



LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN
OCTOBER, 1963

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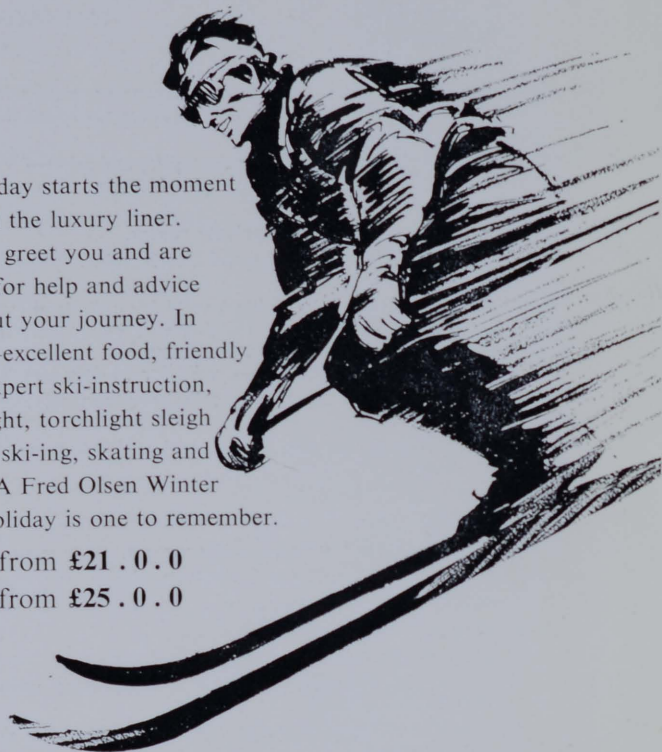
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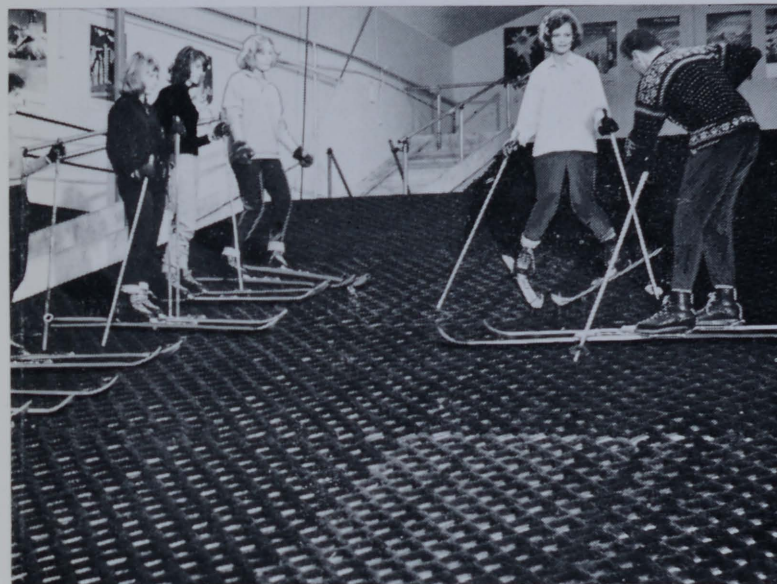
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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 33

Vol. II. Pt. 25

OCTOBER, 1963

EDITORIAL

"PROGRESSION" is very much in the minds of those that run British sport and ski-ing is no exception. With so much 'laid on' and everything organised to the hilt, more people than ever enjoy a winter holiday and ski-ing standards have risen. Ski schools abroad have gone from strength to strength and for some years there have been dry ski schools in this country. Last year the plastic slopes took hold and it is now possible to learn to ski before ever setting out on a winter sports holiday. Those with racing ambitions no longer find that it is only technique that counts but also physical endurance, and for this reason they now start their training in the summer. The division of the S.C.G.B. into two separate units—one to deal with British racing and the other to cope with the general needs of the increasing numbers of 'holiday skiers' marks a new phase of progress in British ski-ing. All L.S.C. Members will want to wish the S.C.G.B. well in its task of forming the "National Ski Council" and with the many other problems that must arise while ski-ing develops both in Britain and abroad as a popular and as a specialised sport.

Two ex-Editors of the *Bulletin* produced off-spring in the New Year; Mrs. Bolton-Carter, a daughter on Jan. 1st, and Mrs. Daly, a son on Feb. 25th. Mrs. Cockran-Patrick, Lady Garthwaite and the Hon. Mrs. Trustram-Eve have each had a son since the last *Bulletin* went to Press. Our congratulations to them all.

The following have been married during the year:—Miss T. Follet (now Mrs. Staeger), Miss J. Harvey (now Mrs. Burstel), Miss Rona McLeod (now Mrs. Sperling). Caroline Sims (Mrs. McEwan) was married in May and is living in South Africa, so, regretfully, the Committee have lost her services. Elspeth Nicoll (now Mrs. Crossley Cooke) was married in June and Sonia Kirwan announced her engagement to Capt. Christopher Dunphie and will be married by the time the *Bulletin* is published—it looks, sadly, as though another Advertisement Editor will be required and this seems an opportune moment to thank Sonia and also her sister Angela for the great help they have both given on the difficult but vitally important side of our magazine—advertising. Our very good wishes all round, and also to Tania Heald whose engagement announcement came just too late for inclusion last year, so that this news will be somewhat old to most readers.

There is a crop of new Members, all warmly welcome to the Club and particularly so by the Hon. Editor if any of them is adept with a pen and would undertake to write, preferably without being badgered, on any subject relevant to ski-ing. Articles should, please, arrive during the winter months and at the latest by July. Those that are typed with double spacing are particularly acceptable although, quite frankly, anything, especially if it arrives out of the blue (nothing did this year!), will be more than gratefully received. Photographs are also always wanted—black and white and, if possible, glossy prints. To those who have found time to write this year, very many thanks and please do so again. To those who had good intentions which didn't come off, the *Bulletin* will be the better for your efforts another time!

New Members:—The Misses S. Cater, T. Chance, F. Field, T. Forster, B. Newall, J. O'Halloran, E. Salm, F. Saunders, P. Spring, Smyth, J. Stern, G. Travers, R. Watson, S. Welsh, E. Worrall, J. Gissing, Mrs. J. Webb, Mrs. M. E. Miller, The Hon. Mrs. Gueterbock and Mrs. Sitwell-Stebbing.

The following Clubs have sent us their Annual journals and we thank them very much:—The Ladies' Alpine Club, Marden's, The White Hare, the D.H.O., the Royal Naval Ski & Mountaineering Club, the Ski Club of Australia and the Club Mediterranee.

The L.S.C. Annual Genral Meeting will take place at the Ski Club of Great Britain on Wednesday, October 30th, at 5.30 p.m., and it will be followed by the Cocktail Party.

Ski Fashion Show—Wednesday, November 6th, at 6.30 p.m.

Ski Kit Market—Wednesday, November 13th, at 5 p.m. Second hand ski clothing and equipment required. Please come and buy as well.

Eagle Club Touring.—Programme starts January 11th and goes on until May, with a trip to Norway in late March. For full details apply: The Hon. Neil Hogg, Chalet Herrschaft, Grindelwald.

Kandahar "Off-Piste" fortnight at Zweisimmen, Feb. 22nd–March 7th. For details apply: Miss I. Roe, Stonewells Farm, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

Ladies' Race Week.—April 6th–12th, at Davos.

Sir Arnold Lunn has written two new books which are to be published in the autumn. "The Swiss and their Mountains" celebrates the centenary of the Swiss Alpine Club and "The Englishman on Ski" is in connection with the Diamond Jubilee of the S.C.G.B. Both are sure to be of great interest.

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.C.S. Sweater.—Royal blue, pale blue band, "V" neck. The sweater is suitable for ski and *après-ski* wear. £4 17s. 6d. including badge, and can be obtained from Mrs. Spence, 89 Campden Hill Court, W.8. Please include 1s. 6d. postage.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT, 1962

"LADIES—and Gentleman as we have one here today; Eric Lewns is going to present the accounts because our Treasurer, Jeanette Riddell, is on her way to South Africa.

I am afraid, up to date, I have been rather a rotten President, anyhow on the snow, but I have tried to do my best on dry land, as one might say. I will try not to break myself again this season when I hope to be present at the different events where the L.S.C. Ladies are competing.

I want to start with congratulating several of the young members on their various successes, and those who have worked so hard to help our skiers to reach higher levels in the International races. First, our congratulations go to Wendy Farrington who became British Champion and also won the Ladies' Ski Club open Championship and the Ladies' Ski Club Championship. Anna Asheshov, Divina Galica and Jane Gissing also did extremely well and were runners up in these events. Divina, who is 17, is also to be congratulated as the Junior Champion and she also won two other big races, the Citizen Derby at Megeve and the Citizen Derby at Cortina, a very fine performance I think for a young skier. Georgina Hathorn and Diana Tomkinson did well in the Commonwealth ski events at St. Moritz and Mrs. Trustram-Eve won the Ladies' Championship in Cyprus.

