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NOVEMBER, 1962



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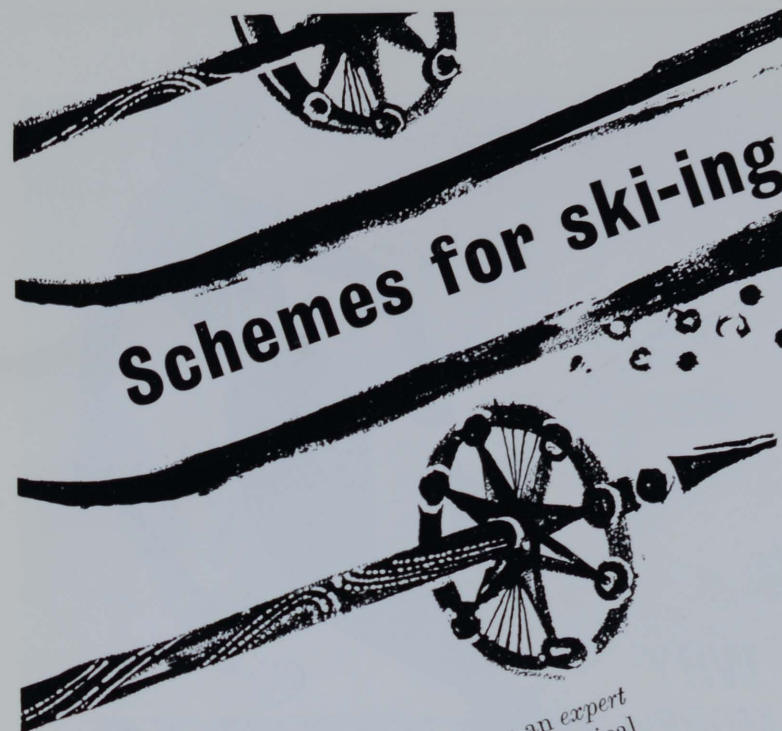
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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 32

Vol. II. Pt. 22

NOVEMBER, 1962

EDITORIAL

THE running of the Ladies' Racing Week has put paid to any idea there might have been that the L.S.C. does nothing. A past President ventured to say that too much activity was to invite criticism; true though this may be, a number of L.S.C. members took on the running of this Meeting and made a great success of it. Helen Tomkinson, Soss Roe, Ros Hepworth, Caroline Sims, Sue Holmes and Pam Grant bore the heat and burden of the week, which, to the outsider, appeared to go like clockwork. Special thanks are due to Phyllis Scott, who did all the preliminary negotiations with the Swiss and who, together with Tony and Peggy Devenish, threw a tremendously successful cocktail party for the racers and officials, the expenses of which were borne by the L.S.C. and the Grand Chalet. Undoubtedly, this party was one of the very successful features of this Week. Many congratulations to everyone who took a hand.

It was a great pleasure to have the British Ambassador, Mr. Paul Grey, and Mrs. Grey and Sir Arnold and Lady Lunn at Chateau d'Oex during the week, but the one great disappointment for all of us was the absence of our President, who, as most people will know, had the great misfortune to break her leg early in January and had to spend a miserable and painful four months in Aigle hospital. At the time of going to print, it is wonderful to know that Lady Blane has discarded her crutches and seems to be as active as ever.

Our good wishes go to Jo Gibbs, who married Mr. Dermot Daly in April, and our congratulations to the following on the birth of their children: Lady Elizabeth Greenacre, a son; Mrs. Zandra Johnson, a daughter; Mrs. Angela Parsons, a son; Mrs. Maby, a son; Lady Garthwaite, twin sons; Mrs. Tessa Hanak, a son; Mrs. Dodgson, a daughter; Mrs. Moncrieff, a son.

We are very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Sheila Malcolm in 1961.

The following new members have been elected and are welcome to the Club: Miss S. P. Landale, Miss K. M. Murray, Miss R. Tulloch, Miss D. M. Naylor, Miss E. MacRobert, Mrs. M. Currie, Miss J. Gissing, Miss G. Denman, Miss Lovell and Mrs. Sitwell-Stebbing.

We would like to thank the following Clubs for sending us their annual journals: the Ladies' Alpine Club, Marden's, the White Hare, the D.H.O., the Royal Naval Ski and Mountaineering Club and the Ski Club of Australia.

The Ladies' Racing Week, which the Ladies' Ski Club will again be organising, will take place at Andermatt from January 14th to 20th.

The L.S.C. Annual General Meeting will take place at the Ski Club of Great Britain on Thursday, November 1st, at 5.30 p.m., and it will be followed by the Cocktail Party.

Will members also please note the following dates and events when it is hoped to raise money for the Ladies' Ski Team Fund:

November 7th at S.C.G.B. at 5 p.m. **Ski Kit Market** of second-hand ski clothing and equipment. Please contribute and come and see if you can get a bargain.

November 15th at S.C.G.B. at 6.30 and 8 p.m. **Fashion Show**.

November 21st and 22nd at S.C.G.B. at 6 and 8 p.m. **Film Show and Lecture** by Dr. E. Schwabe on the Winter Olympics, 1964, to be held at Innsbruck. Followed by a Fondue Party and dancing.

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. od. 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.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

November, 1961

I WAS very surprised, but terribly pleased, when I was asked last year to become President. I had been Hon. Secretary for many years and have been very interested in the Club, but I was not a famous skier or racer. I have raced and won some spoons and cups, but was never an International racer or anyone famous, so you can imagine my surprise at being asked to be your President. I must now try to be a good one.

I want to talk about the Ladies' Ski Club Championship and "The Ladies' Racing Week." The S.C.G.B. has asked us, the L.S.C., to run the Ladies' Week this coming season. Now there is something behind all this; the L.S.C. is a very old Club and was founded before the S.D.S., the well-known Swiss Club. The L.S.C. used to be much better known than it has been of late years, and it was felt that if we took on Ladies' Week, it would bring us more into the picture of the ski-ing world. So we have accepted the challenge and hope to make a success of it. Ladies' Week will be at Chateau d'Oex, commencing January 30th, and will of course include our Championship, and I hope as many members as possible will do their best to go to it and make a really good gathering of the Club.

Before leaving racing, I would like to congratulate Tania Heald and Wendy Farrington on the fine performances they put up last season, both coming in the first half of the combined results of several International Races. With regard to these successful results, we owe a big vote of thanks to Helen Tomkinson. It is difficult for me to do this as she is my own daughter, but she has worked hard and is still working, to help get our young skiers trained so that they will be able to gain better places in the various ski events.

I do not want members to think we are only a Racing Club and nothing else. Far from it, as members must be up to Second Class standard and racers or tourers who are up to this standard are very welcome to join the Club.

I want to thank all those who do so much to help with the Club: Mrs. Jimmy Riddell, our Hon. Treasurer; Miss Levenson, our Hon. Secretary; Miss Jo Gibbs, the Hon. Editor, who is shortly to be married and unfortunately, therefore, feels she must resign. Also I want to thank Miss Fulton, our Advertisement Secretary, and our two Auditors, Eric Lewns and Bob Handley. Bob Handley has taken the place of Kenneth Smith.

