from Sunegga to 'Varsity Finish, on the course which had been used for the University races and the Roberts of Kandahar.

Wednesday was a beautiful day, and after a delay over the numbers the first competitor went off at 11.15. I was thankful for the delay, as without it I should probably have missed the whole thing. Since

I was determined to see the race, and since the path to the finish was not the best course for a wooden leg, being under feet of avalanche snow in places and deep and soft everywhere, the Hurculean Elias Julen had offered to take me down the course on a rescue *schlitten*. Needless to say, that was the day that the hotel forgot to call me, and I had consequently to get from the Zermatterhof to the Sesselbahn via the Walliserhof in 17 minutes flat; Long John Silver had nothing on me, but you just try it some day on a plaster leg and a soft path! However, I got to the top in the nick of time, and spent the next few hectic and inglorious minutes in most devoutly wishing myself back in bed. There are moments when a rescue *schlitten* seems the most desirable form of transport ever invented; in cold blood, however, it is less enjoyable.

The course was in perfect condition, the visibility excellent and the controls on Reid didn't seem too inconvenient. Vora Mackintosh ran beautifully to beat Dorli Lehner, the local favourite, and Justine Aufdenblatten; Sheena, unfortunately, had 'flu, and was out of the meeting. Addie Pryor ran extremely well, and eventually won the Non-International Cup, and I would say that Dina Guinness and Claudia de Reya both ran at the top of their form. Jill MacDonald (Australia) was below her usual standard, and Valentine Adams (Australia) and Suzanne Izard (New Zealand) ran gamely but were outclassed.

I will draw not so much a veil as an asbestos curtain over my descent to the village. While vividly appreciating the validity of the statement that the path would have been quite impassable for me on foot, I considered it only in degree less impassable strapped to that *schlitten*. Moreover, the crick in the neck occasioned by not wishing to be crowned by the bumps which, last year, adorned that portion of Reid which Elias elected to take straight (and which, this year, mercifully failed to materialise), took nearly as long to recover as did the break. However, on my own head it was.

The Slalom, held in the afternoon, was magnificently set by Otto Furrer* on one of the slopes which had recently avalanched, behind the clinic. It looked quite paralyzing, but the competitors seemed to enjoy it. Vora again beat Dorli by a narrow margin, both of them running extremely well, as did Marie Sarbach who had not run in the Downhill. Addie came 7th, the second British entry; Dina did less well than in the morning and was 9th; while Claudia had a disastrous fall on each run and literally, poor Claudia, "she came rolling down the mountain."

The Men's Races were run concurrently, both events being won by Leander Perren.

The Lady Mabel Lunn and the Lady Denman Challenge Cups were also awarded on the results of these races; indeed, as appears to be customary, and possibly inevitable under present training conditions, the results of two races settled the winners of nine challenge cups. The prizewinners came off rather badly this time, the Kandahar

*See page 346.

prizes having been expected to arrive under convoy, but as Mr. Lunn was marooned in Mürren we had to do some last-minute improvisation.

The prizes were given that evening in the Mont Cervin by the Duchess of Montaperto, the occasion being completely ruined for me by the fact that Morna and Babs had landed me with the speech. I was totally outclassed by Bernard Biner, the President of the Zermatt S.C., who dealt with the men's races with great eloquence and in several languages, but was very grateful for the chance to try and thank everyone whose kindness and help had been so invaluable to the Club. We hoped that the competitors enjoyed it as much as we onlookers did, but anyway it was quite a remarkable meeting, if only for the three records which it made; the first, that we reckon it was the first time a slalom race has been set actually on an avalanche course; the second, that it was certainly the first time the FIS rules were delivered by air on the eve of a meeting; and lastly, that I suspect it was the first, and most devoutly hope it will be the last, time that a Committee member is constrained to do the Downhill on the death waggon.

HAUTE ROUTE

BY FRANCES McDERMOTT

(With acknowledgements to the "1951 Australian Ski Year Book," which contains the full article from which this is condensed. Mrs. McDermott completed the round trip to Zermatt via Courmayeur and Breuil, but space permits only an extract from her account.)

WHEN I was in Zermatt, in March, 1950, I was delighted to be invited to join a party of three to cross the Haute Route to Chamonix. Elias Julen was to guide us and the other member of the party, Ali, was an excellent skier.

On the morning we were to leave I woke early and saw that the mists had cleared and the sun was shining gloriously in a clear, blue sky. Despite various alarms and excursions I managed to breakfast, pack, lose all my money for several hours, and arrive at the meeting place with my rucksack. As we set out across the bridge, I wondered what the future had in store. It seemed a great adventure, and I was filled with excitement and hoped that, despite the trepidation which lurked in the back of my mind, I was mentally and physically equipped for the journey.

Slowly we climbed the zig-zag path to the woods. The sky was turquoise blue, and near the summit of the Matterhorn little puffs of cloud were gathering for the evening sunset. In deserted Zmutt we put on ski and began the slow, monotonous ascent to the Schönbühl hut, watching the icefalls cascading in pale green ridges from the Zmutt face. The longer I looked at the hut, the more it became a mirage, no nearer, no further. I have been asked, "How many miles was the Haute Route?" The Swiss are cunning, and

merely stencil their signposts with the normal hours taken from one point to another by a medium fast walker. Everything is further than it seems to the eye. Often, when I looked across a glacier I had traversed and saw the wrinkled elephant skin of the crevasses and the twisted lines of séracs, I remembered the yawning caverns and the giant blocks of ice as they really were, and the hours it had taken to traverse them.

Our shadows lightened and lengthened. The men grew silent as we climbed into the setting sun, our ski crunching more sharply with each step. Monte Rosa looked magnificent, washed by gold and glowing against the deep blue sky. I thought of Tennyson's

How faintly flush'd, how phantom-fair
Was Monte Rosa hanging there,
A thousand shadowy-pencil'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

When I had given up all hope of the hut ever becoming a reality, suddenly it appeared above us, and the last twenty minutes were spent in digging toe-holds in an icy slope. The situation and seeming inaccessibility of mountain huts was a characteristic which occurred frequently on the trip!

After we had opened the hut I learnt my first lesson about touring equipment—not to use cotton bootlaces! In their casing of snow they freeze like iron, and until they thaw—a difficult and lengthy process in huts where the temperature is at freezing point or below—your foot is bound in a steel boot, often with wet socks inside. When I finally became unstuck, I amused myself by trying to select a pair of hut boots, the pairs provided all seeming to fit a giant with two right feet.

For my first meal on tour, Ali made a soup which became our staple diet; here is the recipe. First boil a snow-packed saucepan, then pour in packets of dried vegetables, spaghetti, rice, a knob of butter and sliced sausage. As a final delicacy, whittle off some dried shavings from an unsavoury-looking mass of dark brown "Spec" (meat which has been hanging out to dry for some years!). Ladle the stew into a bowl and garnish with dry bread. It is filling, warming and nourishing and, as Ali said, takes care of all internal digestive disorders!

I wasn't allowed to wash, partly because the greater the covering of grease, the greater the protection against cold and winds; but chiefly because of the expense of hot water. Each bundle of firewood cost about five shillings sterling, and we averaged three to make our soup and tea. I clomped round the hut in my Minnie Mouse footwear, and then went outside into a world of brilliant moonlight. The single candle, casting shadows on the intent faces around the table, was a striking contrast to the beauty and drama of the gleaming radiance which bathed the savage, glittering icefalls tumbling in the rocky peaks of the Dent d'Hérens and the precipices of the Matterhorn. Intermittently, the cracking ice sounded like pistol shots in a far-away valley.

Inside again, we retired to our blankets. It was bitterly cold and I felt mummified when I woke some hours later from a fitful doze. I imagined something was burning, and said in a low voice to Ali that I could smell fire. The effect was electric! After the initial confusion had subsided, Ali realised that his boots, left in the oven to dry, were slowly disintegrating! After a lot of muttering the hut settled down again into its semblance of a nocturnal hen-roost.

It was still dark when Elias stirred and began to tinker with the stove. He brought us steaming coffee and I stood on the step, warming my hands round the mug and watching the dawn flush the valley, striking the peaks and glaciers with a sudden raking glance, and projecting the summits sharply against the sky.

We left the hut and skied down the icy slope to the Tiefenmatten Glacier, where we put on skins for the hard work of the day. Jewelled crystals of perfect snow were sparkling in the sunlight, gleaming and glinting like a thousand diamond facets. Our way led past gaping caverns of milky, opal-hued ice. Between the Tête de Valpelline and the Stockje we began a sharp, zig-zag ascent to the Stockje Glacier. Here the new snow of the previous two days' fall had softened, and seemed about to leave its icy base. The going became difficult; with every two steps the lower one would slide away, and very soon our skins were packed with snow and behaving badly. As Elias said, it was not the place to "chinky-chanky." He took off his ski and began to kick great footholds in the snow. With each length of rope he braced himself and urged me up the slope, whilst Ali encouraged me from below. We worked hard, and every now and then I held my breath in fear that I would be suspended in mid-air; when we reached the Glacier our backs were soaked with perspiration.