Unfortunately, two of our promising skiers have had accidents; Patricia Murphy, who was ski-ing very well until she had a bad fall and hurt her back during Ladies' Race Week, and Jane Gissing had a very bad motor smash this summer. Both girls, I am glad to say, have recovered sufficiently to start training and will, I hope, have a successful season's racing.

At the World Championships, held at Chamonix, our girls showed up very well; Tania Heald was the best of them, being 15th in the Combined. Helen Tomkinson was congratulated several times on our Women's team and on their turn-out; everyone said the team skied as

a team and their smartness was very much admired. For the Parade, the girls wore red jackets, mulberry trousers and black hats, and they raced in maroon tight trousers with a white stripe down them, navy blue jackets and white crash helmets. We do owe a vote of thanks to all the firms who helped to make our girls look so smart and also to their trainer, Karl Lammer, for all his hard work.

Still talking of racing, the S.D.S., that famous Swiss Ladies' Ski Club, hold their Jubilee of racing this coming season; they have already had the Jubilee of the Club but this is their Jubilee of racing. I have accepted an invitation to be present at the Meeting, to which I have been asked as I am the President of your Club and we, the L.S.C., are giving them a trophy—a small silver dish—for one of the Alpine events.

As you will see in the Bulletin, we as a Club are interested in other forms of ski-ing besides racing, i.e. touring, finding fresh ski-ing fields and travelling many miles by car to sample as many resorts as possible.

The L.S.C. Championship is being held at Andermatt this season, Jan. 12th-20th. The White Hare Club are the organisers and have already put in a great deal of work, and the Ladies' Ski Club will be assisting them. As I told you last year, this is one of the things that the L.S.C. is doing regularly now, which I hope will get it well back in the ski-ing world as one of the leading and most active Clubs. Last winter the L.S.C. Meeting was held at Chateau d'Oex, organized by Chateau d'Oex and the L.S.C. and I think, by all accounts, it was a most successful Meeting, for which we have a lot to thank Miss Scott, particularly as she put in so much hard work in the early stages of negotiation and organisation, as well as being so kind to everyone and giving a great deal of hospitality—we do thank her very much.

Please, as many Members as possible do come to Andermatt to make it a really good Meeting!"

The President finished by welcoming the New Members to the Club and thanking the Officials and Members of the Committee and the Auditors who had worked for the Club during the year, and she drew attention to the dates on which the Ski-Kit market, the Fashion Show and Dr. Schwabe's lectures were to be held as all these events hoped to raise money to help to train our racers.

The A.G.M. and Prize Giving were followed by a Cocktail Party and Raffle; the proceeds of the latter were to go towards the hospitality given by the Club at the Ladies' Race Week.

LADIES' RACING, SEASON 1962/63

BY HELEN TOMKINSON

THE years of long planning for success in Ladies' International Racing is at last bearing fruit. We still need more efforts in order to achieve greater success, to get even further up the scale, but in the last five years we have definitely progressed. The basic plan of young racers

being first trained by their affiliated clubs and then, on leaving school, having a year of Regional races to gain experience before going to the National Teams, is being successful. For the first time there was a top team of six girls going round the race circuit, the result being that two or three would finish well within the first half in FIS "A" races and in the first ten in FIS "B" races. In citizen races we more than held our own, for at Sestriere there was the great triumph of having the first three places in both the Downhill and Giant Slalom. Divina Galicia, Patricia Murphy and Gina Hathorn coming first, second and third. At Bad Gastein, Felicity Field won the Downhill in most convincing style. In the Regional Races attended by our young racers we always put up creditable performances.

Outstanding success was Tania Heald's tenth place in the S.D.S. Downhill out of sixty top girl racers in the world, three girls in the first twenty-one at the Pre-Olympic race at Innsbruck, Tania 17th, Wendy Farrington 18th, and Patricia Murphy 21st, again out of sixty and here again the times were good. The girls said the course at Innsbruck, in spite of being fast, was excellent, and they thoroughly enjoyed it. Jane Gissing did very well in Slaloms in the latter part of the Season, also Gina Hathorn had a fine performance in the Coppa Grischa Slalom, coming 4th.

Our British Ladies Team is thought well of on the Continent and when we are not at race meetings they miss us, this was said publicly over the TV at Schruns, where we were unable to go because of our own Championships.

Next season we hope to have an even broader base of young racers and be running National A and B teams. Though the 1964 Olympics are our main objective we always have to look forward to the World Championships in 1966 and Olympics 1968, and the young racers have to be brought on. To become a top racer a girl must be dedicated and be prepared to start training in August, running and exercising over rough ground, etc., so that by November every muscle is fit and prepared to take the strain where necessary when travelling at speed on snow. Only by long and systematic training can success be gained.

THE BRITISH LADIES' RACE WEEK

BY PAT SPRING SMYTH

THE meeting place was Andermatt, Central Switzerland, and the event was the British Ladies' Race Week held 14th-20th January 1963. It was the first time one of the British Race Weeks had been held in Andermatt, and everybody in the village, including the White Hare Ski Club and its members, were anxious to make the event a great success.

Officials from the Ladies' Ski Club, the Ski Club of Great Britain, and the White Hare Ski Club, and also competitors for the races began to arrive in the village. It was fine to see so many well known faces from the ski-ing world in Andermatt. This winter there was certainly to be no anxiety from lack of snow. The Downhill Course was made from the third pylon above Natschen Buffet, via the Red Schuss, and

down the Grind, or better known to Andermatters as down the Telegraph Poles. Racing conditions were excellent on this steep but controlled course which duly tested the racers. The total drop was 1,650ft. and the length of the course was 2.1 kms. The winner was Tania Heald who raced magnificently to complete the course in 1 min. 53.0 secs.

The Slalom was held on Saturday, 19th January. Two courses were set on the Tristel or better known as Jump Slopes. There were 38 gates in each, and a drop of 130 metres. Although at the time there was a strong föhn wind blowing across the course, snow conditions and the light were good for the competitors. The winner of the Lady Mabel Lunn Cup was an Austrian girl, Gilda Gande, in a total time of 74.9 secs, hotly pursued by Anna Asheshov who was second with a total time of 75.4 secs. Anna Asheshov became the British Ladies Slalom Champion, winning also the Ladies' Ski Club Trophy, and on the combined Downhill and Slalom results she is the British Ladies Ski Champion for 1963. A fine performance.

The last day of the race week was the Giant Slalom run under ideal conditions. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky when the competitors assembled on the Sunday morning at the top of Gutsch. The course had 46 gates and a total drop of 1,000ft. The latter gates proved a bit tricky, and several of the earlier skiers were disqualified for missing a gate. However, Tania Heald put up a fine performance, completing the course in 1 min. 30.8 secs. to beat the Belgian girl Patricia du Roy de Bliquy, who finished in 1 min. 31.2 secs.

During the race week several entertainments had been arranged. A wine party was given by the Ladies' Ski Club at the Hotel Alpenhof, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. There was the usual Ski Club of Great Britain Weekly Cocktail Party, and one evening Herr. Werner Stager showed his film "Eiger Nordwand." The prize-giving for the races was held in the Hotel Lowen early on Sunday afternoon, and in the evening there was a dinner party in the Hotel Krone given by the White Hare Ski Club for all those who had helped during the race week.

Thanks are due to those officials, course-setters, gate-keepers, competitors, and all who helped to make such a great success of the 1963 British Ladies' Race Week held in Andermatt.

RESULTS

BRITISH LADIES' SKI RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP: 1, Tania Heald, 1' 53.0", 2, Anna Asheshov, 1' 54.2"; 3, Wendy Farrington, 1' 55.0"; 4, Patricia Murphy, 1' 55.3".

BRITISH LADIES' SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIP: 1, Anna Asheshov (38.2", 37.2"), 75.4" 2, Divina Galica (38.1", 38.4"), 76.5"; 3, Tania Heald (39.8", 41.4"), 81.2"; 4, Patricia Murphy (40.6", 40.8"), 81.4".

BRITISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP: 1, Anna Asheshov (Downhill 6.84", Slalom 0.00"), Combined 6.84"; 2, Tania Heald (0.00", 39.52"), 39.52"; 3, Patricia Murphy (12.85", 40.80"), 53.65".

THE LADY MABEL CUP: 1, Gilda Gande (Austria) (1st run 37.2", 2nd run 37.7") total 74.9", 0.0 points; 2, Anna Asheshov (Great Britain) (38.2, 37.2"), 75.4", 3.70 points; 3, Divina Galica (Great Britain) (38.1", 38.4"), 76.5", 11.60 points.