I must say a few words about Kenneth. We all loved him; he was one of the kindest, most understanding people I have ever known, and always so willing to help anyone, and he did help us for so many years. We will never forget Kenneth and are so sorry for Nancye his wife, and his daughters. We have a little article in the BULLETIN about him, but I felt we would like to convey our sympathy from this meeting as well, as he was one of the Club.

I am afraid I have talked rather a lot—forgive me; and I want to say just one more thing before I sit down—that is, to congratulate the father of our Club, Arnie, on his marriage to Phyllis Holt-Needham, one of our members.

LADIES' RACING WEEK

By WENDY FARRINGTON

THE Ladies' Ski Week, including the British Ladies' Championships, was held this year at Chateau d'Oex.

On arrival, this village, well known by many finishing schools who elect it as their winter quarters, was but the remains of a heavy downpour, lasting several days. To our despair, none of these "remains" seemed to be snow.

Competition was very open and it gets more so each year. Tania Heald, the reigning champion, was favourite. Wendy Farrington, the constant second, and Jane Gissing, the new recruit to British racing, were also possible contenders, as were Anna Asheshov and Divina Galica, still fresh from recent victories.

The meet opened on February 1st with the Downhill held on the Monts Chevreuils. Luckily, enough snow remained to set an excellent course, rendered more difficult and tiring by the hard snow conditions; the intense cold that had followed the rain did its icy best to keep it that way. Before the start, a shy winter sun brought warmth to our hearts if not to our feet. The race itself, what little I remember of it, as I never recollect much about these two minute infinities, was a very fair and difficult test, as the wide spacing of the times will tell. The 2.7 km. course demanded no speed records but precise ski-ing and good judgment if you were to make your line. Tania ran an excellent race, winning in 2' 0.7"; I was 2nd in 2' 3.4", Anna 3rd in 2' 6.4". Out of the 17 entries, only one failed to finish—Patricia Murphy. Already in training, she had sportingly withstood several ice-shattering "egg beaters"; this one injured her back and put the 1961 Junior Champion out of the rest of the races.

The Slalom Championship, run at La Braye in conjunction with the Lady Mabel Lunn Cup, was enhanced by the entry of foreign racers from six different nations, also the Commonwealth countries, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, all of course being Lowlanders or Citizens. The Slalom course (there was only one and this was much to be deplored) was set by Georgy Bach who, unhappily, showed none of the natural rhythm of his illustrious namesake. The cold was more intense than ever but the sun was stronger and the night had brought a small snowfall, though, like the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing, this thin layer did little to cover the ice. Divina with No. 1 clocked 59"; this, despite raised eyebrows, remained the best time for the first run. Times were still close, with five girls in one second—all could win. Then with the second run came the eliminating faults. Tania missed a gate and was disqualified, thus losing all chances of winning Slalom or Combined; Divina, slipping on the ice, was slower; Anna Asheshov, Marianne Navarro of Spain and myself all failed to better our first run times; only one person was to do so, Jane. After an unlucky fall in the Downhill and a slowish first run, she had nothing to lose and gave it all she had, 57.6", fastest run of the day, winning the Lady Mabel Lunn Cup and the Ladies' Slalom Championships. The Lady Mabel was a real victory for Britain, as the first foreigner,

Marianne Navarro of Spain, was 5th. Placing 2nd in the Slalom, I won the Combined British Ladies' Event. Anna, who placed 4th in Slalom, was 2nd in Combined, with Divina 3rd in both. Fourth in Combined was Diana Tomkinson, much improved recently; she is a second generation skier; her mother wore the Union Jack and is one of the mainsprings in ladies' racing.

On the Sunday, the visibility was not 100%, but snow conditions for the Duchess of Kent Giant Slalom and the Ladies' Giant Slalom Championships were lovely. (How could I say anything different, I won it!) The course was, I think, a good judge of ability, allowing a fair speed with enough difficulties to catch out the unwary. Jane Gissing with 1' 37.7" was 2nd in the Championships but ineligible for the Duchess of Kent as she lives in a Swiss mountain village. Divina Galica was 3rd.

I notice that I haven't once mentioned the people who ran these races and handled the tedious organising and the nerve-racking result lists, doing the ungrateful little chores that go to make a competition of any kind a smooth-running success. To all these "working bees" who contributed to the success of the occasion, our best thanks.

BRITISH LADIES' SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS COMBINED DOWNHILL AND SLALOM: 1, Wendy Farrington, 19.63; 2, Anna Asheshov, 29.40; 3, Divina Galica, 36.86.

DOWNHILL: 1, Tania Heald, 2' 0.7"; 2, Wendy Farrington, 2' 3.4"; 3, Anna Asheshov, 2' 6.4".

SLALOM—LADY MABEL CUP, AND BRITISH LADIES' SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIPS: 1, Jane Gissing (1st run 61", 2nd run 57.6"), 118.6"; 2, Wendy Farrington (59.6", 60.2"), 119.8"; 3, Divina Galica (59", 62.5"), 121.5".

DUCHESS OF KENT CUP: 1, Wendy Farrington (Great Britain), 1' 36.3"; 2, Lise Smith (Norway), 1' 37.8"; 3, Divina Galica (Great Britain), 1' 38.7".

LADIES' LOWLANDER CHAMPIONSHIP: 1, Wendy Farrington, 5.36; 2, Divina Galica, 28.78; 3, Anna Asheshov, 39.40.

LADIES' SKI CLUB TROPHY: 1, Wendy Farrington, 5.36; 2, Jane Gissing, 9.64; 3, Divina Galica, 28.78.

LADIES' SKI CLUB SALVER IN WENGEN

Friday, January 5th, 1962

By ROS HEPWORTH

THE *Sunday Times* group of races was run in conjunction with the Ladies' Ski Club Salver, which is for British girls under nineteen years. Although there was virtually no skiable snow below Wengernalp at the time, an excellent 28-gate Giant Slalom was traced, stamped and set in a matter of hours by all and sundry on the Lauberhorn the day before the race. On the day itself, the weather and snow were perfect, and after inspecting the course in the morning the race was run at midday. There were 70 competitors and no casualties, John Rigby's 1' 24.5" being the best time of the day. Patricia Murphy, 7th in the general result, again won the salver from Divina Galica and Helen

Jamieson was again 3rd, closely followed by Diana Tomkinson. All these girls showed improved form, for whereas last year 26" separated Patricia from John on the Downhill course, there was only a difference of 4" on the Giant Slalom. According to custom in Race Week, the girls were not seeded first. Bridget Newall was the best of a promising younger group, followed by three newcomers, Virginia Cox, Valerie Child and Felicity Field, all at school in Switzerland. Another of these, Barbara King, aged twelve, attacked the course splendidly but unfortunately missed a control, while Susan Bloom, the youngest competitor, is to be congratulated on her steady ski-ing that day.

Results: 1, Patricia Murphy, 1' 28.3"; 2, Divina Galica, 1' 29.6"; 3, Helen Jamieson, 1' 31.2". (15 starters.)

