

LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN  
NOVEMBER, 1960



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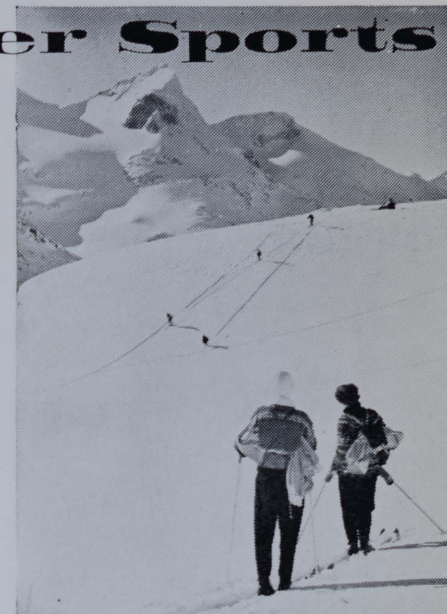
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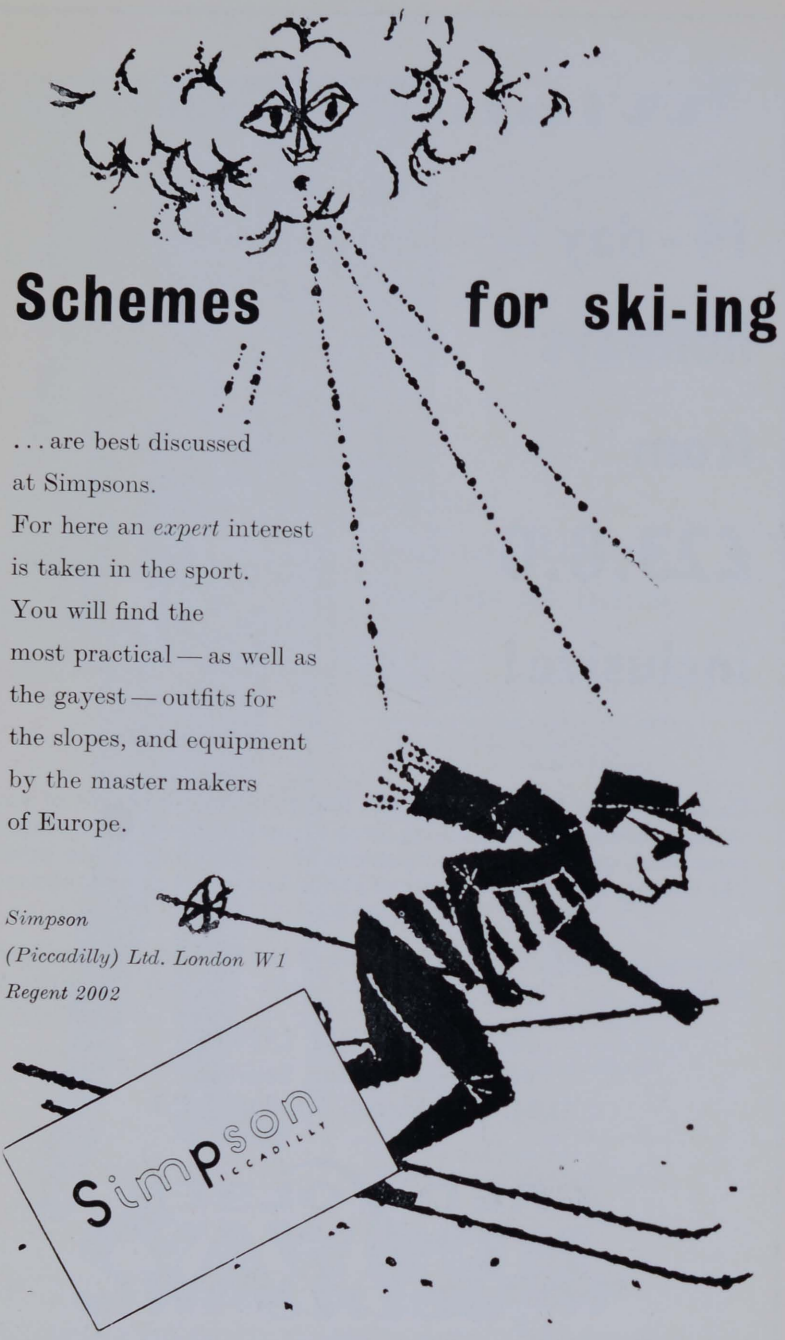
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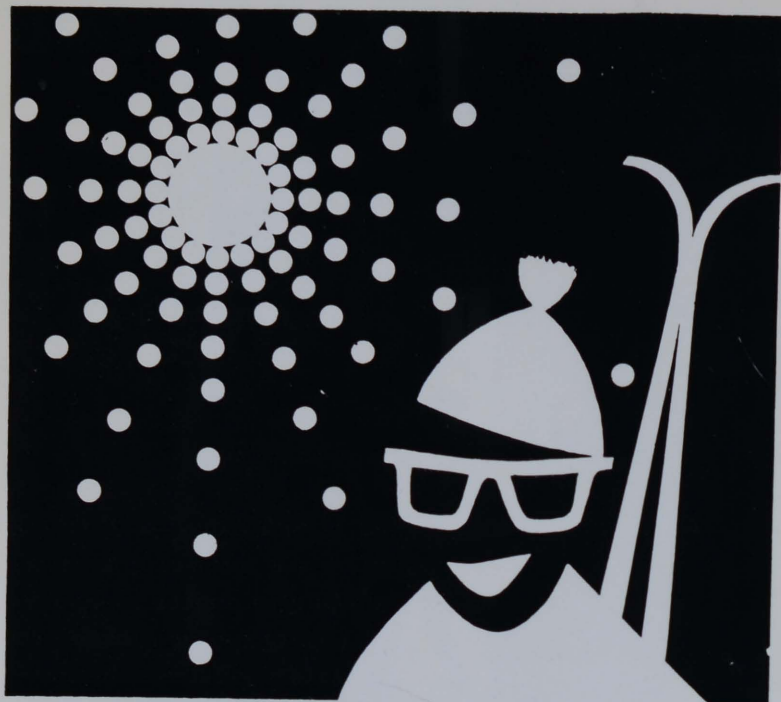
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# THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 30

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NOVEMBER, 1960

## EDITORIAL

I DO not know if I am just abnormal, but I was positively terrified at Christmas, when I was ski-ing in Switzerland. How I lived I do not know! I set off for a nice day ski-ing. To begin with I had to wait 45 minutes for the ski-lift, and when I eventually got to the top, I found what I thought was a nice little piece of snow with nobody around to knock me over while I put my ski on. Then, out of the blue, someone appeared and tripped over my ski; I smiled sweetly and said I did not mind—only a long scratch along the back—but meanwhile my ski was quietly sliding away from me; I just managed to fling myself on to it before it went; but by the time I got up again, “Mr. Clumsyfeet” had gone! I thought I had carefully put my gloves and goggles down in a safe place, but, oh no! Along came a “Miss Twinkletoes” to tread on them! Eventually I was ready, having spent a considerable time putting the lenses back into my goggles and getting the snow out of my gloves. I set off at a nice steady pace down the mountain, to be overtaken immediately by a very fast body, who literally missed me by an inch, only to bury himself in a huge drift thirty yards in front of me! He was still there when I arrived so I spent some time digging him out; he assured me he was perfectly all right, so I went on my way. A little further on I pulled up, well off the *piste*, to have a “little breather,” but before very long I was knocked over by someone who had got out of control and slid into me on his back. Luckily neither of us was hurt; I retreated a little further back between some trees and he made his way on down. After I had had my “breather” I also went on my way. I managed to get about a third of the way down a very steep, icy slope, and was just congratulating myself on not having fallen over (being pushed did not count!) when I fell, in fact I fell the rest of the way down the slope! The inside ski, I suppose, must have been the problem; I seemed to keep spinning round and round and everything I did made it worse. Slightly shaken, but really none the worse for wear, apart from an occasional bruise, I skied on. The next thing to cope with was a cat-track; I seemed to be going at just the wrong speed, for either I

was overtaken by skiers or I had to overtake them, both equally dangerous, as on one side there was a steep drop into some trees. In another two minutes I was at the bottom.

Who says ski-ing is not dangerous? It seems funny, but I enjoyed myself and immediately stood in the ski-lift queue to go up again.

We would like to congratulate Col. and Mrs. Spence on their invention, "The Spenski Trainer." This apparatus consists of a base, and the equivalent of a pair of ski fixed in front on a semi-swivel, and on either side there are holes for ski-sticks. Various exercises can be carried out, certainly more fun than the usual "knees bend" of "dry ski-ing," and much more effective.

We would also like to congratulate the following members on their enterprise:—

Miss Molly Ingram and her sister, who have started a ski Anorak business which seems to include all sorts of sweaters, pullovers and Anoraks, proofed, lined or just plain.

Dr. Jane Scott Brown and Miss Elizabeth Fulton on organising children's ski-ing parties to Klosters and Zweisimmen respectively. They include everything: the journey, hotels, ski-lift and ski school tickets.

We would like to congratulate Miss Betty Fripp, who has received the O.B.E. for her work with the Girl Guides.

We are very sorry to hear Mrs. Wittouck has died.

Our best wishes go to:—

Mrs. M. J. H. Grenfell, who is now Mrs. Blane.

Lady Lindesay-Bethune, who married Major David Greenacre.

Miss Angela Carr, who married Mr. Anthony Parsons.