BRITISH LADIES' GIANT SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIP: 1, Tania Heald, 1' 30.8"; 2, Anna Asheshov, 1' 31.7"; 3, Gina Hathorn, 1' 35.7".

THE DUCHESS OF KENT CUP: 1, Tania Heald (Great Britain), 1' 30.8"; 2, Patricia du Roy de Bliquy (Belgium), 1' 31.2"; 3, Anna Asheshov (Great Britain), 1' 31.7".
LADIES' SKI CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP: 1, Anna Asheshov (Great Britain) (Slalom, 3.70", Giant Slalom 6.08"), Combined 9.78"; 2, Tania Heald (Great Britain) (42.72" 0.00"), 42.72"; 3, Lotti Scherrer (Sussie) (45.14", 87.20"), 132.34".

A GLIMPSE OF SOME OF THE EARLY RACE MEETINGS, 1963

BY AMY BLANE

I WENT to Lenk for the Junior Championships and then to Grindelwald for the S.D.S. Championships. I had been invited as a guest for the whole S.D.S. Jubilee Race Meeting but I was unable to go until the last day when I watched the Downhill race, and what a thrill to see one of our girls, Tania Heald, come in tenth—she ran very well indeed. In the evening I attended the dinner and Prize giving—a wonderful gathering; there was a large table of past and present Lady Champions, as well as many other well-known skiers. Elsa Roths said many nice things about the British in her speech.

The next morning I left for Andermatt in bitter weather and, owing to the quantities of snow, we were late in reaching the valley but we caught our connection for Lucerne. On arrival there our train was draped with snow and icicles; Helen Tomkinson, Caroline Sims and myself left it and made a bee-line for the Buffet where we had an excellent lunch, hardly speaking to one another—we just wanted to eat! From Lucerne we continued our journey to Andermatt and what a welcome awaited us. This atmosphere of kindness and thoughtfulness was present throughout the week and our first taste of the Andermatt hospitality was directly on arrival, when we were rushed into the Hotel Alpenhof where Iva Muller gave us tea—tea from a magnificent, large, tea pot! Iva is a wonderful hostess and so kind. Afterwards we were taken to our various Hotels.

During the week there were two Cocktail parties; the first one was the S.C.G.B. weekly party, which was held in the Hotel Konige & Post; the other was a party given by the White Hare Club and the Ladies' Ski Club at the Hotel Alpenhof. Both parties, I think, were a great success and everyone seemed to enjoy them.

I would like to tell of what I thought was such a real sign of the keen interest taken in the Meeting by the inhabitants of Andermatt. The competitors had all been put up in different hotels and there was the keenest excitement in each Hotel that their competitors should do well. All through the week every hotel encouraged its own racers and the 'Finish' was like the Derby or Ascot—not actually as regards clothes and there were no Bookies! but the excitement was tremendous and Hoteliers, waiters, porters and other members of the staff were all gathered to cheer their own particular guests, and as each one appeared, shouts of "There is our's, she is going well, she will win," heralded her past the 'Ziel.' These enthusiastic supporters waited in all the bitter cold to see their competitors race.

The organization of the races etc. was excellent and the Prize Giving was on Sunday afternoon at the Hotel Lowen, where everything was beautifully arranged. I gave the Prizes and short speeches were made by Sir Arnold Lunn and the Kurdirector. As well as the Cups and Trophies, Mr. and Mrs. Webb presented each competitor with a small cut glass crystal bowl, on which was engraved "Ladies' Race Week, 1963, Andermatt." A great surprise but what a nice gesture, and it was very much appreciated by the recipients.

The White Hare Club, whose home is at Andermatt, deserve a special vote of thanks for their marvellous Race week organization and they finished off by giving a dinner at the Hotel Krone, to which all the hoteliers, members of the Ski School and others who had helped make the week such a success were asked, and it was so very nice to meet them all.

JUNIOR KANDAHAR (girls) and LADIES' SKI CLUB JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

SLALOM: Start 10.30 hrs., Village Slope.

WINNERS

GIRLS: 1, Emily Worrall (1st run 49.0", 2nd run 50.8"), 99.8"; 2, Sandra Heber-Percy (49.9", 50.0"), 99.9"; 3, Lindsay Bruce (51.6", 53.0"), 104.6".

BOYS: 1, Ian Murray (1st run 46.2", 2nd run 46.0"), 92.2"; 2, Michael Edwards-Ker (44.8", 48.8"), 93.6"; 3, Anthony Hirschfeld (50.8", 49.8"), 100.6".

Emily Worrall won the L.S.C. Junior Championship by the narrow margin of .1 of a second from Sandra Heber-Percy. Lindsay Bruce, from Scotland, was third. The race was run at Zweisimmen in conjunction with the Junior Kandahar; both Emily and Sandra skied extremely well, beating all the boys other than Ian Murray and Michael Edwards-Ker.

THE BRITISH JUNIOR SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS

BY JOAN RAYNSFORD

The fourteenth British Junior Ski Championships were held at Lenk in the Bernese Oberland on the 9th and 10th January, 1963.

The weather conditions were very changeable in Lenk in the few days before the Championships and they varied between snowfalls, thaws and freezing. However, on the day of the Downhill, which was clear and sunny, the course was in good condition although the lower part was icy.

The Downhill race was held on the 9th January on the Stoss course. The vertical drop was 1,250 feet and the distance was 1,900 yards. The Kandahar Club organised the Championships and the Referee was Caroline Sims. Oscar Ziorjon set the Course. There were nineteen competitors in the girls' race and they all finished. Gina Hathorn, 16 years, from St. Moritz, won in 2' 9.1", Helen Jamieson, 15 years, from the D.H.O., was second in 2' 10.9", and Maud Illingworth, 14 years, from the D.H.O., was third in 2' 15.8".

There were forty-five starters in the Slalom race for boys. Thirty-four boys finished, eight were disqualified and three retired. David Bruneau won the Slalom race in 1' 40.4", David Borradaile was second in 1' 42.2", and Ian Murray, 13 years, from the Kandahar, was third in 1' 50.5".

The Slalom was held on the 10th January in the miserable conditions of pouring rain on slushy snow and in poor visibility. The two courses which were set were good tests of ski-ing ability. The Wildstrubel course had forty-four gates and the Betelberg course had forty-five gates. The course setters were R. Margreiter and C. Muhlauer. In the girls' race there were eighteen starters and seventeen finished. Unfortunately Jennifer Greenlees, from the D.H.O., was disqualified during her second run. Helen Jamieson won the Slalom race in 1' 42.4", Gina Hathorn was second in 1' 51.4", and Felicity Field, 16 years, from the D.H.O., was third in 1' 52.1".

There were forty-five competitors in the Boys' race over the same course and forty-four finished. The winner was David Borradaile, 17 years, the previous Junior Champion, from the D.H.O., in 2' 4.82", second was Clive Mitchell, 17 years, from the D.H.O., in 2' 4.84", and third was David Bruneau, 14 years, from the D.H.O., in 2' 5.3".

In the Combined Results Helen Jamieson became the 1963 Junior Girls' Champion with 8.74 points, Gina Hathorn came second with 43.4 points, and Felicity Field was third with 79.32 points. The first of the girls under fifteen in the combined result was Barbara King, 13 years, from the D.H.O., second was Maud Illingworth, 14 years, from the D.H.O., and third was Richenda Gillespie, 13 years, from Mardens.

In the Combined Results for boys, David Bruneau became the 1963 Junior Boys' Champion with 2.60 points, David Borradaile was second with 9.2 points, and Clive Mitchell was third with 110.43 points.

The race for the Kandahar inter-Club Team Cup, which was run in conjunction with the Junior Championships, was won by the D.H.O. 1st Team which consisted of David Borradaile, Clive Mitchell, David Bruneau and Michael Edwards-Ker. The D.H.O. second Team of Helen Jamieson, Felicity Field and Barbara King was second, and the St. Moritz Team of Gina Hathorn, Sandra Heber-Percy, Simon McCowen and Harry King, was third.

The Baidland Cup Inter-Schools Team race was won by Radley represented by Nigel Wilson and Simon McCowen. Chatelard 1st, with Valerie Child and Virginia Cox, was second, and Bradfield, with Simon Garrow and James Garrow, was third.

The Junior Championships, 1963, were much enjoyed by all those who were present. They were efficiently organised by the Kandahar and this was a most successful meeting.

