



LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN
OCTOBER, 1965

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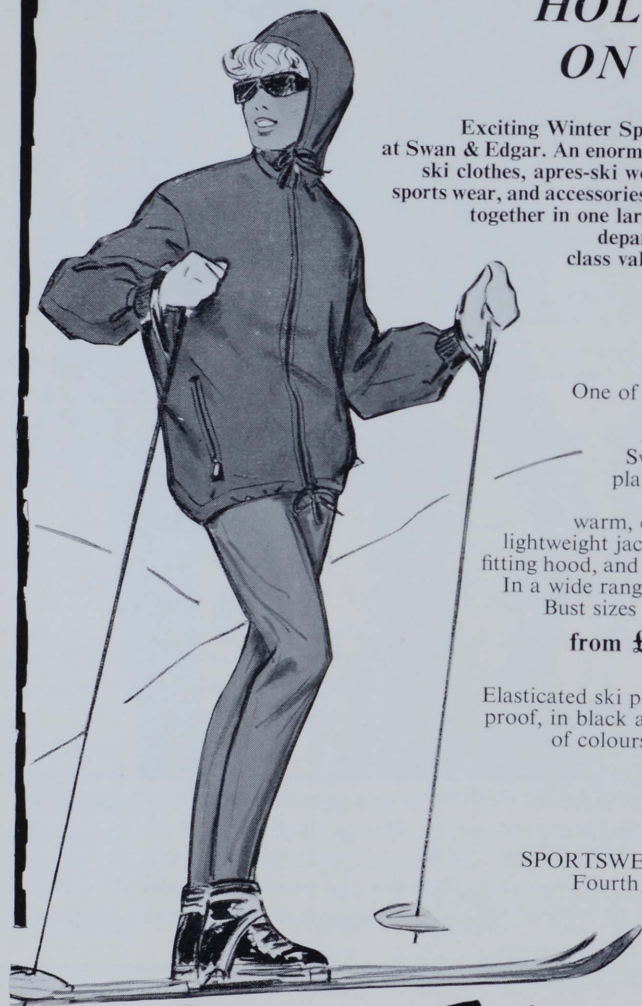
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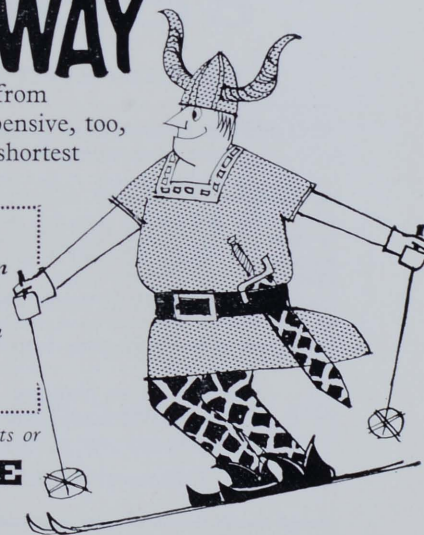
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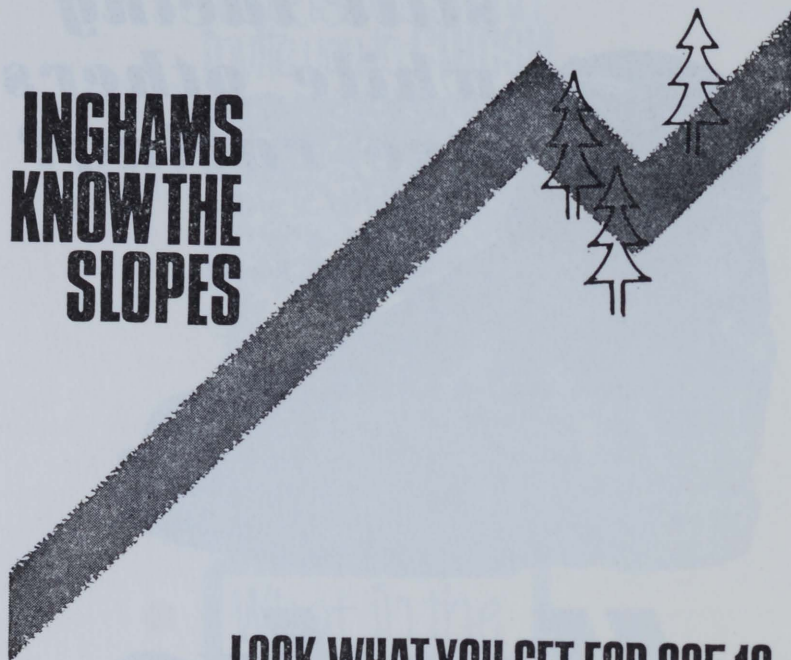
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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 35

Vol. II, Pt. 27

OCTOBER, 1965

EDITORIAL

CRISIS year for the *L.S.C. Bulletin*. After Pauline Sitwell-Stebbing's excellent start—she produced an article in reply to Elspeth MacRobert's, *immediately* the 1964 edition was circulated. By the spring, it was obvious that this would be the only reading in the 1965 number, unless drastic measures were taken. Everyone had either written for something else, wasn't going to write AGAIN, hadn't got a subject to write about and not even the Ladies' Week took place to be left out of the records. (Editor's apologies for last year.) The drastic measure was to enlist the help of a Special Correspondent—the wrong sex for membership to this Club but he has helped out valiantly and Neil Hogg's articles will be read with great interest. Members eventually got down to it and displayed their talent admirably, making quite clear that the winter was not such a dull one after all.

The domestic news is that Mrs. Anne, Mrs. Birts and Mrs. Mabey have had daughters and Viscountess Emllyn, Mrs. Currie, Mrs. Noel, Mrs. Daly and Mrs. Johnson have had sons. Our congratulations to all of them and very best wishes to the following who have married during the year:

Miss Penny Walker to Mr. Oppenheimer.

Miss Doran-Webb to Mr. David Anne.

Miss Daphne Martin to Lt-Commander Shillingford, R.N.

Miss Cynthia Petre to Mr. Halacy.

Miss Roseanne Watson to Mr. D. S. G. Adam.

The new members are Mrs. Benwall, Miss P. Hodgson, Miss M. V. Storey, Miss V. Whittome and Miss D. Gillespie. We are delighted to welcome them and hope that they will join the rest of us at the A.G.M. to be held at the S.C.G.B. at 5-45 p.m. on **Wednesday, 27th October**. This is followed by a Cocktail Party at 6-30 p.m.

The Ski Kit Market will be at the S.C.G.B. on **Thursday, 4th November**, at 6 p.m. All old ski clothing and equipment are needed, and please come and buy as well. Proceeds to go to Ladies' Alpine Racing.

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

Subscriptions.—Despite the capitation fee of 1/- per Member to the Federation, the L.S.C. subscription still stands at 5/- which the Committee hopes not to increase. Some Members, however, already contribute an extra 5/- per annum to the Racing Fund and if others would like to donate this

amount annually, the gesture would be very greatly appreciated. Anyone wishing to do this should instruct their bank to alter their Banker's Order to 10/- per year, also to 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 8/6; cloth, large 7/6, small 5/-. Please could Members remember to enclose cash with their orders.

The L.S.C. Sweater.—Rosemary Sanderson writes of the further excursions of the versatile garment:—"This year it went exploring to darkest Africa and got up the Djebel Toubkal (4,167 m.) the highest mountain in the Atlas, then it turned round and climbed Mont Blanc, both of these expeditions on the elegant form of Belinda Coryton. Then, thinking it should not despise home ground perhaps, it scrambled up Snowdon and intended to rock climb on Tryvan, also in Snowdonia, but its wearer (on this occasion R.S.) was so hot with anxiety that she left it behind. Next year it has all sorts of excitements in view, including the Pyrenees. A limited number of these sweaters are on sale at £4 17s. 6d. and can be obtained from Lady Blane, 232 Cranmer Court, S.W.3.