Miss Addy Pryor, who married Brigadier Digby Raeburn.

Miss S. Knight, who is now Mrs. S. Whalley.

And to our Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. R. Oddie, who is now Mrs. J. Riddell.

Many congratulations to Mrs. Essayn (*née* Guinness), who had a son on November 16th, 1959. Also Mrs. Patrick Cochran (*née* Furlong), who had a son on April 23rd, 1960.

Welcome to the following, who have been elected new members: Miss B. Coryton, Miss J. Campell, Miss E. Dredge, Miss J. Francis, Miss D. Galica, Miss T. Hambre, Miss R. Head, Lady Mary Kerr, Miss Shelagh Murphy, Miss Patricia Murphy, Miss Diana Tomkinson and Miss Virginia Tomkinson.

We would like to thank the following Clubs for their journals and magazines: the 1960 *Ladies' Alpine Magazine*; the 1959 *Marden's Club Review*; the *White Hare* (1959) *Magazine* (Silver Jubilee number); and *D.H.O.* (1959) *Magazine*.

**The Ladies' Racing Week** will be held on January 17th-22nd at Villars.

The L.S.C. Salver will be held on December 28th as a Downhill, for girls under 19 years. Organising Committee: D.H.O. Club, Wengen.

The L.S.C. Championships will be held in Wengen as a Slalom, on January 3rd.

The L.S.C. Trophy : Open Cup was won by Marianne Navarro ; Members' Cup, Wendy Farrington ; Non-International Cup, Tania Heald ; Junior Cup, Georgina Hathorn.

**The L.S.C. Annual General Meeting** will take place on Tuesday, November 15th, at the Ski Club of Great Britain. This will be followed by the Cocktail Party.

The Editor would like to thank all the members who responded so gallantly to pleas for articles and photographs. Any who are willing to help by finding new advertisements, please contact the Advertising Secretary. All members should realise that the advertisements are the life-blood of the BULLETIN. Please remember to quote the BULLETIN when making enquiries of advertisers.

**Subscriptions.**—Our subscription is still only five shillings and, unlike most clubs, has not been raised. Members may, if they wish, give a voluntary donation to the racing fund, of an additional five shillings yearly. Anyone wishing to do so should write to their bank instructing them to increase their yearly subscription to ten shillings, and send a postcard to the Hon. Treasurer, notifying her of their intention.

**Badges.**—L.S.C. badges can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. J. Riddell, 17, Hyde Park Gardens Mews, W.2. Prices: metal 8s. 6d.; cloth, large 7s. 6d., small 5s. Please could members enclose cash with their orders.

**The L.S.C. Sweater.**—Royal blue, pale blue band, "V" neck. The sweater is suitable for ski and *après-ski* wear. It will be on sale at the Cocktail Party on November 15th, price £4 10s. 0d. including badge. (Please could members bring their cheque books.) Or from Mrs. Spence, 89, Campden Hill Court, W.8 (WES 3371). Please include 1s. 6d. postage.

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## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE Annual General Meeting was held at the Ski Club of Great Britain, 118, Eaton Square, on Tuesday, November 10th, followed by a Cocktail Party and raffle. Much sympathy was extended to Lady Blane, who had had an accident and hurt her back and was unable to attend the meeting. Mrs. Raynsford kindly consented to act as Hon. Secretary in her absence.

The minutes of the last Annual General Meeting were passed and signed. The accounts were also approved and passed.

The Committee elected Mrs. Johnson as Vice-President and Mrs. Shearing, Miss M. Ingram and Miss J. Gibbs for the three vacant places on the Committee.

The President spoke about an alteration in the rules, suggesting Eight Year Membership instead of "Life Membership" should read instead:—

"Prospective members who have no Banking Account in this country may join as Ordinary Members for a period of eight years for a down payment of £4. At the end of the period they may renew their payment or resign and return their badges."

There being no other business, the meeting closed and the Cocktail Party started.

## WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES IN SQUAW VALLEY

BY HELEN TOMKINSON

OWING to having 'flu I was unable to travel with the team to Squaw Valley and therefore followed them five days later. Unfortunately I missed their arrival at Reno, which I understood was extremely festive. My arrival also was exciting; I had travelled thirty hours in style by Britannia and jet across America, and was enthralled by my first view of San Francisco, which I thought was a dream city. I was greeted here by old American ski-ing friends, who could not do enough to ensure my comfort. Then followed the final trip to Reno. Alighting from the aeroplane we were met by cowboys and Indians, also the Mayor of Reno. In fact the Americans could not do enough for us. Squaw Valley was forty miles from Reno and this stretch was covered in a Greyhound bus.

The village of Squaw has been made in four years, and it is at the head of a valley surrounded by mountains. Three of these mountains were used for the Olympics; Squaw Peak for the Men's Downhill; K1-22 for the Ladies' Downhill, the Men's Giant Slalom and the Men's Slalom; Papoose Mountain for the Ladies' Giant Slalom and Slalom.

The village itself consisted of the Olympic Village where all competitors and some officials lived, guarded night and day, and into which no member of the public or press were allowed without a special permit. Outside the Olympic Village were all the administrative offices in long wooden sheds; two hotels, the Squaw Inn and Squaw Lodge; and the giant skating arena, which was constructed so that for really large ceremonies the fourth side would swing back and open out on to the main arena. In addition there were several hundred small private houses, but practically no shopping facilities.

The Olympic Village was extremely comfortable. We were housed in large dormitories—the American term for the large bedroom blocks. Each block contained about 120 rooms, divided into three floors, with forty rooms to a floor and four in a room. The women were all in one block, guarded night and day, and no one, male or female, who did not sleep in the block was allowed in. There were excellent washing and ironing facilities and accommodation for the drying of clothes, and I was impressed by the services we had; a clean towel every day and clean sheets every other day and numerous presents, ranging from soap and tooth brushes to fountain pens, etc., all with the Olympic sign on them.

The dining hall, which could house twelve hundred at a time, was

used for evening entertainments as well as for meals. It was a self-service system and I have never seen such a wonderful choice of foods; in fact all of us found that our eyes were frequently much larger than our tummies, and we could not finish the amount of food we had collected.

Throughout the games there was a free entertainment every evening lasting for an hour, and these were all given by excellent artists, who gave their services free. We started off with Danny Kaye, who really was superb and even had the Russians laughing. At each of these evening sessions a competitor's name was picked out and this competitor was allowed to ring up his home free of charge. Frequently one would find that the telephone call was going to the other side of the world, when the time was five o'clock in the morning, and a rather sleepy relation would answer the phone. These evening entertainments were thoroughly enjoyed by all the competitors and certainly took their minds off the more serious work of the Games. There was one other building in the Village, which housed the recreation centre; this was open from two until ten every day and here free ice cream sodas and hamburgers were given. Also there was a cinema performance three times a day, with a changing film daily.

Most teams had arrived two weeks before the start of the Games, and by the time the day of the Opening Ceremony arrived we all felt we were pleased to see the Games starting. Having had ten days of glorious weather it was most disappointing to awake to snow on February 18th the opening day. We felt very sorry for all the spectators and choirs, who came to sing the Olympic Hymn from as far as Hollywood, dressed in rather inadequate clothes. We all eyed the other teams to see what clothes they would wear for the opening ceremony, and for once we, the British team, felt quite confident we could hold our own with every one. Our white "Macmillan" hats and brown coats, royal blue vorlagers and brown Morland boots were quite as smart as any team's. As we were waiting to enter the arena we all got extremely damp, as it was snowing as hard as it could. But a miracle happened as the first team entered the arena, the clouds parted and the sun came out, remaining till we had all marched out of the arena, when down came the snow again. We were so pleased that it had cleared so that we could watch our great friend and ski-ing personality Andy Mead-Lawrence carry the Torch down Papoose mountain, escorted by her eight patrol skiers. This she did in style, finishing with a wonderful *schuss* on to the arena. Here the flame was taken by the champion speed skater of America, who skated round the arena and then proceeded to light the Olympic Flame. This was the signal for the doves to be released and I felt very sorry for them going up into the cold atmosphere, but learnt later that they mostly all reached home safely. Carol Heiss, world champion figure skater, recited the Olympic Oath for all competitors with great reverence and indeed the whole ceremony was extremely impressive. Vice-President Nixon insisted on meeting as many athletes as he could and was practically mobbed in the recreation room after the opening.

Owing to the snow-fall on the opening day the Men's Downhill



was postponed three days; therefore the first alpine event was the Ladies' Downhill. I was on the jury for this and had been on the course every day for the last week, watching the girls training and seeing that the course held up and was in first-class condition.

I must here stop for a moment and praise the wonderful course preparation that the Americans did in Squaw Valley. Nothing was too much trouble. The courses were first broken down by snow cats, then the Army would stamp down them, followed by ski patrols stamping on ski. If any small section of ice appeared or a course became rutty the whole course was re-stamped that night. The whole atmosphere of the workers on the course was so friendly, I got to know all the ski patrol men very well who worked on the Ladies' Downhill, and used to be greeted every morning with "Hi, Helen! How are you to-day?" If you told them that the course was in fine shape they would be absolutely delighted.

The whole discipline of races in America is very good. The start of all the races was excellent, as at the starting gate there were only the officials concerned with the start, plus the competitor actually running and the next competitor afterwards; all the rest were kept well away, so there was complete silence, which helped to make sure of complete accuracy.