ATALANTA CUP

February 19th, 1963

BY ELIZABETH FULTON

A TOTAL of 97 British Girls at school in Switzerland took part in the Atalanta Cup, the Lillywhites Cup for Under 15's and the Novices'

Cup for those who had not skied before the 1962/63 Season. Fortunately the race was run as a slalom and in spite of 18" of extremely wet and heavy snow the previous night, it was just possible to get the course ready in time. Chatelard School this year took the honours and provided the first three places in the Atlanta results and also the joint winners of the Lillywhites Cup. Suzanne Gale, from the Videmanette, came 1st in the Novices Race.

Herr Werhen and his staff at the Sporthotel again provided an excellent tea before the Prize Giving, and what had promised to be a complete wash out in the early morning ended up as a successful and enjoyable climax to the races that had been organised in the Chateau D'Oex-Gstaad-Saenenmöser area by the Kandahar Ski Club during February.

E.M.F.

RESULTS

ATALANTA CUP: 1, Bridget Newall, Chatelard (25·8", 26"), 51·8"; 2, Valerie Child, Chatelard (26", 26·2"), 52·2"; 3, Chloe Varley, Chatelard (26", 27·8"), 53·8".

LILLYWHITES CUP (Under 15 years old): 1, Linden Carr, Chatelard (32", 37"), 69", and Jillian Scovell, Chatelard (34", 35"), 69"; 3, Celia Seccombe, Chatelard (34", 37·6"), 71·6".

NOVICES' CUP: 1, Suzanne Gale, Videmanette (23", 22·2"), 45·2"; 2, Lee Tidmarsh, Montesano (23·4", 22·4"), 45·8"; 3, Rosamund Graham (Montesano (24", 22"), 46".

THE JOYS OF SUMMER TRAINING

BY DIANA MAY

I WAS not particularly perturbed when I received a letter from the Ski Club asking me to attend a pre-ski training session at Mrs. Tomkinson's house near Reigate in August last summer. It never occurred to me that my only exercise since the end of the previous skiing season had been the occasional unenergetic game of tennis, and that I might be rather unfit.

So, little guessing what was in store for me, I went to Kingswood one Sunday early in August. Also there were Anna, Tania, Divina, Patricia Murphy and Diana Tomkinson, as well as Mr. Tolley of the Epsom and Ewell Harriers, who was to be our coach. I remember that Sunday well, as it was one of those rare warm days that we had last summer. The first item on the programme was a "gentle jog" over Walton Heath. When I look back on it now, the amount of running we did then was really very negligible, but to most of us it seemed comparable to an Olympic Marathon.

Mrs. Tomkinson very kindly provided us with lunch, and afterwards we were introduced to a phenomenon called "circuit training," which I had always connected with boxing until then. This consisted of six exercises—press-ups; stepping up on a chair; jumping on and off a bench; pulling oneself up on a bar fixed to two trees; lying on one's back and sitting up; and, worst of all, jumping from one leg to the other with hands on the ground. We had to do each exercise as many times as possible in 15 seconds, and then rush on to the next one without stopping for a rest.

For several days after that Sunday, walking was a slow and painful process, whilst descending the stairs was well-nigh impossible. By

mid-September our training sessions became weekly, and as we got gradually fitter we ran for longer distances. Later on we transferred our attentions to Box Hill, running down on one long grassy slope and then returning to the top by way of a steep "North Face." On Box Hill there always seemed to be groups of school-boys or boy-scouts situated at strategic positions to make catcalls at anyone who happened to be lagging behind.

Apart from running, several of us attended P.T. classes organised by the D.H.O. at the International Sportsman's Club. The International Sportsman's Club is at Grosvenor House, and has squash courts, a gymnasium, and a swimming pool which was always an extremely welcome refreshment after a half-hour's strenuous gym.

When I got out to St. Anton I found that all the unpleasantness of getting fit had been well worthwhile as I did not get nearly as exhausted as usual at the beginning of the season. Finally, I think we should all like to thank Mrs. Tomkinson for using her house as a base; Mr. Tomkinson for suffering in silence while we performed our antics on his well-kept lawn, and Mr. Tolley for giving up so many of his Sundays to help us to get fit.

THE CITIZENS' DERBY—SESTRIERE

BY SUE HOLMES

AFTER the Ladies' Championships in Andermatt, a small detachment of the Ladies' Team set off to compete in the Citizens' Derby at Sestriere. Divina Galica, who had won the race the previous year, had, of course, to defend her title; she was joined by Patricia Murphy Gina Hawthorn and "Bunny" (Felicity) Fields to make a full team. The journey was as tedious, lengthy and exhausting (mainly from luggage carrying) as usual. Sestriere is an impossible place as far as accessibility is concerned, if travelling by train; but once there, one is fully reconciled. All labours, wranglings with Italian ticket collectors charging excessively for extra pairs of ski carried on the train, are forgotten—the marvellous ski-ing slopes, the wonderful snow—and the proverbial Sestriere Sun make up for every hardship endured in getting there.

It was bitterly cold during that week in January, and we encountered temperatures which were really arctic, but the ski-ing was superb and one gladly braved the cold and put up with frozen faces and hands. The course for the Derby was down the "Banchetta" and really fast and tricky—in fact a men's course. That may be one of the reasons why there appear to be fewer girls going in for it from year to year. The entry was rather poor for the girls, with a total of 11, of which even a couple scratched at the last moment, while there were almost one hundred men. The only French girl who trained, injured herself, or rather was run into, during training and did not race. That just left a few tough Italian girls and our team of four. Training on the course at the same time as the men, did, of course, have many hazards—more so since the men racers were rather over-estimating their own ski-ing abilities. However, our girls survived the training, coached

along most admirably and efficiently by Werner Staeger, who instilled them with such confidence that they were taking everything straight in a very professional manner. When Divina Galica went down the course—in a deep crouch on the fast top “Schuss”—there was no doubt that she was going to be the winner. She won the Derby in a time of 2 min. 6.5 seconds, the course dropping 1,800 feet and a little over 2 km. in length. Patricia Murphy finished second with 2 min. 8.3 seconds, followed closely by Gina Hawthorn with a time of 2 min. 8.8 seconds. This was a splendid performance by the three girls, and, of course, they also won the team event—in fact there was no complete team to challenge them for that. Bunny Fields crashed on the top “Schuss,” but did not hurt herself and went on to finish the race.

A Giant Slalom Race was held on the following day, which race did attract quite a formidable entry of some twenty girls. But here again, although it was quite a fast and tricky course, our girls carried away victory—taking again the first three places this time in a slightly reversed order. This time it was Patricia Murphy, who won followed in second place by Gina Hawthorn, and Divina Galica was third.

Sir Arnold Lunn, the founder not only of modern Alpine racing, but also of the “Citizen” type of races, came along to watch the race and keep us amused at Dinner. The week in Sestriere was enjoyed greatly by all, the only difficulty being how to cope with the enormous Cup which the girls won as a team prize.

ONE EAGLE SKI CLUB TOUR

ABELBODEN TO VILLARS

By DAPHNE GRIFFITH

THERE are tours and tours, as every hopeful off-pister knows. There are tours where exhaustion dampens joy as effectively as a candle-snuff, and there are tours where a mania for safety successfully removes all spice.

Most of us who only make short annual visits to winter sports like to indulge in a holidaymaker's right to have a good grumble. It is therefore with some regret that I am not able to flavour this description of the Eagle Club's tour with suitable touches of acidity, and am forced to descend to the icing-sugar level.

We enjoyed ourselves.

Everything was there. Adventure, delicious dollops of danger, imagination, a peak or two; all of which we were free to take or leave with as much nonchalance as a millionaire.

So, okay, we're millionaires, and we are on the second of four weeks of touring organised by the Chief Millionaire—Neil Hogg. We are to ski from Adelboden to Villars.

Our party of 27 was divided and subdivided until we formed neat little parcels of four or thereabouts. Each day the parcels were stamped and addressed by Neil, marked ‘delivery by nightfall’ and left to choose whichever route seemed good to them.

The strange snow conditions gave a character all of its own to our daily journeys. ‘South slope’ are rude words to those of us who

find our ski-ing unflattered by crust or bog, whereas anything with a north to it, conjures up sweet mental pictures of our personal talents in virgin powder. But not so this year. In the cold clear days, wind had blown the snow from one mountainside to another and transferred danger along with the snowflakes. Some north faces, never known to avalanche, were no longer safe.

The first day, wearing labels to Lenk, we had to content ourselves with a pleasant clamber through the trees. This was the only day when we had a serious argument with the weather and our good intention of climbing over the Tierberg had to be put into cold storage—very cold storage.

Lenk is charming and unspoilt and here we met the most wonderful hospitality (as indeed we did everywhere).