Advertisements.—Without these our *Bulletin* could not be published at all and Members are earnestly requested to let the Hon. Advertisement Secretary know of any firms that might like to take advertising space, and to use those firms that do advertise with us, quoting the L.S.C. when making an order or reservation.

Members' Articles.—Enough has been said, but please write what you like **soon**, and at the latest by early June. Ideally, articles should be typed with double spacing and two copies sent to the Editor. Clearly written articles are also gladly accepted—and black and white glossy prints.

Race Weeks, 1966, will be at Andermatt.

Juniors January 6th - 10th.

Men January 9th - 14th.

Ladies January 14th - 20th.

The L.S.C. Junior Cup will be run with the Junior Kandahar at Mürren on January 4th, 1966.

S.C.G.B. Parties

It is hoped that these parties, some of which are being run for the first time, will be well supported.

1. Representatives' Course at Sauze d'Oulx 5th Dec. - 18th Dec.
2. General Ski Training, at Grindelwald and Château d'Oex areas 22nd Jan. - 6th Feb.
3. "Off piste month, Gstaad area" 10th Feb. - 6th March
4. Party to Andermatt 19th Mar. - 3rd April

There are also three parties for young people under 19 in the Christmas holidays—one at Grindelwald and two at Zweisimmen.

Full particulars for all parties can be obtained from the Secretary, S.C.G.B.

SYNOPSIS OF PRESIDENT'S SPEECH, October 1964

THE President thanked the Hon. Treasurer Mrs. Riddell, the Hon. Editor Miss Fulton, the Hon. Advertising Secretary Miss Levenson and the Hon. Secretary Lady Blane without whom the Club would find it difficult to continue, for all their hard work. She congratulated Patricia Murphy on winning the L.S.C. Championships, Bunny Field on winning the Vienna Derby and also Helen Jameson, Bridget Newall, Emily Worrall and Bunny Field again for their excellent performances in Junior races against a lot of Alpine competition. Davina Galica, Gina Hawthorn and Jane Gissing did extremely well in Sweden, Finland and in countries behind the Iron Curtain.

There were two Stop Press babies—Zandra Johnson, a son and Jo Daly, a son. There were also two deaths—Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Rigby.

Commenting on the Olympics, the President did not give the results as these had already been published. The Ski teams were going to Buckingham Palace the day after the L.S.C. Meeting, together with the other Olympic competitors. The Austrians had built a small chapel up at Leitzum despite the fact that they had not completed the Olympic Hotel—remarking on this to Maria Goldberger and adding that the British would never have thought of doing such a thing, Maria replied "Oh, but the British would have built extra W.C.'s first! !" There were 7,000 people at Leitzum; it was very cold and not a bush in sight!

Everything had been admirably organised except the flow of traffic from the car park at Axams after the first day's racing when, to begin with the racers' buses were held up for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to allow cars out of the car park and then the police lost their heads and would not let out any cars until all the buses were down. The police were receiving orders from helicopters by wireless.

The President thought Leitzum would be a good place for holiday ski-ing as the facilities were excellent and one could stay either in Axams or Innsbruck quite cheaply.

The pre-ski training at Bowles Gym near Tonbridge Wells had been a great success. Under the able and enthusiastic leadership of John Disley, an ex-Olympic athlete, straight exercises were given light relief by rock climbing, itself a test of balance and strength. A system to measure fitness progress had been worked out by such means as taking the pulse rate one minute after five minutes of the "Boston one Step" (i.e.) stepping up and down on to a wall 18" high for boys and 16" for girls; measuring the height of a standing jump and the distance achieved from a standing long jump, to mention just three of them. Visitors were very welcome at Bowles and some members of the committee were very stiff next day.

Finally the President made an appeal for people to support the Federation as it was now the only racing organisation and if it failed we would have no ski teams in the Alps.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, January 1965

BY ADDY RAEBURN

THE Junior Championships were held at Wengen; the Downhill on an excellent piste from just above Wengen Alp to the bottom of the Hahnegg Schuss. The weather was alright but not brilliant. It was very sad that the dependable figure of Werner Staeger was not on the slopes and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

The race started on time thanks to Sheila Murphy running as second forlauffer leaving me, the assistant starter with the walkie-talkie connecting us to the finish in case of accidents. This I am thankful to say was not used, the course being in excellent condition and the children ski-ing with their heads.

It is quite entertaining marshalling the children so that they do not miss their start. Some are so large and so old for their age I almost felt I ought to see their birth certificates; others so small, I was left wondering if there was a branch of the N.S.P.C.C. I should contact in Switzerland! But having checked safety straps etc. once they were off and through the first gate there was no need to worry, they were obviously veterans at the racing game.

Having sent the last competitor off, the Starter and I were somewhat dismayed at the pile of seventy or so windjackets and not a trainer or anyone else about to help carry them down. I suppose the children thought, if they thought at all, that some mountain fairy would spirit them to the D.H.O. office, as they had left tickets and money in the pockets.

The Slalom next day was run over two courses on the Hahnegg. It was won by Virginia Cox who shows great promise and has profited from her time on the senior training at Val d'Isere before Christmas.

I was interested to overhear chit-chat between assembled starters before the second run, criticising the gatekeepers. Some juniors evidently think that gatekeepers are professionals, or should be, at any rate for their championships. Perhaps they would prefer ball pole slaloms in future?!

We must thank the D.H.O. for an admirably run Championship which they finished off with prize-giving at the Palace, the prizes being presented by Mrs. Walduck. But the best part of the whole week to my mind were the two days after the races which we spent on the Männlichen in gorgeous powder snow and bright sunshine with not a racer in sight.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS

BOYS' DOWNHILL:	1st M. Edwards-Car. 2nd C. Rush. 3rd I. Todd.	GIRLS' DOWNHILL:	1st V. Cox. 2nd B. King. 3rd C. Varley.
BOYS' SLALOM:	1st M. Edwards-Car. 2nd I. Murray. 3rd A. Ballantyne.	GIRLS' SLALOM:	1st V. Cox. 2nd C. Varley. 3rd B. King.
COMBINED:	1st M. Edwards-Car. 2nd I. Murray. 3rd I. Todd.	COMBINED:	1st V. Cox. 2nd C. Varley. 3rd B. King.

NEXT YEAR'S SNOWS

(from a special correspondent) NEIL HOGG

REGULAR visitors to St. Moritz in early December expect to find both the village and the slopes reasonably quiet. This year we were astonished and intrigued; not only was the village gay with the first celebrations of the Centenary of Winter Sports but the slopes also were dotted with figures whose activities were not easy to fathom.

At first sight they looked like ski classes, but I soon saw that ski-ing instruction was not being given. They knew how to ski already. Group by group they swerved down the pistes, now in decorous sedateness, now in flashing wedels. Now one would be the leader, looking after his flock in the true professional style, then another would take his place; and at intervals they would gather beside the track in solemn huddles for earnest discussion.

When the sun went down I became involved in a part of the crowd carrying skis home, and discovered to my surprise that they were chattering gaily in English, and very oddly too. Torque, torsion, parallelograms of forces—could this be an eccentric engineering school on an outing? An unmistakable Admiral swept past under full sail, discoursing largely of navigation in the mountains. Further on two bronzed young heads leant affectionately together. I eavesdropped without shame. "Depression, nose-bleed, dizziness," Juliet was whispering and Romeo replied tenderly "Yes, and fits of nausea; and the thing is to get them down quick." As I veered away I bumped into a lone figure in full summer mountaineering rig, with the addition of spats. He stalked on muttering about slings and ropes (or could it have been arrows?) but I thought I had recognised the features of a well-known personality in politics and television. My curiosity overcame me. "Is that the former Minister of Bonkers?" I asked of a goggled and helmeted shadow at my side. "Oh no. That's a White Hare, I think. Or perhaps an Eagle." Almost tearfully I broke out "Then what does that make you? Alice?"

