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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 24

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OCTOBER, 1954

EDITORIAL

We have to record with great regret the death in June this year of Lady Denman, C.B.E., an original member of the Ladies' Ski Club and our first President. She held this office from 1923 to 1926, and was subsequently made an Honorary Member of the Club. Lady Denman was, of course, well known for her work in connection with the Women's Institute movement, of which she was the first chairman, and also the Women's Land Army, of which she became honorary director. Though she had not skied for many years, she still retained an interest in other sports such as tennis and golf; she was president of the Ladies' Golf Union for several years. We extend our sincere sympathy to Lord Denman and to their son and daughter.

We also regret to record the death of Mrs. Kingsmill, which

took place in October, 1953.

We congratulate Hilary Laing on winning the L.S.C. Championship (run this year as a Giant Slalom owing to stress of weather) and on being second in the British Ladies' Championships; Addy Pryor on winning the British Ladies' Championships and also the Gretton Trophy; Cathryn Hinde on being second in the L.S.C. Giant Slalom and winning the Non-International Cup, and on being third in the British Ladies' Championships and winning the Hew Trophy for Non-Internationals; and Angela Carr on winning the Lowlanders' (Ladies') Championship.

The L.S.C. Cup in Cyprus was won again this year by Daphne de Glanville, who was also third in the Lebanese Ski Championship.

L.S.C. Junior Spoons were won at Engelberg by Tania Heald, at Rossinière by Sarah Garnett who also won the Junior Girls' Championship at Mürren, and at Villars by Jane Reichwald.

Congratulations to all concerned. Accounts of these races will be found on other pages.

The L.S.C. Grant for a racer in the Arlberg-Kandahar was not used this year, as Addy Pryor, our only possibility, had broken her leg and was unable to race.

Several of our members suffered damage during the course of the season. Addy Pryor broke her leg very badly in Sweden where she was training for the FIS. Diana Russell Wood broke her leg when training at Grindelwald, and Cathryn Hinde broke her leg late in the season after training and races were over. Mrs. Hensman broke her shoulder at Wengen, and Jeannette Oddie, our Treasurer, broke her leg at Zermatt when she went out a second time late in the season.

Frances McDermott has had a very bad car smash in Australia. Patricia Raeburn writes: "A learner-driver crashed into her from the rear and she was flung through the window, suffering a fractured spine and a compound fracture of the pelvis. I actually had a letter from her this morning, and she sounded wonderfully cheerful. She is slung in a sort of cat's cradle, but Charles, her husband, now thinks (according to her sister's letter which also came this morning) that she will be reasonably all right in the end."

We commiserate very deeply with the victims of these catastrophes, and hope that they are making rapid recoveries.

Congratulations to the following members on their marriage:—Miss V. Stabb to Mr. B. H. Highton, 1953.

Miss Whitelaw to Mr. Rook, 1953.

Miss Fiona Campbell to Mr. Kenneth Gray, December 29th, 1953. Miss S. Daniell to Mr. McLean Hayward, May 22nd, 1954.

The following babies have been born during the past year:— To Mrs. Shearing (formerly Murphy), a daughter, October 17th,

To Mrs. Kennedy-Cochran-Patrick (née Furlong), a son, February

To Mrs. Mabey (née Peck), a daughter, April 24th, 1954.

To Mrs. Pixley (née Steedman), a son, June 10th, 1954.

To Mrs. Conant (née E. Handley), a daughter, July 13th, 1954.

To The Lady Stafford (née M. Campbell), a son, 1954.

We are glad to welcome sixteen new members into the Club:—Mrs. Brown, Miss N. Clough, Miss d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mrs. Dowson, Miss M. Gold, Mrs. Goldberger, Mrs. C. B. C. Handley, Miss C. Hinde, Mrs. Leslie, Miss M. Reid, Mrs. W. N. Ritchie, Mrs. Shaw, Miss E. A. Spaull, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. W. Watson and Miss J. Whitworth.