Next day our labels were changed to Launen and my group planned on reaching our destination via the Aebigrat. Feeling independent and possessed of a map-reader, we noted a crib on the map and decided to follow it to the letter. A perfectly sound method of cross-countrying we thought—only don't do it. Cribbs are not always what they seem on paper. We had to negotiate some steep and nasty traverses, gingerly testing each step, whilst another group achieved the same objective by following a slightly different route—a happier decision as it turned out. As we grew greener and greener crossing our traverses we saw them in the distance nearing the end of their climb. Eventually we joined their tracks and found all sorts of questionable notes in the snow for our benefit. “We lost one here” was written in large capitals on the edge of a precipice—each note had its own sense of humour!

Our next labels were Diableret, via Gsteig. No pack-lunch this day—a visit to a glorious old chalet in Gsteig proved a pleasant change. Neil found some lovely Swiss wine called Pinot Noir and it was just as well we had a taxi to start us over the Col du Pillon afterwards! Here we saw the new cable car, part of which was due to open later the same month; a most impressive sight.

We clambered some way towards La Palette before branching off and ski-ing down to Diableret, where we marked time for a day; to get over the effects of wine if you are ungenerous, or to wait whilst another group caught us up, if you'll give us the benefit of the doubt. Whichever the case, we set out to fill the day by ski-ing to L'Etivaz. Sunshine, powder snow and no pack on our shoulders made it all very pleasant.

That evening, as both parties met up, there was much chatter and laughter about all our different adventures.

Next morning, with one large label, we all headed for Villars in a great phalanx. Neil, who had spent the day before ferreting a way through quite a dense wood, led us out of this jungle and on up the Tête de Meilleret. A glorious view spread out before us—everywhere we looked—Dents du Midi, Oldenhorn, right back to the beginning with the Hahnenmoos and Adelboden and right over to the Chamosaire and Villars.—Millionaires indeed.

At Villars that evening we had a celebration dinner. We reckoned

we had commemorated the 60th Anniversary of the S.C.G.B. and 75 years of ski-ing in Grindelwald with due aplomb.

Our thanks are due to the Eagle Club and Neil Hogg and also to Peter and Beryl Wilberforce-Smith for this very happy and exciting tour.

AN ENGLISH SKI-RESORT

By V. TOMKINSON

THE latest ski resort to be opened this season was Box Hill, Surrey. This popular summer beauty spot became the focal point this winter for many skiers who live in the surrounding area. It proved an interesting, and in some instances exciting, hill on which to ski. Perhaps the first hazard was a long and gently sloping path. Easy enough, one would think, but with the exuberance of ski-ing in England, combined with gazing at the marvellous view, sometimes even the most expert skier might find himself, much to his horror, spreadeagled.

Having safely reached the top of the main slope, one had a choice of two runs; the rabbits, which was a long but rather flat run, often proved more popular to those who wanted some reward for the arduous climb up. Another slope down the front of Box Hill was steeper and therefore more exciting; not only did one have to concentrate on remaining upright, but also to attempt to avoid other mad skiers, crazy dogs and stray sledges. But these were nothing compared to the obstacles that confronted one as the last hill was approached. The skier, coming at high speed over the top of the final rise, would suddenly realise that he was heading straight for a large patch of greasy looking mud. If this was avoided he would find his path blocked by a row of tough-looking trees with a busy main road running below. Despite all this, there were few accidents.

Perhaps the social life came into play on the climb up the hill. This climb had to be punctuated by frequent rests with the excuse that one had to talk to a long-lost friend who luckily happened to be trailing up the hill fifty yards behind. This, of course, only distracted those who had eaten too much Christmas dinner.

On account of this climb, technique was practised rather than a straight 'chush' down the hill. One saw many different styles ranging from the 1920 Norwegian 'shoulder' style to the elegant Austrian 'wedeln.' The standard was surprisingly high, and even the beginners seemed to acquire a determination to conquer Box Hill. The types of ski used were varied. One skier managed to give an excellent performance on an old pair of wooden skis which looked as if Noah had used them. Unfortunately one got broken, but nothing daunted, the owner patched it up using a date box, and the skis remained in use.

The weekend usually ended with an après-ski party in a local private house. A log fire would be blazing and everyone sitting round it, sipping gluvine, discussing the day's ski-ing and speculating as to how long the snow would last, hoping it would last another week: perhaps the only people in England to do so.



KANDAHAR "OFF PISTE" SKI-ING, FEBRUARY, 1963. ZWEISIMMEN.



SOSS ROE AND MINI PICK-UP RETURNING TO ENGLAND.



1962/63 LADIES' TEAM

Left to right : Patricia Murphy, Wendy Farrington, Tania Heald,
Divinia Galica, Jane Gissing, Anna Asheshov.



PRIZE GIVING AT ANDEMATTE.

Anna Asheshov receiving her trophy from Lady Blanc.
(*Behind*) Peter Forbes and Mrs. Webb (Sec.), White Hare Club.



"ATALANTA CUP"—SAANENMOSER, FEBRUARY 1963.

Winner : Bridget Newall—Chateland.



LUTTMAN-JOHNSON "GESMOZZLE" START.



Negotiating a tricky situation.



The result of Unpredictable Snow Conditions—No Harm Done!

NEWS FROM THE NORTH

SKIERS in the North West have been most fortunate in having so many suitable slopes available to them for ski-ing during the Winter season, especially in the Peak Park Districts, and Derbyshire Hills. From Dec. 7th until the end of February daily ski-ing has been possible with excellent conditions. The two main centres were at Edale (the official ski-run sponsored by the S.C.G.B.) and at Ford Hall nearby, in Derbyshire, the latter had the advantage of better road access and a portable ski-tow. The Ski-Tow is financed and run by S.C.G.B. members of the Manchester Area and is most efficient and fast-moving, it operated during all daylight hours at the week-ends with remarkably few break-downs, and was reminiscent of the familiar queues seen so often abroad and a boon to the more experienced skiers. The ski areas are within easy reach of many large towns, Manchester, Stockport, Sheffield, etc., and so every available slope in parks, fields, etc., was crowded, even to within ten minutes walk of an industrial town. With the curtailment of other more popular sports, the spectator value increased and it became a day's outing to "go and watch the Skee-ers, Shee-ers, or Sky-ers!" The Police were out in force to cope with as much as three miles of parked vehicles, but all very good-humoured and enjoying this new sport on their doorsteps. A Swiss Instructor saw the possibilities and promptly started a daily Ski-Schule, and many youngsters who could beg or borrow skis rapidly approached third-class standards, and enjoyed the impromptu races organised for them at weekends. On Feb. 24th was held a Men-only race for the "Red Barrell" Trophy, this was sponsored by the Watney, Mann group of Breweries who provided a handsome trophy and also a portable bar-lounge to dispense hospitality with their own particular brew of coarse. Conditions were ideal . . . a cold, crisp and sunny day, with hard packed snow and the hard surface made for fast running. Over two thousand spectators lined the roads and course, as well as a few hundred skiers, and together with a large turn-out of reporters, photographers and B.B.C. Television cameramen, the atmosphere was worthy of a first-class International event, the interest displayed by the many who had never seen a ski race made up for the short course and the ability of the majority of the entrants. The race consisted of a Downhill and Slalom . . . the Downhill was very much a 100 yards sprint with four controls and was won by Luke O'Reilly, second was Colin Campbell who has had much racing experience in Scotland, and a very stylish third was Wyn Riley. The Slalom course looked deceptively easy, but when the Vorlaufer (a Swiss Ski Instructor) came to grief two-thirds of the way down, the competitors treated it with more respect. The top half of the course was set in conventional Continental style, but by reason of the ever-present Derbyshire stone walls and trees, the lower half developed into Alpine figures, and caught out the less experienced of the skiers, much to the pleasure of the audience who, as usual, enjoyed the spectacular slides and tumbles that ensued.

As the only boy in the race, Luke O'Reilly, home for a hurried half-term holiday, became very much the spectators' favourite, and

they were delighted when he won the Slalom with a display of style and dash as befits a "Junior Trainee."

Wyn Riley came second in a manner worthy of his British "Gold," and Colin Campbell third. Nine out of twenty-eight starters did not finish the course. As the winner of both the Downhill and the Slalom, Luke O'Reilly became the overall winner, and was duly presented with the trophy by the wife of the French Consul in Manchester, Madam Dupont Lhotlelian. As the thaw came within a few days this proved a highly successful climax to our season in the North.

Much of the credit for the interest and success of ski-ing in the North West is due to our own Miss Ethel Leverson, as the first official S.C.G.B. Representative in this area she started from scratch to build up what is now one of the largest and most active centres in the country. Over a long period she advised and finally persuaded the Peaks Park Planning Board to allow and encourage ski-ing on their lands, and the pleasure derived by so many people in this area this season is due to her, with, of course, the grand assistance of the weather-man.