The Ladies' Downhill was a short but excellent technique course. In the compulsory practice run which happened three days before the race not a single competitor fell, but on the day of the race fifteen fell at the famous aeroplane turn near the finish. This turn decided the race. There were two distinct lines of approach to it, and it was very interesting to see by the results which teams had thought they could hold the straighter and faster line and the teams that did a slight check before the turn, *i.e.*, the Germans who won, and the Swiss and the Americans who took the faster line but three in each of the teams fell. I was not in the least surprised to find Heidi Bieble of Germany the Olympic Gold Medallist, as in training she had been going superbly. Penny Pitou of America came 2nd. She had had a very rocky passage at the aeroplane turn but managed to hold it. Traudl Hecher of Austria was 3rd, and as she sprained her ankle the night before, by slipping up on the slippery entrance to the women's dormitory, this was a very remarkable performance. Our own girls skied well and I received many compliments on their style and ski-ing ability.

The Ladies' Giant Slalom, which was held two days later on Papoose, was to my mind far too much of a Slalom and not fluid enough for a Giant Slalom. Unfortunately our girls here all had very bad starting numbers and this did not help them, but Jo Gibbs upheld the British and did a very good time. Penny Pitou was again just pipped for the Gold Medal by Yvonne Ruegg of Switzerland, with G. Minuzzo-Chenal of Italy a tenth of a second behind in third place. I again was on the jury of the Giant Slalom and was the jury member at the start, so did not see very much of the race. It was unfortunate that in this race the only accident in the Ladies' races happened, as one of the American girls hit a pole and broke her collar bone. We were all very sorry for this.

The final alpine event was the Ladies' Slalom. Again the course was superbly prepared. The two Slaloms were set by Kjell Borg Anderson of Norway and Friedl Pfeiffer of Austria. Owing to the heat of the sun the Slalom had to start at 9 a.m., therefore they were set the day before and the girls were made to inspect them the evening before. This was a bad thing, as I have never seen so many top class girls so very nervous, and I think this was due to them having the whole night to think about the Slaloms and how they should run them. A magnificent victory was produced by Anne Heggtveit of Canada, who in the first run was two seconds in front of anybody, and ended by being the winner in both runs by three seconds. This is quite unheard of in such high-class competition and it really was a wonderful and popular victory. Betsy Snite of America was 2nd and her second run was very good, being the fastest for that run. Our girls had all done good first runs. On the second run Wendy caught a tip on the fourth-to-last gate and slipped down the hill. She was in good company; Marinna Jahn of Austria (who is about the most outstanding new skier in Austria) had also tripped up. Jo and Sue's second runs were also not as good as their first. The second Slalom, which looked easy, proved to be the downfall of many of the girls. Here Penny lost her chance of the three combination by falling between two pairs of flags; therefore the Combined World Champion proved to be Anne Heggtveit, a much deserved win.

The actual snow at Squaw was quite different from anything we know in Europe. Firstly, the depth was terrific and we were never ski-ing on less than about eight feet of snow. There was very little ice, but never European spring snow conditions in spite of the sun.

When the time came for the closing ceremony I know that many of us had quite a lump in our throats and were very sorry to be saying good-bye to Squaw, where we had had a very happy three weeks. The whole time had been made extremely agreeable by our American hosts and we had all become very friendly with all the competitors, not only skiers but skaters and langlaufers of all nationalities, and we all felt one happy family. At Squaw Valley I feel we really did have the true Olympic spirit and it was quite the happiest big meeting I have ever attended. There were no major rows and few minor rows during the whole meeting. I would like to say how very smart our girls looked on the snow, and really our ski-ing uniform as well as our parade uniform was as smart as anybody's. In fact we and the German team had the same colour scheme, which was a little awkward as quite frequently one mistook who was coming down the hill. We are indeed very grateful to the manufacturers who gave us these nice clothes and also to our kind friends and skiers who got us to Squaw Valley.

## SUN VALLEY

BY HELEN TOMKINSON

AFTER the Games we were invited, as many as could go, to Sun Valley in Idaho for the Harriman Cup. Sue and Wendy of the girls came, plus myself and Robert Readhead for the first three days.

We left Squaw Valley the day after the closing of the Games at 8.30 a.m. in a Greyhound bus. The other teams in our bus were Spaniards, Chileans, some Canadians, Austrians, and Betsy Snite. We were all very thrilled because we were to drive 600 miles through the Nevado Desert and we were told we would reach our destination that night. These Greyhound buses are extremely comfortable and stopping places for lunch and dinner had been arranged.

I must say that this was one of the greatest experiences of the whole trip, as one here realised the vastness of America and the skiing potentialities this country has. There were vast tracks of mountain ranges that no skier has probably ever penetrated. One also realised the height that one was working at, as we never dropped below five thousand feet during our whole journey between Squaw and Sun Valleys. The toughness of the first pioneers who crossed America from the East to the West must have been incredible. The vastness of this Nevado Desert is quite unbelievable; when one thinks of all the hazards they had to endure, it is fantastic they ever reached the West Coast. To this day all the cowboys are really dressed in their well-known costumes, and the towns or villages, which are spaced hundreds of miles apart, are all nothing better than wooden shacks.

Sun Valley is one of the original ski-ing centres of America. The ski-ing there is superb, with an excellent arrangement of lifts, which ensure that there is very little waiting. The snow is quite different from anything we know in Europe and never becomes icy; it is desert conditions and does not melt. I think I had some of the best four days' ski-ing I have had for many years, at an average of 12,000 feet a day. The Americans greeted all the teams and gave them the best hospitality they could.

The good weather did not hold here and on the day of the Slalom heavy snow was falling. This made it very difficult to get the Slalom properly stamped and the result was that the men could only run the course once. The girls, who had a shorter course, were able to run it twice, but the holes and ruts were extremely bad. This caused many disqualifications. The Downhill course was fast and again, owing to the weather conditions, was difficult to prepare, and I was extremely thankful to see our girls descend safely. Both Wendy and Sue skied well in the Downhill and produced good times. It was interesting to see that the Frenchmen again won the Downhill, therefore making two victories for them, and one began to wonder if their new ski really are better.

The Sun Valley Ski Club gave us an excellent banquet in the evening and we were most grateful for their hospitality and kindness in bringing us to this lovely valley.

## THE LADIES' RACING WEEK

BY ELIZABETH FULTON

THE Ladies' Racing Week was held at Davos from January 21st to 24th, 1960.

Although we did not realise it at the time, we were comparatively lucky with the weather conditions. January 20th, and 21st (the day of the Downhill), were admittedly snowing and blowing, which was a pity, as the gondelbahn on the Strela was forced to stop during the time when it had been arranged for the competitors to train on the course. Sue Holmes unfortunately hurt her shoulder while practising and had to withdraw from all the races. The race itself was run in bad visibility and after about 8 inches of new snow had fallen and, considering all things, the times recorded were good. The course was from the Strelagratt to Shatzalp, and Jo Gibbs was the winner in 2' 57.4"; Tania Heald was 2nd in 2' 58.6" and Wendy Farrington 3rd in 3' 4.4".

Friday, 22nd, was exceptionally warm and looked like being wet in the morning. It was, in fact, the first day of the *foehn*, which persisted relentlessly in varying degrees for most of the season. We were lucky, though, and the sun came out in the afternoon and the Slalom, which was on the Bolgen slopes, was in good condition. Again Jo Gibbs was the winner, making her winner of the Combined and a very worthy British Ladies' Champion for 1960. Wendy also had two good runs which brought her up to 2nd place in the Combined just beating Tania by 3.47 points. Moira Scott, who had improved, out of all recognition since last season, was 3rd in the Slalom, and Mrs. Rosemary Fuchs, who, I understand, had not raced for ten years, took the whole thing in a gay, light-hearted fashion and had two excellent runs, on metal ski, to give her 4th place. Whilst having the greatest respect for those who train so hard to become top class British racers, it is also equally inspiring to see a "holiday" skier enter and do so well.

The Lady Mabel Lunn Slalom was run on the Lower Standard and, in spite of a mid-morning start, the sun came out in all its brilliance and the course was pretty soft. A good deal of patching and stamping had to be done in between whiles by gate-keepers, but Marian Navarro of Spain managed to do two extremely good runs down the 52-gate course, giving her 1st place, with Anna Asheshov 2nd and Wendy Farrington 3rd.

The Duchess of Kent Giant Slalom was run on the Brämabuel down to Ischalp. There were 40 gates and the course was in good condition with excellent visibility. The total entry of 26 included two Spanish girls, four Germans, two Swiss, two French and two Dutch, and the rest were British. Marian Navarro won by 2" from Wendy Farrington, and Tania was 3rd 2.4" later. The winner of the Ladies' Ski Club Trophy, awarded to the winner on Combined results of the Lady Mabel Lunn and the Duchess of Kent, was Marian, who was

undoubtedly ski-ing very well and, by all accounts, had very much improved during the season.

There were various cocktail parties during the week. The first was given by Prince Alexander Romanof at the Belvedere. This was a fairly small party, for the British competitors, officials, helpers both British and Swiss were invited and most of them seemed to come along and enjoyed themselves.

The prizes were given away at the Fluela Hotel and there was tea for all before we said good-bye to most of the competitors who had to leave that evening.