On another page will be found an account by Mrs. Ritchie, one of our new members, of a very successful children's ski-ing party which she and her husband conducted in Austria last winter. We understand that this is to be repeated in the coming season if enough applications are received. This seems to us a most admirable enterprise, and one worthy of consideration by any parents unable themselves to take their children for a ski-ing holiday.

The "For Sale and Wanted" column in this BULLETIN continues to remain open, though there have been no entries for it this year. Anything may be advertised, not necessarily to do with ski-ing. The price is 1d. a word; names and addresses must be included, and payment should be sent with order. Advertisements should reach the Editor by July 1st, but may be accepted later.

We are considering, another year, starting a section in the BULLETIN for "Letters to the Editor." We think it likely that many

members have ideas which they would like to air, but not really enough to say for a full-blown article. The Editor will be glad to hear from any member on any subject even remotely connected with ski-ing.

The Editor is always glad to consider articles for the BULLETIN. These are best written as soon as possible after (or even before) the end of the ski-ing season; not only is it easier for the writer to write while the iron is hot, but it would help to dispel the recurrent Editorial nightmare of having nothing to put in the BULLETIN at all. Photographs are always welcome, preferably glossy prints, though others can be used.

L.S.C. badges may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, price 8s. 6d. It would be much appreciated if members would send cash with order.

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

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

December, 1953

THE Annual General Meeting was held on Wednesday, December 2nd, 1953, at the Ski Club of Great Britain, 118, Eaton Square; this change of venue being necessitated by the fact that 115, Cranmer Court will no longer contain the expanding membership of the L.S.C. The meeting was followed by a cocktail party at which over sixty members and their friends were present.

A very successful "Christmas Draw" was held during the party, by which £12 12s. 6d. was contributed to the L.S.C. Racing Fund.

The chair was taken by Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson, who, in her report, said:—

"I am very happy to welcome so many members to the meeting here to-day; and in spite of the spring-like weather let's hope there will be lots of snow in the Alps soon.

"Last season we had exceptional early winter conditions, and I myself found February conditions in late December. I am sure this helped the Christmas-holiday-only skier a lot.

"We are all pleased to welcome twelve new members to the Club; it is very nice to feel that the Club is growing steadily. I would like to say how sorry we were to hear of the death of Dame Katherine Furse. I would also like to congratulate all those who have got married during the year, and those who have had babies; it was nice to see that there were several prospective members amongst them.

"Last season was a quiet one as regards racing and touring. We had to wait till Coronation Day to have the real thrill of the year with the news that Everest had been climbed, and I think this just put the final seal on a great Day in our nation's history.

"Our racing girls did particularly well in races in Western Switzerland, at Villars, Champéry, and Gstaad. When they arrived at Villars the Swiss expected nothing of them, but after the three days racing there the whole district was quite impressed as we had won three out of the four races, beating two existing records.

"We held our L.S.C. Meeting at Champéry and were very pleased to have some local Swiss opposition. The Kurverein of Champéry were most kind and did all they could to get the course in good condition, but, unfortunately, it was suddenly a blazing March day (at the end of January) and the Downhill Race was extremely tricky. I congratulate Gillian Rickards on winning under such conditions.

"I want to congratulate Soss Roe on winning the Slalom in the British Ladies' Championships. I think it was a very good show, particularly as she had toured over from Gstaad-Adelboden the day before. I was very pleased that Hilary Laing became British Ladies' Champion.

"Four centres ran races for our L.S.C. spoons for Junior British girls; they were much appreciated and helped to bring the L.S.C. to the notice of the young. I hope more will be run this season.

"We would all like to congratulate Mrs. Palmer-Tomkinson on being elected the first woman President of Marden's Club.

"I would like to thank the Hon. Treasurer and Secretary on working so hard and getting the Club so well in order, and the Hon. Editor for her work; also our Hon. Auditors and Messrs. Ball Baker & Co. for Roneo-ing all our notices.

"You will find the Treasurer sitting at a table with badges all over her, where she will be very pleased to take orders for metal

badges, or to sell you a cloth badge.