She raised her goggles and looked at me with mild surprise, revealing the benevolent features of a racer famous in international circles for many years. I shall call her Soss because that is in fact what she is called.

"Come" Soss said, and leading me firmly past the Cresta Bar and Hanselmann's she introduced me to Mark, who seemed to be the other twin sun round which these Mercuries revolved.

Together they explained. This variegated and animated company of ninety skiers constituted the Learner Representatives Course instructors and candidates, of that protean organisation the Ski Club of Great Britain. Seventy candidates, chosen from the most promising and diplomatic of British skiers, were being trained in all the arts of caring for the interests of Club members and indeed of all English-speaking skiers. Not in ski-ing—that was taken for granted—but in dealing with the many problems of the skier coming to the Alps for the first time, or to a new resort, or with a large family, or simply to his or her favourite resort which is, however, never quite the same as it used to be unless the Club Representative can contrive to make it so. Advice, courtesy, sympathy, support in adversity or success; on planes, on trains, on pistes, in hotels, on racetracks or glaciers or on the equally perilous surfaces of night-club dance floors and in the mazes of village politics. Special instruction on snowcraft, on first aid, on safety bindings, on the organisation of tours and

aces, on the jealously-guarded standards of the British proficiency tests, on mountaineering, on Club history, on the satisfying of impossible demands and the fulfilment of unreasonable hopes. What with ski-ing from dawn to dusk, lectures before dinner and discussion meetings afterwards, these devoted idealists deserve such sport as may be provided in Paradise; though I doubt whether they will get it, the world being what it is.

Really I had no right to be surprised. The Ski Club of Great Britain has already gone through so many evolutionary changes in response to changing circumstances that one more ought not to give rise to comment. Born in that atmosphere of remote aristocratic eccentricity that has ushered so many sports into the world, it blossomed out after the first world war into unprecedented glory as the pioneer of downhill racing and the trainer of many champions. This was the Golden Age of British skiers. Despite the lack of ski-ing facilities at home they followed the straight path of Vivian Caulfield or unravelled the tortuous routes devised by Arnold Lunn in all Alpine countries and even as far afield as British Columbia and the Himalayas.

But the second world war brought this halcyon period, already a little clouded, to an abrupt end. When the dust of war and the smoke-clouds of politico-financial restrictions had settled down the Club found itself faced with an entirely new situation. Gone were the bright, bold, bourgeois days so perfectly preserved in the drawings of d'Egville. Ski-ing had become overnight a national sport not only in the Alpine countries but also at home, where people had at last woken up to the fact that snow falls on Scottish, Welsh and even on English hills.

"And that" said Soss "is the situation we are dealing with. Part of it anyway—what concerns the skier on the snow. In the past there have been wonderful individual Club representatives that none of us will ever forget; and others, well, not so wonderful. We are going to make sure that all our people abroad know their job right through and do it. The typical skiers of today are Miss Jones of the typing pool and her friend from the Post Office; and if you have to scrape all the year to buy your fortnight on the snow you are going to look for value for money, and only real practical help will be of any interest to you. With over two hundred thousand winter-sporters coming from Great Britain every year, and the numbers rising all the time, we can't afford to stand still even if we wanted to. Now even an old dug-out like you, properly trained of course . . ."

I withdrew into the friendly shadows of the Alpine night.

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

BY AMY BLANE

WE left London Airport in a B.E.A. plane on the morning of June 4th; when I say "We," I mean Helen who was going to the F.I.S. Congress which was being held at Mamaia, a seaside resort on the Black Sea in Rumania, and three Americans who were also bound for the Congress—Mr. and Mrs. Nishkian by name and Mrs. Nishkian's mother who was known to everyone as "Lottie." Our start did not go quite smoothly, as after we had taxied out on the runway

they said something was wrong with the plane. Luckily we were only delayed twenty minutes so that we caught our connecting plane at Paris and were soon on our way to Vienna. We had a very nice lunch on this Rumanian plane but there was only beer to drink; no coffee or anything like that.

At Vienna we were allowed to go into the Airport to see the shops and then got back into our same plane for what we expected to be tea, but when it arrived it was sandwiches, and beer again!

On arrival at Bucharest we were met by our Guide, a young girl who was very upset that we were as many as five as it meant trying to order another taxi. Taxis are very difficult to get in Bucharest and we noticed what a little traffic there was. After about an hour a taxi arrived and took us to the Tourist Office where our passports were inspected and our hotel tickets, which we had obtained and paid for in England, were exchanged for a small piece of paper—this caused trouble later on. I also changed a Travellers' cheque and luckily kept the slip saying I had done so, because when I next tried to change a cheque they wouldn't do so until I could produce proof of having done so before in Rumania.

Our hotel, the Lido, gave us a delicious dinner at 10 o'clock at night, served out of doors beside a large swimming pool with artificial waves. The next morning after breakfast, again taken in the garden, the five of us set off with our Guide in a tiny bus to see the Town and its surroundings. Bucharest is a beautiful town with broad streets and wonderful parks and lakes. We went to the village museum which is an open air museum of about fifty little houses all furnished in the different styles of the various parts of Romania. It would take about a day or more to see them all but we went into four which were most interesting.

Helen and I went on to Marmaia on a mid-morning plane the next day. The Americans were not so lucky and had to go at 6 a.m. We flew in a tiny plane which went very low and bumped about a good deal but we arrived safely. We were met and taken to the International Hotel which was the Headquarters of the Congress. The hotel was in a lovely position with a terrace leading straight down on to the beach, but sad to say the Black Sea was very, very cold with the temperature as cold as the high up lakes in the Swiss mountains. There was no tide, but each morning the beach was thoroughly cleaned by a motor instrument and by hand. Helen was one of the very few regular daily bathers.

We all went to the opening of the Congress and there was a wonderful display of dancing given by the local troupe from the adjoining town of Constanta. The Mayor of Constanta also gave a morning cocktail party to which everyone was invited. Marmaia itself is a modern seaside resort beautifully laid out with gardens and flowers and all along the road to Constanta there was one long bed of roses.

Members of the Congress had to work really hard starting at 9 a.m. and going on until dinner-time with only a break for lunch. There were trips arranged for the "Camp Followers" which enabled us to see the countryside. We were taken to an enormous and beautifully kept vineyard, and after seeing over it we were invited to taste eight different wines and were then given a glass of the one we liked best.

The day after the Congress, Helen and I went on an organised excursion to Istanbul. We left Constanta in the evening by boat and early the next

morning we entered the Bosphorus where we took a Pilot on board and then sailed up to Istanbul with Asia on one side of us and Europe on the other. On arrival, we were taken by coach to see the City, seeing the Blue Mosque and the King's Palace and in the afternoon Helen, an American and myself broke loose and went to the Bazaar. The Turkish Ski Club gave a cocktail party in the evening and after dinner we went by bus to a famous place for real Turkish tea; talking of tea, Helen and I became great Turkish coffee drinkers during our stay at Marmaia. We ended up our evening at Istanbul by going to see Belly dancing which was done on an open air stage, the whole place smelling of honeysuckle. Belly dancing is not vulgar when well done. We returned to our ship and sailed back to Constanta from where we had an early start the following morning. The bus failed to pick fourteen of us up at 4-15 a.m. but after telephoning the airport a fleet of taxis arrived for us and we were lucky to get our plane to Bucharest—the French and Spanish were not so lucky and missed their connections.