The problem of running an event like the Racing Week is too big to discuss here and obviously difficulties in different resorts vary considerably. I do wonder, though, if in this age where ski racing, no matter whether we like it or not, seems to have joined most other sports by becoming so specialised, it would not be a good thing to try to set up some sort of organisation that would go round to a resort well before a major race meeting to do all the arranging of accommodation, courses, tickets, helpers, etc. A Committee of this sort, working in conjunction with local Reps., would soon get to know all the snags and I feel would probably manage to run more efficient racing events than Reps. who have no racing experience and extremely little time from their ordinary Repping activities. Whilst not altogether agreeing with the attitude of some competitors, one feels that if the organisation is lacking there is an element of excuse for their questionable manners, and perhaps specialised sport should mean rather more specialised organisation.

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## THE 25th ARLBERG-KANDAHAR

BY ANNA ASHESHOV

THE AK has always had a reputation for being one of the gayest and most enjoyable races of the year; I certainly found it so. The race was held much later this year (in April), so that as many of the "Olympic Stars" as possible could get back from America, and enter. Three British girls, Tania Heald, Cynthia Petre and Anna Asheshov, who had been racing in Europe during the winter, were joined by Sue Holmes, who had come back from Squaw Valley, making four British girls entered for the race. There was one British entry for the men, Charlie Palmer-Tomkinson. We were very fortunate to have the British trainer, Karl Lammer, who had just returned from America, having trained the British Olympic team at Squaw Valley.

When we arrived, we were enveloped by a thick white fog, and were most depressed to learn that it had already persisted for a week with very strong winds, hardly April weather! However, true to form for the AK, the weather cleared up just in time for the races although we did have a few anxious moments before the Ladies' Downhill, held on April 1st.

We waited in the restaurant at the top, straining our eyes to see the start. The clouds were very dense, lifting only occasionally. Then we were told that the race had been postponed for half an hour. A bit later a racer came in to announce that it had been cancelled! We soon discovered that there was an April Fools' Day in other countries as well!

Since there had been a fairly heavy fall of snow two days before the race, the course was not very icy, although it was hard, as a great deal of the course was in woods and the sun had not yet penetrated through. The last turn before the final *schuss* was most difficult; this seemed the favourite place for people to fall. The Austrian girls had an overall win, and deserved the applause given them at the prize-giving on the last evening.

The whole race meeting was organised in a most expert fashion by the Sestriere Ski Club. On arrival we were very pleased to meet Sir Arnold Lunn, who kindly entertained us during the week, and told us about many past AK's, and Miss P. Hussey, who made the arrangements during the whole week go so smoothly for us. To them, and to the Ladies' Ski Club and Kandahar Club, who financed the week for us most generously, we are very grateful.

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## LADIES' SKI CLUB SALVER

Wengen

BY MRS. HEPWORTH

THE salver was presented this year by the Downhill Only Club as a challenge trophy for the Ladies' Ski Club Spoon. It was won by Cynthia Petre. The thirteen girls under nineteen years of age who made up the entry were all training in Wengen, and this was their first race of the season. The standard of the winner, and of the runner-up, Tania Heald, was far above the others, but not so far as to make the race uninteresting. All the other racers had the satisfaction of finishing the race well, and all but one finished within half a minute of the winner's time. Cynthia herself had the satisfaction of finishing a close second to Vreni Fuchs of Wengen, the well-known Swiss girl racer, and within 8% of Richard Salm, who won the *Sunday Times* Junior Cup for boys under nineteen years of age over the same course. There had been a foot of new snow in the night, and the course, which had been set by Werner Staeger through D.H.O. Gap, had to be re-stamped by everybody, and more controls put in. The finish was lifted from Mary's to Sawmills, making the race rather short, and dependent to a certain extent on weight and wax. Also visibility was uneven, light mist rising from the valley towards the end of the race. The start was less steep than the normal Bumps start, and those using every device to get themselves into top speed also found themselves in the top place

in the results. Patricia Murphy and Frances Strong lost no time, nor did eleven-year-old Elizabeth Salm, who did well to beat the Scottish junior champion, Helen Jamieson. A general group draw, according to standard, was used instead of sending the girls first. Certainly the standard of the boys, who are usually restricted to rigid school holidays, is relatively lower than that of the girls, who tend to get a rosy idea of their achievements when they are sent off first, especially on a course which deteriorates rapidly with wear after new snow. Personally, I thought the idea was a good one, and I should like to see it used more often. Another innovation was the use of Omega timekeeping, which was under the direction of M. Tissot, helped by Herr Gerber of the Wengen Kurverein; M. Tissot clocked seventy-two racers in sixty-five minutes. Brigadier Raeburn was the referee and calculator, Colonel Borradaile being chief of the race. Results:—

1, C. Petre, 2' 11.9"; 2, T. Heald, 2' 13"; 3, P. Murphy, 2' 24.1"; 4, F. Strong, 2' 28.9"; 5, T. Dredge, 2' 30.3"; 6, L. Mackay, 2' 32.7"; 7, D. Galica, 2' 35.7"; 8, P. Walker, 2' 37.2"; 9, E. Salm, 2' 39.9"; 10, H. Jamieson, 2' 40.5"; 11, D. Hilton-Jones, 2' 43.2"; 12, B. Newall, 2' 44.4"; 13, A. Collins, 3' 3.5".

## THE CANADIAN SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS

Ottawa, March 12th and 13th, 1960

BY SUE HOLMES

WHEN I arrived on March 8th, Ottawa was still ice-bound and, even though it was now the beginning of March, no hint or breath of spring had penetrated so far north. The Canadian Championships were held at Camp Fortune, some 15 miles out of town, in the hills. The mountains cannot really compare with Alpine territory; and one could not stage a downhill, as all the runs were too short and on the whole too flat. So there was to be a Slalom and a Giant Slalom. Having arrived on Tuesday night—from Chicago and Salt Lake City—most of Wednesday and Thursday were spent looking around Ottawa. On Thursday, Anne Heggveit, a native of Ottawa, was expected back from the Olympic Games; and because she had won three Gold Medals, one Olympic Gold for the Slalom and two F.I.S. medals for the Slalom and the Combined World Championships, she was given a terrific civic welcome. Almost the whole town seemed to have turned out. The whole of the route from the airport into and through the main streets of Ottawa was lined with people. I had the honour, as a member of the British Olympic Team, to be invited also to ride in the "Cavalcade of Cars," in which Anne Heggveit rode on a decorated float. Up Bank Street, ticker tape flowed from every window, and I am sure it could not have been done better on Fifth Avenue in New York.

As I had come to Ottawa by plane, I had found that with my ski and ski clothes I would have been heavily over weight. So, to save money, I had my kit sent on by air freight, which I was assured would

only take a day longer. However, by Thursday night there was still no sign of my ski and ski clothes! I was getting rather worried, for how was I to compete in the Canadian Championships? So I borrowed a rather ropey pair of ski from an instructor at Camp Fortune, when I went up there on Friday to do a reconnaissance. Luckily I had not parted with my boots. But the bindings of the borrowed ski had to be adjusted, and I spent the best part of Friday morning filing the edges. I had a couple of runs on the slopes where the races were to take place, dressed in a flimsy pair of slacks, my Olympic overcoat and a pair of thin leather gloves. It was extremely cold and windy, and I soon had to give up—absolutely frozen. The rest of the day was spent telephoning the airport, the Customs and other airline offices. Still no sign of my kit! On Saturday morning at 6 a.m. I received a call to say that my things had at last arrived. So a frantic dash out to the airport, dressing in the car on the way up to Camp Fortune!

The Slalom was scheduled for 11 a.m.—so there was time to inspect the course and wax my ski. The weather was much milder—a pale sun was coming—and the snow was excellent, hardly any ice at all for once. The hill was quite steep and the courses were set—over varied terrain—by Ernie McCallum, a well-known Canadian instructor from Quebec. The courses were extremely tricky, with many a catch and rather unorthodox gate combinations. I was very lucky to have start number three, which gave me an excellent course and which was quite a change from the numbers in the thirties and even sixties which I had had earlier on in the season. There was quite an impressive entry for men, but there were only ten ladies. Unfortunately Anne Heggveit was not competing and neither were the other members of the Canadian Olympic Team. Numbers one and two negotiated the course fairly well, but one could not really get an idea of how they had fared, as only the first six gates were visible from the start. I got hooked up slightly once or twice, but got down without a fall or fault. My time was some 6.6" faster than that of my nearest rival. However, my time of 82.5" seemed rather long, until I could compare it with that of the men (best time 73.1"), some of whom had been in the Olympic Team. The second run was to take place after lunch, which we got at the top of the hill in a small cabin. My second run also went well—and this time my lead on the next girl was even 9". Quite a few of the girls, and a lot of men, were disqualified; the second course was really difficult in places and in addition it became badly rutted for the men. My time of 90.3" did not compare too badly with that of Arnold Midgely (80.8"), the winner of the Men's Slalom. The timekeeping was done by direct telephone and was very efficient.

The following day, Sunday, we had the Giant Slalom. This was also done in two runs, as the course was too short. This time the courses were set by Pepi Salvenmoser, the Canadian Girls' Olympic coach, and they were excellent. He had made good use of the terrain and the courses were fluent and rhythmic. I again had a good start number—this time number two. The weather was again fine and sunny, the snow was hard-packed *piste*, without ice. As it was Sunday, quite a lot of people had come up to watch, especially as the Governor

of Canada was also coming to watch. I had two reasonably good runs, with only one minor mishap *en route*, and turned in the fastest time for both runs. However, this time the other girls were hot on my trail. I had only a lead of eight-tenths of a second in one run and  $\frac{3}{4}$ " in the second. There was, of course, a bit of jealousy on the part of the other girls—I, an outsider, had won both races clearly; but this feeling subsided when it was announced—much to my own regret—that I was not eligible for the title, as only a Canadian citizen could win the Canadian Championships. The prize-giving—followed by a free tea for all competitors—was held in one of the Ski Club chalets at Camp Fortune. There was quite an audience, news-reel cameras, photographers, as the Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Vanier, was giving away the prizes. Mr. Vanier was most charming and spoke a few suitable words before handing over the cups, trophies and prizes. Though I did not get the cup, I was presented with a pretty electric alarm clock and a padded anorak. Anne Heggtveit was also present, and she assisted in the prize-giving. Lois Leboutillier won the title and got the lovely rose bowl. A junior, and thus not eligible for the title either, Vicki Rutledge, aged 15, would have been second to me.