Putting on ski again, I plodded behind Elias, the black rope snaking before me in rhythmical glides. The swishing was soothing, lulling me into confidence, and allowing my thoughts to drift. Here and there we passed a depression, hiding the treachery of a crevasse. Later, climbing lost its enjoyment. The burning sun beat down on our backs with a blazing fierceness, reflecting the glare from the soft new snow. Dripping sweat poured down my face, blurring the glasses. My throat was parched with a terrible thirst. Even the irrepressible Ali became speechless, and I was oblivious to everything except the hope that we should reach the top soon.

At last we arrived at the Col, and met a sharp wind cutting across from Italy. Putting on our windjackets, we left our rucksacks and began the ascent of the Tête Blanche. I created a *petit divertissement* when some ice broke through near the summit, but Elias grabbed my stick and held me whilst I found a firmer footing.

A sense of achievement as we gained the summit rewarded me for the discomfort of the last few hours. Elias pointed out the giants behind us, the Weissshorn, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn and Rothorn, the shadowed Matterhorn and the Dent d'Hérens. Looking eastward I tried to follow our route to France, and back through

Italy. Nearer to us the Bouquetins, the Mont Brulé, Col de l'Evêque and Collon rose above an infinite number of lesser peaks.

The wind soon drove us down to our rucksacks. Our skins were frozen into iron, and Elias had to ski carrying his and mine like a bundle of laths, as he led us in deep powder snow from the Ferpècle Glacier to the Glacier du Mont Miné. He seemed to have an uncanny knack of what he called "smelling the traverse." We delighted in the descent, and after a rest put on skins for the short final ascent of the day to the Col de Bertol. It was early afternoon when we gained the narrow col, its steep slopes flowing down on either side, and before us rose the Pigne d'Arolla. As I looked round me, it seemed impossible that I had come so far or climbed so high. Above us was the Cabane de Bertol, perched in its eagle's eyrie. In view of the sixty-foot iron rope, which is the only method of entry and exit to this establishment, I was pleased to find there was time enough to run down to Arolla and spend the night there.

We waxed our ski, and followed Elias down the Glacier. At the Plan de Bertol we rested in the tranquil afternoon. Looking back, high up the Glacier, I imagined that this must be one of the most perfect runs in the Alps. For me, it proved to be the unforgettable descent of the Haute Route. We skied on, to the Haut Glacier d'Arolla, where directly before us the great Mont Collon diverted the glaciers that led to the west. Here we met spring snow, swung in easy turns down the Petit Glacier d'Arolla and came to a stop on the outskirts of the village. It seemed deserted, but we hoped to make an entry into some barn to shelter for the night. Just as I was extricating myself from a large hole which had opened up like a concealed trap-door, Elias yodelled from a balcony above where he had found two Swiss frontier guards. This was a lucky break; within a short time we were in a warm kitchen drinking Fendent and everyone (except me) talking at once in Swiss German. I began to guess something was brewing when all four began looking at me and shrugging and gesticulating. It transpired that we were in a military establishment, and *no woman* should pass a night under its roof. However, eventually I was told that, if questioned, I was to say I had been picked up in an exhausted condition on the Glacier and was now recovering my wits and strength—rather close to the point in actual fact!

At dawn a porter arrived with our supplies. We left wine for our hosts and set out in the soft, balmy morning air for the Cabane de Vignettes. A sharp climb up the moraine led us to the open expanse of the upper Pièce Glacier. Here we lunched on a warm slab of rock, but soon a chilly wind began to whip the crest of the Pigne d'Arolla, and before long we were bending into the force of a gale. The hot sunlight took on a brassy glare, and the powder snow of the higher glacier whirled and dusted about our legs. Elias praised us for the excellent time it took us to reach the Col which led to the Cabane de Vignettes. This proved to be a sturdy and well-furnished hut, built to withstand the forces of time and nature at 10,000 feet. When I leaned over the parapet which held the hut on its precipitous

ledge, and tentatively looked down to the glaciers sweeping far below, I thanked God we had reached the hut via Arolla, instead of the climb up the Glacier d'Otemma.

Inside, the temperature was one degree below freezing, and no matter how often we fed the little fire with expensive bundles, it failed to warm the air. The strength of the wind battered the double shutters as it wailed round the hut. We changed our clothes, clammy with cold and sweat, redressed completely with caps, windjackets and gloves, and fell on the hot, sweet, wine-flavoured tea which brought some warmth to our bones.

The sun set in a chaos of green and orange cloud, tingeing the glaciers which swept away in a curve between their guardian mountains—the Collon, Petit Collon and Evêque. The dusk stained the nearby slopes and crept with darkening shadows on the mighty sweep of green ice which fell from the Pigne d'Arolla above.

Inside, the hut was bright with the sunset glow of the shredded clouds and as this faded and gave way to the pale afterglow we lit the solitary candle and, huddled over the stove, I listened whilst Elias and Ali told tales and stories far into the night.

Next morning, the raging wind still hurled itself against the hut, vibrating the windows with its force, and the temperature remained extremely low. Ali had set his heart on climbing the Pigne d'Arolla, but when Elias warned us how terribly cold it would be on the summit we decided against it. (I discovered later that this was the day on which Pat Farquharson experienced the same extreme cold on Monte Rosa.)

After the change of plan we breakfasted with great speed, then lost a little time retracing our track to the glacier below, having decided against a suspicious-looking avalanche slope. Then began the long run down the mighty d'Otemma Glacier. I had to pole for part of the way but here we were sheltered from the wind, and our slow but stately progress gave me an opportunity of enjoying the delicious crispness of the morning. Nearing the moraine we began a steep traverse across the succession of gullies and ridges which rises to the Pointe d'Ayace and Glacier de Fenêtre. Halfway across my legs began to tire with the uneven distribution of weight; I wondered whether I was to be permanently disabled with one leg shorter than the other, and heaved a sigh of relief when we completed the climb.

From the Mont Durand Glacier it was a slow and steady ascent. Halfway up the Glacier we lunched on the only visible outcrop of rock in this vast glittering desert of snow and ice. Despite dark glasses my eyes were tightly screwed against the glare, and for contrast I kept them on the navy blue sky and the summits of the Tour de Boussine, Mont Gelé and Mont Avril. Ahead of us, faint clouds were leisurely gathering around the Grand Combin. Later, Elias began to question the weather, putting into words the doubts which had bothered him for the past hour, and urging us to make haste. Within a short time, long fingers of mist crept from behind the Italian frontier, wreathing round the Col du Sonadon and obscuring

our route over the Plateau. The most difficult part of our journey was yet to come, the crossing of the dreaded Plateau du Couloir, a wall of battlemented summits enclosing the upper Glacier du Sonadon and leading to the Grand Combin. I could see Elias calculating our chances of reaching it before the weather finally closed in on us. (Six travellers had lost their lives in its avalanche slopes the last time the crossing had been attempted.) So we pushed ahead, sweating profusely, our pace increasing as we watched the mist developing. Light snow began to fall, and on our right the enormous cataract of ice which hangs from the Grand Combin was soon blotted from our sight.

Below the Plateau we took off ski and began to climb the staircase which Elias kicked in the snow, leaning in with the slope in order to steady the swing of the rucksack and balance the ski. I felt thankful for the blanket of mist which concealed the drop below, and hoped that the old axiom held good—"What goes up must come down"—but preferably not at 32 feet per second!

Reaching the summit, Elias again inspected the rope, took my ski from me and said, "Now, follow me—trust in God—and *no chinky-chankey* business!" This was his favourite expression when about to attempt a difficult manoeuvre, permitting not a moment's doubt or hesitation and demanding explicit obedience to his commands. On these occasions a positive glint came into his eye, and his confidence seemed to rise in proportion to the danger ahead.

Without further ado, he dropped into the mist at what seemed a most alarming pace for me to follow. Immediately I was caught, suspended like the peg in a tourniquet, and as the rope tightened and twanged between Ali, braced above with his ice axe, and Elias below, hidden in the mist and exhorting, cajoling and urging me rapidly forward, I slithered and lost my footing amongst the loose shale and rolling stones. This was no time, and definitely no place, for mental or physical gymnastics! Soon I ceased to land on my back and bottom as my legs skidded forward, and was able to charge down the mountain in the manner expected of me, albeit with my balance occasionally teetering on an insecure footing which had been masked by the freshly fallen snow.