Budapest, Prague and then on to Brussels by the extremely comfortable Sabena Airways and finally back to London.

I feel I know a good many of the European Airports now and if I write another article it had better be on these Airports.

Behind the Iron Curtain there is a lot of work being done and the people seem to be well looked after; of course they have that feeling they cannot go the other side of the Curtain and they would not accept money for tips. They were glad to have clothes and stockings instead, as these things are expensive and difficult to get in the shops.

Everyone at the Congress seemed so happy and mixed so well together; there were Russians, Bulgarians, East and West Germans, Americans, Japanese and many other nationalities. I feel that if only all these nations could meet together in such happy circumstances more often, it would help to give them all a much better understanding of each other. The Romanians were most kind and did their utmost to entertain us and make us comfortable during our visit, which was an extremely interesting one.

ADVANCE COURSE — GRINDELWALD

23rd January — 6th February

BY DAPHNE EATON GRIFFITH

At six o'clock one Saturday evening about a dozen of us foregathered in the Bahnhof bar at Grindelwald to hear from Neil and Soss, and from Herman Steuri, what form of pleasures they proposed to put us through during the next fortnight.

It was soon only too apparent that there was not to be much free time.

We were to try to cover most aspects of ski-ing, to learn something about the hazards of taking a party on a tour, and know what to do in times of trouble.

The first of our après-tea lectures was on the hidden mysteries of the compass; and to confuse the issue magnificently all our compasses were different. Some even sported different size degrees. However, sitting with maps spread out we soon had the lingo—if not all the facts—to hand. Everyone spoke of orientation, and no one said, "down there and a bit to the left—"

One day we climbed from Bort and went over to Rinderfelt. We could see the wind blowing over the ridge, and yet our side was sunny with drifting fog. It was a long climb, sometimes steep, and had one horrible scraggy traverse. The high winds of earlier days had blown all the snow off, leaving loose shale above the fearful drop. Mercifully one of the foggy patches blew up as we crossed and we couldn't see. Nevertheless this, and other runs in perfect powder, were sufficient to show us what wonderful scope exists in this touring area.

In the evening the lectures continued and we learnt how to make rescue luges, tie knots, foretell avalanches and read the weather! Herman had strong views too on the question of equipment and morale. He bound the two together unforgettably in our minds by saying with great gusto that "some equipment was only good for the morals." However the laugh was soon on us as we tried these things in practice. Our improvised luges made bumpy runs for the "bodies," and our controlled roped ski-ing was not always so controlled.

Following a windy spell Herman gave us a wonderful demonstration of mountaincraft. He explained why slopes which had earlier been safe were now no longer so, and was so knowledgeable that he actually made one slope "slide" by stamping at the side of it.

One morning Neil had arranged for us a demonstration of an avalanche dog at work. A young man was buried and this brilliant two-year-old Alsation and his handler set out to find him. For a moment we thought he was going to "find" at the wrong place but the dog had only stopped to sniff at one of our "sitizens." Sure enough soon afterwards he started to scratch at the right spot, and the buried man was freed. It was most impressive.

Later on our map-reading lessons were put to the test. In three groups this time we were told to climb the Gemsberg. This proved a brute and we all tried to put into practice the lessons of the last few days—nice easy gradient and large turns. But oh dear no! We sunk ignominiously to kick-turns and to carrying our ski over shale precipices. Finally, exhaustion and wind-blown snow made us give up three-quarter way and we returned with side looks at our mentors. They, the dears, laughed knowingly at our troubles.

Leaving touring for a day we had a slalom race, individual for the Davis Cup, and in teams. The Eagle, Kandahar, Ladies Ski Club and S.C.G.B. were all represented. But of course some teams—like mine—were disqualified by members who fell! To everyone's delight the result was a win for Belinda Coryton and the Eagles.

Our last day started boldly with an attempt to go to Brienz, but ended alcoholically. There was a blizzard and it was bitterly cold, but to our relief Herman said we must turn back. On the way down we found a chalet with a haystore and in no time some of us were buried inside munching rolls and swigging brandy. Eventually we arrived at Schwendi and changed our swigging to gluhwein.

So ended an eventful and happy holiday with many thanks to the hard working trio who had organised it all.

LADIES' SKI CLUB SALVER

BY ROS HEPWORTH

QUALIFICATION: Kent girls under 19.

GIANT SLALOM: Wengen 30th December, 1964.

COURSE: "Punch Bowl," set by Werner Staeger.

WEATHER AND SNOW: cold and clear, powder on hard piste.

1, Barbara King	1' 12.0";	7, Karin Winkler	1' 27.8";
2, Emily Worrall	1' 12.8";	8, Sally Ireland	1' 34.8";
3, Maud Illingworth	1' 14.8";	8, Bridget Mabey	1' 39.4";
4, Virginia Cox	1' 22.8";	10, Susan Bloom	1' 54.8";
5, Antoinette Ashburner	1' 26.0";	11, Isobel Mabey	2' 04.0";
6, Vicky Stace	1' 26.8";	12, Cassandra Jervis	3' 04.4";

THE course was set very much as last year, but the weather and snow were perfect, and the times much faster (about ten seconds) Barbara King did well to win, being the youngest, at sixteen, of the first four to finish. Only 2 of a second separated her from Emily Worrall who had been training with the British B Team. Maud Illingworth's time was also a good one. Among the younger ones Vicky Stace showed much promise. Barbara's team won the team cup, the other members of her team being Ian Bloom (1' 10.8") Neil Mitchell (1' 13.8") and Robbie Bruneau (1' 11.6"). There were sixty entries and fifty finished, the best time of the day being Andreas Cova (1' 8.0") from Milan.

DATE OF NEXT RACE: 29th December, 1965. Entries to D.H.O. Office by noon on 28th December, 1965.

ATALANTA CUP, LILLYWHITES CUP, NOVICES' CUP & 2nd YEAR SKIERS' CUP

ATALANTA CUP, LILLYWHITES' CUP, NOVICES' CUP AND SECOND YEAR SKIERS' CUP, were again competed for in February by British girls at schools in Switzerland. The races—all slaloms—were held at Schönried and there were getting on for a hundred competitors.

The Videmanette school from Rougemont who specialise in producing good first-year skiers, took the first seven places in the Novices' Cup. The Atalanta Cup was won by Barbara King from the École Internationale with Barbara Birks of Clos des Abeilles second; and Jane Lindsay from Chatelard was the Under 15 winner, giving her the Lillywhites' Cup. Lesley-Jane Oliver from Le Torrent was the best Second Year Skier.

A great deal of piste preparing was required this year owing to the quantities of snow that had fallen, but the weather on the race days was marvellous and everyone enjoyed themselves. A number of the girls took part in the Luttman-Johnson cross-country race later in the month and did very well indeed.

GULMARG, CHRISTMAS, 1937

BY CYNTHIA GUETERBOCK
(Written in 1938)

WE left Rawalpindi at 8 a.m. on our 210 mile car journey having spent the last forty hours coming by train from Quetta.

The car, though old, was roomy and managed to bear up under the weight of our two selves, bearer, driver, bedding rolls, suit case, picnic basket, canvas bags, attache case, rug, topees, kettle, lantern, skis and sticks.

We soon left Pindi behind and began to climb; small hills thick with scrub shortly gave place to the high tree-covered hills near Murree at 7,000 feet.

We dropped down to the valley of the Jhelum and followed the river to Kohal where we crossed it and were then in Kashmir State.

Customs and toll came shortly after at Domel.

For a long time we followed the course of the river, gradually gaining height until we had a steep gorge falling away on one side with rocks rising almost vertically on the other side.