RESULTS

"RED BARREL" TROPHY and "PRIDE OF THE PEAK" TITLE: February 24th, 1963. Venue: Ford Hall, Derbyshire. Downhill and Slalom. Starters: 28. 9 did not finish course.

WINNER, Luke O'Reilly; 2nd, Colin Campbell; 3rd, Wyn Riley.

DOWNHILL: 1st, Luke O'Reilly; 2nd, Colin Campbell; 3rd, Wyn Riley.

SLALOM: 1st, Luke O'Reilly; 2nd, Wyn Riley; 3rd, Colin Campbell.

DIABLERETS LIFT OPENING

February 15th, 1963

BY ELIZABETH FULTON

ALONG with other regular visitors to Gstaad, I got an invitation to the official opening of the first two stages of this great new lift which, when the final stage is complete, will open up wonderful glacier runs and summer ski-ing.

After many long speeches and an excellent lunch at the Palace Hotel, a fleet of buses took us all off to Reusch, where the ceremony of launching the first Luftseilbahn was performed; another speech was made, a ribbon was cut and the cabin slipped away into oblivion. A technical hitch delayed the journey of our own cabin for about ten minutes and while men clambered about on top, apparently fixing cables, the waiting queue of spectators did their best to convince us passengers that our last hour had come—we did, however, manage to negotiate 'outer space' successfully, but it was thankfully that we stepped on to land again and explored the half-made restaurant, before continuing on the second stage of our journey to the Diablerets Hut. The new lift from the Col du Pillon to the Diablerets Hut, which will serve the neighbouring valley, was still under construction, and after inspecting this and the magnificent view, we skied down beneath the peak of that lovely mountain, the Oldenhorn, on a most beautifully prepared *piste*. From Reusch we were taken back to Gstaad by bus

with the knowledge that the friendly pasture land ski-ing area of the district was about to be linked by the ingenuity of man and modern engineering to high mountain glaciers, which had been hitherto unapproachable except by the keen tourer or by helicopter.

SKI-ING ACCIDENTS

SKI-ING accidents seem to get odder and odder. The prize for the Most Unusual Mishap of 1962 went to the girl who fell in soft snow and concussed herself on a ski-instructor's hip-bone, with the man who swore he dislocated his knee turning over in bed, in second place several lengths away. The 1963 crop included a mutilated foot incurred while helping to dislodge a car from a bank of snow (the back tyres were fitted with anti-slip studs), someone who got a splinter in her seat while trying to squeeze past one of those rough-hewn tables in a mountain restaurant, and an extremely unfortunate man who survived two weeks in St. Anton without injury, only to slip on the ice outside Harrods and break his leg in two places.

If anyone has a really sensational accident to reveal, please would they write and tell the Editor about it? The first prize will be a small First Aid kit.

TO AUSTRIA BY MINI PICK-UP

BY ISOBEL ROE

My passenger on the first part of my journey to the Alps was obviously more accustomed to continental driving than I was, and my experience was still very limited when I was faced with a 700 mile trip to Austria and back, alone. The little knowledge I had acquired was rather alarming. The intense cold frosted up all the windows, resulting in nil visibility until engine heat eventually thawed two little look-outs. Also, woman power was not strong enough to press the self starter on the floor. I got over the first of these problems with anti-freeze spray, which at least kept the ice soft and reasonably possible to remove. The second problem I solved by pressing the starter with a small broom handle; starting became easier and my two sprained thumbs began to recover.

The purpose of this journey was to visit the Ingham's Representatives who were also acting for the S.C.G.B. My journey went well but I was disappointed at having to go through the Arlberg tunnel by train as the road was blocked by drifts. At all the resorts I visited I was duly impressed with the wonderful service Ingham's were giving their clients. Their Representatives are first rate and are very carefully selected. They appeared to have learned the art of being popular and helpful to clients and locals alike. Theirs is not an easy job, it's a sort of "go between." Clients can undoubtedly complain about accommodation and food, etc. Other guests complain about the behaviour of your guests, and Hoteliers are not always easy. From what I saw on my brief visit I thought these girls did their job admirably.

Lermoos was my first port of call, I liked both the ski-ing and the village; there are long and short runs and the lower slopes are very

open. From Lermoos I went to Seefeld, which is almost a town and by no means ski-ing only; it is popular with curlers, skaters and walkers. Niederau and Oberau came next; they lie east of Innsbruck and are 3 kilometers apart. At Niederau beginners are well catered for on a sunny little 600ft. slope. At Oberau the beginners' slope is slightly shorter. In other ways they share each other's ski-ing but the main lift runs from Niederau.

"Olympics 1964" are a household word in Austria, so I could not leave without a visit to Igls, where the men's downhill will be held, also the bobbing and tobogganing. The Patscherkofel teleferique goes up directly above the bob and toboggan runs which look quite terrifying. To make matters worse the conversation in the teleferique kept one up-to-date with the latest accidents. As would be expected, the men's downhill course was quite something, and conditions were excellent.

My visit to Igls was brief as I was due in Sölden in the Oetztal that same day. Sölden and Hochsölden obviously share each other's ski-ing. Ochsölden is above the tree line and has beautiful open slopes and lovely touring. The next day I went to Obergurgl; the wide road from Zwieselstein to Obergurgl was in perfect condition, unlike any other road I had met in Austria or Switzerland. I could not help thinking that on my last visit 29 years ago, it had taken 4 hours to walk up the sleigh track. I was first in Obergurgl in 1928 and I was interested to see again the huge mountains which we had automatically climbed each day. I was sorry to see the foot of the slopes being encroached upon by new buildings. Obergurgl has a long season—Christmas till late April. To me it is a spring ski-ing resort and I longed to return in March.

One cannot fail to be impressed by The Austrian Ski School. The instruction is so good that regular attendance is a 'must' for most visitors; they feel that they will be left behind if even one lesson is missed. The instructors have infinite patience and enthusiasm and pupils—good and bad alike—know exactly what they ought to be doing. If there is any criticism to be made, it is this: off piste ski-ing appears to be ignored until pupils become "super piste technicians." During my visit several members wanted to take soft snow tests and as conditions were wind blown it was the varied snow test which they took. I was astonished at the candidates' lack of experience and obvious alarm at being taken into snow which to me was far more interesting than "bashing a piste"; as for the observant and careful skier there were plenty of spots to be found for turns. I asked one candidate what her instructor had taught her to do in soft snow. The reply was "well we did not do much, as whenever we tried people floundered, so we quickly returned to the piste." I did meet a few visitors who were wanting to go on tours and were finding it difficult to get the school or other visitors to go with them. If "off piste" classes were arranged, the wishes of skiers whose aim is to get about and enjoy the mountains would be satisfied; at present they are not encouraged to do so.

I thoroughly enjoyed my Austrian trip, which, on account of

visiting six centres, made a two weeks visit seem far longer. Mini Pick-up went well when once started. Starting in the intense cold was a sore point (no starting handle with Minis), but I was not the only motorist who needed to get off in the morning. The tow rates varied from 30-80 Austrian shillings, but once I did get a free push from some strong and kind English visitors.

Note: I have since heard that the way to start a reluctant Mini is to jack up the front, pull out the choke and turn on. Then, wearing gloves, spin the front wheel!!

LUTTMAN-JOHNSON TROPHY

By E. B. M. MACROBERT

THE Luttman-Johnson Trophy, which was competed for on February 23rd, 1963, for the first time, was organised and presented in memory of Hugh Luttman-Johnson by his family and a number of friends. Hugh Luttman-Johnson was a visitor at Saanenmöser for many years; he knew and loved every mountain and ski run in the district. He continued to ski until he was over 80—reputedly with a patent device for fastening his bindings to avoid stooping!

The race, open to residents and visitors to the district, took a very unusual form, being run in pairs as a timed cross-country ski tour. Any route could be followed and ski lifts used, provided all Control points were visited and the emphasis was on enjoyment of the country—not piste bashing. With this encouragement a lot of the entrants were not in their first youth, which gave rather an uncommon look to the line-up. An added bait was the fact that time spent in the various restaurant check points was not counted, giving ample scope for leisurely drinking *en route*.

Three of the Control points posed few problems, Berghaus Hornfluh at the Kessel, top of Hornfluh lift and hut near bottom of the Lochstafel lift. The Horneggli restaurant at the top of the lift from Schönried and the Kubeli Hut invited a bit more craft as they could be reached by a variety of routes. Before the race much use was made of contour maps with competing pairs plotting to outwit each other. Some even had trial runs to spy out the land, but others were heard to mutter "We're not hurrying and I expect we'll find the Kubeli Hut in the end." When it came to the day, the weather put paid to any idea of high traverses round the Hornfluh or the Saanersloch, which were unsafe due to avalanche danger. This was a great pity as there was a bonus for the Saanersloch route—apart from the added enjoyment of a good soft snow run.