GENEVA CUP, VILLARS

January 12th, 1962

By BELINDA CORYTON

SEVERAL cases of pole-neurosis could be seen in Villars in the second week of January. The symptoms were a worried expression, continual glancing at the sky, especially over Mont Blanc, and a compulsive prodding movement with a ski-stick in the snow, ice or whatever happened to be underfoot. There was about six inches of very hard snow on the Chamossaire, not enough to stick poles into with any permanency, but by mid-week the Giant Slalom course was set by Roger Gysin, and the gates planted with a good deal of mallet and crowbar work, only to be blown away next day.

Eight inches of new snow fell overnight and the race day began fine and clear, with plenty of stamping and pole-repairing to be done. Conditions for practice were good, but by midday there was a howling blizzard which was difficult to stand up against, let alone ski through. Officials and racers huddled in the restaurant, puzzling over waxes and encouraging the gatekeepers. As the starting time approached we struggled out to face the elements and a cold ride up the ski-lift. At the top of the Chamossaire conditions were quite horrible—a very strong wind gusting across the course, making the *piste* a patchwork of drifts and bare ice, and bad visibility. After a short but painful delay while the low numbers sorted themselves out, the first victim was off, complaining bitterly that there was no *piste*. The gatekeepers did all they could, but it was impossible to keep the top half of the course stamped. Lower down things were better, and there was a visible track from the Punchbowl to the finish.

When the last deep-frozen competitor had left, the starters also felt their way to the finish, meeting several other icicle-covered figures, who turned out to be gatekeepers. They had all endured heroically, and should have had medals for devotion to duty in the face of the elements, but at the time the only reward we could think of was hot grog. While the timekeepers decoded the results, the rest thawed out with grog and lunch in the restaurant and exchanged news

of the race. Thirty-two finished out of 34 starters, and though Chris Gallagher and Mary Kerr were the only ones who didn't fall, the times were respectable, considering the conditions. The racers' age range was 8 to *circa* 50. There were several spectacular falls, mostly due to bad visibility—someone groped their way right off the course and fell over a cornice, another turned a quick somersault and went on, leaving hat and goggles embedded in a drift—but there were no injuries and apparently nobody even got pneumonia. Chris Gallagher won the Cup and the boys' class with a very good time of 1' 15", Mary Kerr won the girls' class, Tessa Dredge led the ladies with 1' 24", and Freddy Lockwood won the men's class, having arrived from Champéry half an-hour-before the start and nearly been pressed into gatekeeping before he could get a word in edgeways.

By the time the results were worked out a good deal of warming liquid had been absorbed, and the run down to Villars was fast and slightly tiddly. The weather seemed better too.

The prize-giving was a speedy affair, as the winner had to catch a train connection for Milan, and several others were leaving for England or school.

The race was a write-off meteorologically, and no one except a masochistic yeti could have enjoyed racing in those conditions, but a lot of fortitude and endurance was used up, which is said to be good for the soul. Better luck next time, perhaps.

Results: 1, Chris Gallagher, 1' 15"; 2, Tessa Dredge, 1' 24.2"; 3, F. Lockwood, 1' 34.2"; equal 4, Diana Tomkinson and Tim Miller, 1' 35.2".

THE BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1962

By JO DALY

THE British Junior Championships were held in Arosa between January 7th and 11th. The weather was lovely until the last day, when it was bitterly cold for the Slalom.

The Downhill was on Tuesday, January 9th, with the start at Carmennaegg and the finish at Kulm Wiese. The vertical height was 1,230 feet and the distance 1.8 miles. The course was set by Kurt Gertsch. This was an excellent course for a Junior Championship; it was not in any way dangerous, nor was it too difficult for even the youngest competitor. It was stated by the better skiers to be a race of weight and wax. David Bruneau, age 14, ski-ing quite beautifully, won in 2' 3.8"—he must have been one of the lightest competitors. Stephen Williams and David Borradaile were 2nd and 3rd in 2' 5.4" and 2' 5.6" respectively.

Emily Worrall won the girls' Downhill in 2' 13.1". She was ski-ing very well and has improved a great deal after her training in Lenzerheide with the Kandahar. Divina Galica was 2nd in 2' 16.3", in spite of a fall on the flat half-way down the course. Georgina Hathorn, who was just recovering from flu, insisted on racing, to come 3rd in 2' 17.1".

The Slalom was held on the following day on the Carmenna slopes. There were two courses, each of 30 gates. Werner Stager and George Hold did the setting.

John Nicoll won the Slalom with two excellent runs totalling 71.1". He was 8th in the Downhill—5" behind David Bruneau. David was 2nd in 72.4", again ski-ing very well; his second run was the fastest time of the day. This result ensured the Combined title for him. Luke O'Reilly was 3rd in 76.7"; he had an excellent first run but fell in his second.

Divina Galica, ski-ing brilliantly, won the Slalom in 72.5" from Helen Jamieson, whose times totalled 75.6". Gina Hathorn was 3rd in 78.3".

The Combined was won by David Bruneau with John Nicoll a close 2nd and Luke O'Reilly 3rd. Divina Galica won the Girls' Combined Championships with Helen Jamieson 2nd and Gina Hathorn 3rd. Emily Worrall was 4th after a 5th place in the Slalom.

The standard of the skiers had gone up considerably since last year, which must to a large extent be due to the many Clubs organising racing training.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON CHAMONIX, 1962

BY HELEN TOMKINSON

It is always unfortunate when politics get muddled up with sport, and this was the sad case of the World's Alpine Ski Championships this year. Owing to no visas being issued to the East Germans, the entire Eastern bloc of skiers, who had already arrived for the Championships, left Chamonix. Everything seemed to be against the organisers of the event—first there was practically no snow and then there was far too much, making it necessary to change some of the courses at the last moment. For the actual races, the courses were in superb condition but some of the earlier training days were not so good. It was very unfortunate that the Ladies' Downhill course was unusable in the end owing to the snow, and the final course was not a true championship course.

It is always interesting to see the new fashions in equipment and clothing at these World events. Ski for Downhill and Giant Slalom were practically 100 per cent metal. It is fascinating to watch metal ski at speed, for they never wobble or flutter, and it is through their great steadiness that the increased speeds are obtained. Fifty per cent of the competitors were using the very light American Scattie ski-sticks, which really are lovely. It was a 100 per cent safety binding championship and these undoubtedly did prove themselves, for during the whole training and racing, only one girl, Vreni Kuchs of Switzerland, broke her leg by hitting it on a slalom pole; one man also broke his leg and possibly two others strained ankles.

The newest vogue of clothes is to be as streamline and spider-like as possible when actually racing, with tight-fitting trousers and jackets. For training, however, the teams looked like "Pneu Michelins," as they

wore padded over-trousers and padded wind-jackets over their racing rig. All this topped by a crash helmet, and the effect is really startling.

Our girls looked very smart on the snow in their maroon tight racing trousers with a white stripe down them, and navy blue jackets and white helmets. They skied beautifully as a team and I had many complimentary remarks made to me on this point; in training they would go one, two, three, four after the trainer with equal gaps between them and the general impression was of first-class technique and speed and, both in training and racing, they did not look in any way outclassed.