Everybody was very nice to me and the Canadian Ski Championships meeting had a friendly atmosphere. They were organised on lines similar to those of our own championships; all competitors had to pay their own way, and the entrance fee of \$2 went towards the cost of organisation. With happy memories of ski-ing in Canada, I left for New York the next day—homeward-bound on the *Queen Elizabeth*.

## THE SKI NATATION

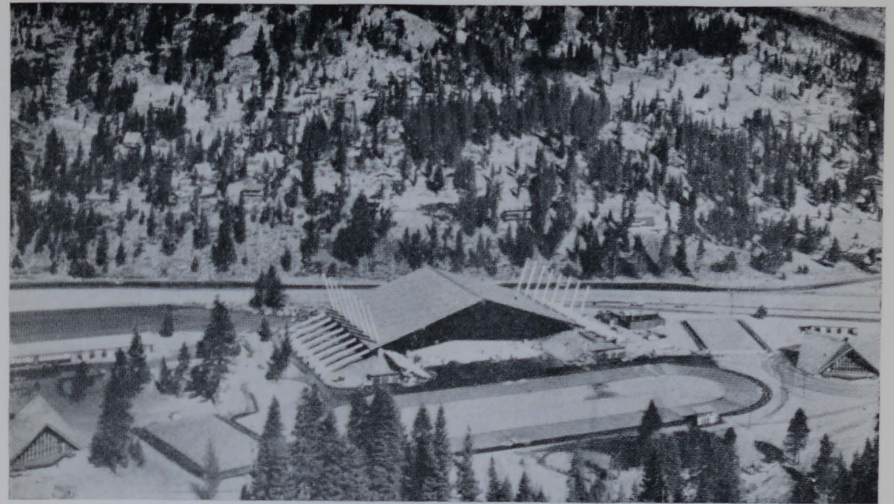
BY WENDY FARRINGTON

THE Ski Natation, an international competition that takes place on the French Riviera early each summer, was run off on June 5th and 6th. This year the team consisted of Alan Crompton (manager), John Oakes, Geoffrey Pitchford, Wendy Farrington and Josephine Gibbs.

This rather original race combines, in the space of hours, the best of both worlds, cold snowy mountains and the warm Mediterranean summer.

The event attracts skiers of wider reputation every year; in 1936 the then world champion Rominger and many other famous skiers from many different countries competed. In 1950 the meeting attained such importance that the organisation was taken over by the City of Nice and its status raised to that of an international competition recognised by the FIS.

June 5th this year dawned sunny and warm in Auron, as teams from France, Austria, Switzerland, Great Britain and Germany put on their stiff ski boots again, some of them having not skied for several weeks.



OLYMPIC ARENA AND THE SPEED SKATING OVAL



THE WOMEN'S OLYMPIC TEAM



AURON



SUE HOLMES AND ANNE HEGGTVEIT



SESTRIERE — ANNA ASHESHOV



COOKING IN THE TRAINING CHALET AT WENGEN  
Shelagh Murphy and Anthony Willoughby



COMPETITORS IN THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIPS



MEMBERS OF THE TOURING LEADERS' COURSE AT ENGLIGENALP

On the snow-fields near the top cable car station, two slaloms, one of 48 gates and the other a few more, stood invitingly. Between the gates, blue snow cement was put down to keep the *piste* in good condition for the many racers, both men and women, as the sun was extremely warm. It was anybody's guess who would win the slalom as competition was so hot. The start list included three gold medallists at the recent Olympics, backed by strong teams.

Arlette Grosso, ski-ing really well, took the women's event (this is getting quite a habit as she has won it several years running). Many people were disqualified, as the slaloms were quite difficult for the time of year. When the men attacked the second run, a very tricky slalom set by Hoffman, the spectators were holding their thumbs for Vuarnet, who had done well in the first run, and Gacon, who had best time. Gacon started off fast and nobody thought he would make it; a hush went over the crowd as he got faster and faster near the bottom; we were all braced for the crash, but no, Gacon went through the finish with a flourish and the spare man for the Olympics had his revenge.

The swimming that afternoon found Gacon in lesser control of the elements, although he refrained from wearing a rubber ring (a sight not uncommon during this race). Arlette Grosso admits her swimming is little better than her team mate's but she plodded along to finish the 150-metre course. Some of the skiers swim well, however, and the men's event was exciting; excellent swimmers, Panisset and Kniepeiss came up to the finish neck to neck, only to find they had been beaten by De Lignerelles from Grass, though this did not stop Panisset collecting his eighth Ski Natation cup.

The women's swimming was not so exciting. Competing in two heats, the race hung between the Austrian Gaber, who won the second heat with many seconds advance, and Farrington, who did the same in the first heat. Despite a hectic start, the swimming cup went to Farrington, with Gaber winning the Combined Ski Natation.

All competitors who had successfully completed the courses in Auron and Nice met next day in Juan les Pins for the third leg of the *Combine Neige et Mer*; this trophy, instituted only in 1950, is much more recent than the Ski Natation. The event consists of a slalom, such as in many water ski-ing contests, and the points are added to the results of the Ski Natation. It was soon clear that not many were very proficient, as only Grosso with 19 buoys and Gnehm with 13 got past the first 2 buoys. Grosso, having won two events out of three, naturally received the cup, with Gnehm 2nd, Gaber 3rd, Farrington 4th, Bieble 5th, each nation thus having a representative in the first five.

The men were much more expert and some good water ski-ing was seen. Pottier from Antibes completed the course of 35 buoys, with Staub 2nd (28 buoys) and Panisset 3rd with 18. This enabled Panisset to retain the cup.

The weather was lovely throughout and everybody tried to get the deepest tan with as little pain as possible! Anyway, it gave us all a terrific holiday, and all very much hope there will be a repeat performance next year.

## WENGEN

BY MRS. HEPWORTH

MORE girls are prepared to take up racing, now that release bindings and methods of teaching have improved, but they often find it difficult to make a start. Those who are educated in Swiss schools are usually very well grounded in technique and they get at least one race a year against other schools. Chatelard at Les Avants is such a school, and girls from there have done very well in British racing. Finishing schools in the Alps also give good grounding, and there have been instances of girls starting ski-ing as old as seventeen and doing well in racing. They should decide to spend another winter on the snow solely devoted to consolidating their technique before taking up serious training for racing. The best way of all, but not an easy way, and only suitable for those dedicated few who know before they start where they want to end, is to go to some little-known resort for the whole season, and to join the village ski club with the local boys and girls, while learning German as a paying guest with a family. Conditions are likely to be of the simplest and a great deal of tact is necessary on both sides, but the results are rewarding.

For the average girl who has spent at least six weeks of her holidays in the Alps at one time or another, and who decides she would like to try racing, the first essential is to enter for a timed test with the Ski Club of Great Britain. The Second Class Timed Test is required before a trainee can be accepted for training by any affiliated racing club, which she can join for training, while living with her family in the centre of their choice. The younger she is the better, provided that she is willing to work at technique, and particularly slalom. To reach this standard the Downhill Only Club in Wengen runs a Coggins Group (under thirteen) with its own representative and organised ski-ing activities. As they reach the standard required they can go straight on into the racing classes in either the Christmas or Easter Training Scheme.

The D.H.O. can also help the older girls to make a successful start as they organise a special training for seniors up to British Ladies' Training standard, in conjunction with the Ski Club of Great Britain. Once a racer has been accepted, and provided she is willing to put in some really hard training, the D.H.O. will look after her well. Instruction is given with first-class Swiss racing trainers, morning and afternoon. Everything possible is done to minimise the expense of such training by providing reasonable chalet accommodation where the trainees can look after themselves under proper supervision from the Club. This chalet life can be fun, and the work is simple if everyone is willing to help. Other concessions are also obtainable; ski-lift tickets are free while training, and Wengen ski shops give trainees a reduction on their equipment, for instance. The season ticket on the Wengenalpbahn for eight, fifteen or thirty days is very good value, and a Swiss holiday ticket can be used when racing away from home.

There are races of all sorts and for all standards, designed to give practical experience and to remind everyone that training is a means

to an end and not an end in itself. Special coaching is given on the race course before the more important races, with instruction in waxing.

Equipment for racing can be very expensive if you want to do really well, but for the first season there is no need to have any new equipment, provided what you have is serviceable, and remembering that ski, and boots, are to a racer what a horse is to its rider. Messrs. Lillywhites of Piccadilly Circus stock their equipment in time for everything to be prepared at the end of the summer holidays, enabling racers to get out the moment school or college breaks up at Christmas.

During the last few years the D.H.O. has succeeded in providing some of the winners and nearly half the entry for British races and D.H.O. teams have competed in local Swiss races within easy and not-so-easy reach of Wengen. We are proud to have made this contribution to British racing.