"At the other side of the room you will see a notice 'Christmas Draw,' with many lovely things underneath it. I am sure you would all like to win one of them, so do please go and buy several tickets from Mrs. Smith, who will be sitting there. We are putting this money into our own racing fund, which will help a young girl to go to the Arlberg-Kandahar meeting.

"I would here like to thank my Committee and all the donors of gifts for the draw; the Committee has been splendid this year and I

do want to thank them very much.

"The L.S.C. Meeting is being held in Grindelwald this winter on January 11th, by Grindelwald's special invitation. They are giving us good terms and hope very much that as many people as can will come. I and the S.C.G.B. Representative and the Grindelwald Kurverein will be organising it. I have some notices about it here if anyone would like one.

"On January 23rd and 24th the S.D.S. is holding its Jubilee Meeting at Mürren and they would like us to join them, although our Jubilee was three years ago. Unfortunately they have sent us no details but if anyone can go they will be heartily welcomed by the S.D.S.

"I now want to wish you all a wonderful season on ski and a happy Christmas, and please do not forget the Christmas draw. We do want to make it a huge success."

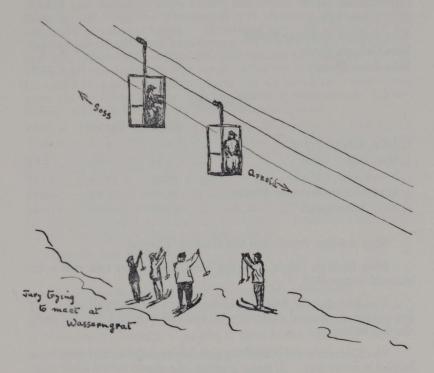
BRITISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIPS

GSTAAD, JANUARY 23RD, 1954

By E.R.C.

HARD LUCK—and it was surely HARD!

Herr Loozli, of the Kurverein, casting an eye over the course at 8 a.m., Saturday morning, decided it was unfit for human consumption as a downhill course, and the Jury hastily switched the Slalom on for 11.15 a.m., with hopes of a bit of softening by 3 p.m. when the Abfart could take place. The Slalom was at Middle Station on the Wasserngrat Derby Slope; it was a handsome Slalom with thirty-four



gates and its hard and glacial surface never wavered. Addie Pryor did an outstanding performance.

In the early afternoon, as no sun had appeared to soften the icy downhill course, the Jury could be seen pursuing parallel but opposite lines on the chairlift in the vain endeavour to meet each other for a conference. However, in the end, Arnold said it must be done, so

the gallant gals promptly went away and did it—with results as follows, and no casualties:—

SLALOM

	First run	Second run	Total
Miss Adeline Pryor	1' 13.2"	ı' 6·8"	2' 20"
Miss Hilary Laing	1' 18.4"	I' II"	2' 29.4"
Miss Cathryn Hinde	1' 28·2"	I' 2I"	2' 49.2"
Miss Jocelyn Wardrop-Moore	1' 30"	1' 34.4"	3' 4.4"
Miss Anne Spaull	1' 31.8"	I' 34·4"	3' 6.2"
Do	WNHILL		

Miss Adeline Pryor	 	 	1' 43·4"
Miss Hilary Laing			1' 49.6"
Miss Jocelyn Wardrop-Moore			2' 0"
Miss Cathryn Hinde	 		2' 6"
Miss Anne Spaull	 	 	2' 22.8"

COMBINED

	Slalom	Downhill	Total
ı, Miss Adeline Pryor	 0	0	0
2, Miss Hilary Laing	 4.03	5.66	9.69
3, Miss Cathryn Hinde	 12.52	20.64	33.16
4, Miss Jocelyn Wardrop-Moore	 19.02	15.17	34.19
5, Miss Anne Spaull	 19.80	36.15	55.92

Miss Adeline Pryor wins the Gretton Trophy.

Miss Cathryn Hinde wins the Hew Trophy for first non-international competitor.