This continued for many miles and seemed almost interminable until at last a huge plain was reached. It seemed most unexpected to find such a plain at 5,000 feet above sea level and sad too as the Dashmiri is the poorest and most down-trodden of men while the plain is the richest in the world.

Tall poplar trees line the road on both sides and the country becomes very dull with only an occasional orchard or village to break the monotony. The car gave us a certain amount of trouble; a puncture, something connected with the auto-vac, and on the inability of the driver to engage a lower speed until he had stopped his engine caused us a good deal of delay. However, we arrived at Tangmarg at 6-15 p.m., where the road ends. There we were surrounded by a mass of coolies, all anxious to carry our baggage or supply us with ponies.

Arrangements were made and shortly afterwards we set forth for Gulmarg 1,500 feet higher. It was distinctly eerie to ride in pitch darkness with gentle snow falling and tall trees closing in on all sides. An hour and a half brought us to the door of Nedou's Hotel and the warmth within was very welcome. It seemed like a forgotten fragment of civilization in the midst of a clearing in the forest. The living rooms are under one roof but the bedroom huts are situated all round. The hotel is built for summer use only, so walls are thin and draughts prevalent. Ground temperature at night was generally 34 degrees of frost! Heat is provided by a strange stove into which wood is put at one end and water at the other. Much smoke results, and sometimes heat as well. We were a very cheery party and totalled 93 round Christmas, when a good time was had by all.

Coolie-pones take skiers from Gulmarg (9,000 feet) up to the Khillan slopes 1,300 feet higher whence they may climb the slopes of Aphawat on their own feet should they so desire. From Khillan one has a most magnificent panorama laid out; about 400 miles of Himalayan peaks on view including Nanga Parbat. We had some grand ski-ing well up to the standard of some of the small Swiss places. Two days were devoted to racing owing to the abundance of cups presented by generous donors. My poor efforts were crowned with success, entirely due to the low standard of the other performers in my class!

On December 31st a foot of new snow fell. In the night another 3½ feet

fell and by the morning of New Year's Day we appeared to be cut off from the outer world. Before the 'phone broke down it was learned that the lorry bearing supplies from Srinagar to Tangmarg would be unable to get through. The hotel manager (rather a poor fish) was rapidly losing his head and reported that he had only enough food to feed us until lunch time the following day. It was decided that we should all ski down to Tangmarg (30 of us) to make a track which the coolies could use for bringing up supplies when these might be procurable.

Only one liaison officer was left behind to send and receive messages to and from Srinagar. The only 'phone at Tangmarg is to be found at 1 foot 6 inches from the ground in the Power House and there we went to discover further particulars from the outer world. Owing to a mistaken message of "making trek" instead of "making a track" the Kashmir Government had been stirred into action—this we gathered from the 'phone Babu. The Lambardar (or head man of the village) had received orders to supply the visitors with firewood and blankets! However, we managed to persuade him that these were not required and he promised instead to supply on the following day 20 chicken, 200 eggs, a maund of rice and 2 sheep!

On our return to the hotel the manager greeted us by saying that he had discovered a large supply of tinned goods about which he had forgotten! The coolies were able to get up on January 2nd and we heard that the road to Srinagar would be open in a few days. We were able to spend the night of January 4th there.

Srinagar had the forlorn appearance which a plains town mantled in snow always presents.

The first thing we were asked—"Do you want to hire a house-boat?" The houses looked very desolate and one wondered how "Suffering Moses" and the other shopkeepers managed to keep warm in such an obviously summer resort.

We left at 8-20 a.m. the next day with a better car driver than before and one chain on the off rear wheel. It took three hours to do the first 50 miles, so snow-bound were the roads. Twice did we have to be dug out from the side of the road while endeavouring to pass other traffic going in the opposite direction. There is much to be seen on a journey like this:—The Kashmiri always hangs his hay to dry on the boughs of the trees; a bullock cart containing stones for road repairs carries a red flag as well. It takes two men to work a spade in these parts; one pulls with a rope while the other pushes.

Native women, generally two or three together, carry water-pots on their heads; the men carry sheep-skins filled with ghi (a native drink) on theirs. The heaviest loads are borne by head. Two coolies will carry a sofa or piano, one a large armchair, while another will literally trot while balancing a heavy trunk and hat box on his top-knot!

The Indian delights in sounding his horn and gives one ample proof of it. On hearing the blast of a horn it is absolutely essential for the pedestrian to stop and look and cross to the opposite side of the road in front of the car. Perhaps he gets a better view that way.

I think January 5th must be St. Goatherd's day. At first I thought that it might be market day; eventually I came to the conclusion that all the local goats were being exercised and aired simultaneously with or without their respective owners. Quite an aroma, all their own they had, those goats.



GEO AND CYNTHIA GUETERBOCK, 1937.
Climbing Aphawat Mountain, 13,000 ft.; in the Himalayas.



PENNY MABEY AND ROBIN, WENGEN, 1964.



From left to right: Cup winners—1965—Saanenmöser.

Sally McCorquodale	—	Videmanette	—	2nd Novices' Cup.
Sarah Davidson	—	"	—	1st Novices' Cup.
Lesley-Jane Oliver	—	Le Torrent	—	1st and Year Cup.
Jane Lindsey	—	Chatelard	—	1st Lillywhites' Cup.
Barbara King	—	École Internationale	—	1st Atalanta Cup.
	—	(Also winner of L.S.C. Salver at Wengen)	—	
Pamela King	—	École Internationale	—	2nd Lillywhites' Cup.
Barbara Birks	—	Clos des Abelles	—	2nd Atalanta Cup.



SKI-ING ON THE MÄNNLICHEN, JANUARY 1965.
Digby Raeburn and Maggie Smith (Erna Low Rep.), 3rd track — photographer Addy Raeburn.



Ernst Falch, Bunny Field, Divina Galica, Gina Hathorn, Maria Goldberger.

Spitting is a favourite indulgence in India; it is not only the expectoration to which I object but the abominable noise which precedes the exercise.

When cold the Indian covers up his nose and mouth with a bit of blanket or sheet or anything else that he is wearing. He may have bare hands and feet but as long as something covers his mouth he is apparently alright. But that does not apply to me at all! It was grand to return to civilization (it took us 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours in all) at Rawalpindi and the greatest joy of all was to linger in the luxury of a long bath with running hot and cold water laid on!

BETTER ASK FIRST

By MARIA GOLDBERGER

THE first leg of our training with Ernst Falch in St. Anton was nearing its end and we thought it would be a nice idea to have some photographs taken, especially as the weather was good. I arranged therefore with the local photo shop to send a cameraman on the following day at 11-30 a.m., after our morning's training session.

The weather held and the day was perfect. At 11-30 on the dot the photographer made his appearance with cameras, a tripod and all the usual paraphernalia. We waved to him and shouted that we were just going up to try the few slalom gates Ernst had set for the photographs, and would he signal to us when he was ready?

The photographer unloaded his stuff and went about his job of placing the tripod and camera in position. He appeared to be terribly far away. So on our way up we asked him to come nearer. When the girls came down through the Slalom gates, however, our photographer withdrew again. Perhaps we had failed to make it clear that we wanted close-up action pictures, not the whole Slalom. I stopped next to him to explain. "But the girls will hit me, if I come nearer." "You needn't worry; they ski very well and they won't ski outside the gates," I tried to re-assure him. "Have you had much experience in photographing Slaloms?" I asked, slightly apprehensively. "None," was the reply. That explained it. Ernst drew a line on the snow from where the best shots could be taken. But when the girls came down, our photographer withdrew again. "If the pictures are not going to be what we want, we won't buy many," we told him. "Why should I care?" was the rather unexpected reply. Ah, well, a sign of the times; they employ peculiar people nowadays.