Soon we began a gingerly traverse of the sinister couloir, often knee deep in snow and clutching handholds in the icy slope above, wondering every moment if we should feel the rolling of the avalanche beneath our feet. Elias behaved like an R.S.M., commanding, encouraging and sometimes even pleading with us to keep moving and get out of "this cursed, *blasty* spot." Several times I chuckled at his behaviour, and even had time to remember Sir Leslie Stephen's ironic observation, "It is melancholy to note the shockingly bad state of repair of the higher peaks," as I thought of the cascading stones and shale dislodged by my ignominious descent from the summit. Eventually we reached a safe slope and, putting on our ski, dropped below the clouds and ran down the Glacier du Maiten, over difficult, badly crusted snow, weaving a slow procession to the

Cabane de Valsorey. Here we lifted the rucksacks from our weary shoulders, stood the ski beside the piolets and hung the rope in still coils against the wall of the tiny lobby. With little inclination to do other than relax and consume gallons of hot sweet tea, everything seemed an effort, but soon, with warmth and drink, occurred that miraculous resurgence of the spirit which is enjoyed by the mountaineer. We no longer remembered the cold and discomfort, the heat and the dangers of the couloir, but recalled the early morning start, so long ago it seemed like another day, the crispness of the air and snow on the d'Otemma Glacier, the mountains slowly coming into view and gliding backwards to the sky as we followed down, three small dots in a world remote from human habitation.

Before supper I went outside to see what the weather had in store for us. An enveloping cloud hid the view, but as I turned to go in, suddenly a shaft of golden sunlight pierced the fog, and for a brief instant I saw the nearby glory of the Mont Vélan. In the far distance, the Mont Blanc range glowed brilliantly against the cerulean sky and seemed to float in a heavenly sea between the earth and celestial infinity. Then a bulky pall billowed up to meet a shawl of wreathing mist, and the snow-crested ridges and limpid peaks melted into obscurity. This glimpse of airy splendour, of magical light and fantasy, filled me with a singing joy, so that for this alone everything was worth while and I felt a spiritual peace.

By morning the hut was blanketed with snow and mist. We delayed our departure, hoping for a temporary break in the weather, but eventually skied down by compass, being warned "on no account to fall" in case we slipped out of sight into nothingness. Soon we reached the head of a steep gorge, where we took off ski and had to climb down a frozen waterfall. Later, brown, sodden patches of earth appeared and finally we met mud and slush, shouldered our ski and swung down the path. Half-an-hour later trees darkened the shrouded valley and, heralded by a cowbell, Ali and I strode into space and collapsed over a stone wall into a cowyard. Ali was helpless with mirth as we extricated ourselves and gazed with interest at our return to civilisation. Elias found himself with the cows in the barn, and, after putting several hens to flight, managed to discover that we were on the outskirts of Bourg St. Pierre.

After a gargantuan meal we took the post bus to Orsières, where we settled in a small inn, and I unwisely took the opportunity to have a bath. The operation took place in an attic, where the bath was stored in a wonderful conglomeration of junk, the whole fanned by a sweeping blast from an open window. The water was boiling, as requested, but there was no cold water, and no outlet from the plug, so I perched like a solitary flamingo, rapidly freezing to death from the wintry blast and tentatively testing the water at intervals. So much for the so-called modern amenities.

Next morning ushered in our rest day with balmy spring weather, and oh! the greenness of that tranquil valley after the glaring ice and snow above! Delicate crocus starred the meadows, and showers of pale pink blossom clouded the trees. During the day Ali telephoned

back to Zermatt and found that he would have to fly back to the States next day, and I made the decision to carry on alone with Elias. That night the three of us sat and talked into the early hours, and next day Elias and I gave Ali a sad farewell and set off through the pinewoods above Prat de Fort.

The air was warm and sultry. As we left the forest and began to climb the course of a waterfall the scenery changed, becoming wild and desolate. The weather rapidly deteriorated and, seemingly without warning, snow fell and melted on our clothes. Soon it was snowing heavily, great soft flakes smothering the track till the fantastic icefall of the Saleinaz Glacier and the scarped sides of the Portalet were lost in a world of whirling whiteness. The track became steeper and steeper, and we had to traverse, traverse, traverse, in short tight spirals. The new snow piled up and refused to hold the icy slope beneath, so that often I saved myself with my stick when my feet were carried away. Then, as before, my new skins refused to work, and I had to stop at the most critical times and on perpendicular slopes to adjust them. The climb took hours, it was bitterly cold, my windjacket began to stick to my face and the snow, melting from the heat of my head, turned to a fringe of icicles round the peak of my cap. In this narrow, shut-in world of fog and snow we heard but could not see the avalanches crashing off the Portalet and Saleinaz, and I thought that climbing is so much a mental as well as a physical test.

Elias was working on the compass, and from time to time we stopped in the lee of a rock to check the map. "Faster, faster," he would call, as I was balancing halfway round a kick turn, and feeling my heart would burst with the effort. Later he said, "Now, my dear, I hope you will be with a quiet mind and pray, because if we do not find the Orny Hut in twenty minutes it will be dark, and then we will have to bivouac"! So I settled down to acquiring a quiet mind and praying a little harder than usual. Then, as if in answer to our prayers, a great gust of wind nearly felled me, and as we struggled to our feet Elias said, "We have reached the pass—I smell the track." The Orny Hut was not far away. We struggled to it and fell inside, very cold and very, very tired, but the hot, sweet tea again revived us, and temporarily made us forget that the temperature was zero.

There is something terrifying and formidable about a storm raging in the high mountains. The wind banged and howled as though it hoped to lift the hut and fling it far out into the night. No amount of bundles of wood managed to keep us warm, and I lay down fully dressed and wrapped in ten blankets, and spent an exceedingly restless and uncomfortable night, dozing on a bunk which felt like a rocky ledge.

Next morning we waited for a break in the clouds. A metre of snow had fallen, and we had to make a track through a suffocating blanket of soft powder reaching to our knees. We plodded and stamped our way up the Glacier d'Orny, the sun showing fitfully through the mist. Turning into the Plateau du Trient Glacier, we by-passed the ugly-looking icefall and the new hut perched on a

ledge and headed for the Col du Tour. Before us the serrated crest of the Aiguilles Dorées, piercing the tattered mists, were soon swallowed up in a final collapse of the weather, and there was nothing for it but to retrace our steps and make for the Cabane du Trient, making a goat's ascent to its terrace. The hut was new, and beautifully appointed. I relaxed thankfully on a bunk in the warm room, only to be woken out of a deep sleep by Elias shouting in my ear, "My lady—we leave in ten minutes! Now I will kill you, I tell you. Now we go *like Hell!*" And "Go like Hell" we did. Every now and then the peaks of the Aiguilles would show above the clouds, and we reached the Col du Tour in a burst of sunshine and magnificent scenery. The Aiguilles Dorées lived up to their name—golden pinnacles of rock soaring above the wreathing clouds. Before us curled the Glacier du Tour, falling from the Aiguille du Chardonnet. Further against the skyline rose the pointed teeth of the Aiguille du Dru, and finally the successive summits of Mont Blanc.

We shouldered our ski, climbed over the rocky col, and skied down in very deep powder snow to the Refuge Albert Premier. Here the sun shone warmly, causing avalanches to move off the steep slopes, and making our descent difficult and dangerous. Occasionally Elias cut an avalanche for safety—streaking across the traverse as the heels of his ski were followed by the soft, crumbling surface. I stood on the opposite side, partially paralysed with fright, waiting for the signal to cross the icy slope which had been bared by the swiftly moving snow. "Call that nothing?" said Elias, as I stood, watching the slope beginning to fall away from beneath me and, gathering speed and momentum, disappear in a smoking cloud over a cliff.

Once he said, "I think that couloir will come down; let us wait." Our vigil was not long. Soon the hot sun loosened the top layer, and it began to unravel and speed past us. "And don't fall down," he remarked as, casting a rock down the slope, he showed me what my fate could be. Once he cried, "Come quickly now," and I felt like the old gag, "Don't look now, but . . ." as I reached his island of safety and heard the whi-i-i-sh of the snow accelerating behind me. By this time Elias had begun to wonder if we would ever reach the valley that night; I had been wondering the same thing for hours!

We came to an overhang of rock, and I began to wonder whether, by some miracle, wings would sprout from my shoulders—either as an aid in making the descent or as a nice accessory to a harp in the next world! Elias tested the knots in the rope, and before I had time to squeak like a mouse I was jumping into space, the length of the rope between us. I sat on a ledge or clutched a convenient rock as the ski were rappelled down, and then Elias himself. Once I grabbed a small shrub which looked reasonably secure, but the moment Elias began to move it shrank in my imagination till it veritably melted away in my hands!

We completed the Haute Route sitting on our bottoms and glissading down a very bumpy, frozen avalanche, digging in our heels as brakes, the piolet sending up an icy spray behind us as their

heads bit into the frozen surface. Not exactly as I had imagined the end of such an expedition, but very exhilarating, none the less.