Too bad that the field should have been such a small one—only five starters in the end as Zandra Nowell had twisted her ankle badly the day before.

The Kurverein did everything possible to assist us and were most helpful in every way. A larger number of entrants would have made their trouble more worth while.

We held a Kandahar party and small prize giving that evening at the Bellevue Hotel. Very charming small pins with the Gstaad emblem were given to each competitor by the Kurverein, and Arnold assisted in giving away the other prizes. A very nice evening—and we all enjoyed it.

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB MEETING

By E.R.C.

THE Ladies' Ski Club Race had some difficulty in getting itself run this year. Originally booked for Grindelwald for January 11th, conditions were so bad that the Race was transferred to Villars, to be run at the same time as the Quatre Pistes. Here a similar fate overtook it and it was passed on to Gstaad to be run as a Giant Slalom on the Thursday prior to the British Ladies' Championships. To add to the gaiety of nations—after all a Giant Slalom for only seven entrants is a rather lonesome affair—it was arranged to incorporate the Silver Ski Race from the Kandahar List, and to allow the Rosey School boys and some of our Men's Team training in Gstaad to swell the start list to twenty.

We had been having quite lovely powder snow up to this time, but the jinx turned up with a thaw and freeze, and much time was spent up and down the Wasserngrat with changing ideas as to what would be a suitable course. Eventually the Top Station of the Wasserngrat offered some hard-frozen ready-made slopes down to the first hut, which were unbreakable and needed no stamping, and on Wednesday the controls were set for what we hoped would be the Downhill Course on Saturday. Later that afternoon the twenty-three gates for the Giant Slalom, with 300 metres vertical descent, for the Ladies' Ski Club Race on Thursday were also placed.

On Thursday morning it THAWED—it RAINED—it FOGGED—it snowed a little, and proceeding on these lines the course became slushy like spring snow—quite nice to run on but not very fast. Something happened to the Ziel, and on descending with the stopwatches I found it in quite a different place to that arranged. This proved unfortunate for several skiers who were racing with a preconceived idea of which way to turn from the last gate—too bad, but nothing could be done but grin and bear it. I still don't know who put the Ziel there; I think a Brownie did it!

Results were as follows:-

GSTAAD. January 21st, 1954.

(300 metres. 23 gates. 7 competitors at the start.)

1, Miss Hilary Laing, 1' 31.8"; 2, Miss Cathryn Hinde, 1' 42"; 3a, Miss Anne Spaull, 1' 42.4"; 3b, Miss J. Wardrop-Moore, 1' 42.4"; 5, Miss Zandra Nowell, 1' 43.4"; 6, Miss Linda Hadley, 1' 44.6".

Cathryn Hinde wins Non-International Cup.

L.S.C. RACE, 1955

It is hoped that the L.S.C. Race may be held next season at Klosters during the week before the Parsenn Derby (which is on March 6th), probably in the form of a Giant Slalom, and possibly in conjunction with a Marden's Club race.

RACES FOR L.S.C. JUNIOR SPOONS

ENGELBERG

BY MRS. WYATT

THE Ladies' Ski Club silver spoon was won by Tania Heald on January 8th. The course was one of the normal Third Class runs, starting from Ristes, and although snow-conditions were not bad at all, considering conditions just then in most places this year, unfortunately, a most unpleasant mist came up very suddenly from the valley and made racing difficult.

The race for the silver spoon was held in conjunction with the Impey Challenge Cup races for girls and boys under eighteen years.

Tania, who is only ten years old, skied in her usual pretty and finished style, and was not in the least upset by poor visibility. She was only beaten by two boys who skied as though it was a brilliant sunny day and went straight down the course.

Later on in the season Tania completed her Second Class running test; she should become a very good racer.

ROSSINIERE

By Phyllis Scott

THE race for the L.S.C. spoon was run in conjunction with the "Championnats Inter-Pensionnats de Jeunes Filles de la Suisse Romande" which was run again at Monts Chevreuils, and was won by Sarah Garnett as the first British girl. As you probably know she won the Junior Girls' Championship at Mürren.