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## TOURING LEADERS' COURSE AT ENGLIGENALP

BY ELIZABETH GREENACRE AND PETRONELLA ELLIOTT

FOR many people a sport which calls for skill, but which carries no element of risk, has no zest: for them, indeed, it sinks to the level of a parlour game. All those sports that lead one into danger in one form or another—like mountaineering, flying and gliding, motor racing and rallies—effect a form of hypnosis over their followers that is never entirely broken.

The sport of ski-ing, in its many forms, holds the same kind of undying fascination for those who look to the snow and the mountains for their recreation. This is perhaps the reason which drew twenty of us to meet at Adelboden for this course.

Our leader, Ken Smith, held court in the bar of the Hotel Baren whilst this somewhat assorted party collected. The girls, not to let their sex down, had taken great pains to remain essentially feminine. All had indulged in the latest style of coiffeur, the brightest of nail varnishes, and wore the smartest outfits of their ski wardrobes; our tightest elastic ski-pants were rivalled only by Maria Goldberger's rev-robeful of Dior creations. In contrast, our male companions appeared smothered in ropes, crampons, ice-axes, and all forms of ironmongery, looking for all the world as if they were straight off to the Himalayas. Gathered together, the party, with its mountains of rucksacks, ski and various equipment, moved off by jeep for the Engstligenalp cable-car. This is a four-seater gondel, carrying one up a formidable rock face to the plateau of Engstligenalp, on which the mountain hotel is situated. It was interesting to learn that in winter the only means of descent is a return journey in the cable-car, there being no means of ski-ing or walking down the face. Even in the



summer there is a regular loss of cattle on the precipitous path which winds up through the rocks! Arriving at the hotel we were made very welcome by Frau Oescher and the family, and we met for the first time our guides on the course, Herr Glattard and Herr Gottard, henceforth to be known as Glatti and Gotti. Herr Glattard is, as many people know, one of the best-known guides in the Alps, and is himself the head examiner for Swiss Bergfuhrers; Gotti was his very able and excellent assistant, chosen from among the guides of the Adalboden Ski School.

The next morning we started the regular routine of rising at 7, breakfasting at 7.30, and being on parade in front of the hut at 8.30. An inspection of equipment, such as bindings, sticks, skins and rucksacks, was held, and judging by Glatti's remarks it appeared that most of us were better equipped for a third-class day tour alongside the *piste*, than for ten days in the High Alps! The inspection was followed by a few well-chosen words, first from Glatti, on discipline, obedience and punctuality, and then from Ken, on the fact that the course should be enjoyed and that none of the programme was compulsory. With these words in mind we set off for our first climb, which was to the ridge to the east of the hut called Artelengrat. At the top we had a wonderful view of the country we grew to know so well. The snow-fields of Engstligenalp, forming the plateau beneath us, about two kilometres by three in area, were surrounded by the peaks of the Tierhorn, the Steghorn, the Lammerhorn, and to the south the dominating mass of the Wildstrubel. We were put through an agonising ski test and that afternoon were divided into groups of three, in which we remained and worked throughout the course.

The following day we had our first experience of finding our own route. Setting off in bright sunshine we climbed to a point called the Dossen and from there we continued to the Engstligengrat. The weather grew rapidly worse and by the time we finished the climb a very strong, cold wind was blowing. Everyone enjoyed the run back *via* the slopes of the Tschingelochthorn on what was, in fact, our only powder snow.

On Wednesday the weather was awful and the wind howled round the hut, forcing us to remain indoors. However, no time was wasted and the morning was spent in the assembly of emergency rescue sledges, the afternoon in compass and map reading.

Thursday, mercifully, the weather changed for the better and we had a very enjoyable climb to the Ammertenspitze (2,613 m.). The last steep slopes had to be climbed without ski and on reaching the top we found it too cold to linger long. The route back led over a variety of slopes which had everything from breakable crust to avalanche danger. After a late lunch we were back in the lecture room, pencils and books in hand, for a talk on the correct way to bivouac.

The following day we set off again in good weather for the summit of the Tierhörnli. This proved one of the steepest and most varied climbs in the programme. It involved carrying our ski and kicking our way up potential avalanche slopes as well as the cutting of climbing

tracks across exposed slopes with an avalanche shovel. The climb finished with a scramble up the summit rocks and those who could show their Alpine Club cards were allowed to follow Glatti up an interesting chimney.

Saturday found us back in our classroom on the snow for a lecture on avalanche craft, which took place at the top of Artelengrat. "Elevenes" were provided by Ian Drew who, as on so many occasions, kept us going with a splendid concoction of Nescafé and brandy cooked on his portable stove. From the top of the ridge we were shown a method of overcoming the difficulties of descending a steep slope on ski with the use of a rope and belay. This was followed by the unexpected from above in the form of an avalanche started by Glatti, who wanted to see how well we had learnt our lessons in avalanche drill. Some of us failed dismally to put theory into practice and were carried down the gully with the avalanche. After lunch we returned to the Dossen, where emergency sledges were again built and several objecting corpses were brought back to the hut on them.

Sunday, the 13th, scheduled as a day of rest, turned out to be one long chapter of disaster. During an indescribable roped climb everything went wrong. Skins broke, Head ski split and rucksacks had their contents scattered over the snow. Several parties took the wrong line and ended up climbing a very steep, narrow gully of sheet ice, whilst another was spotted miles off in the distance storming the heights of Tschingelochthorn. After a confused lunch a somewhat exhausted party made its way back to the slopes of the previous day's avalanche. Here we searched endlessly for imaginary bodies.

The second week started with what was obviously a rehearsal for the climax of the course, the climbing of the Wildstrubel. With temperatures far below freezing we practised many techniques in the use of the rope, for both ski-ing and climbing.

#### No Picnic on Mount Wildstrubel

To climb a mountain on a good day is sheer delight, and to climb under most adverse conditions, as was our struggle up the Wildstrubel, makes one appreciate this fact even more.

The advance cutting party, consisting of five of the strongest skiers, set off with Gotti into the teeth of a roaring wind at the unattractive hour of 4 a.m. The rest of us, weaklings by comparison, followed with Glatti half an hour later. It was still pitch dark and very cold. We crossed the flat part of the plateau and were soon at the bottom of the first steep slope. Here we should have got on to the advance party's track, but the gale, having now increased in fury, obliterated all signs of them. Hence, half-way up, after a very icy traverse, we had to take off our ski and kick up the remainder of the slope.

Our way led up a fairly gentle slope leading to the glacier, but the weather conditions were so bad that it became a fight to keep upright against the wind and to keep our eyes open against the frozen-hard snow whipped up from the glacier. These conditions, together with a somewhat unfortunate misunderstanding and general equipment

trouble, caused the party to become split into rather sad little groups of two or three.

On reaching the crevassed area we roped up and followed, for the first time, the track of the advance party. These cut across a very steep traverse underneath a cornice about which one or two of us expressed grave doubts. At the end of the traverse we had to take off our ski on a very small platform (on which there was just room for two at the most without falling off) and continue on foot the last hundred feet or so with the use of a fixed rope. Eventually the last of the party came up and we all assembled at Frühstückplatz. By this time a splendid bivouac had been dug and the relief of sheltering in it seemed far better than the luxury of a five star hotel! From here it was obvious that we could not continue and somewhat to the relief of one and all we headed back for home.

The first hazard was getting down the rope and on to the platform to replace ski. After this lengthy procedure we all got going—as fast as was safely possible—in order to try and warm up our more or less frozen limbs. The run down was not difficult and in places, even despite the continued cold and wind, quite enjoyable.

When we got back, the relief on the faces of our leaders was pretty obvious, and Frau Oescher was heard to comment, "Even the Swiss Army do not go out on such a day!"

The party broke up the following day, and the two guides, accompanied by Petronella Elliott, departed to the strains of a farewell on the Alpenhorn, afterwards discovered to be a funeral march!

As a result of this leaders' course some members of the Ladies' Ski Club decided that they were qualified Leaders of Men, but on rejoining the opposite sex for a few days ski-ing afterwards, were quickly made to reverse their ideas and accept the superiority of the male!

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## SNOW OR WATER SKI-ING?

BY SARA HAYDON

WHEN people hear that I enjoy snow and water ski-ing, sooner or later comes the inevitable question: "Which do you like best?" "Oh, snow ski-ing, of course." But then I realise that water ski-ing does come a very close second, and I have to try and explain to the unenlightened how you can begin to compare it with snow ski-ing.

Although I definitely prefer the latter, water ski-ing is also a challenging and exhilarating sport, and calls for the same rhythm, balance and co-ordination as snow ski-ing.

Most people think of water ski-ing as just "moving along behind a boat." "It's so boring," they say, and I should be the first to agree that there is nothing duller than merely "moving along" on water ski when you have been out once or twice. I never had time to get bored with basic water ski-ing though, because, after two days, I was told that it was time for me to kick off a ski and learn to use only one; and as soon as I was reasonably steady on one, I was patted on the

back and told to get cracking on the slalom course! Having got this far, I began to realise that the water and the boat with its wash present as great a challenge as the snow. The more I practised slalom the more exciting water ski-ing became. My ambition grew. Going through the course properly can feel like executing a series of perfectly linked turns on snow ski. As the "gates" (a water skier turns round buoys rather than poles) are equally spaced, you can imagine the wonderful sensation of rhythm that a faultless run will give.

I soon discovered that even if slalom ever bored me many other fields of water ski-ing remained. The fascination of snow ski-ing lies in the endless variety of terrain encountered. The attraction of water ski-ing, on the other hand, lies in the uses to which you can put the various types of ski—such uses as slalom, jumping, and tricks or figures.