The men's and the women's Slaloms were run under the most appalling conditions of blinding storm, and how the girls reached the bottom I do not know; it is to their great credit that they did so well.

The Renault cars and buses which were allocated to each team were absolutely invaluable. We had the most charming driver, who was extremely helpful.

As always, one leaves these meetings gasping at the speeds that can be attained by the human body, standing on two pieces of metal and wood. The speeds of the top men in the Downhill were fantastic and wonderful to watch.

ATALANTA CUP

February 20th, 1962

BY ELIZABETH FULTON

THE Atalanta Cup, open to British girls at school in Switzerland, together with the Lillywhites Cup for girls under 15, was this year held at Saanenmoser. The event has become tremendously popular and for the first time the race was run as a Slalom on the bottom slopes of the Hornberg. It was a lovely day and competitors, spectators, ski instructors and parents helping at the finish all seemed to thoroughly enjoy a very good race on an excellent course.

Clos des Abeilles produced the winner and runner-up of the Atalanta Cup—Joanne Taylor and Eve Sise, with Felicity Field from St. George's 3rd. Chloe Varley from Chatelard again won the Lillywhites Cup and Mary Monteith from Montesano was the best Novice.

The Prize-giving was held at the Sport Hotel, where there was a very good tea laid on, and one and all certainly appreciated the hard work put into arranging this competition by Soss Roe and Rosemary Sanderson, and the ideal surroundings and efficient hotel service added to the day's pleasure.

RESULTS

ATALANTA CUP: 1, Joanne Taylor, Clos des Abeilles (31", 32"), 63"; 2, Eve Sise, Clos des Abeilles (33", 33"), 66"; 3, Felicity Field, St. George's (34", 34.2"), 68.2".

LILLYWHITES CUP (Under 15 years old): 1, Chloe Varley, Chatelard (33", 34.6"), 67.6"; 2, Barbara King, International School (32.4", 35.8"), 68.2"; 3, Valerie Cox, Chatelard (36", 37.2"), 73.2".

NOVICES' CUP (run over a different course): 1, Mary Monteith, Montesano (30.6", 31.4"), 62"; 2, Sheila Forster, Le Torrent (35.4", 31.4"), 66.8"; 3, A. Jobson, Clos des Abeilles (34.8", 32.4"), 67.2".

CORSICA IN APRIL

By JOAN SHEARING

I DIDN'T know there was snow in Corsica, but as we came gently down towards the landing strip at Calvi, there it was on top of the blue hills in front of us. There is even a little ski-ing there in the winter. There were pictures of people on ski and sledge dogs in the window of the photographer in the picturesque old town. I am sure it must be ski-ing done the hard way. There seem to be few roads that run anywhere near the top of the mountains, only very stony mule or donkey tracks which wind round and round and, as far as I was concerned, never reach the top.

The scenery is gorgeous; very wild, very rocky but, anyway in spring, covered with rock plants growing wild that we grow in our rockeries. There are not many roads. There is, of course, one that runs right round the coast and one or two across the middle of the island.

We drove from Calvi to Porto. This is a beautiful bay about half-way from Calvi to Ajaccio, where Napoleon was born. There are supposed to be 1,800 corners on the road between Calvi and Ajaccio. As Porto is about half-way to Ajaccio and we went there and back, I suppose we went round about 1,800 corners. It certainly felt like it! The small hired Rene Dauphine negotiated them very well but my neck ached from trying to keep my head on my shoulders! The road, of course, gave some truly marvellous views of rocky or sandy bays, one after the other. In April there were not many people about but I wonder how the narrow roads, badly needing attention, stand up to the increasing summer traffic of tourists and campers. In many places the wall has crumbled away and there is a sheer drop of 500 to 1,000 feet.

This spring was cold, and while we were there snow fell in Nice. However, we did have one gorgeous week of hot sun which very quickly burnt us brown. I gather the temperature can be 100°F. in August and that the flies are bad in the narrow cobbled streets.

Calvi itself has a very old walled citadel which was the original town and in which there is a heap of rubble which claims to be the house in which Christopher Columbus was born. The Genoese, who occupied Calvi at that time, say he was born in Genoa, but the house was interesting to see, and so indeed was the whole walled city with its beautiful Cathedral and old-fashioned inmates, not forgetting the Russian owner of the Taio Bar who claims he danced with Pavlova, and where we saw the twist danced better than I have seen it yet.

MAIDEN SPEECH

By ROSEMARY SANDERSON

My feelings on writing a "Debutantes" article for the rarified L.S.C. are something like what I imagine must be those of the new M.P. making his Maiden Speech in the House of Commons. What are all

these people like? Will they boo and throw order papers, or will they fall gently asleep after the first few words?

The L.S.C. does not make a hullabaloo about itself; indeed, I have been able to discover practically nothing about it at all. What then does one say to its nebulous members? If the following comments are not acceptable can I really be blamed?

The request was for an article on a Glacier Tour we were to make in the Otztal this March. It was the accepted sort of tour. We stayed in the accepted huts and we climbed the accepted mountains, including of course, in the company of about 50 others, the Wildspitze.

It wasn't all jam. The tour began with a very mixed standard of fitness. This attitude to acclimatisation is something I do not at all understand. People look forward to, and arrange minutely, their tour. They pay large sums to travel out and also for the guide. And the first two or three days are misery for them because they are just not fit. Why, why don't they first spend a couple of days enjoying ski-ing, doing small climbs and testing their equipment in an Alpine resort? The excuse that this would mean the loss of two days does not seem valid, since those days would only be depressing for everyone, and what a waste to pay a guide to take a flagging party only part of the way.

To continue after this heated digression: just when we had all got vigorous, a blizzard blew up and marooned us for two and a half days in a very small and not very snow-tight hut. Thank goodness the lavatories were inside, but nevertheless they put one in imminent danger of being engulfed behind by a precarious wind-slab, which corniced over the window-sill. However, it was a friendly Italian hut and although the men had snow on their pillows the wine was cheap and good and plentiful.

Our next drawback was a hut inhabited by over twice its proper complement. They offered us a cow-shed but finally relented and we had the mixed joy of a warm bedroom for three to be shared by our four men and two girls. The men were dismayed but we thought it rather funny, especially as the men imagined they were quite safe to undress behind the bed, blissfully unaware (like ostriches) that they were not camouflaging that very portion which they wished to obscure. In this hut there was practically no water and we mostly had to wash in the amount of snow we could melt over-night. Other minor flaws were extreme cold (-25°C. on one mountain top combined with high wind), frost-bite, lack of powder-snow and abundance of crust, the losing of one member of the party before we even started, and such bad overcrowding that unless we came in before three o'clock we had no hope of a seat for the rest of the evening.

By now the bewildered members of the L.S.C. will be asking themselves why the something or other female who wrote those grumbles ever goes ski-ing at all, and be all for drumming her out of the Club. But before they take that step let me say that we enjoyed ourselves immensely. The sun shone often; the mountains were magnificent; the full-moon on the snow breath-taking; the ski-ing was sometimes superb and the roped climbing exciting. Our photographs are nostalgic in the extreme and I am sure we shall all be up there again.