Conditions at Rossinière were quite good during the season, in spite of doubtful weather and lack of snow before Christmas.

VILLARS

BY LADY BLANE

THE L.S.C. spoon race was held on January 14th, in conjunction with another race, in conditions of very hard snow. There were ten entries, of which five were eligible for the spoon, and it was won by Jane Reichwald, a strong and very promising racer. Jennifer Hudson was second, and Susan Martin third.

FOR SALE AND WANTED

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

HAUTE ROUTE OVERTURE

By PAT FARQUHARSON

FLUSHED with enthusiasm after the Ski Club's Glacier Touring Week at the Langefluh Hut, those of us with a few days in hand decided to return to England via a few more glaciers.

Our plans, which fluctuated hourly, were governed by mapreading, weather, Delusions of Grandeur and—ultimately—money. Two of the more probable ones were to cross to Zermatt via the Alphubeljoch and the Täsch valley or, more ambitiously, to end up in Arolla via the Britannia and Bétemps Huts, Breuil and points west. Both, in the event, were foiled. The snow this season eliminated the Täsch valley; that route would have entailed a 3½-hour climb to the Joch, perhaps 800 metres descent and then several hours of nice summer hike, carrying ski.

Eventually, four of us decided to try the other alternative. I hadn't time to do the full trip and arranged to peel off at the Bétemps, Helen Fairclough nobly promising to meet me there and shepherd me back to Zermatt. The others, Angus McGrigor, Max Fleming and Joan Whitworth (a new L.S.C. member) planned to join the train home at Sion, and endless complications were overcome about luggage-forwarding and so on.

The Imseng family, in bulk, had guided us on the Club week. Since Papa—Heinrich—couldn't take us we agreed to settle for the son, W. The suspicious alacrity with which he agreed was later explained by the fact that his fiancée lived in Zermatt.

We skied down to Saas from the Langefluh on Saturday, March 27th, and up to the Britannia on the Sunday. I'd been rather sour at the prospect of an extra three-hour climb, instead of a ladylike progress across the level (figure of speech), but the almost non-stop bath, shampoo, laundry-day and resultant clean shirt more than compensated for the extra exertion. We waved the rest of the Club party off in the bus and sampled the only night-spot open in Saas out of season, which was crowded with the Swiss Army and A.T.S. on manœuvres. (No double entendre meant and I hope none taken.)

Next afternoon when we set off it was a blazing, glorious day, with that ultimate climbing perfection, a faint, cool breeze, and to our great relief the route proved far easier than the one to the Langefluh, which lies on the opposite side of the valley wall which encompasses

The party had been augmented, rather to our surprise, by a German woman imported by W. She was extremely good downhill, but tended to impede her uphill progress by the national mania for carrying a rucksack which two strong men would have had difficulty in lifting from the ground. It contained, among other treasures, a sort of track-suit for sleeping in, which both startled and slightly shamed Joan and me who, far from removing any clothes before clambering into our bunk, merely added our two thickest sweaters to all our other clothes, and retired in what was clearly regarded as a decadent and unhygienic manner.

During supper, which was excellent, W. suddenly announced that we couldn't possibly reach the Bétemps next day, but must go straight to Zermatt. This point had never even been hinted at during the interminable conversations which had preceded our start, and the obvious solution—that we all ski-ed too badly to make it —was hardly valid, since he'd had ample opportunity to assess our capabilities during the previous week. However, we decided we'd been a bit naive not to have expected the move, in view of the fiancée; and I, of course, was delighted.

A contributory cause of this bombshell was undoubtedly the arrival at the hut of yet another Imseng, Cousin Arthur, conducting one of the much-publicised Saas-Haute Route trips, since any guide conducting nine clients over the Adlerpass single-handed, and taking in the Strahlhorn en route, would be understandably keen to co-opt a fellow guide. In parenthesis, I would strongly advise anyone contemplating a spring tour from Saas to get the position quite clear before starting, unless they enjoy finding themselves (a) in a big party on the glaciers with only one guide, or (b) doing the trip in a party three times the anticipated size.