Far across the meadows, the twinkling lights of the village of Tour were clustered in the dusk, leading us to warmth and security. We spent a companionable evening drinking the rich red wine of the Rhone Valley and basking in the sensations of present comfort and victory, and next morning we set off over the hard, crisp snow, to travel the short distance to Chamonix. Half the great adventure was over.

FAREWELL TO CYPRUS

BY BETTY ARTHUR

As d'Egville* once said in his opening remarks at a S.C.G.B. dinner before the war, "There are A years and B years—this has been one of the B years."

While avalanches of unprecedented weight and fury thundered down the European hillsides, the Middle East skiing countries, Persia, Lebanon and Cyprus (Greece as well, though *not* in M.E.) had exceptionally little snow. Day after day this winter in Cyprus we woke to cloudless skies and balmy weather, and while the tourists basked in the sun and the flowers burst into bloom, the skiers moaned for rain and a falling thermometer. Rain in the plains with a west wind means snow in the hills and the skiers are happy. Snow fell, but not nearly enough, and the harvest has been unusually bad. The island faces a severe drought as the springs have not been filled by the melting snow.

The Cyprus Ski Club, cheated of its races last year for lack of snow and longing to try its new ski-lifts, as yet hardly used, determined to have its Race Meeting whatever the conditions. The two ski-tows worked excellently. They are very simple; endless ropes, one giving a lift of 250 vertical feet and the other of 500, running on wheels fixed to trees or tripods, with a Ford 8 h.p. engine placed halfway up each slope. The skier wears a strong wide belt round his waist (the strain on this is considerable) to which is attached a wooden hinge on about a foot of string. The hinge is clipped over the moving rope and as the skier clasps the two parts of the hinge together and takes his weight on his arms, the rope running through a metal hole in the hinge is gripped and the skier pulled up the slope. At the top, he releases his grip on the hinge which flies open, drops him off the rope and then dangles from his belt. For the run down it can be put in the trouser pocket. These lifts were put up before the snow fell, and on the upper one the rope had to be chipped out of deep hard frozen snow under which it was buried—a considerable task. These trenches at intervals up the ascent made some interesting hazards.

For the Cyprus Championship, a Combined Event, both the Slalom and the Downhill Race were run on the north face of Mt.

* See page 346.

Olympus—one on each side of the ski-lift. This slope falls away steeply from the summit and is in the summer a tangled mass of unfriendly rocks, some trees and a few bushes. This year the rocks were by no means covered and the trees of course are always with us. The Slalom, set by Mrs. Marjorie Greenland, was a good sporting course, and the Downhill was the usual run from the skyline down a steep gully out onto a shoulder with a narrow dive between trees to the finish. The rocks were flagged as much as possible and two runs were given down a shortened course as the lower slopes were bare. From the summit of Mt. Olympus, 6,400 feet, the highest point in Cyprus, one can see a great part of the island ringed round by the sea, with the pine forests and snowfields giving way to vineyards on the lower slopes, and green and brown fields in the plains. It is a wonderful view and often the Turkish snowpeaks can be seen glimmering over the sea to the north. But who among the racers could enjoy this unrivalled panorama? Rather did we fiddle with our bindings, look nervously down the first slope, eye the starter with distrust and wish we were dead. There were twelve entries for these two races; six civilians (three ladies) from the Cyprus Ski Club, and six Army from the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry and Service Leave Camp. The Slalom was won by Ray Arthur. Lieut. Simpson, a Canadian, did a very fast first run but came to grief in his second. In the Downhill Arthur crashed and one of the Army also failed to finish. This Race was won by Hagnel who had done well in the Slalom and thus won the Combined Event. Miss Tryce Taylor was second and was awarded the L.S.C. spoon on a very good performance. Although this Championship is an individual affair, the Cyprus Ski Club beat the Army, and as some of us will never see forty again we were greatly pleased with ourselves! The L.S.C. were placed second and fifth.

“Come let us sing the glad refrain:
Never need we race again.”

These races safely over with no untoward incidents in spite of the dangerous conditions, we all breathed again, refreshed ourselves and repaired to the Children's Course. This Race was defrauded of 50% of its keenest starters by measles which was sweeping through the island schools like the plague, but, nevertheless, there was an entry of four, average age under eight years. The children were thrilled by the field telephone run by the soldiers, an enormous red ZIEL and lots of officials with megaphones, books, etc., etc. They were held upright by their parents till the word “go,” when they were launched with cries of advice and encouragement down the slope, draped fore and aft in large flapping calico numbers. John Crewe Read won and deserved his victory. Every Saturday in the season, blizzard or fine weather, he resisted party invitations and went ski-ing. I hope we hear of him in Switzerland one day.

The final event—comic relief—was the Towns Team Race for teams of five. It was decided that the teams should have a “schemozzle” start and that the time should be taken when the last man cleared the finish. We Nicosia Civilians wore fancy dress,

MÜRREN
MARCH, 1951



A. H. D'EGVILLE'S LAST PARTY IN THE EIGER STUBLI AT MÜRREN, IN MARCH, 1951.
(Deggers with finger pointed up).

ZERMATT
JANUARY, 1951



Photo by] [Perren-Barberini
DELIVERY OF FIS TABLES BY AIR, FOR L.S.C. RACES



Photo by] [Helen Fairclough
STATIONARY CARRIAGE OVERTURNED BY FIRST AVALANCHE

ICELAND
MARCH, 1951



Photo by] [J. Philpott
THE GEYSIR GRÝTA (RIGHT) AND HOT SPRINGS, HVERAGERTHI



Photo by] [J. Philpott
PRACTISING SKI-ING!

CYPRUS



Photo by]

CHILDREN'S RACE

[B. Arthur



Photo by]

SKI-LIFT

[B. Arthur

feeling *fin de saison*, and charged down the slope yelling our battle cry, our long skirts billowing round us. I had a feather boa which flew into my face, and I had a good mouthful or two on the way down. Strangely enough, in spite of our intimidating appearance, the soldiers skied faster, and were the victors.

The cups for these and earlier races, such as the novices, etc., were presented by H.E. the Governor at a ski club dance held in our house. Sir Andrew Wright, referring to our departure from Cyprus, said that whatever the Arthurs did in Bermuda they would not be heard of as going downhill! Ski-ing in Cyprus has come a long way since 1938 when Daphne de Glanville (then unmarried) and her sister and ourselves, the only skiers, used to walk sometimes five miles up to Troodos on the snowbound road, to explore the ski country all day with no hope of shelter in bad weather, with a fifty-mile drive home. Now we have an Army Leave Camp open all winter above the snow line, cleared roads, a centrally heated hotel for civilians and a vigorous Ski Club with eighty members, two ski-lifts, mapped runs, a rettungs-sledge fully equipped, Sunday 'bus service, and all the paraphernalia of watches and flags for organising races, including eleven cups. Let us hope for a bumper season in 1952, with the Parachute Brigade still in the island, a good ladies' entry for the L.S.C. Cup, and a team that will bring back from the Lebanon the trophy they won from us in 1949.

Good-bye Cyprus and *Ski Heil*.

THE VIth WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES IN NORWAY

BY P. PRAG

NORWAY is heading for the greatest winter sports season in its history. The whole world is coming to Norway to ski and skate in 1952, when thirty nations are sending more than 1,000 athletes to Oslo for the VIth Winter Olympic Games in February. Norway—the cradle of ski-ing—will be host to men and women in a great Olympiad of snow and ice competitions—ski-ing, skating, ice-hockey and bobsleigh, and Oslo, the world's ski capital, will be the gathering place for thousands of persons following their Olympic teams from all over the world. The jumping on the Olympic Hill, one expects, will be watched by some 150,000 spectators, a sizeable gathering for any kind of event, and without precedent in the realm of winter sport.

The Olympic Hill is of course the famous Holmenkollen Hill, which will be the central point of ski races during the Winter Games. Here the special jumping and the combined jumping takes place, and the long-run races and the relay races will start and finish at the foot of the Hill. The great day will be Sunday, February 24th, when the special class jumping is on. The Royal Family, members of the

Norwegian Government and Parliament, everybody who counts in the world of ski-ing, diplomats and tourists, and thousands of enthusiastic Norwegian spectators will be there, waiting for their favourites to take off and soar through the air. The jumpers leave the take-off at a speed of 50 miles an hour, and are approximately 3 seconds in the air before they make their graceful landing some 60-70 metres down the Hill. Each jumper in the special class jumps twice. Thus six small seconds decide his fate on the Olympic winning list. The Swedes, the Finns and the Continentals are threatening Norway's long held hegemony on the jumping hills, and the competition will be exceedingly tense.