SCOTTISH SKI-ING, 1962

By CHRISTINE MACLEAN

SNOW conditions in Scotland were magnificent throughout the winter and spring of 1962. While many Continental winter sports resorts were lamentably short of snow during the Christmas and New Year holidays, the whole of Scotland was deeply covered with the most perfect powder snow and Scottish skiers enjoyed wonderful skiing in clear, cold weather. This was followed by exactly the right sequence of thaw, sunshine, wind and numerous further heavy snowfalls until all the Scottish ski-ing areas were most adequately provided with masses of fairly hard packed deeply layered snow.

Indeed, the new Cairngorm Chairlift, which started operating at New Year, was at times unable to run because of too much snow. Even in early April snowfalls blocked the new road, and snow at the bottom of the White Lady Corrie was so deep that pylons and cable near the bottom station were completely buried, and several days of hard digging were required to dig out deep channels in the snow for the ascending and descending chairs. There were days too when high winds, so much more prevalent in Scotland than in the Alps, caused excessive swinging of the chairs and made it impossible for the lift to operate. This was to some extent overcome by ballasting the chairs with sandbags. But it is obvious that before next season some further attention will have to be paid to the special problems resulting from high winds and drifting snow.

In spite of these teething troubles the Cairngorm Chairlift has had a tremendously successful first season and has provided a great addition to Scottish ski-ing facilities. It should not be long until it earns sufficient money to pay for T-bar tows to replace the rather primitive rope tows which have been running in Corrie Ciste and Corrie Cas. The unfinished White Lady Sheiling at the bottom station of the Chairlift provided most welcome shelter to the thousands of skiers who used it throughout the season. By the end of the season it was sufficiently equipped to provide hot drinks and light meals. The Cairngorm area with its vast snowfields, rapidly developing facilities and numerous hotels and ski-schools with Continental instructors, is certainly now the most popular British winter sports district and undoubtedly has the greatest potential for future development.

The more expert tend, however, to prefer the Glencoe district with its steeper slopes upon which most of the principal racing events are held and where the highly successful chairlift has now, for two seasons, carried grateful skiers up Thrombosis Slope to the plateau from which a reasonably short and easy walk brings them to the comfortable new Scottish Ski Club Hut with a service counter at which hot drinks can be purchased. From there, the longest T-bar tow in Great Britain whisks them up to the top of Meall a'Buiridh and the commencement of the Scottish Kandahar course. This ski-tow during the summer months has been still further improved and a lower section has been added to cut out the steep part of the walk from the plateau.



TOP OF THE "FLY PAPER"—GLENCOE.
(Soss Roe and Mr. Ross MacLean (ex-President of the Scottish Ski Club).)



"B" TRAINING TEAM, ST. ANTON, DECEMBER 1961.
Left to right (standing): Tessa Dredge, Cynthia Ashton, Gina Hathorn,
Robert Falch (Trainer), Helen Jamieson, Ingrid Christopherson,
Maria Goldberger (Manager).
(Sitting): Penny Walker, Diana Tomkinson.

SAAENMÖSER, 1962.



MISS PHYLLIS SCOTT PRESENTING PRIZES TO THE WINNERS OF THE ATLANTA CUP AND LILLYWHITES CUP
Receiving her prize: Barbara King. Also in the picture: Herr Wehren and Soss Roe (organiser of the race).



WENDY FARRINGTON (1962 British Ladies' Ski Champion.)



DAPHNE GRIFFITH SETTING OUT TO THE PRESTHOLT HUT ACROSS A SNOW DESERT. (Geilo area)

In both Cairngorms and Glencoe, reasonable ski-ing continued until the latter half of May with chairlifts and ski tows in full operation and ski-ing of a sort continued into June. Sailing enthusiasts, of whom there are many among Scottish skiers, had difficulty during these months in deciding between the competing claims of snow and sea.

In the Glenshee district the season was somewhat shorter, but here too a bumper season was enjoyed and the three ski tows provided many thousands of skiers with effortless elevation. Work is well advanced on the Cairnwell Chairlift which, next season, should relieve congestion of the Meall Odhar, Gulabin Ski Tows and Aberdeen Section Tows.

At all three centres the usual annual racing events were held in conditions which for most races were good. Several new races were well supported. Excellent sport was enjoyed and the large entries and high standard of ski-ing displayed were eloquent testimony to the great improvement in Scottish ski-ing which has resulted from the provision of more adequate mechanical elevation. Still more mechanised uplift is required and it seems certain much further development in Scottish ski-ing facilities will take place in the near future.

THE EAGLE SKI CLUB TOUR IN NORWAY

March 8th to 25th

BY DAPHNE EATON GRIFFITH

MEMBERS of the expedition included Neil Hogg the leader; Michael May, Neale (Chillie) Stainton, Elizabeth Fulton and Daphne Eaton Griffith.

The North Sea was behind us, having claimed a little of the inner man to assuage its anger. Stavanger, Bergen, Geilo, Finse lay ahead. Norway with its folk-lore and gentleness, snow and smiling faces. Vikings faced it, Scott trained for polar regions there; now we, the Lilliputians on ski, came on our Eagle Club explorations.

We were ready for anything—open minds and nearly steady nerves. Anything was what we got, anything and everything. A glimpse of winkle-picker ski like two lines drawn with a sharp pencil; parallel, of course! Boots, soft and clinging like bedroom slippers. Reasonably familiar bindings for us, rat-trap ones for our langlaufing guide. Thermometer at -24°C . and a paint palette of different-coloured wax. The strangeness of it all was counterbalanced by the warm welcome at Griegs Hotel, Geilo, and the presence of the S.C.G.B. Reps., Joyce and Gilbert Roy, who were there to meet us. Another kindly hand greeted us as well, that of Mr. Arne Palm, who warmed our hearts by announcing knowledge of the Eagle Ski Club. (Which one? No one dared pose the question!)

Ready, though hardly prepared, we just had to try out our new ski *and* the horror of horrors, completely free heels. Liz Fulton, living

up to her reputation, took Chillie and me birds' nesting; it was great fun. Chillie had not been treated to one of these great ski-ing runs of Liz's and wondered how many more times he would have to crawl under the lowest silver birch bushes which flourish long after the firs have given up the ghost.

Sunday dawned fine and sunny but very cold. We all trundled into breakfast and had the fright of our lives; there on a vast centre table were plates of cold meats, salads, cornflakes, boiled eggs—the lot!

By ten o'clock we were at the Ski School, where we met our guide, a tall athletic Viking called Kjell who was using a pair of those narrow ski we had looked at with such envy. Our first lesson was on the art of waxes—no skins for climbing in Norway. You choose your wax according to the snow conditions. Most of the time we were there the temperature indicated the blue wax, so we rubbed this on the ski—not too thickly—and then corked it smooth afterwards. The same wax held you whilst climbing—you hope!—and yet let you slide down. The climbing was not very steep and there was plenty of going along the flat. Of course this was where our lessons in langlauf were supposed to be put into practice. Kjell, with his long, rhythmical stride, slid a long way each time but we looked very comical; rather like bears.