We were lucky with the weather, the first sunny day for a week. There was a geschmozzel start for the 28 competitors and much swearing over bindings that wouldn't go on smartly in the deep snow. Most people took straight off down the piste and over to Schönried, but some of the Swiss entrants had to be winkled off the forbidden Hornfluh traverse, contrary to instructions delivered in three languages by George Fielding. The racers were soon widely scattered over the mountains although throughout the day we foregathered in the various

restaurants *en route* before the final finishing point in the Bears restaurant at the Sporthotel.

Needless to say the winners, J. Buhler and U. Haldi, were young, strong Swiss and from their incredible time (48 mins.), seemed to have scorned the use of all lifts and skied uphill almost as quickly as down. Second were G. Hurni and Miss A. Munro (75.56 mins.), then two more Swiss pairs. The first British couple, Soss Roe and Tony Devenish (88.20), took rather an odd route and only beat young Sarah Fielding and Michael Pope (88.45) by a whisker, both pairs incidentally suffering from binding trouble. P. Heath and Dr. A. McKenzie were next, the first complete strangers to the district. The others all finished—some in their own good time. One was, with difficulty, dissuaded from parking her ski on the car before clocking in. The most original route was taken by D. Fowles and Miss J. Simmons, who finished over an hour behind their nearest rivals. They appeared to start from the bottom upwards and always seemed to be plodding uphill when seen. They were given a special prize of racing wax, which Douglas complained later gummed him up completely.

The results were a mathematical nightmare to work out and involved much frenzied scribbling, checking and rechecking. If, as is threatened for next year, bonuses are to be given for ages totalling over 100 years, obviously a computer or at least a Senior Wrangler will be essential.

After an introductory speech by Col. Dudgeon, an old friend of Mr. Luttmann-Johnson and one of the sponsors of the Trophy, the prizes were presented by Dr. Rast, who entertained us with many stories of the old days at Saanenmoser. The Trophy is a magnificent silver plate—a copy of an Elizabethan dish said to have come over with the Armada—with a facsimile of Mr. Luttmann-Johnson taken from a ski-ing photograph. The runners-up received a coffee pot and jug, the first British pair also got pots at a later date, a bottle of champagne in the meantime. There were many other prizes and every competitor was given a medal specially coined to commemorate the Race—and a free drink.

Our thanks go to Liz Fulton, who organised the race with the help of many locals and visitors, who manned the various checkpoints. It was a most enjoyable and original competition—ideal for the skier who doesn't take his ski-ing too seriously, although perhaps those among the prize-winners might refute this!

E.B.M.M.

FINSTERAARHORN 1963

BY SONIA KIRWAN

MY sister, Angela, and I left Grindelwald for the Jungfrauoch on Monday morning with Reudi Kaufmann and Hans Schlunegger, one of Grindelwald's racers, both looking very overlaid with large rucksacks. It was a lovely day and the ski-ing conditions down to Concordia Platz were perfect—a hard crust with a light covering of powder. It was wonderful to be up in the mountains again, away from the

maddening crowds on the *piste*. We climbed slowly up the Grünhornlücke and arrived at the Finsteraarhorn Hütte at about 4.30. Nobody else had been there during the winter and we spent quite a long time digging our way in.

Reudi cooked us an excellent meal that evening and then announced that he was going to kick foot-holes which would freeze during the night and so make walking easier for us the following morning. He disappeared for about an hour, during which time we spent a few anxious moments wondering what we would do if he did not return!

The following morning we left the hut at about 7.15 and climbed for an hour carrying our ski. We then put on skins and started on what was to be a very long climb. Angela and I had left our rucksacks in the hut as I think Reudi felt that we were going to need all the help possible to reach the summit—and how right he was! We plodded very slowly upwards, stopping at intervals for sustenance. It was the most glorious day, but almost too warm. The mountains around us were unbelievably beautiful and we felt as though we were climbing nearer and nearer to the top of the world. The only disconcerting thing about the climb was that the Swiss airforce were practising hard and seemed to be dive-bombing us every ten minutes.

One of the more agonising moments on the ascent was shortly after we had left the breakfast place and were putting on our ski again when Reudi suddenly put one foot into the bergschrund and disappeared up to his waist. Angela quickly gave him her hand and I handed him his ski, neither of which would have been any use at all if he had really gone in, but anyway all was well and he had just made rather a large hole which we all steered well clear of on our way down.

At last we arrived at the Huggisattel, where we sat in the sun for about a quarter of an hour and admired the view, which was by this time breath-takingly beautiful. We left our ski slightly below the Huggisattel because it was easier climbing without them and then started up the final scramble (as the professionals describe it) on rock. There was amazingly little snow on the ridge and no ice. Reudi led, with Angela next to him, followed by me and Hans bringing up the rear. Reudi encouraged and cajoled us, wondering whether he would ever get us to the top. Up and up we went, our climbing getting slower and slower. There was a sheer drop to our left and a fairly sheer drop to our right.

Eventually we reached the summit—at last we had got there. How Reudi got us to the top I don't know, but it was the most thrilling moment when we arrived. All the hard work and fears of the climb were made worth while in those few wonderful moments we had at the top. We really did seem to be on top of the world and in fact were at the top of one of the most beautiful mountains and the highest in the Bernese Oberland. During all our hours of climbing I hadn't really thought about coming down, my only concern had been how to get to the top. However, we were firmly told that we had better get a move on as we had taken such a long time to get to the top. (Most people take about five hours in the winter and we had taken seven-and-a-half!).

Slowly we lowered ourselves down, with Hans now leading, followed by me and Angela, and Reudi at the back. We could see our ski a long way below us and we never seemed to get any closer. There was, by this time, a strong wind blowing, which was probably quite a good thing as it meant that we did not want to waste much time. When at last we reached our ski Reudi asked if we would rather walk on down or had we got enough energy to ski. I couldn't have walked another step and I think Angela felt the same, so we hurriedly put on our ski and skied down. The conditions were amazingly good, windcrust with a layer of windblown powder on top. Reudi led a very good line down and in no time at all we were back at the bergschrund where we had to take off our ski to scramble across a few rocks and then skied on down to the hut. Angela and I were both absolutely exhausted and after many cups of hot tea retired to bed. We just managed to raise enough energy to come down for supper and then we all retired to bed.

The following morning we tidied up the hut and set off towards Fiesch. This is a descent which is not very frequently made, but was most enjoyable. Unfortunately the sun was not out and the snow which must have been "sulz" the previous day was most hard. We made our way cautiously down the glacier, which was very crevassed, avoiding avalanches on the one side and crevasses on the other. By the time we reached the end of the glacier the weather had become warm and the snow was soggy; in fact we almost felt as though we were water ski-ing.

At long last we came to a village, which consisted of a few rather ramshackle chalets built very closely together, with all their washing hanging across the paths, for there were no roads. It was impossible to see which way to go, but fortunately we saw one of the inhabitants who pointed towards a manure heap and told us to go that way! Finally we reached a slightly larger village where there was a very modern hotel which was entirely out of keeping with the rest of the village. It even had a juke box which was a cruel reminder that we were now back on earth after three wonderful days in the mountains. However, it did serve very good beer, and after an enormous lunch and far too much beer we walked to Fiesch, where we had about two hours to wait for a train, so we drank yet more beer, wasted yet more money on the juke box and staggered on to the train to start our long journey back to Grindelwald.

It had been the most wonderful trip—three glorious days in the mountains. Perfect weather and superb conditions.

MOUNTAINS ARE COLD PLACES

IF anyone is still in doubt as to the best method of keeping warm, here are a few facts learnt from icy experience. The first is that there is No Substitute for Wool, as far as underpants are concerned. The stretch nylon ones may give a lovely line under your tightest ski-trousers, but they aren't much use for keeping warm in really cold weather—anyway they make one's feet sweat and slip around inside

one's boots, I find. The knee-length nylon pants are good for when the weather has warmed up a bit but you don't want to burn your boats and abandon underpants altogether.

The second thing is that no-one has yet invented a better shirt for ski-ing than the garment variously known as a polo-ski, slip-easy, under-pull or pulli-shirt. Get them a size bigger than you think you need, as they shrink a bit when speed-dried on hotel radiators, and if they are too short in the sleeves and body the insulation effect is lost.

The third fact is that girls who have overcome their inhibitions about string vests (i.e. that wearing them will leave one with a funny little all-over pattern like fine chicken-wire) have been keeping deliciously cosy and centrally-heated all through this last Arctic winter. For maximum warmth, wear a string vest and an ordinary cotton one over it. Below is a small chart so that you can dress by the weather forecast.