But there is more than jumping to the Olympic Games, the opening ceremony of which is on February 14th. At Norefjell, two hours by car from Oslo, the world's ski-racing aces will be competing at Giant Slalom and Downhill, whereas Slalom is decided on the Olympic Slalom Course at Rödikleiva in Oslo. At both places ski-lifts have been built to convey the participants.

All through the Winter Games, which last ten days, the ice-hockey teams are playing at the new Jordal open-air rink, and the "bobs" will be rushing down the Frognerseter Hill at a terrific speed, through "corkscrew" and hair-pin bends on several occasions.

Speed skating is enormously popular in Norway, and the Olympic events will attract vast crowds of spectators to the Bislett Skating Stadium where also the graceful figure skating competitions will hold the public spellbound. Bislett, moreover, is the scene of the closing ceremony of the Winter Games on February 25th when, with the ice shows and the firework displays, the VIth Olympic Games will pass into history.

AWAY FROM IT ALL

By BUNNY PHILPOTT

CHOMOLUNGA, Nanda Devi, Ruwenzori; Vatnajokull, Hekla, Laki; in December, 1950, I knew far more about the first three than the last and it seemed easier to get the information necessary for an expedition to an 8,000-er than to arrange a little gentle touring among the Icelandic icecaps and volcanoes. My plans were not sufficiently ambitious to warrant calling on the R.G.S. for help! All I wanted was to cut the ties which had bound me firmly to a favourite Alpine village for more years than I care to count, and to escape from the British "Winter Sports" crowds and the temptations of "Cresta" ski-ing before senile decay set in.

Not the least of my reasons for wishing to go was that this island is considerably larger than Ireland with a population of less than the Borough of Kensington. With these and many other disjointed bits of information I tried to plan a ski tour for a party of six. I met the Iceland Airways representative in London, and also wrote to the Tourist Bureau in Reykjavik, and to Ellen Sighvatsson,

the S.C.G.B. representative there. The Bureau sent a very attractive programme of two weeks touring on the Eyjafjalla- and Tindfjalla-jokulls, and Ellen said "just come along and we will arrange it all when you get here." Meanwhile, four of the party evidently had the idea that Iceland was peopled by Eskimos who passed their time in igloos chewing whale steaks, with polar bears and penguins decorating the landscape in the middle distance. They went to the Alps. I met Ray Lister at Prestwick on March 7th and we went north.

We left Scotland in pouring rain, and flew over hundreds of miles of "Icelandic Depression" at 8,000 feet. An hour before we were due to arrive I was almost regretting that I had ever had such a stupid idea as to go to the source of our weather, but consoled myself with the thought that conditions in the Alps were particularly unpleasant this year. The sun was sinking and the cotton-wool below was tinted with glorious colours. Suddenly there was a gasp and a buzz of conversation from passengers on the starboard side. The clouds were behind us as if cut off with a knife; the dark green Atlantic gleamed below and for a hundred miles to the north and west we could see Iceland, with snow to sea-level shining pink in the sunset. In the foreground were "our" two icecaps; behind them, Hekla and miles of uninhabited lava fields; ahead, the Westmann Isles looked like a fleet of icebergs; while behind, the vast Vatnajokull lay under the clouds, busily brewing the depression we had been flying over. I have never had a more completely satisfying journey to any holiday centre.

Next morning Ellen called for us at the hotel and introduced us to a friend who was willing to take us to a club hut for the week-end. The huts are not organised like the Alpine mountain huts, but are built and managed by various clubs in the city, whose members wish to get away at the week-ends. There are about twenty within 35 kilometres of Reykjavik, belonging to various football clubs, Scouts and Guides, and other organisations. We were to go to the I.K. (Women's Athletic Club) hut.

On Friday morning we left Reykjavik with Ellen's friend, Dora Petursdottir. She had brought all our food and arranged for a jeep to take us to the hut. Our idea of travelling with only what we could carry was quite wrong for a trip of more than one night. There was no question of living on dehydrated foods and our own fat, either. Dora brought a dozen chops, a dozen eggs, some veal, a hake, six litres of milk, apart from bread, butter, cheese, jam (to eat with the fish!), sugar and coffee, and *skyr*. *Skyr* is a local milk food something like cream cheese; it is beaten with milk or water until it is like whipped cream, and is eaten at any meal, or in between meals, usually with sugar and cream.

The jeep driver had a friend with him, and with all the bags and bed-rolls we were a tight fit and I could see little of the scenery on the way to the hut. The glimpses I got were not encouraging—shining marble-crust with ridges of *skavla* to provide the "soft"

snow. After 30 kilometres we left the road and took to the hillside. Bouncing and sliding over marble crust and lava, we reached the crest of the hill and saw the hut below at the head of a little valley. The jeep bogged down among the *skavla* ridges so we decided to ski on to the hut. We arrived in a series of wobbly slithers, madly hoping to reach a friendly lump of *skavla* before losing all control on the ice-hard marble. The Icelanders carried their ski, which seemed even more dangerous; with them firmly anchored in their designed positions it was less likely that they would hit one heavily on the head, in case of a fall, before hastening to the depths of the valley unaccompanied.

The hut is well built of weather-board on a wood frame and inside is rather different from those I have seen in the Alps. The main room has eighteen bunks in three tiers along the sides, a large window looks on to the magnificent view over Reykjavik Bay, and at the other end is the entrance-lobby and kitchen with a loft to sleep ten above. The heating and cooking is done with oil. Iceland is almost entirely without trees—there are none that are not most carefully cultivated, and these are mainly small silver birches, so all wood for building is imported and coal or oil or a local hot spring is used for heating. The spring at the I.K. hut has a constant temperature of 20 degrees centigrade and thaws itself a tunnel in the snow. The men soon dug out a staircase into this tunnel and we felt assured of a constant supply of warm water. In spite of the revolting snow Ray and I set off, after a late lunch, up the mountain behind the hut. With skins we could just climb straight up the slope, which was lucky, as the only alternative would have been to carry, as it was quite impossible to cut a traverse. Long before we reached the top of Skalafell we had a wonderful view to the east and could see Hekla, 100 kms. away standing like a jagged tooth against a background of further mountains and glaciers. In the foreground were the Hengill and Blue mountain groups, rising abruptly from the lava-plain. The run down was not enjoyable, but no more unpleasant than an icy *piste*.

Next morning there was a brisk north-westerly wind, and it took some time to dig out the water supply. After a very large lunch we decided that we had come a thousand miles to enjoy Iceland and, wearing every woolly we possessed, we set out to do so. We went to the east side of Skalafell, hoping for some shelter from the wind, and we did find some fairly easy going in a steep gully. The slope, which had been no more than a slippery scramble on the way up, now seemed to be a precipice of ice; my ski, friends of fifteen years hard stemming, made balancing extremely difficult and I would gladly have exchanged them for crampons or even skates! Three nails in each boot were worth their weight in gold, or even uranium, at that moment.

In spite of the rising wind the usual week-end party arrived towards 8 o'clock. Ray's skins, which were under repair, caused as much interest as any parlour trick, and we promised to demonstrate them next day.

But by the morning there was a full gale and no one was in any hurry to get out. However, before lunch I struggled out into the wind and, facing *up* a 15-degree slope with the wind behind me, sailed away towards the top. It was a wonderful sensation until I tried to stop. Then I realised that all the *skavla* had left the district long ago and there was nothing but ice left. A much-practised stem prevailed at last and it only remained to get back to the hut, half-a-mile away in the teeth of the wind. This took over half-an-hour of hard herring-boning—down hill!

We decided to go down with the Club party to their 'bus that night, as there was little point in staying on another day in those conditions. We had to get to the farm at the bottom of the valley, about 3 kilometres away and 300 feet lower down. Apart from offering shelter from the wind after the nastiest bit of ski-ing I ever hope to have to do, I shall always remember that farm for the welcome we received. We were not expected, but were immediately served with coffee and cakes for all twenty-four of us, no payment being expected either from the Club members or us! This is in the old tradition of hospitality, when travellers had a definite value as news-bearers in a sparsely populated country. On this occasion we had no such value, as the farm has a radio and a jeep, but the old tradition still remains. Morale was greatly restored by this short rest and the weight of my bag was hardly noticeable during the last ten minutes walk to the 'bus on the main road.

When we called at Ellen's house for the suitcases we had stored with her she refused to allow us to go to an hotel, and we stayed with her then and every other night we were in town. She had waiting for us one of the daily papers in which we were featured in the headlines, "*Tvaer Brezkar skithakonur*"—"Two British ski women have come to tour on our glaciers." Nearly a column was devoted to our plans and the hope expressed that we would be the first of a stream of British skiers.