We had two days at Geilo which stand out in my memory; one was when we started off across one of the many lakes in Norway and climbed to Ustetind, a high plateau to the south. It was our first experience of the great rolling countryside which must resemble the North Pole—quite breathtaking. After returning from this trip Neil was seen to slope off to the ski shop and shortly returned with a pair of winkle-picker ski, he just could not resist them any longer. The second day we took the weasel to the foothills of the Hallingskarvet and climbed on ski 1,500 feet to the top of the Prestholtskardet. It was really lovely and we were told that on an exceptionally good day you can see the Jotunheimen range, which is right in the heart of Norway. After the cameras had finished clicking we started down. The snow was nasty and for the first time Neil was in difficulties with his winkle pickers.

All too soon we had to say goodbye to our friends at Geilo and set off for our second week at Finse. This is the highest point on the Bergen/Oslo railway and we had passed through it, in a blizzard, on our way to Geilo. Sunshine greeted us this time, however, and we soon found our way about. To the north was St. Paul where we went our first day, and to the south the Hardanger Glacier. I had never been on a glacier and was therefore longing for the experience. Our first visit was terrific; we left on what seemed a glorious morning but by the time we were on top a great blizzard blew. The vastness of the glacier was overwhelming and it soon became known as the desert. Eventually, the desert behind us, another range of mountains came into view with the most wonderful colourings. Our second visit was around the other side of the north Kongsn mountain and was to find a hut which Chillie, whilst in the Finnish bath, had been told existed. We started off across the enormous lake, and up on to the glacier. This

time there was no wind, it was glorious. Soon, we saw two ski sticks waving in the air—Chillie had seen his hut. It was incredibly tiny and stuck up like a pimple on top of a mound of snow alone on a glacier. We stopped a few minutes for a drink, wrote our names in the visitors' book and then went on our way. The run down was the best downhill run we had.

Gradients in this vast rolling countryside became a subject of laughter and mystery to all of us. All roads seemed to lead uphill. No Alpine ski-ing but, to mountain lovers, a wonderful, uncrowded touring holiday. Snow, space and excitement all unlimited.

Ideally a tour later in the year would have given a better chance of open huts and freedom to roam away from the marked trails, but this by no means prevented our holiday from being very happy and adventurous.

My sincere thanks to the Eagle Club for the organisation, to those who helped us and to my four good companions.

DO CHILDREN ENJOY THEIR WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAY?

BY DIANA TOMKINSON

WINTER Sports holidays are a status symbol for those lucky children who accompany their parents to some resort in the Alps. These children are envied by their school companions and by their school companions' parents—but are they so lucky?

Two months before Christmas, moth-smelling “cast-offs” of former generations are brought down from cupboards and tried on. Mother goes frantic with her box of pins as she tugs and heaves to make the wretched garment fit.

The night before they are due to go abroad, pandemonium abounds—everyone makes an almighty fuss over a few jerseys and pants, then none of the children is allowed to pack their favourite toy or book as that would take up too much room—precious room to be taken up by prickly socks and woolly hats.

The journey—what nightmares for parents and children alike. The parents expect their offspring to get lost in the crowds, either at Victoria, Dover, Calais, or all three. Their expectations prove true to form; the child is lost in a mass of unknown and preoccupied people intent on reaching their cabin or compartment rather than help strange, lost children. The crossing is a torturous $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours—the Channel always seems to get worse each time one crosses it, the train journey longer, the carriages hotter and the Frenchmen smellier.

Finally the resort is reached—then the status symbol children are in their element; maybe they are the lucky ones, providing there is some snow!

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO

By ELIZABETH FULTON

It was with more than some misgiving that I boarded the train at Rossiniere with Cortina as my destination and the purpose of the journey—to Rep.

Italy was a country I had never before set foot in, and without speaking a word of the language and knowing no one there, I felt I was hardly the right person to be going to this, as I imagined it, rather smart resort of Olympic fame, situated in the heart of the Dolomites.

By the end of my 24-hour journey I was in a fever of uncertainty and dither, and as the taxi drove me from the station to my hotel, on the outskirts of the town, my heart sank further as I wondered how on earth I was to begin to make contact with any of the eighty hotels. Relief came when I arrived at my hotel and found that I was expected. From that moment, to the time I had, very reluctantly, to depart two weeks later, I was able to relax. Italian people have a knack of making one feel at home and treating their guests as guests—I was certainly no exception. My very charming host introduced himself and his daughter, Yvonne, to me. Yvonne, from then onwards, saw to it that everything possible should be done to put the S.C.G.B. on the map in Cortina.

My clientele, as expected, was extremely small but nevertheless it existed. All the English and American people I met were delighted with what they found here. Some of them had been before and had given up the Alps for good as a result. Some came because snow conditions in Austria were particularly bad at the time, so that they thought they might as well try Italy, and some were simply following advice given by Jimmy and Jeanette Riddell in their excellent book, *Ski Holidays in the Alps*. All were extremely glad to have found such good hotels at no greater cost than they had had to pay in other countries. The ski-ing itself is a *piste*-runner's paradise and good for the exploratory birds'-nester although any touring has to be done much later in the year. There are very good nursery slopes and easy runs for the beginner. The sun shone for two solid weeks at the end of January but the temperature remained cold at night and this evidently is the normal weather for the time of year—sheer joy to anyone used to frequent *föhn* in other, perhaps better known ski areas. Curling, skating, ski-jumping, good shops and magnificent scenery, and perhaps above all a truly generous and warm-hearted people who want English speaking visitors and who are sure to give them a very worth-while holiday, all go to make Cortina what it is.

B.E.A. are again operating a special air service to Venice with a connecting coach to take passengers on to Cortina this coming winter. Anyone wanting to try new, uncrowded territory can, I feel sure, put Cortina well up their list.

An advance edition of B.E.A.'s Winter Time Table states that twice weekly flights to Venice will operate on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Monthly Return Fare £39 16s.

SKI-ING BY CAR, 1962

By MOLLY INGRAM

FOUR of us set off from Zürich airport at 2 a.m. one morning at the end of January in a very comfortable hired car to see what ski-ing we could find. Our first stop was for breakfast in Gstaad, where it was raining, so we pushed on to Verbier (4,872 ft.) which lies high enough for the rain to be snow. The village has been built during the last ten years, entirely for skiers, and most of the hotels are of the chalet variety. Cable-cars, chair-lifts and ski-lifts are scattered round, enabling a vast amount of ski-ing to be done, much of it very steep. Mont Gele is 9,918 feet high and they are building a lift even further up. The scenery is quite lovely; wherever you look, range upon range of gorgeous mountains can be seen.

After a few days we moved on to Chamonix, which is just as beautiful, but the mountains seem to tower over you—they are so much closer. Chamonix is quite large but half of it is closed in the winter since it is mainly a summer resort; they were terribly short of snow on our first visit and it was snowing very hard when we passed through again, so we didn't get a very good look at most of their runs. We were not able to go up the Aiguille du Midi as we were told there was not enough snow to fill the crevasses, so there was not a hope of ski-ing down again.