The Britannia, which is *bewirtschaftet*, is an admirable hut (it was rebuilt in 1951 by the Swiss section of the Alpine Club). There is a good kitchen, though not a lot of drying space. The ski room is so cold that it is even more than usually imperative to remove all traces of snow from ski overnight, otherwise only a cold chisel will get you into them in the morning.

The hut sleeps 80–100 in a succession of dormitories, most of them with double-decker bunks. I'd recommend the lower layer, not being convinced that the top shelf doesn't list so much towards the footboard that the body could easily be shot on to the floor half-way through the night.

Warmth, the one essential, was assured—as it had been at the Langefluh—by the miraculous little chemical heater I'd bought "on spec." before the Glacier Touring Week. Coming in several sizes, it is a flat, quilted canvas package containing something which feels like sand. A v-shaped opening is quilted into one corner, into which one pours two teaspoonsful of liquid. Theoretically, this should be water; but we used water, snow, tea, brandy, wine and coffee with equal success, and I hestitate to dilate here, on other obvious possibilities. Three minutes later, after a brisk shaking, the Little Machine has begun to heat up; within half-an-hour it is up to about 160°F., and remains so for 6-8 hours. The more liquid used, the longer it seems to last. The total life of the middle size, which costs 4s. 6d. and measures about 5×7 inches, is 60 hours, i.e. 7-10 nights. In view of the complications normally attendant on melting and heating snow for a hotwater bottle I consider it a must on any hut tour, quite apart from its obvious use in case of accident, particularly on the Death Waggons.

Not even then having fully grasped the extent of W.'s cousinly solicitude we let the Conducted Jolly get well away in the morning and had a leisurely run down, though I cannot think the hut's Cabana



Photo by]

[P. Farqubarson

Walter, Joan and German en route to the Adlerpass



Photo by]

[P. Farqubarson

First traverse on the Adlerpass, with Monte Rosa

AND Lyskamm in the background



House of the Abominable Snowman?

Photo by]





Photo by]

SNOWMAN'S VIEW



Photo by] $[B.\ Mabey$ Bridget $(3\frac{1}{2})$ and Isabel $(2\frac{1}{2})$ Mabey, two prospective members of the L.S.C.

Nausea well-sited; one expects to ski on ice in the early morning, but the other hazards are really overdoing things at that—or indeed any —hour.

The climb, which took about three hours, is gentle and easy, but during an early lunch on the Adlerpass we had ample opportunity to appreciate the reason for the slightly hostile note which always seems to creep into the voices of people describing the place. The Zermatt side is exceedingly steep, and looked none the less so for the track of a recent avalanche slap down the middle. Thinking of it in terms of climbing one readily understood why the popular version of the Haute Route runs from, and not to, Saas.

The view, though, was magnificent, and it was fascinating, as it had been from Alphubel a few days earlier, to see our Zermatt stamping grounds from such a different angle. The Strahlhorn climbed up on our left, masking Cima di Jazzi. Beyond it we saw Monte Rosa more or less in profile, and then the classic Zermatt backcloth—Lyskamm, Castor, Pollux, Breithorn, the Theodule, Matterhorn, Gabelhorn, Weisshorn—and the serrated distances between and behind them leading to Mont Blanc on the horizon. The highest point of the Gornergrat ridge lay about 700 metres below us.

I was rather anxious to get on quickly, not being of the school of thought which enjoys a nice, long look before leaping. However, the Jolly was still struggling down Strahlhorn and we waited for it, thereby coinciding with a very nasty little mist which had crept up behind us and began to seep down the pass just before we also started down it.

The next thirty minutes were among the nastiest I ever remember. Never have I been so painfully aware both of the potential danger and of my own incompetence; I cannot pretend to have enjoyed the sensation.