We had a week to wait before the Easter party would leave for Tindfjallajokull, so Ellen arranged for us to go to Skithaskala, a small hotel near the Hengill Mountains. We could go up in a 'bus taking stores for Easter, and, owing to the road not being cleared, it might take two hours to do 34 kilometres. We left at 11.30 in company with a jeep. After an hour we were 4 kilometres from the nearest house when—with an extremely rude noise in the back axle—we broke a half-shaft! Undaunted by the bitter remnants of the northerly gale, the men opened the luggage boot and unloaded six dead sheep in white shirts, the (apparently) complete skeleton of a cow and several sacks of vegetables. They dug out the hubs and within an hour a new half-shaft was fitted and we were away again. The road was deep in the softest snow we had met so far—not powder but wind-borne crystals, and the 'bus made very heavy going with frequent reversing and ramming of the drifts with four-wheel-drive engaged. Soon we noticed the jeep bounding across the lava-plain well away from the road, and, following his example, we made better progress.

Even so we were still 3 kilometres from Skithaskala at 5 o'clock when we got deeply bogged out of reach of any rock or telegraph post that could be used as anchorage for the winch wire. After an hour of watching the men dig we decided to walk and soon arrived in spite of the vast quantities of luggage we had never meant to carry. The proprietor was very apologetic that his "distinguished" guests should have had such a journey and offered us tea as supper would not be ready for half-an-hour!

I thoroughly enjoyed Skithaskala. We had excellent food and miles of country to ski in. The only snag was the nagging worry about the possible results of even a sprained ankle—the "snow" was marble crust and *skavla* where it was not black ice and stones, and we were often 5 miles from the hut. The possibilities of help there were not very great as the proprietor was partly crippled after meningitis. In spite of the revolting snow we faithfully exercised our ski twice a day and did most of the tours within reach.

Ellen had arranged for us to go to the "Vikings" (Football Club) hut for the week-end, in charge of Larus Agustsson, a magnificent skier and a member of the S.C.G.B. He called for us at Skithaskala on Saturday evening, and in the twilight we arrived at the Viking hut. Next day Larus took us to visit eleven other huts in the district, all built and managed by different groups from the city. We found that there were two distinct types of skiers: one, which included many of the Vikings, spent the week-end practising slalom in steep gullies, and the other took long walks on the flat to visit friends in other huts. Some of them used no edges and had Alpina or even Huitfeldt-type bindings on ski of all vintages, while Larus and many of his friends were using a very rigid thong binding, in which they even seemed able to walk without lifting their heels!

We bombarded the wretched Larus with questions throughout the day and learnt, among other things, that avalanches are unknown in this part of Iceland and very rare in any part. There had been a tragedy in the north-west a few years ago, when an old farmhouse had been overwhelmed, but that was the only case he knew of. We certainly saw huts built in positions in which they would not have survived a season in the Alps, but although all the snow I saw in four weeks was very hard with very little slab, I could not help wondering what happened when it melted.

On Monday it snowed and the road, which had been cleared for the week-end traffic, was blocked again. Rather than spend the whole of Tuesday lurching about in a jeep, we telephoned Ellen that we would try to ski back, at least the first 20 kilometres to the suburbs of Reykjavik. We left most of our heavy things in my rucksack to follow by road as soon as possible, and with spare tip and binding dangling from my belt and everything else I needed inside my jacket, we left Skithaskala at 10.30 intending to cross the end of the Blue Mountains on the way back. There was no sign of the snow which had fallen the day before, it was already hard beaten

although the wind was only light. The route to the Blue Mountains was across the Svinahraun, a particularly lumpy flow of lava with undulations of 20 to 30 feet. Choosing a line through it was interesting but took some extra time, so we arrived at the foot of Blakoller rather later than I had hoped. There was plenty of granulated snow among the rocks on the lower slopes, but it gave way to marble crust about halfway up, then to ice-bound stones. Near the top the stones began to run out and the wind freshened. Ray was a bit below and, apparently, entirely surrounded by ice when I realised that we could not cross the crest at this point. Again the slope seemed enormously steeper and more slippery on the way down, but we eventually met again at the top of the snow and decided to go round the foot of the mountain instead of wasting more time. This good resolution lasted about half-an-hour while we plodded along at right angles to our proper course. Then we were tempted into taking a "short cut" over a hopeful-looking col of about 300 feet. The other side was not so hopeful and further time was wasted. Being unable to learn by experience, we had another try at a "short cut" over the next ridge and eventually reached the road about 24 kilometres from Reykjavik at about 3.30. At the first village the road was open to traffic and I began to think hopefully of thumbing a lift. During the next hour no suitable vehicle presented itself, so we plodded on, wondering if the snow would last. There was plenty of traffic coming out of the city but nothing going our way. During the last hour I became obstinately determined to ski to sea-level or bust! We were not tempted by an offer of a lift during this time, the only cars to pass us being smart American saloons with nowhere to put ski. At 7.15 we were on the bridge over the Salmon River, about 10 feet above sea-level. I was thinking of scrambling down the bank to give my ski a taste of salt water, when a small truck drew up and, with signs and smiles, invited us into the back. The opportunity was too good to miss, and within 10 minutes we scrambled out again at the corner of Ellen's street.

The Fjallamenn arranged to start their trip on Wednesday evening. We met at the house of a prominent architect and found a large 'bus being loaded with enormous quantities of gear. In spite of having full winter Alpine clothes with us and several woollies lent by Ellen, we seemed almost naked beside the Fjallamenn who had windproof overalls on top of ski suits and thick jerseys, and a fur-lined "jeep-coat" as well. Thor Sandholt took us into the house and introduced us to his wife who had a wonderful meal of jam pancakes and coffee ready for the party. Thor was the first man I had met who did not have the normal Icelandic name ending in "Son," and later I found that some years ago a few families had decided to adopt family names as we know them. The others keep to the old method by which the children are called after the father's first name. Thus a son of Olaf Petursson might be Marius Olafsson and a daughter could be Stella Olafsdottir. On marriage a girl does not take the husband's name but adopts the title "Mrs." This leads to some complication when married couples travel abroad and there are special

regulations allowing a woman to use her husband's "surname" when applying for a passport!

We left Reykjavik soon after 6.30 p.m. and were to drive 200 kilometres that night to a farm where we would sleep. Although the driver had the reputation of being the toughest in Iceland (after our trip to Skithaskala we were impressed by this introduction to a mild-looking little man), the plan was only in operation for a couple of hours. At 8 o'clock we ran into another gale. Before 8.30 we had begun the familiar routine of charging into a drift, reversing, charging again on four-wheel-drive—repeat *ad nauseam*. The driver certainly lived up to his reputation that night. Not for him to follow a line of milk lorries slowly churning along behind a bull-dozer! He left the road and roared past. Occasionally the men turned out to dig while we shivered inside the 'bus marvelling at the brilliant moonlight and the Northern Lights flashing overhead while the rest of the party were almost invisible in the whirling snow. Not the least amazing thing was where all the snow came from—the day before we had found nothing that was not hard-packed *skavla*, too hard in most places to leave the mark of a ski, yet here it was whirling along higher than the 'bus!

Towards 4 a.m. we saw the lights of a town and at 4.30 we arrived in Selfoss, a milk-collecting centre, 80 kilometres from Reykjavik. For some reason I never discovered, the hotel was wide awake and soon we were enjoying a wonderful meal of cold fillet beef and fried eggs on rye bread followed by milk and cakes and coffee. By 6 a.m. we were all laid out in rows in our sleeping-bags on the restaurant floor, my first experience of bare boards but, by then, I couldn't have hated it less. At 9 we had another breakfast and then moved into the school house. The wind continued all through the day and it was obviously unreasonable to continue to the east as Ray and some of the others had to be back on Monday.

Next day we drove slowly back towards Reykjavik and stopped at Hveragerthi, an ugly but interesting village built among boiling springs. We stayed in a girls' finishing school, a new concrete building actually standing over a spring, which, apart from supplying central heating, was used as a Swedish bath in the cellar. Scattered among the steaming patches of dark brown gravel were dozens of large glass-houses producing salads, bedding plants, cut flowers and even bananas. The dwellings were mainly bungalows, each the centre of a web of iron pipes leading from the various sources of heat in the immediate neighbourhood, and with the wind still blowing strongly the whole place lay in a cloud of steam. Most interesting but no beauty spot.