Between our two visits to Chamonix we went for a few days to Zermatt which was also very short of snow. We had the excitement of trying to see the climbers on the Matterhorn; they actually got to the top while we were there and were visible through field-glasses.

We stopped one afternoon to look at Mégève, *en route* to spend a few days at Courchevel, before going on to Val d'Isère, which was the place that we liked the best of our trip in spite of nearly being snowed in! There is tremendous variety of ski-ing, some of it very steep and some quite long; the best run in fact ended at our hotel just outside the main town. There are so many little ski-lifts above one of the main ones that, with a little organisation, we hardly ever had to queue and we were amazed that we kept on finding powder snow although the sun blazed for most of the time we were there.

We finished our trip with a few days in the Gstaad area, finding snow this time! Thus, in three weeks we motored 1,000 miles, used 55 different ski-lifts (nine different types) and slept in nine different places! It was enormous fun and I would certainly like to revisit some of these places before too long.

WAX

BY PENELOPE WALEY

THOSE of us who are old enough will remember the little irons with which we laboriously spread our sohms upon our ski before the war, unless we felt rich and let the shop do it for us. Later we had soles painted on the ski, and just wandered about with a little paraffin or silver wax in our pockets, in case we couldn't move on a warm day. Then, with the advent of metal ski, we continued this habit.

I discarded a pair of "Touring" ski because they were so very much slower than "Heads," except at one or two temperatures (rather cold if I remember correctly). I never thought of waxing—that was a pastime only for racers.

Having won a Premium Bond prize, I purchased some "Heads" and eventually stuck some Tey-tape on them, finding that with the aid of silver wax on occasion, I could usually move well.

This year at the beginning of the season there were so many rocks that I did not renew my Tey-tape at once. When conditions became better I found myself "Repping" at a small resort where there were no facilities for ski repairs. Snow was very plentiful and it was fairly cold. I was ski-ing with an Englishman one day (a rare object there at that time of year) and I noticed that his metal ski were considerably faster than mine. He was using Toko 1 wax for 0° - 5° C., and I tried it, finding a great improvement. Since then I have always carried it in my pocket as well as silver wax.

I then went on to Austria and tried to get some Tey-tape. They had not heard of it, but promised to paint on a thick layer of wax as a temporary measure. Unfortunately they were a bit careless in their choice of putting on something roughly equivalent to Toko 1. The weather became very much colder (-11° C.), and I arrived at the top of a bitterly cold mountain and thought I was there for ever. However, the man in the hotel ski-room knew all about these things and, after taking one look at my red-soled ski, poured on some yellow wax which lasted most of my stay. The rest of the party also had their ski waxed and were very pleased when it got warmer—back came my Toko 1 which I just rubbed on myself.

Back in Switzerland, ski-ing with my husband and child, we had some very cold weather again. The child, on wooden ski, sailed down the slope. I was fairly miserable pushing along my "Heads" and my husband stuck even more on "Touring" ski. However, we pushed our way to the bottom, and I looked to see what was the wax of the day. It was No. 8 which could be ironed, painted or rubbed on. We tried rubbing it on and found that it did the trick. So now No. 8 was added to my bulging pocket. It wasn't a very usual wax but I found it worked on days when No. 7 was recommended.

On several occasions, when ski-ing with better and more experienced skiers, I was able to help them out with wax, when they were sticking or "balled up," rather I think to their surprise.

I am exceedingly grateful to that solitary Englishman for introducing me to wax.

WHEN WINTER SPORTS DESCEND TO THE LOWLANDS

BY SUSAN MARTIN

DURING the course of Repping last season I was travelling from Zermatt to St. Anton just after the New Year. Leaving Zermatt pitifully bare and icy, I expected, at least, the consolation of an unhampered journey. Not so. Once through the Lotschberg and into the Lowlands the snow became thicker and thicker on the ground. The train I boarded at Berne dropped gradually further behind schedule and eventually we drew into Zürich an hour late. Sad head-shaking on all sides: each individual in the crowd of stolid Swiss citizens appeared to feel personally responsible for such a disgrace. Certainly there was a great deal more snow in Zürich than there had been in Zermatt.

I was due to spend the night with friends on the Zürichberg but wondered if the tram would make it up the hill—never before had it had to contend with so much snow. At last I arrived and heard the news that twenty thousand telephones around Zürich and all over the central plain were out of order owing to branches collapsing onto the wires, unable to carry such an unaccustomed burden.

The following day the Learner Rep. and I crouched in our seats with morale sinking as we approached St. Anton; but the snow was dwindling steadily. We arrived to find the lower slopes bare, and frustrated skiers descending by chair-lift. This was hardly the picture I had formed of St. Anton in January.

Subsequent reports of Britain in the grip of an icy winter, heavy snowfalls in Munich, the south of France, central and even southern Italy, made me wonder if the Alps had had their day. If snow was in future to fall only on the plains and near the coast a new form of ski-ing would have to be devised to cater for all those who would be missing the annual pilgrimage to the Alps. The mountains would be snowless and shrouded in mist during the winter months, so a number of their capacious lifts could be spared to make flatland ski-ing a more desirable sport than mere treading. Slaloms would be possible on coastal dunes and the hardest could therefore indulge in ski-natation. Contestants would indeed have to be extremely hardy, since any wind blowing off the snow would whip up the iciest of waves in no time.

It would be chiefly for the benefit of the *après*-skier that the luxurious lifts removed from those outdated mountains would be installed. This character shoulders his equipment some hours after a lazy breakfast in bed, boards the cable-car and starts consuming his interesting picnic lunch. A typical cable-car or chair-lift operating over flat country would expand to cover a much greater distance than is normal when rock faces are being negotiated, so the happy *après*-skier has ample time for forty winks in the sun before descending at the prearranged tea room. Here he meets his friends who had risen somewhat earlier than he and had formed those strange formations of crawling figures which he had spotted from the air—ardent

Langlaufers who actually seemed to enjoy contact with the snow. The whole contingent eventually reboard the cable-car and journey back, still in daylight, to their starting point, where they spend an hilarious evening. The following day the procedure is repeated in a different direction, for from the central point radiate sufficient routes to enable the truly enterprising to attempt a new trip each day of his holiday.

In spite of the novelty and interesting possibilities offered by ski-ing after the climatic revolution, I am hoping that the freak conditions of last winter will not recur to such an extent that the mountain authorities hand over their uplift facilities without more ado to the plain-dwellers waiting with outstretched hands. For all the rocks and grass, I enjoyed my weeks at St. Anton and look forward to another visit when it will be possible to ski with more abandon, giving less thought to the well-being of delicate plastic soles.

SKI-ING OVER THE RUINS

BY PETRONILLA TRUSTRAM EVE

I CANNOT imagine that the slopes of Troodos will ever rank very highly compared with those at most Alpine resorts; but the pleasure that the slopes of Mount Olympus give to the hundreds of soldiers and airmen who arrive from every corner of Cyprus to taste, for the first time, the thrills and spills of ski-ing, must surpass many a crowded Alpine village.