We led off with a traverse to the left, a turn and about half the parallel right-hand traverse. At this point, just above the mist and on a slope of perhaps 40° we had to remove ski and walk down at a very slight angle to the gradient of the slope. The snow was in that condition where at every step the boot lurches for several inches before it bites, the angle such that carrying ski and rucksack was detrimental to balance, and the mist brought that clammy, warm, breathless feeling that frankly frightens me to death. I was exceedingly lucky to be roped to Angus and Max; poor Joan was catscradling with W. and Frau Dachshund, who had never been on a rope before, had no idea how to manage it and not much clue that there was any need to try. It trailed in loops around her and she fouled it at every step. W. (enjoying, one must charitably suppose, a Beautiful Rosy Dream) made no effort to show her, and a singularly unenjoyable time was had by all.

I don't much mind a very steep slope in a *cold* mist, but in a warm, clammy one it is infinitely more frightening than when one can see its full horror in the clear sun, and I must confess that when W. stopped near the middle of the slope and announced that now

we would wait for his cousin, he was treated to a very nasty exhibition of temper indeed. Having resumed our ski we waited lower down, under the rock wall which, with any luck, would stay put if the rest of the slope came down.

Eventually the others joined us, and from there we went in a mad free-for-all. I have been brought up to believe that one follows tracks on glaciers, doesn't cut corners or shoot in front of anyone and, above all, follows the guide/s, who keep an eye out to help the slower members of the party. It would appear that I am old-fashioned.

The snow immediately below the steep pitch, on the Adler Glacier, was porridgy while we were still in the mist, but the last part turned to real spring snow and was heaven. The flattish run all down the Findelen Glacier was glorious, and I'd very much like to do the pass again in good visibility and snow, for choice later in the year.

We climbed up the Blauherd ridge past Fluhalp, finding summer on the south slopes—carrying ski over rocks, scrub and grass—and only the smallest ribbon of snow down the ridge and none at all below Sunnegga.

To finish the day riding down in the chair-lift should have seemed a sad anti-climax. Don't tell a soul, but it was quite a relief; and Carl Francen's Christiana bar has seldom been more welcome.

I went home from Zermatt, rather regretting missing the rest of the trip, unnecessarily as it turned out. The others were weather bound in Breuil for several days and had in their turn to go home from Zermatt.

Maybe another year it really will be Arolla—or further.

A CHILDREN'S SKI-ING PARTY

BY MOPPY RITCHIE

Ir was because we have three children in whom I hope to instil the thrill that only snow-covered mountains can give, that I, with the assistance of my husband, took a party of thirteen children to Lech for a fortnight's ski-ing during the Christmas holidays. It was my object also to provide a chance of winter sports for children who would require some looking after, and were thus too young for organised parties, and whose parents for one reason or another were unable to go out themselves. Whilst the minimum age of the children, other than my own, was ten, the ages, in fact, ranged from eighteen downwards, the average age being thirteen-fourteen.

I had no chance of getting to know all the party, so it was with some trepidation that I met both parents and their children at Victoria Station half-an-hour before our train was due to leave. However, I did not have to worry very long for any shyness that there might have been was soon removed by the hazards of the Channel crossing. It was the worst one I have ever known; baggage and bodies were soon careering from one side of the deck to the other as the boat lurched violently. My youngest son was somewhat frightened because, he said, he could not swim all the way to France if the boat sank, but the rest of the party thought it was more exciting than the funfair at Battersea and they seemed to enjoy falling about the deck with the luggage. No-one was sick. We all had some sleep in the French train, but there were many yawns whilst we passed through the Customs at Bâle. Breakfast with quantities of cherry jam in the Swiss train soon revived spirits and excitement grew as the country became more and more covered in snow. Many of the children had never seen mountains before. We reached Lech soon after lunch and were welcomed at the Gasthof Omesberg with large plates of soup. The rest of the afternoon was spent in fitting ski and exploring the village.