However, having gained confidence in the girls' ski-ing he did come nearer. When we finished we asked him "When can we see the pictures?" "In a few weeks' time, I think."

"You were sent by Photo-Rio to photograph us, weren't you?" "I?" replied the man in astonishment. "Certainly not!" I came from London on my first ski-ing holiday, and as I got a bit tired after the first few days' lessons I decided to have a day off and take some pictures. Photography is my hobby."

We apologized and explained. Mr. R. C. Hunt (that was the gentleman's name) promised to send us the pictures if they came out alright.

He kept his promise and sent us some very nice photographs with a charming letter: "I should like you to know that my photography after seeing you that Friday afternoon was most rewarding. I shall definitely return to St. Anton next year. Give my regards to the Team."

The local photographer never turned up. Possibly he was trying to get pictures of Princess Alexandra and her husband, who were holidaying in St. Anton at the time. But the Hon. Angus Ogilvy and his ski teacher, Richard Falch, spent most of that morning on the Slalom slope ski-lift next to us.

We respected his right to privacy and pretended not to recognise him. Anyway, our mind was on slalom training.

COUS-COUS AND CAPTAIN'S BISCUITS

BY BELINDA CORYTON

THE Eagle Ski Club trip to Morocco was fun in lots of ways, but the gastro-nomic angle was one of the most interesting.

Booted and bristling with crampons, ten of us flew from London to Paris, where we met Janey Reid who had come from Geneva. The airport restaurant was just closing, but managed to produce some very expensive omelettes before we caught the flight to Casablanca. The Caravelle touched down at 2 a.m., and shortly afterwards we had our first taste of Morocco, thick syrupy mint tea offered from thermoses by the airport staff, who gazed fascinated as we unrolled our sleeping bags in the arrival lounge and settled down to wait for the first bus to the town at seven o'clock.

In Casablanca we collected Ted Chamier, who had made the complicated journey from Malaga with great skill by herself. More mint tea and croissants at the station, where we were transfixed by the sight of a Moroccan setting out his mat with great care and getting down to morning prayers; five seconds later another man tapped him on the shoulder and pointed out that he was facing north instead of east. It just shows one should carry a compass.

Moroccan trains are excellent and the countryside changed every few miles, so the three-hour journey to Marrakesh passed quickly. As soon as we arrived, a bargaining detachment dived into the Medina to negotiate for a bus to take us to Oukaimeden, Luckily our chief interpreter had fluent French, backed with useful experience on the Stock Exchange, and the price was soon agreed. Our last square meal was now about 25 hours away, and we were quite ready for large quantities of hors d'oeuvres and cous-cous at the Taverna, a restaurant recommended by previous visitors.

The Drive up to Ouka was memorable. We set off southwards, the plain stretching for miles on either side in browns and greens, and the Atlas just visible ahead beyond lumpy red foothills. The bus was a Chevrolet of 1933 vintage, according to our motor experts, and the driver kept it at maximum speed, with a noise like ten infuriated Bugattis. As we climbed up the winding road into the foothills his style became more alarming, crossing his hands on the

wheel as if for Auld Lang Syne, and turning round to keep up an argument with the Moroccans on the back seat. The inside of the bus filled with fumes, and the resident mechanic was busy on running repairs to the gear-lever between changes.

Eventually we reached Ouka as darkness was falling. We were pretty glad to breathe some cool mountain air before sorting ourselves into the bunk-rooms at the Hotel de l'Angour and embarking on the first Monsieur Juvien's six-course dinners.

This finished with the most delicious oranges any of us had ever eaten. A slimming course of orange juice in Morocco would be perfectly bearable. The pigeon stew was good, too.

Our three days at Ouka were varied. In the mornings we skied, either taking the chairlift to the top of Djebel Oukaimeden and trying the various routes down, or climbing on skins to the other hills round the village. Lunches were late, six-course ones, and the weather usually clouded over around mid-day, so in what was left of the afternoons we explored the valley on foot, looking for wild flowers and prehistoric rock carvings and sorting out on our maps which of the surrounding mountains was which.

The touring partly left in the same ancient bus and rattled round to Imlil, where we stayed comfortably in the C.A.F. refuge, before setting off with porters and mules for the long trudge up the valley to the Neltner Hut. At the snowline the mules stopped, the Berber porters took the food bags and we took our skis and rucksacks, and we plodded on up soggy snow slopes, finally putting on skins for the last hour's climb.

At the hut we soon settled into a cooking rota, each team of two taking turns to concoct meals from the dehydrated rations. Two members of the party were very good at getting out of bed in the mornings, and took on the breakfast shift. The success of the expedition was Captain's biscuits — round, six inches across and one inch thick, which we ate instead of bread. They are very filling, economical in bulk weight, and good with jam, marmite, pâte or honey. Half a biscuit per person is plenty for breakfast. They taste like a cross between dog biscuits and digestives, and we were only just beginning to tire of them after a week. Dried apple flakes were good too; soaked in water for a few hours and sprinkled with raisins, apricots and the zest from oranges and lemons, they were very refreshing for "afters". Dried egg powder gave endless opportunities for the more ambitious cooks, and dried vegetables dealt with the scurvy problem. We spent hours pounding the lumps out of dehydrated curry before cooking it, and the results tasted authentic, but it can't be recommended for huts, as it had rather disturbing effects on our digestive systems.

After six days at the Neltner Hut, which we climbed four 4-thousanders and did some interesting ski-ing as well as all this cookery, we schussed off down the valley to the snowline (which was now much lower due to a 2-day blizzard) and walked down to Imlil. Then by bus to Marrakesh, where we rejoined the car party who had been sightseeing further north.

Dinner that evening was a celebration — we all ordered the things we had missed at the hut, and consequently rather over-ate.

Next day we returned by train and plane to Casablanca, Paris and London, arriving dazed with travel but pleased with our expedition. And there are still some Captain's biscuits left over, should any L.S.C. members have a penchant for Winalot.

OUR SCANDINAVIAN TOUR

BY DI TOMKINSON

Tessa Dredge and myself were lucky enough to be able to go to the races in Sweden, Lapland and Norway held in March of this year. Our journey from Austria involved travelling vast distances in a variety of vehicles, trains, ships, aeroplanes, cars, buses and vans. We felt rather like Scott or some explorer as we went further and further north, crossing a frozen sea from Germany to Denmark, and then when we were flying north going over Sweden seeing beneath us vast spaces with just trees and rivers, never a house or any sign of civilisation.

Two of our three weeks were spent in the Arctic Circle. Gallivare-Marmberget in Sweden, is a flourishing mining centre and the site of the Lapland Cup. This race is very aptly named as there are many Laps in evidence with their reindeers and gaily coloured clothing. There was a Lap Market held during our stay and they had a variety of goods for sale, including reindeer skins, jewellery, reindeer skin boots and saucepans. One could always tell when there was a Lap nearby as the skins which they wear never seemed to have been cured properly and so there is a peculiar odour.

The country was very flat and we skied on a hill which seemed to rise up like an island in the sea. The downhill was quite fast but short, it had only three corners in it, but there was a large bump at the end where many people would have passed their jumping tests, had their jumps been measured. Tessa did very well in the Downhill which was very encouraging, as she went on to do even better in the Downhill in Narvik where we had the Holmenkollen-Kandahar.

Narvik is primarily a port which ships the iron-ore from Sweden to factories throughout the world. The sea never freezes here, even though it was so far north, as the Gulf Stream runs right up the Norwegian coast. From the top of the Downhill, it seemed that we would go right down into the fjord and join all the ships which were sitting there. In the winter, for three months, there is never any light at all as the mountains cut off what little sunlight there might be. To us it seemed as if it was still the middle of winter, but the Norwegians assured us that it really was springtime. We had the races at 4 p.m. as the light was at its best on the course at this time, but it seemed very funny to be going out to do a race at that time of day.