Ray and I had decided to try to reach Hengill if the others had no ideas of a whole-day tour. Hengill was some 12 kilometres away and we thought it would take eight hours to do it in comfort. To our dismay we did not wake up until nearly 11 o'clock, and by the time we had had "brunch," and one of the men had decided to join us, insisting that there was no hurry, it was 1 o'clock before we got

off. We walked a mile or so up the valley, and, on reaching a steep slope of hard snow on the direct route to Hengill, I was astounded when "Popski" insisted that we climb a neighbouring slope of ice and stones which would add considerably to the distance we had to cover. He told us that there were "chasms" on the other slope and that we still had plenty of time. We staggered up a mixture of ice and deep *skavla* for a thousand feet and from the top I could see no sign of any "chasms" near the snow slope, only a few harmless-looking gullies. We put on our ski and started a four-mile plod across a flat lava-plain towards Hengill. It was long past 2 o'clock by now and it suddenly dawned on me that we were out with one of the "walking-on-the-flat" school. The tour to Hengill would be completed on reaching the foot of the nearest foothill! It was far too late to do anything about it now, but we did manage to lure him up the first of the foothills before returning. With our tour ruined by this misunderstanding Ray and I agreed to try to return by the snow slope. Protesting slightly about the "chasms," "Popski" followed on; there certainly was a maze of gullies with ice and marble in between. I had almost given up hope of reaching the snow slope when "Popski" suggested that we walk down the bed of a stream filled with deep lumps of drifted snow hollowed out by the warm water below. Spurred on by such an appalling suggestion, which he made in all seriousness, I was lucky in finding the snow slope round the next corner. I skied down the first bit, which was good, honest wind-crust with no sticky patches and a minimum of stones, and stopped just in time to see the look of horror on "Popski's" face as he came round the corner. He declared that it was impossible and took off his ski. Ray and I enjoyed the best bit of ski-ing we had had in a week—while "Popski" walked.

While we were walking the last mile down the valley we were lucky enough to see the small geysir Grýta in action. She blows at intervals of about two hours, and puts up quite an impressive column of water without the aid of any soap, which her big brother "Great Geysir" demands before giving his best performance.

With most of the perishable food eaten and the rest packed for return to Reykjavik when the roads were cleared, we could move to Skithaskala next day. We left in a lorry which took us the first 3 kilometres, after which the road to Skithaskala was blocked. The sleeping-bags were lashed on the two sledges and our first experience of hauling began. It really was extraordinarily easy with two in the traces, even going straight up a slope which the summer road took in a series of hairpin bends. We left the men to carry on when we got to the beginning of 6 miles of flat plain and branched off to climb a beautiful "snow" (marble crust) mountain about 2 miles to the south. We reached Skithaskala in the evening just behind the men and found a large crowd of Easter visitors. The small ski-tow was running and that evening we had the only mechanical ski-ing (about 100 metres) during the whole trip.

Next day we had to get the sledges another 12 miles towards Reykjavik before we could reach the cleared road. We managed to

persuade the men that our idea of a perfect Easter Monday included taking one of the sledges without their help. We started from Skithaskala soon after 10 o'clock and reached the 'bus-park before three. There were already dozens of 'buses waiting and hundreds of skiers arriving from all the huts we had seen in the Blue Mountains. Every hut must have been filled to the roof-beams that week-end.

That was the end of our "glacier" tour. Ray left next morning and reached home that night. I stayed with Ellen until I could get a passage in a trawler. It took 10 days to find a vessel willing to take passengers to Britain and I went back to the I.K. hut for the week-end. Of the return journey in a boat about the size of a Thames pleasure steamer during 4 days of Atlantic gales, the less said the better. It was certainly cheap—£7 10s. od. to Grimsby—and the horrors of seasickness did at least numb the regrets I had at leaving such a wonderful country as Iceland.

A PONSONBY HOLIDAY

BY JOAN RAYNSFORD

THE Ponsonby family are really great friends of mine. When they suggested that I should join their party at X for Easter, I accepted gladly, though perhaps I was largely swayed by the rosy picture of warm sun and sparkling snow which they painted so vividly. Anyway, I accepted and arranged to meet them at X. Ponsonby is a most efficient man and did all the booking for me saying at the time that it was a pleasure to know I was coming to join them. Let me say now that I am only a beginner whereas all the Ponsonbys are experts but this, Ponsonby swore, couldn't matter less and he would see that I was well looked after. Suffice it to say that I paid him a cheque and duly arrived.

I always thought that travel in Switzerland was travel in luxury but I see now that I was wrong. X is not on the main line and it is necessary to change at Y. Of course my train was late. All the Ponsonby family were waiting on the platform at Y and I felt very honoured and almost one of the family. Outside the station were two large cars and I heaved a sigh of relief. I made for the biggest and was preparing to get in when Ponsonby remarked that it wasn't too bad a journey to X by train and took only about two hours. "Sorry we can't squeeze you in old man but the family want to do some shopping and there's really no room so I knew you wouldn't mind the train. See you later." Over the rest of the journey I'll draw a veil. I was cold, hungry and uncomfortable and the train took three long hours.

A bath revived me and I set off in search of the bar to fortify myself. The Ponsonbys had not been present on my arrival at the hotel; there was a cocktail party in another hotel, the concierge had explained. But I now found Ponsonby at the bar talking to a

glamorous young man. Talking is, perhaps, a wrong word, haranguing would be nearer the mark. The subject was safety bindings or some such thing. The young man never had a chance and of course I agreed with Ponsonby.

Dinner was good and there was plenty of it. The Ponsonbys, I came to the conclusion, took their holidays seriously. The conversation turned to stop watches and a violent argument ensued. Here I found Jones, the silent member of the party, a mine of information. I discovered afterwards that he was a Naval Officer and was thankful that I had not contradicted him—such chaps know all about those things. They argued for hours and I hope something was decided; it was all so difficult to follow. Drearily I agreed when asked for an opinion.

Next morning I was up early and down to breakfast by 8 o'clock as Ponsonby had said that we must be early. To my surprise the others were not there, so mindful of my reputation for good manners, I decided to wait. By half-past eight I was worried that they had all come and gone but my fears were allayed when at a quarter to nine the first flight appeared. Vainly then, I tried to order my coffee and rolls. Three times the steaming jugs were placed on the table and each time some member of the family in rather more of a hurry than the others seized them. At last I managed to fill my cup and extract more butter and cherry jam from a harassed waitress. Then Ponsonby arrived. He had obviously overslept and was still more obviously in a hurry; for a fourth time my coffee went and with it my unused roll and my butter. Ponsonby gave a grunt of satisfaction and sat down to a silent meal.

I had expected with all this rush for food to see the Ponsonbys dash for the train; but not a bit of it. Breakfast finished, a council of war began to decide the movements of the day and I was just a forgotten spectator. Ponsonby was all agog to do a soft-snow test while his family had different ideas ranging from lunch at Z to a day's sport at some place at least 30 miles away. Nobody agreed with anybody and Ponsonby went for them each in turn while they argued furiously among themselves. The fun would have lasted till lunch had not Jones, who had been taking rather a passive part, got up and said that he was catching the next bucket. What he meant, I did not know, it seemed an odd desire for an apparently healthy man. The rest were galvanised into action and then someone remembered me. Ponsonby was quite clear about my movements. "Just run along and get some ski and then catch the train to Z and meet us for lunch. Sorry I can't help more, old man, but we can't waste a moment of this fine weather." Of course, I had to agree.

I returned to the hotel in a lather of sweat, lugging those infernal ski and dropping first a glove and then a stick at alternate paces. On the steps, I was met by the concierge who said that Ponsonby had just rung up to say that some of them had forgotten their lunches—six beastly little paper bags. Of course I said I would. Then I remembered all the other last minute requests. Still it was kind of the Ponsonbys to ask me to join them and I must do my bit. I

shall never forget that trip. The six beastly little paper bags I hung on a stick, Jane's spare sweater was inside my jacket. Ponsonby's special goggles were in one trouser pocket, Jill's wax was in the other, and Evelyn, dear Evelyn, her sun lotion, a half-gallon affair, was in my remaining one. Had the train been empty, all would have been well but it wasn't. There were some hundreds of others, all very late for a date, and all pushing and shoving. My stick with the lunches was knocked from my hand and one by one those horrid little paper bags slipped to the floor. My fellow travellers were either helpful or pretended not to notice according to their nationality.

The Ponsonbys were waiting when at long last I arrived at Z and they were full of the joys of life having had a wonderful ski run over the mountain to Z. They told me that of course I must do the "So and So"; it was too easy and the snow was perfect. It was so kind of me to bring the lunches and all the other things but really they hadn't time to have more than a glass of beer and a sandwich and would I meet them at the station at half-past three. I said I would and away went the Ponsonbys in line ahead looking terribly professional.

It was a lovely day so I decided to do the "So and So." I hitched on those infernal boards after much physical exertion which tired me considerably and then set off on my slow and sedate descent. Unfortunately, thousands of others were doing the "So and So" and progress was slow. I wonder if when, if ever, I become expert I shall get the apparent exhilaration of others from neatly passing an inch behind or an inch in front of their less experienced fellows. I had just picked myself up for the hundredth time after a cascade of dashing young Continentals had whipped past me when Ponsonby appeared. For five long minutes he explained how much better he was ski-ing now that he bent his knees more. Then the female Ponsonbys arrived in a whirl of snow and colour and one and all decided to bring me down. I was exhorted to bend my knees, drop my shoulders, edge, stem, side-slip, *schuss* and christy from all four points of the compass. Ponsonby shot off ahead shouting, "Follow me," and a riot of colour whizzed past, still arguing. Too late did I realise I was going too fast, too late did I see dear Evelyn rigid in a tight stem and about to cross my bows, too late did I see the girls in a solid phalanx on the only patch of soft snow. Ponsonby was ahead and still shouting encouragement. Then he realised his danger as, shooting across Evelyn's ski, I cannoned into Jane, who in turn downed Jill and then, like a steam roller, I avalanched Ponsonby.