On the first day, since nobody had skied before, a special ski class was formed for the whole party. It was striking how soon the difference between the ten-year-olds and those of thirteen and fourteen upwards showed itself; the older ones were much quicker at learning what to do and the next day everyone was split up into various classes. The standard of ski instruction at Lech is particularly good; the instructors are anxious to push on their pupils so that not too much time is spent on the nursery slopes and it was after only three days that most of them were going up the funiculars for the first time in the afternoon. By the end of the twelve days two or three of the boys were up to third class standard but, unfortunately, owing to the weather, it was not possible to give them any tests.

So long as the weather made it possible there was ski-ing in the morning and the afternoon. To start with much of my time seemed to be spent in collecting stray members of my flock from the nursery slopes for meals, but they all soon found their way about the place. Appetites, of course, grew apace, food rarely went back to the kitchen from our long table, and by the end even those who were obviously very particular about their food at home were devouring the most Austrian of dishes! Entertainment in the evenings went on from tea-time until the staggered bedtimes of the various ages. Games ranged from Speed, which was incidentally popular with everyone, to Bridge (although the latter was mainly reserved for the older and more serious after dinner!) My husband and I, needless to say, were busy keeping within reasonable bounds the noise that inevitably went with the natural high spirits; I think we even managed to earn a measure of goodwill from our patient fellow guests because one or two people were kind enough to congratulate the party on the way they behaved. On a few evenings when my husband and I were not too tired (we were the only ones who ever showed signs of being tired!), we took the older ones out to dance and it was amusing to observe the mixture of excitement and bashfulness that overcame the young ladies when they were asked to dance by the handsome and agreeably unspoilt guides of Lech.

The weather was not as kind as it might have been. We were close to the avalanche area and whilst, of course, all was absolutely safe at Lech, we were cut off for nearly a week, and for two days we were without electricity. A lot of snow fell and once or twice the younger ones were unable to ski. The result of this was a veritable rabbit warren in the snow drifts outside the hotel down which the smaller ones excitably disappeared. Fortunately the bad weather did not interfere with the ski-ing unduly and there were not more than two afternoons on which we were unable to ski at all.

The cost came out at about f_{42} per child for twelve days' ski-ing. This included instruction at the ski-school, hire of ski, insurance, four

baths and also tea every day.

CUSTOMSSHIP

By SHEILA HENSMAN

It's the Joneses and the Brownses who make the pound note pay For without them it would never go abroad, But they've confidence in sterling and they show it every day, Although it means a little bit of fraud.

As "fraud" is not a nice word (the beaks do not approve), We have to call it customsship instead, And this, all things considered, is a most judicious move, For it really is a game of "keep your head."

Brown went off to Villars with his toothpaste stuffed with notes, He thought his scheme a winner all the way, But he went and put his sponge bag in someone else's coat, Which meant he had to more than halve his stay.

Old Jones bought brand new ski sticks, steel hollow ones at that, And filled them to the brim with paper gold, But he lost them both at Dover whilst looking for his hat, Which he swears he gave his wife to take and hold.

But the pièce de résistance goes to Jones's younger son Who invented Sterling's laminated ski; Which confounds La Bourse and Wall Street by hardening on the run Because it's never known the joy of being free.

Yes, it's the Joneses and the Brownses who make the pound note pay, And they do it from the kindness of their hearts. They ask no reimbursement for expenses whilst away, But gladly carry on to play their parts.

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A LETTER FROM CYPRUS

St. Barnabas School for the Blind,
Nicosia, Cyprus.

August 19th, 1954.

DEAR LADY BLANE,

Thank you for your letter received yesterday. It makes me feel very guilty for not having written before to send you the result of the L.S.C. Cup race in Cyprus.

The Cup was won for the second time by Mrs. de Glanville, who still remains outstandingly our best lady skier.

At the end of our season Daphne de Glanville went over to the Lebanon to race in the Lebanese Ski Championship. She did extremely well in this event, finishing third in a large field, and this in spite of having sprained her ankle on a practice run the previous day.

We had a good season in Cyprus again with plenty of snow, and good weather most week-ends up till the end of March.

Yours sincerely,

MARJORIE GREENLAND.





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