Situated at about 6,000 feet above sea level, the highest summit of the Troodos range is known as Mount Olympus. On the North face the snow remains good until the end of March, and is served by three ski-hoists, giving access to short but interesting runs down open slopes with a scattering of pine-trees. Standing on the top of Mount Olympus, the Cyprus scenery is laid before you, the foothills sloping down the irregular coast line of Paphos on one side, and the aquamarine sea of Morphoo Bay against the ghosts of the Kyrenia Mountains on the other.

The history of Cyprus has reached even these heights, as on the peak of Mount Olympus was a temple dedicated to Aphrodite. There was a strange law for a temple devoted to a goddess, as no woman might see or approach her shrine! In early Christian times a Church dedicated to St. Michael stood there, but this too fell to ruin, to be replaced by a Venetian fort of which can be seen a few remains of the breastworks. This century's rather unromantic contribution is a radar station!

The beginners are taken to the gentler slopes of "Sun Valley," about half-a-mile away. Here, khaki-clad figures caterpult between the trees to the familiar cries of the nursery slopes. No longer exactly upright soldiers, but officers and men brought down by the greatest leveller of all—the slipperiness of snow!

The village of Troodos is frankly hideous; houses of granite-like grey stones and mostly tin roofs, a little like a village of the wilds of Caithness with a Ben Nevis to make a Scot feel even more at home!

Our first week-end was spent at the Army Leave Centre, when unluckily the discomforts were magnified by the worst blizzard of the season and our own shaken nerves; having been overturned in a jeep on our way up the mountain!

Our second visit left us with happier memories; Peter was in the Rifle Brigade Ski Team entered for the Ski Championships, so with the rest of the boys we spent a wonderful four days racing in the various events, returning home with a record number of ash trays for a team of non-smokers, plus some much needed and exotic silver vases for the Mess!

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This catalogue also gives details of their ski clothing Hire Service.

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Write for our popular Brochure "TO THE SNOWS" (the skiers' handbook).

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- ★ ROOMS WITH BATH
- ★ BAR
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We keep an Alp in the Basement

Back in May last we decided to install a specialist ski-wear department in our Lower Ground Floor at Regent Street.

We felt that if we laid in a rich stock of first rate ski-wear by both British and Continental makers selected by experts we should enable customers taking an Alpine or Scandinavian ski-ing holiday to save precious holiday time and currency in shopping abroad.

The department is now open—a sort of Alp in the basement. There you'll find an exhilarating choice of Anoraks, pull-overs, sweaters, sunglasses, knitted caps, gloves and ski socks.

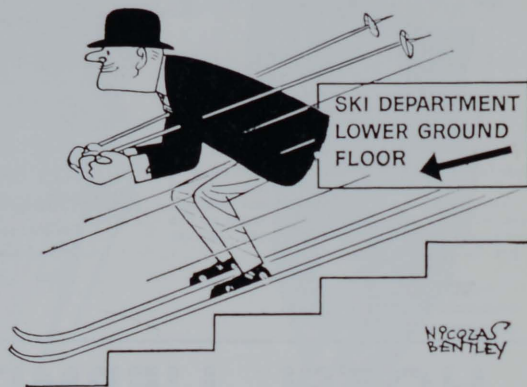
The mere sight of them is an appetizer for your holiday. And every item has been chosen by expert skiers.

Ski boots, ski trousers and long under-pants can be tried on in fitting rooms where there's space to do all the knee bending, crouching and tramping necessary to test their comfort and fit in wear.

Samples of skis and ski sticks have been sent over from Switzerland and you can place an order through us

and find your skis waiting for you in your hotel when you get there. Expert advice in your choice of these and other kit is available if you want it. (Gaston Lehmann in attendance.)

If you begin your holiday with us a



few weeks before you actually go, you'll have a taste of the pleasure in advance and be able to get straight into ski-ing the moment you've unpacked when you get there.

Hector Powe

P.S. We tailor two-piece Town and Country Suits to order from £22 to £40, or for immediate wear. Monthly subscription facilities are available if you wish. Please write or call for a copy of our explanatory booklet.

HECTOR POWE

TAILOR

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Telephone: REGent 4060

P.P.S. Skiers from Scotland don't have to make the run to Regent Street. We keep another Alp (just as well equipped) in Glasgow—at 35 Gordon Street.

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Cortina

1224—3000 m.
Dolomites—Italy
★
Olympic Games
1956

International winter sports centre and summer resort, situated in the heart of the Dolomites, at 3 hours approx. from Venice by car. Glorious panorama, pleasant climate with an excellent sunshine record.

Some information:

- ★ 75 Hotels of every class—"Coupons' service" enabling lunch to be taken in Alpine Huts and Mountain Hotels of the Ampezzo valley.
- ★ Over 1,000 villas, apartments and private rooms.
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- ★ 100 km. of well-kept ski runs with telephone control and rescue patrols.
- ★ Olympic Ice Stadium (open also in summer) and other ice rinks for skating and curling.
- ★ Olympic Jumping Hill "Italia."
- ★ Olympic Bobsleigh track.
- ★ National Ski School with 130 licensed instructors.
- ★ Fashionable shops, Dancing, Night-Clubs, Cinemas.
- ★ Ski and toboggans available for hire.
- ★ Every Sport.
- ★ Rich programme of sporting, social and cultural events. Of particular importance the "WORLD FIGURE SKATING AND DANCING CHAMPIONSHIPS, 27th February-3rd March, 1963."
- ★ Bus service VENICE-CORTINA in connection with B.E.A. air service LONDON-VENICE.

Further information and literature: Travel Agencies and Tourist Board Cortina d'Ampezzo (Dolomites-Italy).

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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. 6.—
6 Half-days	Fr. 30.—
12 Half-days	Fr. 50.—

Sports Events :

Montgomery Ski jumping
Junior Kandahar—Slalom, January 11th.
Geneva Cup—Giant Slalom, January 10th.
Atalanta Cup } Giant Slalom, February 20th.
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 25 ski-lifts of Gstaad and surroundings :

- Family ticket with coupons :

120 coupons	Frs. 20.—
500 coupons	Frs. 75.—
- Ticket with photograph of holder, valid for **unlimited** runs :

7 days	Frs. 70.—
10 days	Frs. 95.—
14 days	Frs. 120.—
1 month	Frs. 180.—
Season	Frs. 350.—

Save your Swiss francs by asking vouchers for the above mentioned tickets from your Travel Agent or the Swiss Tourist Office, 458, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Good comfortable hotels

Information :

TOURIST OFFICE GSTAAD · SWITZERLAND · OR TRAVEL AGENCIES

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15 DAYS - £28 5s. 0d.

Including air travel from London to nearest airport and return; coach transport from airport to resort and return; 14 nights' hotel accommodation, full board. Residents' Rep. Pre-Ski Training booklets.

Optional extras—Unlimited use of lifts, equipment hire and daily ski school £11 10s. 0d.

LONDON WINTER SPORTS CENTRE: Staffed by experts ready to advise and help you. Why not call and discuss plans. Pre-Ski Training daily from 5th November.

BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS: Special Ski Flight arrangements to Val D'Isère.

SCHOOL & COLLEGE PARTIES: Special brochure available covering Austria, France, Italy, Norway and Switzerland.

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