The ski-ing here was very good, the Downhill was extremely fast but as the course was so well prepared, we didn't mind so much. Tessa was 4th in the Downhill and missed being third by 1/100th of a second. The Slalom was a real test and from the five English speaking competitors, only one finished both courses.

The food we ate here was completely different to that which we had been used to, lots of fish, and in Are in Sweden we had fish for every meal which lost some of its novelty after a time. Much of the meat seemed to be reindeer meat and was sometimes a bit salty. One never had fresh fruit or vegetables, but instead there were lots of creamy cakes.

Our trip back to Austria took us 3 days in the end and it seemed like the middle of summer to see the grass coming through and the sun shining so warmly that one could feel the heat. However, I feel that our visit to the Arctic Circle is one which will be remembered by us both for a long time.

THIS LANGLAUF LARK

BY NEIL HOGG

THEY were just in front of me and I couldn't help hearing what they were saying. Three of them, trudging in a hamstrung way (as I was myself), from the bottom of the Männlichen run towards the station. "It would be my favourite run if it wasn't for this langlauf at the end." "Yes, and to think that there are people who go langlaufing for fun!"

The words threw up a startlingly vivid picture in my mind. A snow-covered lake glittering in the sun between high fells. Two young men and a girl flashing along the level track, the heels of their narrow skis flung high at every stride, sticks swinging free, bodies relaxed, faces full of laughter at the sheer pleasure of the easy rhythm. They had large packs on their backs topped by rolled sleeping sacks, but they must have been making a good fifteen kilometres an hour and they were certainly aiming to do thirty or forty kilometres before evening. Not like us, plodding unwillingly a couple of hundred yards along the level and grumbling about it.

The fact is that today ski-ing has become so specialised that the technique and equipment required for one branch of the sport are hopelessly unsuitable for the others. Our heavy alpine skis and ironbound boots were just the thing for the long, firm piste of the Männlichen, but for walking on the level they were pain and grief. Not that walking has anything to do with langlaufing. It is a different movement, another gait altogether.

Well, then, what? It is not so easy to explain. If you are a fell-walker, or indeed any kind of cross-country hiker, you know the joy of laying back mile after mile of open country, adapting your speed and rhythm to the ground you are crossing. Imagine that instead of walking you can dance over the ground, that every step will take you three yards or more and that each downward slope will give you a pause for rest or, if you prefer it, a change of rhythm and a higher speed. Then add the winter sport background of sun and snow, with hills and woods to taste and a profusion of well-equipped hostels to spend the night in, and you may have some idea of what ski-ing is like in the Scandinavian countries. It is not at all the same as alpine touring, with its long, slow ascents and continuous downhill running, and whole worlds away from the ton-up traffic of the piste.

How is it done? I am speaking out of turn, because I am a beginner in this sport, despite long touring experience in the Alps. But it seems to me that the basic fact is that if you use your weight and muscles correctly and have the right wax on your skis you can get a direct forward drive from each foot in turn without slipping backwards, and this, combined with the thrust of the sticks, enables you to slide smoothly forwards at the speed of a trotting horse. It is a loping gait, with a slight roll in it, the weight of the body lunging from one ski to the other, either leg bending at the knee, straightening in the slight hop that gives the crucial drive and relaxing as the weight swings forward on to the other foot. Timing, balance and the coordination of all the movements of the body build up a subtle harmony in the expert which leaves the beginner hopelessly behind.

But not so hopelessly as the beginner in Downhill ski-ing. This is a sport that you can begin to enjoy at once, even when you are no longer young; there is little of the alarm and despondency that attack the alpine neophyte after his

first vain attempts to stand up. You can go for a tour your second day on skis and enjoy it: on the other hand you can spend a lifetime perfecting your style and rhythm and enjoy that too. The goal, of course, is to be able to tour from hut to hut as the Norwegians do, fast, smoothly and without fatigue, and the great moment comes when your instructor informs you, after due deliberation and with the gravity suited to so solemn a pronouncement, that you can join a Scandinavian party without fear of holding them back.

Technique is the first requirement, but the right equipment is essential too if you are to make any progress. Here you will get a shock if you are used to alpine prices. Your whole outfit of light wooden skis, light boots (oh, the relief after the double alpine type!) and sticks will work out at something around £15 all told. In the Alps you can pay £50 for skis alone. This pleasant surprise will meet you all along your progress. Minor tours on the well-marked tracks of a Norwegian centre can be safely carried out by a group of beginners without the use of expensive transport or professional assistance. You may need to spend half-a-crown on a bus-ride home if your route takes you far afield, but what is that for a day's sport? Your alpine outfit will do well except for skis and boots—but for real comfort I recommend a pair of Norwegian breeches in place of the tight trousers in fashion among Downhill runners.

If you ask me where to go to learn, I can only reply, from my limited experience, that I was well taught in Geilo (access by ship to Bergen and thence by the main Bergen-Oslo line) and that the surrounding country strikes me as ideal for beginners in langlauf. But there is no lack of resorts—ask the travel agents—and if you like mountains and have some experience of glaciers there is the Jotunheim range at your disposal, with the small, very gay hotel of Leirvassbu at the central point. Don't go there with the idea that you know all about ski-ing from having learnt to wedel on hard snow—go there to learn a new sport that is more than 4,000 years old, and you will do so with delight.

AUTUMN IN SWITZERLAND

By PAULINE SITWELL-STEBBING

At the end of Elspeth MacRobert's delightful article entitled "June on the Ski Slopes," she said, "I wonder what Switzerland is like in Autumn?"

Hot foot to the typewriter, here I go. It is a breath-taking experience; colour is the keynote and quite, quite fantastic.

Take the region from Lausanne to where the Simplon-Orient Express dives into its tunnel; the lower slopes of Vaud and all the Valais are one enormous curtain of orange and flame, laced with yellow, scarlet, biscuit brown and pale pink. The vineyards' turning shades seem alive like the heart of a fire, the tones mixed in pointillist fashion, seem to sizzle and vibrate, one can hardly bear to look away.

Near some fine edible chestnuts at Kew stands a lone and small tulip tree which, every autumn, turns marigold merged with sunflower yellow. A hilarious blazon of a sight to cheer and warm one against the depressing damps of November. Imagine then, whole mountain flanks, hundreds of hectares

displaying this gorgeous riot; and here and there and high above in clumps or single trees, the golden yellow fire of turning larches burn their singing colour among the dark green pines.

I know two sights only in the same vein which can match this wealth of visible song. In the valley of Aosta from Courmayeur and the Mont Blanc through to Italy by way of the Grand Paradise and Victor Emanuel's private hunting ground, the country is richer in larches than anywhere I have yet seen. To the wonderful colour is added the delicate texture of the trees themselves which add a lightness and grace of thistledown or marabou feathers, creating a quality of orange mist as if to blow away at a breath. The turning of the Turkey oaks from Bursa to the Bosphorus, gain much from the background contrast of intense green grass and purple earth, as exciting as they were unexpected. Look long and deep at a "Cape Gooseberry" lantern of the brightest variety in full sun: here in miniature, is the same feeling.

Just one aspect of a Swiss autumn; the one that affects me most. One could talk of the almost audible sigh of relief breathed by every hotelier, as the last summer guests depart. The turning-out of old gear as their hunting season begins. The days spent quartering the mountain undergrowth with dogs that resemble our hounds, and the marvelling at the hunter's eye-sight which needs no binoculars and the fund of local "lore" taken for granted. Though my heart always turns over with misery, hunter though I have been, when I see beautiful but pathetically dead deer or chamoix tied to the roof racks of cars, with a sprig of pine branch in their lolling mouths. Then the slow nomadic treks of sheep and cows returning to their winter stables while the first flurries of snow seem to fold up the year.