We are back in the hotel now and Jones is not being quiet at all. How wrong first impressions can be.

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 Millar, Mrs., '50.
 Mitchell, Mrs. C. F. (*née* Bruce), '35.
 Moffat, Mrs. Curtis (*née* Allen), '31.
 Morgan, Mrs. D. (formerly Wright), '37.
 Morgan, Mrs. R., '36.
 Morgan-Dibben, Miss P., '50.
 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.
 Philpott, Mrs. (*née* White), '39.
 Pixley, Mrs. (formerly Allen), '39.
 Playfair, Mrs. (*née* Mavrogordato), '27.
 Powell, Miss M. E., '27.
 Pryor, Miss A. M., '51.

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.
 Rivers-Bulkeley, Mrs. R. A. H. (formerly Langford-Holt), '49.
 Robertson, Dr. (*née* Campbell), '28.
 Roe, Miss Isobel, '38.
 Rudd-Clarke, Mrs. (formerly Curteis), '25.
 Saul, Miss A., '51.
 Scott, Miss B., '30.
 Seaton, Miss J. B., '49.
 Segrave, Mrs. (*née* Grace), '37.
 Shearing, Mrs. (formerly Murphy), '38.
 Sherer, Miss M. C., '31.
 Sheridan, Mrs. Brinsley (*née* Carter), '37.
 Simpson, Mrs. E. A., '50.
 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.
 Stabb, Miss V., '51.
 Stroud, Mrs. F. L. (*née* Gossage), '28.
 Taylor, Miss T. A., '48.
 Templeton, Viscountess, '29.
 Thomas, Mrs., '50.
 Todd, Mrs. T. E. G. (*née* Napier-Clavering), '50.
 Tomkinson, Mrs. W. R. (*née* Blanc), '29.
 Topham, Miss P., '31.
 Tulloch, Mrs. A. (*née* Walker), '36.
 Turner, The Hon. Mrs. (*née* Schuster), '23.
 Tyser, Mrs. A. (formerly Gunn), '47.
 Wakefield, Miss R., '50.
 Wardrop-Moore, Miss J., '49.
 Whitelaw, Miss J., '51.
 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.

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

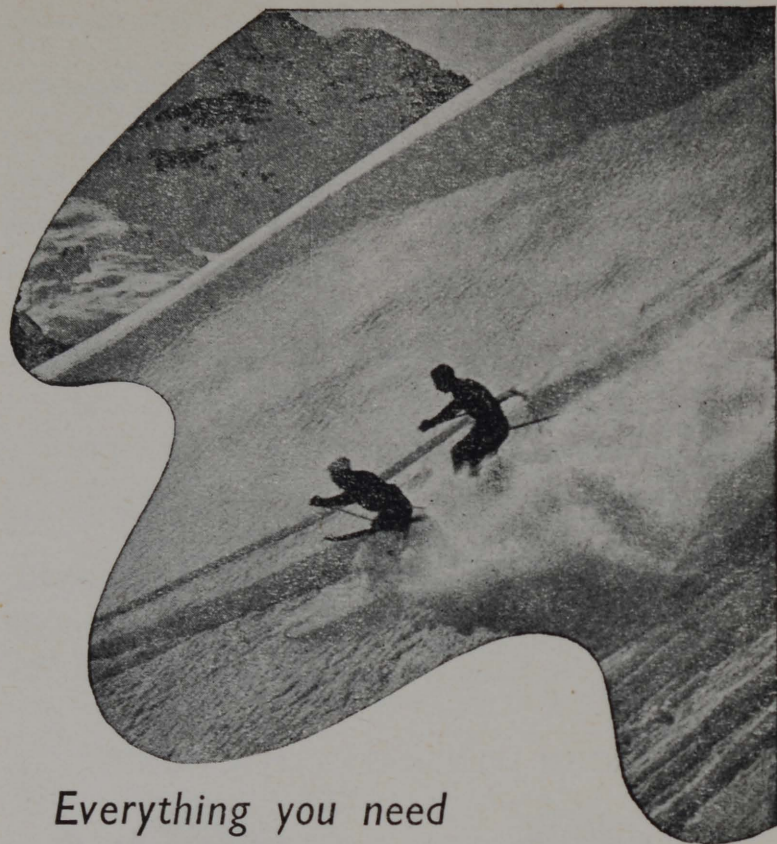
BRITISH SKI TEAMS OLYMPIC FUND



The above photographs show the S.C.G.B. Olympic Medallion which will be on sale to members and the general public in mid-October, and all proceeds will be given to the British Ski Teams Olympic Fund. The Medallion which will cost 7s. 6d. will be in bronze, and, as can be seen, has St. Bernard, who is well known to all skiers as the Patron Saint of travellers in the Alps, on the reverse. They can be obtained either with a leather thong for attaching to a belt or with a ring for car or other keys.

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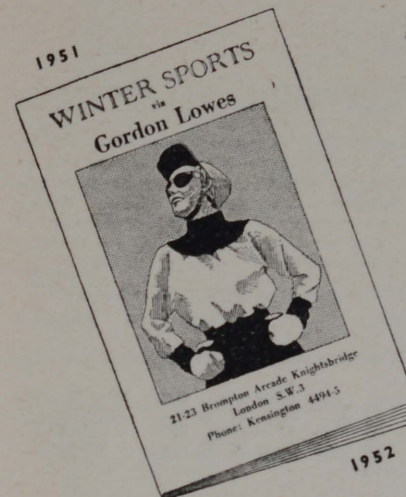
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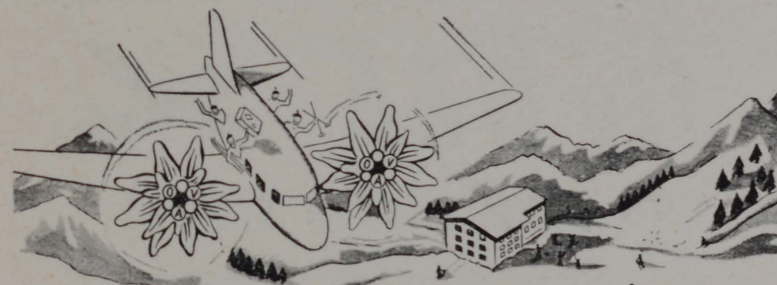
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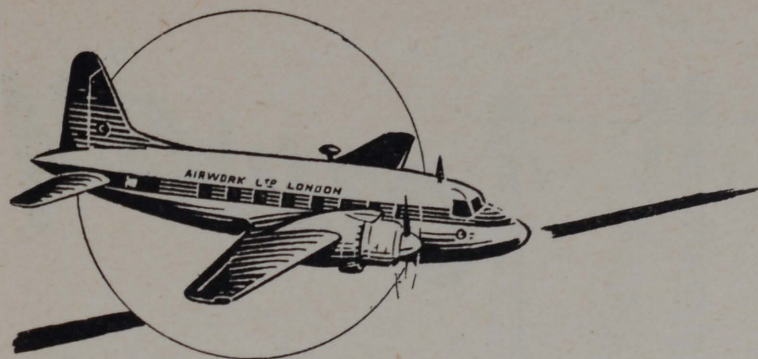
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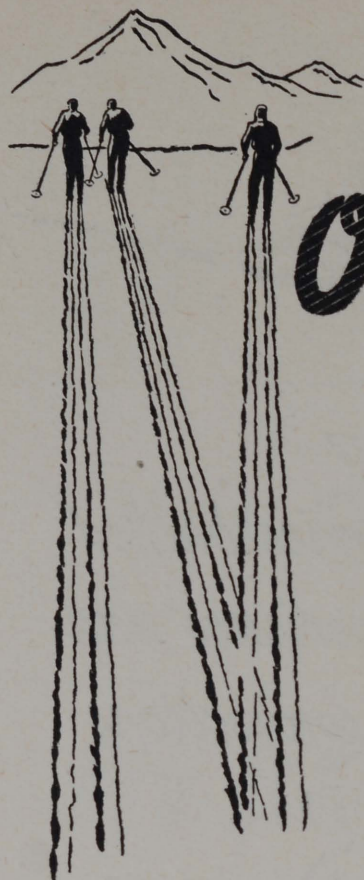
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