Water ski-ing and snow ski-ing jumping are comparable, as in both the object is to cover the maximum distance. But there is one fundamental difference: snow ski-jumpers land on a steeply inclined slope whereas water skiers land on the flat surface. Even girls, jumping off a 4-ft. 10-in. ramp at 28 m.p.h., find the water very hard on landing. Men have to jump from 6 ft. at 35 m.p.h., and what they land on feels more like concrete than water! Two ski are always used for jumping, but not an ordinary "beginner's" pair: they must be specially strengthened, and are often reinforced with metal plates.

Most people are terrified of jumping, and I am no exception. But as soon as I was able to land fairly consistently, I was told that, in order to add distance, I must go faster. With the boat at a fixed maximum speed, the only way to do this is for the skier to cut across the direction of the boat. It is also necessary to try and get a good jump off the ramp. This is more difficult, as it not only requires split-second timing, but also a good deal of strength. When I do a good jump, I really feel for a moment that I am flying, but can only relax when I know I have landed safely!

Before you have time to get blasé about jumping, you are confronted with a pair of trick ski. In case you do not realise it, you will now be spending more time in the water than on it! These ski are shorter than the other types and have no fins—they can go sideways as well as backwards and forwards. Whether the skier can as well is a different matter, and it takes hours of patient practice and infuriating frustration. Each trick has a point value, and in a competition the skier is given two runs of 20 seconds each in which to gain as many points as he can. The points range from 20 for a two-ski side-slide to 250 for a one-ski somersault—which, incidentally, can be done off the jumping ramp as well.

There are also other "tricks" which are stunts rather than competition ski-ing; bare-foot ski-ing is the most dangerous. A really fast boat is needed—capable of at least 32 m.p.h., even with the drag of two planing soles. Falls at this speed can be very painful, as the "bare-footer" often falls in his own length.

As well as ski-ing with and without ski, ingenious people have devised such weird contraptions as prams and bicycles on ski, not to

mention table-tops, on which they balance stools, chairs and stand on their heads!

If snow skiing enthusiasts are still unconvinced as to the interest and fascination of water skiing, let them remember that it is yet in its infancy, and at the moment it is the easiest sport in which to reach international standard.

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## THE EASTER SKI TRAINING IN WENGEN

BY SHELAGH MURPHY

I ARRIVED in Wengen a day or two before the training started and was greeted by a very green-looking village with no snow below, and complete porridge further up on Eiger Gletscher and the Lauberhorn. It had been raining so solidly for the last few days. If this is Spring Ski-ing, I thought, after struggling to make a turn of some kind knee-deep in wet sog, they can keep it! "To-morrow it will be wonderful snow," Oscar Gertsch said to me, optimistically. He was right!

The first day of the training took place in a snow storm. We spent the whole day stamping a *piste* on Eiger Gletscher to make a hard surface for slaloming and practising on. Up and down and up again. The mist was so thick that we couldn't see the top from the bottom, which was quite lucky, for had we known how far we had had to stamp, I feel that more than one of us would have resigned from the training straight away! As it was we stamped in ignorance and were extremely surprised to see, the following day, how far it had been. We were never more glad to fall into bed than we were that night.

There were only seven of us doing the training and we were very lucky to have two guides—Werner Staeger and Fritz Gertsch. We divided into two groups, which was a great advantage, as there were only three or four in each class.

We really were terribly lucky with the weather and had about eleven out of fourteen beautiful hot sunny days. We all got brown very quickly and by the time we went home were a dark tan.

Most days we did slalom practice for part of the day and downhill for the other part. The training was really intended to improve our slalom technique, as downhill racing at this time of the year is practically impossible.

Not entirely, I may say, for we did actually have a short downhill race on the Lauberhorn. It was much more of a grass-leaping contest than a ski race, but we all managed to finish and David Borradaile did the fastest time. The snow was so sticky by that time of the afternoon that we found it impossible to exercise any racing technique, and one was lucky if one's ski did not come to a halt completely! We also had one or two slalom races, one of which was combined with the downhill.

I had heard so much about this "spring snow" and always longed to ski on it, and at last I fulfilled my wish. We found wonderful spring snow with Fritz and Werner most mornings on Eiger Gletscher and the Lauberhorn shoulder, but by lunch time it had melted too much and further ski-ing was impossible until the following day.

There was great excitement in Wengen one day when the shop at Wengenalp caught fire. All the voluntary firemen from Wengen arrived in the train, which went up at least three times faster than usual! After some time, everyone who was able to, with or without uniform, began to help. The one miserable fire-hose soon exhausted Wengenalp's poor water supply, after which water had to be collected in bucketfuls from melting snow thrown on the roof. This water was pumped by hand! It was useless trying to put out the fire but they did succeed in preventing the Gastube, only about one yard away, from catching fire. All the stock in the shop was saved and after about eight hours the fire extinguished. The evening finished with a grand party in the Wengenalp Hotel. One of the guides was seen to walk into the Eiger bar afterwards in his uniform, looking very pleased with himself, with black smeared all over his face. We were sure it was put on afterwards just for the effect!

In the second week of the training we went on a glacier trip. We left Wengen on the train at 7.30 and went up to the Jungfrau Joch. We skied down the Aletsch Glacier as far as the Concordia Platz, where we put on our skins and climbed up to the Loetchenlücke. This took us about two and a half hours, with a brief stop in the middle. We had a glorious day for it and we decided to make the most of the spring snow before it became too soft, and so after another short rest we skied down as far as possible. We managed to reach the quaint old village of Blatten by about 3.30, where we stopped and had our packed lunches and sampled the local wine, which was very good. Then we took the bus back to Goppenstein, where we caught the train and arrived back in Wengen about seven o'clock. A wonderful day.

To finish the training, yours truly missed the last train down to Lauterbrunnen in time to catch the connection! After a moment's hesitation it was decided that I would have to run, and so, as if I had not already had sufficient training, we, myself and Fritz Gertsch to show me the quickest way down, took to our heels and never stopped until we reached the station in Lauterbrunnen. I managed to catch the connection and only learnt later from the rest of them that there should have been an extra train coming from Scheidegg that I could have got on. I still do not know whether there was or not but I enjoyed my run anyway!

Really, it was a wonderful fortnight, with no crowds, as there are very few skiers at this time of the year, and marvellous weather. I look back on the training with happy memories and many grateful thanks to Ros Hepworth and everyone else who made it possible, and I am sure that I am not the only one.

## BY AND BY:

BY LOTTI WARBURG

So much has been written and said already on the subject of correct clothing for our winter sports holiday; however, I think that a little advice, and a few good hints, can never come amiss. So here are a few ideas for you, if you contemplate buying your winter sports clothes.

On trousers: Buy elasticised ones, and of good quality only. If you can afford it at all, buy two pairs at the same time. This will enable you to have a change every other day, and your trousers will keep their shape much better, especially should the weather be bad. Not even the very best pair of trousers, elasticised or not, can keep its shape if it gets damp or wet, and is worn every day for twelve hours or more at a time. The idea of buying two pairs of trousers at once may seem to be terribly extravagant, but it pays in the long run. They will last much longer, and what is more you will always look neat. I can tell you that a good, neat-fitting pair of trousers can do more for the appearance of a girl than the most elaborate hair-do or make-up. Therefore take care of your trousers. Should they get damp, and you do not possess another pair, take them off immediately after you return to the hotel, and hang them up by their elastics until they are dry. Then fold them neatly and hang them over the back of your chair or put them under the mattress. But do not go to tea-dances, or even keep them on during your evening meals and after, once they get damp or even wet during the day. Such a procedure would immediately cause them to bag. I have seen it again and again, that women wear their trousers (and men too) from the time they get up in the morning until they go to bed at night, ski in them all the day long and do all the things one does after ski-ing, and then see these persons get unhappy, if their trousers begin to bag badly after a few days. Would these persons wear the same clothes, suits, dresses, day after day for a fortnight or longer, from morning until night, and still expect them to look neat and trim? No, they would not . . . and yet these very same persons expect this miracle from their ski-trousers.

Some elasticised materials are better than others, but it pays always to get the better quality ones. They clean better too, and always manage to look like new afterwards. Should your trousers have bagged too much, have them cleaned, try them on again afterwards, and if they are still a bit baggy, take them to a tailor and have them slightly shortened. This usually will do the trick. The cause of the baggy trousers can also be that they have been bought too long in the leg. For a really smart and lasting fit, when buying elasticised trousers, they should fit very tightly indeed from hip to instep. They might feel a little bit uncomfortable to begin with, but this feeling of discomfort usually disappears after one has worn them two or three times. Enough said about trousers for this once.

Now another suggestion for this coming season's winter sports wear: buy yourself an Icelandic patterned pullover. You cannot go

wrong there. They will match any of your ski-trousers. They look smart, neat and efficient. They wear wonderfully well, have gorgeous colour combination, and are extremely useful. With it wear a cotton under-pullover . . . polo-necked. Both these articles you will find in the winter sports shops this year, and they are almost a must.

Also: *never* wear dirty white ear-muffs. If you must wear ear-muffs, wear coloured ones or spotlessly white ones, but never dirty-white ones.