	<i>Air Temperature</i>	<i>Clothes</i>
↑	over 38° F	SUBTRACT underpants. SWOP underpull for Aertex shirt.
	33 - 38° F	As below but SWOP long woolly for knee-length nylon.
Start HERE, and work up or down	28 - 32° F	String vest, long woolly underpants, underpull, sweater, anorak, and trousers of course.
	22 - 27° F	ADD a cotton vest over the string one, a wool shirt over the underpull, silk glove linings.
	14 - 20° F	ADD nylon knee-length underpants and more sweaters.
↓	under 14° F	Just keep moving around, preferably uphill.

BOTH SIDES OF THE KEYHOLE

BY PHYLLIS LUNN

WHEN I was being considered as a secretary for the Sinister Father of this Club I was sent round to the S.C.G.B. to study the back numbers of the *British Ski Year Book*. Until then my knowledge of ski-ing was

limited to Deggers' cartoons in *The Tatler*, and I realised after ten minutes in Great Smith Street (where the office then was) that Deggers was obviously making light of a very serious way of life. This was confirmed when I had been attached to the receiving end of the dictaphone in Albany Courtyard (where the Sinister Father signed his letters from time to time) and was being prepared for my first visit to Mürren. A committee consisting of Mabel Lunn, Doreen Elliott and Dreda Hadow met among the habits, breeches and wooden horses in Mr. Robert Symonds' shop in Sackville Street, chose my ski clothes and attended my fittings. It was Mr. Symonds who designed the long trousers flapping down over the boots which were the only possible wear in 1933. The blazer-like coats coming well down over the tail, which had at first been the only wear with these trousers, had already been superseded by a sort of Eton jacket, and it was agreed by the committee that my uniform should be created by Mr. Symonds in navy blue herringbone. This was my nerve-wracking introduction to the supreme importance of both clothes and committees in the ski-ing world.

As members who know Mürren are aware, No. 3 and No. 4 in the Palace Hotel are divided by a not very well-fitting door. In 1933 most off-the-snow ski-ing events of importance took place in No. 4. People would burst into No. 3, where I sat huddled among dictaphones, typewriters, S.C.G.B. test forms and Kandahar cups, throw their damp gloves on to the radiator, and demand instant typing of start lists, race results or urgent notices. They would then disappear with the Kandahar Candidates' Book into No. 4, and only the noisiest dictaphone cylinder could prevent subsequent eavesdropping. I suppose I learned more about the development of ski-ing in this way than would have been possible in any other.

Already, I was made to realise, ski-ing was not what it had been. One ought to have known Mürren in the twenties. But the British still outnumbered skiers from any other country in most ski-ing centres, members of the Ladies' Ski Club dominated international ladies' racing, and racing rules were still being evolved. Through the keyhole I was able to follow much of the commotion which preceded the inclusion of Downhill and Slalom racing for the first time in the Olympic Games (1936), and the beginning of "Citadin" races with the Duke of Kent Cup (1937). Best of all, of course, were the fusses connected with the selection of the teams. The FIS to me was chiefly represented by innumerable letters and reports on very thin paper from Major Oestgaard, for whom I nursed feelings of deep-rooted resentment as a, for me, time-wasting spoil-sport, until I met him and found that he was the best-looking man I had ever seen. At that time the present President of the FIS was a small boy who was winning innumerable Kandahar races, so that I was constantly typing:-

1st. Marc Hodler.

When I got back to Mürren after the war, the English were haunted by endless calculations resulting from the restricting Travel Allowance. There was, and remains, a sharp distinction between those who skied before the war and those who started after it, making in

some respects a curious parallel with the difference between those who remember the British Empire at its zenith and those who do not.

The keyhole continued to enable me to follow, though now only intermittently, the development of most new ideas in ski-ing. I calculated that it generally took two years of opposition before an idea of the Sinister Father's was considered, about five before it was accepted, and nearly ten before it was felt to be something so self-evident that there had never been a time when it was not taken for granted.

This experience was useful in allaying the depression of those who tried to do something about the dismal state of British ski clothes. No persuasion had the slightest effect on getting the majority of British tailors or clothing and boot manufacturers to realise that in the tremendous expansion of ski-ing all over the world they had an enormously increasing market, and could count on some valuable remnants of the pre-war reputation of British sports equipment.

A committee was formed in the S.C.G.B. (I remember taking minutes of at least one meeting), individuals hammered away at their personal contacts, and articles appeared in the *British Ski Year Book*. As the years passed, the articles on ski clothes in the popular press began to show signs of contact with the subject, many shops specialising in ski clothes put on ski fashion shows, and the S.C.G.B.'s own excellent show last year resulted in first-class publicity for the club, and in reducing still further the chances of being able to pick out British from any other skiers by their depressingly dowdy, dingy and shapeless clothes.

When, after a lapse of some years, I was returning to Mürren (to the other side of the keyhole), I felt that I again needed advice on what to wear, so I went to the "expert" at a London shop and put myself in her hands. I was dismayed at her choice, but when I stood at the finish of the first international ladies' race I had seen for six years I realised how clever she had been. I shall not give the name of the "expert" nor of the shop because nothing would damage more completely their reputation as leaders of ski-ing fashions than a suggestion of catering for elderly women with unfortunate figures, but I was grateful for a certain confidence which I felt as I shuffled across to congratulate the members of our team when they arrived at the finish. If one can pick *them* out from their competitors now, it is because many of them are among the smartest on the course. The Team Sweater, which I first saw above Mr. Symonds' long trousers, has risen and fallen in favour among succeeding teams, but I hope that the general idea will persist, and that the S.C.G.B. colours will form the basis of the whole inter-related outfit or our teams in the Olympic Games in 1964.

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 Murphy, Miss P., '60.
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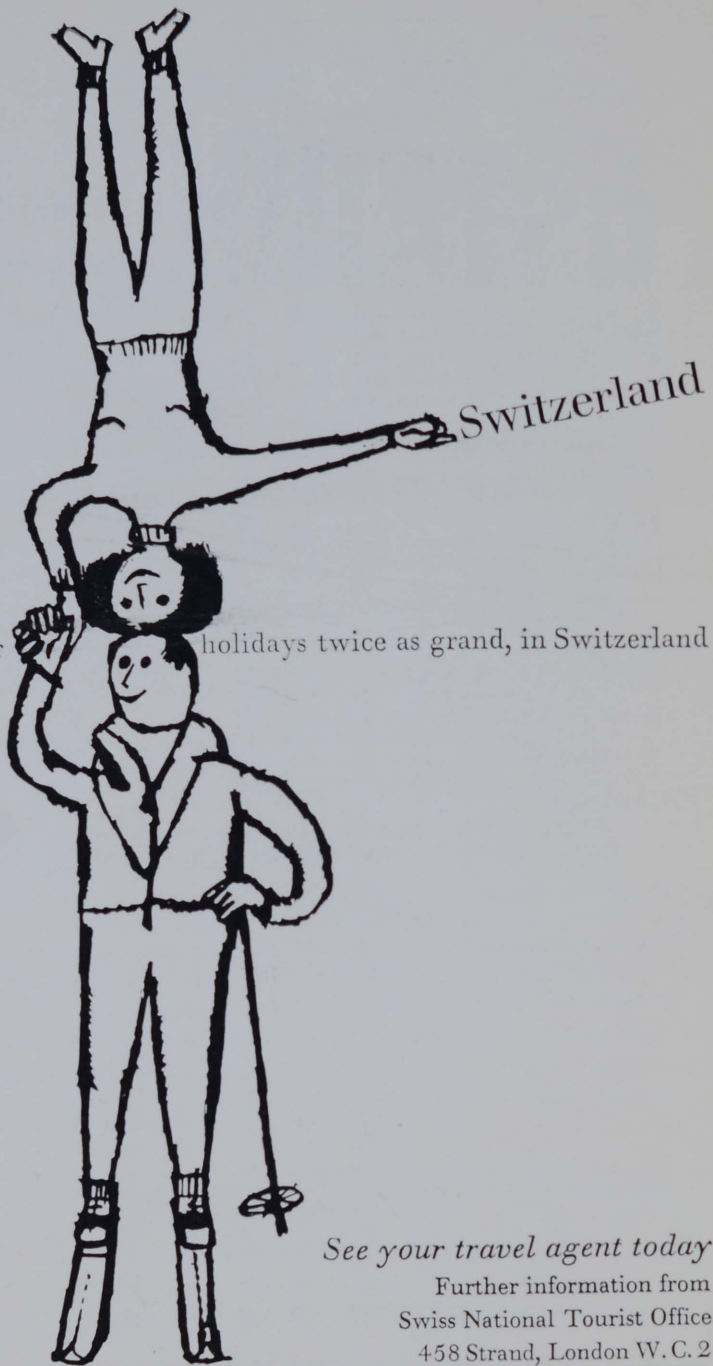
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