But the memory of the colour remains most vivid and the smell of wood smoke and the incense of burning vineyard refuse, with its vine-charcoal smell of the finest, largest Provençal barbecue ever made.

SOJOURN IN SPAIN

By TED CHAMIER

LAST spring, having barely survived the previous winter we decided that the English climate was more than we could bear, and that a migration to Portugal or Spain was indicated. We would go by car and personally investigate all the lovely places one read about in the *Sunday Telegraph* by Nigel Buxton; also I cut out an article from *Ski Notes and Queries* about ski-ing in the Sierra Nevada and salted it away for future reference. Then we bought a new Cortina Automatic and WENT. To do this involved selling the house, and storing the furniture, so by the time we were ready by the end of September, both were totally exhausted and about round the bend. This is not the ideal condition to start motoring all the way to Southern Europe, so we compromised with motoring from Cherbourg to Paris, and then took the car-sleeper to Biarritz, a very comfortable way to begin. From there we went on to Lisbon, Cascais we thought quite lovely—and then down to the Algarve hoping to find an ideal spot for the coming winter. Intrigued, but not really completely sold, we continued along to Seville and presently found ourselves in Gibraltar, and then

up the Costa del Sol to Malaga, Nerja, and Almunecar some 65 miles north-east of Malaga, where the gorgeous prospect of mountains running down to the sea and edged with lovely beaches was just what one had in mind. So we stopped at a hotel on a beach rightly named the Portomar and started house hunting.

The people of Spain speak only Spanish—period. Mine had been confined to two half-hours per week with the B.B.C., added to which my deafness competed with my enthusiasm. However, I was determined. Our first home-stead was charmingly Moorish in architecture. The water supply and heating (?) arrangements were pure Heath Robinson, cooking utensils and stove practically non ex., and in one week we gave up the unequal struggle, the husband having succumbed to a sharp attack of gout (undiagnosed I imagined at least a thrombosis) and we removed ourselves, or rather were assisted away to another and more salubrious "casa" at Punta de la Mona, a very lovely location 3 miles from Almunecar. This was, in sailing parlance, much better "found," and was perched on a hillside about 300 feet above the Bay of Herradura, with heavenly views on three sides and a charming terraced garden and piazza. Otherwise notable for enormous double beds—one quite as large as the kitchen which in Spanish houses seems to completely lack what we look upon as necessities. This lasted happily for three months, when the owner, a German lady of title, decided to return, so we moved again, not very far and the same sort of position. The house was called "Hong-Kong," the furnishings having a strong Chinese flavour, but it was very attractive, the kitchen and stove a great improvement and everything very new and clean, and a maid went with the house. We hope to return there in October.

Meanwhile the article from S. N. & Q. paid dividends. I wrote to Marjorie von Schlippenbach, the author of it who lives in Malaga, and who is married to a pet of a German Baron who farms. She is English, has lived many years in Spain and has written quite the best book on Andalusia, entitled "Malaga Farm," under her maiden name of Grice-Hutchison. She persuaded me, without any great difficulty, to join the Eagle Ski Club Tour to the High Atlas in February and I immediately sent back to England for my skis and impedimenta that I had left ready packed for just such an emergency. Unpleasantness at Gibraltar at that time was going full strength and although I received word from the Shipping Company that my things had arrived in Gibraltar in December, it seemed impossible to get them any further. A demand for my birth certificate, and a copy of the lease of the house were among the very odd things required in order to ship them further, so we got into the car and five hours' driving brought us to our objective. It took two hours to find the warehouse which housed the skis, etc. but only 20 minutes to clear them through the Spanish Customs—so no complaints. We diverted to Rhonsa on the way home, a most lovely old Moorish city which I had long wanted to see. It is full of historical interest, built on the edge of a precipice hundreds of feet down with a foaming torrent at the bottom, and steep mule-tracks leading up to the old Gateways in the City walls. Toledo is another of these marvellous old Moorish cities, where we stayed overnight on our return trip to England.

I like the life in Spain enormously, and find even the peculiar mealtimes pleasing. Lunch at 2-30 or 3 p.m. gives you a nice long morning to go to Market (no telephones, no deliveries) for the days' food and get back in time for swimming and sun-bathing. A maid is always available to clean and cook

the lunch which is the main meal of the day—after 4 p.m. you are on your own. Siesta from lunch till 5 p.m., tea, and dinner around 9 o'clock when it is cool. The views of sea and mountain are lovely and I never seemed to have time enough to paint all the lovely scenes I wished to.

I felt that I ought to see a bullfight—it is such a controversial subject, and went with some English friends to one in Malaga, where the bullfights are supposed to be very superior ones. The first ten minutes of each episode, when things are more or less even between the matador and the bull, the whole thing resembled a most fascinating ballet, and I was very interested and thrilled, but when they went on to exhaust the bull by spearing him, and bleeding him with darts by the picadors I thought it too sad and removed myself before the end of the party, my sympathies being with the bull. If I had waited another twenty minutes I would have seen the bull charge the matador instead of the cloak, and floor him. His picadors had some difficulty in rescuing him, and the bull gored him.

I went to the Sierra Nevada for ski-ing one weekend with Marjorie Horne, an old ski pal of mine from early days. She and her husband Geoffrey Horne, who I used to ski with in Klosters, live in Almunecar part of the year and farm an estate. All reports said "powder snow," and we started for Granada with high hopes. Alas we arrived in a foehn—everything in the melting stage and the hostels very primitive and rather dirty. It was not a success and we returned home next day. I had hoped for a bit of practise before the High Atlas trip, but the change from sea level to 10,000 feet all in one day was very difficult to cope with apart from the bad snow conditions.

I went off in February to Morocco and met the Eagle Ski Club in Casablanca en route for Oukemaïden—you can read all about it in the Eagle magazine. It was a most interesting trip although Anno Domini prevented me from doing the really interesting tough bits.

I like the Spanish country and village folk very much. I have not met the aristocracy. The former are kind and friendly, naturally good mannered, and will do anything to assist one, refusing any reward. Apart from keeping a sense of humour if you're trying to get something done, you cannot help but like them enormously. The truth is not in them very much, because they want to say what will please you, and my Spanish teacher warned me that any explanation beginning with "es que," (it was like this) was bound to be a tall story.

The sun of course is the greatest joy in Spain. Glorious weather all through the autumn, sea bathing right up to Christmas and I started again the end of March. The short period of "winter weather" produced high winds and torrential rains with brilliant days in between. Incidentally all the houses leak, but you get used to that. Rubber boots and good mackintoshes are very necessary, but this was very fleeting and the early spring which floods the hills and valleys with pale pink almond blossom and tender green grass is quite out-of-this-world.

We look forward very much to our return in October.

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Save time by overnight train from PARIS to MOUTIERS

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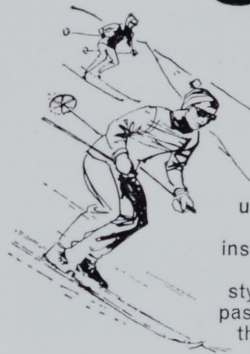
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The Station sends greetings to all members of the Ladies Ski Club.

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GSTAAD

BERNESE
OBERLAND

Situation:

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

Winter-Season:

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

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
Atalanta Cup } Giant Slalom, 22nd February.
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:

1. Family ticket with coupons:

120 coupons	Frs. 20.—
500 coupons	Frs. 75.—
2. 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.

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