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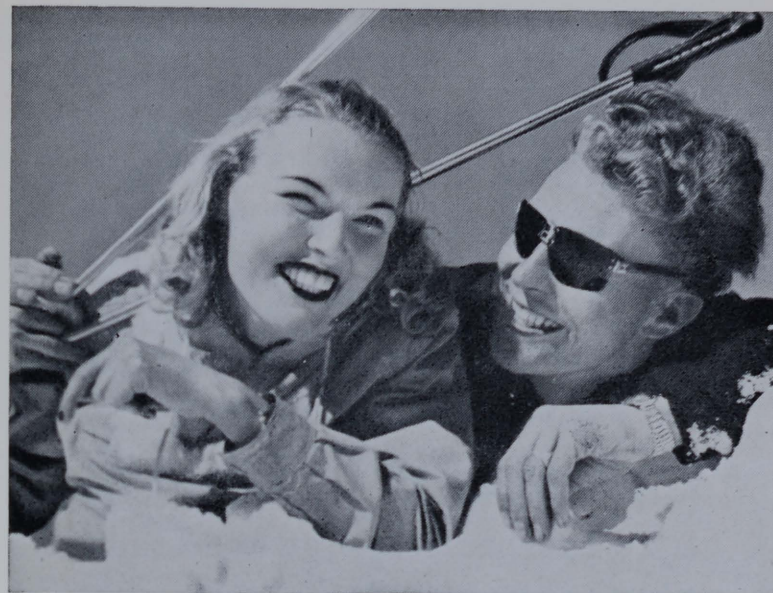
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**NORMAL** (green label) for altitudes up to about 6,000 feet, can be applied as a foundation cream under powder or lipstick without loss of protective powers. **Price 2/10 a tube.**

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"Protecting the face against scorching on the snows was a problem in the days before Glacier Cream."

*The Times.*

From all Chemists  
 or direct (post free) from:—

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 143 New Bond St., London, W1



By Appointment  
 to H.M. The  
 Queen, Chemists



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Pat Titmarsh, auburn-haired Eagle stewardess from Windlesham, Surrey, flies with you on Eagle services in Europe.



You  
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to winter sports in  
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To Innsbruck—gateway to the  
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Eagle's fast, comfortable day service to Innsbruck operates every Saturday\*. Same day connections to many resorts in the Tyrol and Dolomites are available. Direct coach connections available to and from Kitzbuhel and Seefeld. Your winter sports holiday is longer—and happier—when you fly Eagle.

£31.19.0d. 23-Day Return Excursion Fare

Special additional services will operate  
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**EASY-PAYMENTS PLAN** You can fly on any Eagle service for a small down-payment, and spread the remainder over six to twenty-one months.

(All Flights Tourist Class)

\* From December 17th operated by 4-engined, pressurised Eaglemasters.

Full details and reservations from your Travel Agent or

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MANCHESTER: Air Terminus, Royal Exchange Arcade. DEAnsgate 873.

BIRMINGHAM: 115/117 Colmore Row. CENTral 4600

GLASGOW: 62 Buchanan Street, C.1. CITY 3275/6

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## A helpful service for beginners



Ski-wear must be correct in every detail, but it need not be unduly expensive. Our experience and resources enable you to obtain the right outfit at the right price.

Your complete requirements may be selected at leisure from our comprehensive stocks.

The following are really essential:

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|-----------------------------|------------------|
| 1 pair Ski Boots            | 1 Ski Anorak     |
| 2 or 3 pairs of Ski Socks   | 1 pair Ski Mitts |
| 1 pair Vorlage Ski Trousers | 1 Ski cap        |
| 1 pair Snow Goggles         | 1 Pullover       |

**LONDON'S LOWEST PRICES FOR  
WINTER SPORTS WEAR**

You can Hire  
Ski Wear  
from us



By Appointment  
to H.M. The Queen. Tent and Flag Makers

Send for Fully  
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our Showrooms

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(Silver & Edgington Ltd.)

West End Showrooms and Ski Wear Hire Dept.  
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(Cambridge Circus)

Telephone: Covent Garden 0541

also at

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London, E.C.3  
Phone: Man. House 0814

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# GORDON LOWES

LIMITED



Delightful Cotton Tapestry Anoraks  
from the Continent in stock

## FIRST IN SKI-ING

Half the fun is preparing for your skiing holiday at our lively shop including a course at G.L.'s Dry Ski School. Our knowledgeable staff led by a Continental expert will be on their toes to welcome all ranks of skiers and their families. We have a marvellous selection of Anoraks and Vorlages, so choose your clothes, ski and equipment from us, otherwise at least two days will be lost on arrival. Ski can be sent in advance. Remember that our Hiring Scheme and ski workroom are at your disposal. Club reductions given.

*Write for our popular brochures,  
"To the Snows," "Country Clothes."  
Prompt Mail Order Service!*

**21-23 Brompton Arcade,  
Knightsbridge, London, S.W.3**

Telephone: KENsington 4494/5/6

Cables: GOLOW, London

## \* Garmisch-Partenkirchen \*

THE FAMOUS WINTER SPORTS RESORT IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS, 59 MILES SOUTH OF MUNICH AT THE FOOT OF THE ZUGSPITZE, GERMANY'S HIGHEST PEAK.

A distinguished health resort intelligently and completely planned to provide perfect winter sports facilities and an interesting variety of activities. This and the wide price range of its hotels and restaurants meet every taste and any requirements.

6 Mountain railways.  
14 Ski lifts.  
Olympic Ski Stadium.  
Olympic Ice Stadium with  
43,000 sq. ft. skating surface.  
Olympic bobsleigh run.

Ski tours to fit every taste  
and skill.  
Slopes for beginners and  
children.  
Ski school instructors know  
foreign languages.  
Skating instruction.

As in previous years, the programme planned for December, 1960, until March, 1961, includes many interesting social and winter sports events.

For full information apply to:

**KURVERWALTUNG GARMISCH - PARTENKIRCHEN**

Phones Garmisch 2570 and 3093

In London: **German Tourist Information Bureau,**  
6 Vigo Street, Regent Street, London, W.1.  
Phone London, GROsvenor 7566

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This Year *WHY NOT TRY*

# MERIBEL

*THE NEW RESORT 5,000 FEET UP  
IN THE SAVOY ALPS?*

Innumerable runs with level differences  
of over 4,000 feet, many easy, others  
for first-class skiers

Numerous chair and ski-lifts · Ski school

Liaison with COURCHEVEL by  
télécabine of "La Saulire"

There are also 2 télébennes and 1 téléski  
on the East side

On the Saint-Martin de Bellevue or West  
side there are 1 télécabine or 2 téléski  
going up to 2,400 metres

Spring ski-ing and mountain touring

Save time by overnight train from PARIS to MOUTIERS

Bus connection to MERIBEL (12 miles from station)

## OFFICE DU TOURISME DE LA VALLEE DES ALLUES

Meribel - Les Allues · Savoie · Altitude 1,600 m.

Telephone : 1 MERIBEL-LES ALLUES

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# SWITZERLAND

# GSTAAD

BERNESE  
OBERLAND

**Situation :**

The Winter Sports resort of Gstaad is situated at an altitude of between 3,500 and 4,000 feet above sea level, between the most famous ski-ing mountains, thus sheltered from the winds.

**Winter-Season :**

From December to the end of March. **Summer :** May-September.

**Sunshine :**

Daily average in winter, 7 hours.

**Swiss Ski School Gstaad :**

Under the direction of Bruno Trojani and 15 first class teachers and qualified mountain and touring guides. Special children classes.

Half-day	Fr. 5.—
6 Half-days	Fr. 26.—
12 Half-days	Fr. 45.—

**Sports Events :**

Montgomery Ski jumping  
Junior Kandahar—Slalom, January 9th.  
Geneva Cup—Giant Slalom, January 10th.  
Atalanta Cup } Giant Slalom, February 21st.  
Lillywhites Cup } To be competed for by British girls  
Novices Cup } at school in Switzerland.

**Social Events :**

During the whole winter season there are many gala-evenings, fancy-dress balls, concerts and cabaret attractions in the different Hotels and Bars.

**Church Services :**

Protestant, Catholic and English divine service.

**Special reduced tickets valid on all the 20 ski-lifts of Gstaad and surroundings :**

1. Family ticket with coupons :	120 coupons	Frs. 20.—
	500 coupons	Frs. 75.—
2. Ticket with photograph of holder, valid for unlimited runs :	10 days	Frs. 80.—
	1 month	Frs. 150.—
Extension for:	2nd month	Frs. 100.—
	3rd month	Frs. 75.—

Save your Swiss francs by asking vouchers for the above mentioned tickets from your Travel Agent or the Swiss Tourist Office, 45B, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Nice and good hotels.

Information :

**TOURIST OFFICE GSTAAD · SWITZERLAND · OR TRAVEL AGENCIES**

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# WINTER SPORTS

## PLANNED

## BY SKIERS - FOR SKIERS

### Why you should consult us

- ★ Comprehensive selection of resorts in Austria, Czechoslovakia, France, Italy, Norway, and Switzerland.
- ★ Both Individual and Party holidays including ski school, ski lifts, ski hire at over 100 resorts by rail, air and sea.
- ★ Our Winter Sports Centre provides pre-ski training, film shows, lectures, library, and buffet.
- ★ Expert British skiers and continental ski instructors are always available to assist you.
- ★ You cannot afford NOT to make use of our unrivalled experience, unequalled services and proved reliability.

**NOT ALWAYS CHEAPEST - BUT ALWAYS BEST!**

*Write, phone or call for our brochures*

**WORLD SPORT & TRAVEL SERVICE**

(LAIRDWAYS LIMITED)

**198-199, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.**

Telephone: BELgravia 6361

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