



LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN
OCTOBER, 1967

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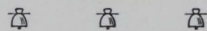
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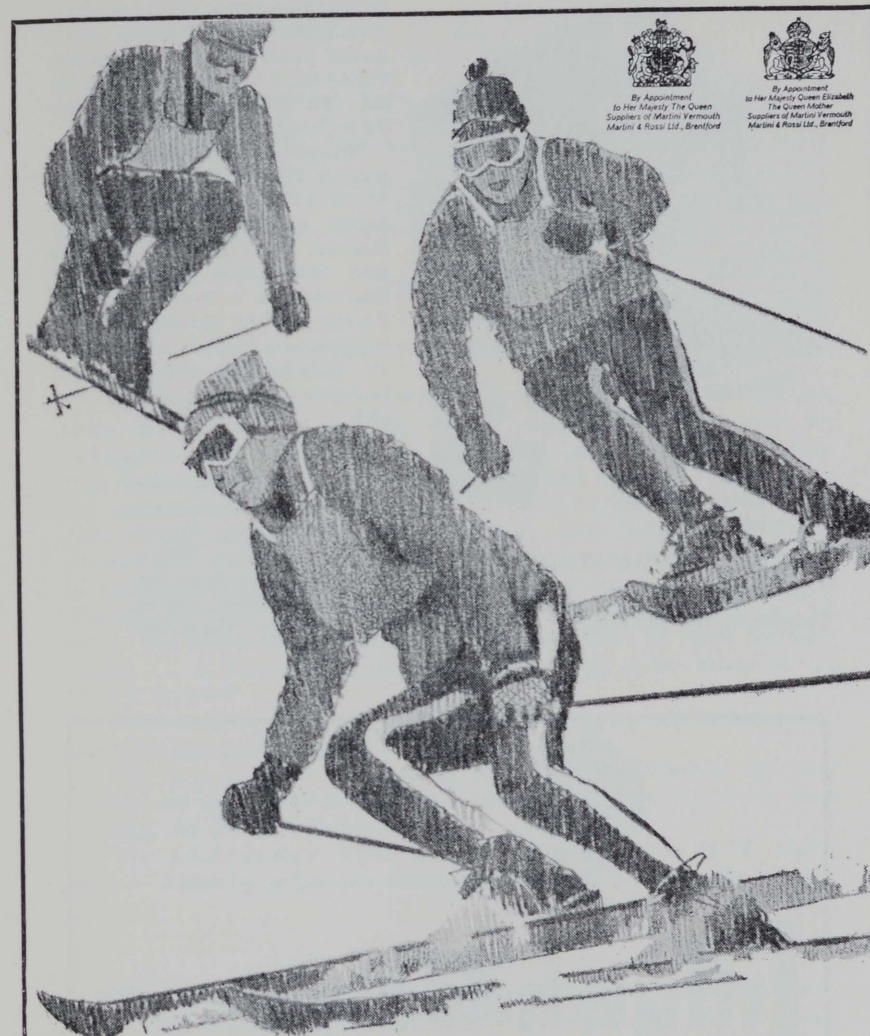


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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 37

Vol. II, Pt. 28

OCTOBER, 1967

EDITORIAL

AT THE last A.G.M. it was proposed to discontinue the *Bulletin* and in its place to have a *Newsletter*.

This was vociferously opposed by many members and you will therefore notice that the *Bulletin* is changing. We are economising. In this present day and age it is essential to a Club to have a live, vigorous and interested membership. A Club and its *Bulletin* cannot flourish without support—by this we do not necessarily mean financial support. Never before have our Ladies' team done so much to put British racing on the map, never before has there been so much interest in British ladies' racing but strangely enough the interest seems to evaporate before it reaches the L.S.C.—the very life blood of British Women's ski racing. Think for a moment of the scholarships given by the Club and of the efforts made to raise money to contribute to funds for Lady Racers . . . is it not possible for some of this energy to be channelled into YOUR *Bulletin*?

Please send typed copies of articles to appear in the 1968 *Bulletin* to the Editor by June next year, they will be most welcome.

This year our new President has been ski-ing in Australia and New Zealand and hopes to let us have some details of either this trip or one she is planning, for the 1968 *Bulletin*.

The A.S.A. in their helpful notes to would-be visitors to St. Moritz state:—"Access by car involves climbing St. Julia Pass." (How peculiar . . . Ed.)

Club News

We welcome as new members Miss R. Bonham-Christie, Miss S. Dick, Miss C. Harrocks (who won the Girls' Junior Championship), Miss V. Impey, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss M. Mackenzie, Miss J. Mitchell, Miss M. Mitchell, Miss J. Stott, Mrs. Waddington and Miss P. Wallace.

Our very best wishes to the following who have married during the year:

Miss Sally Cater to Mr. Michael Holroyd-Smith.

Miss Tessa Dredge to Mr. Christopher Berry.

Miss Susan Welsh to Mr. Richard Berry.

Our congratulations to the following on the birth of their children:

Mrs. J. Balme (née Hobhouse) a son on 16th April, 1967.

Mrs. A. Evans (née Tomkinson) a daughter on 11th March, 1967.

Lady Elizabeth Greenacre (née Lindesay-Bethune) a daughter.

Dates for your diary

The Annual General Meeting of the Ladies' Ski Club will be held at the Ski Club of Great Britain, 118 Eaton Square, London, S.W.1 on **Wednesday, 25th October at 5-45 p.m.** This will be followed by a **Cocktail Party at 6-30 p.m.**

The **Ski Kit Market** will be at the above address on **Wednesday, 4th November at 6-0 p.m.** and will be followed by a **Cocktail Party at 6-30 p.m.** Please come and buy because the proceeds of this go to Ladies' Alpine Racing. If you have any old ski clothing or equipment you no longer need, please bring it along in good time so that it may be priced and displayed on the stalls before 6-0 p.m.

Ski-ing Parties organised by the S.C.G.B. All details from the Secretary at 118 Eaton Square. Holidays in Andermatt, Grindelwald and Lenzerheide are being organised for 1st, 2nd and 3rd class skiers during the months from December 1967 to March 1968.

Representatives' Course—14th-26th January, 1968 at Lenzerheide.

The British Championships. These will be held between the 6th-13th January, 1968. The Juniors will be at Andermatt and the Seniors at Val d'Isere. For details apply to the National Federation at 118 Eaton Square, S.W.1.

Bouquetin Derby: Villars. Citaden Race under F.I.S. Rules on 13th and 14th January, 1968.

Badges. These very attractive L.S.C. badges may be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. J. Riddell, 17 Hyde Park Gardens Mews, London, W.2. The prices are as follows:

- Metal 8/6
- Cloth (large) 7/6
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Will members please make a point of enclosing a postal order or cheque with their orders for badges.

IN MEMORIAM

ELIZABETH DOBSON died suddenly, but peacefully, at her farm in Gloucestershire on 23rd November, 1966.

Elizabeth was one of the happy band who loved ski-racing and all forms of speed in the '30s. Like so many of us in those days, she raced in every possible club race and became a member of the Kandahar in 1930, the L.S.C. in '31 and Mardens in 1934. She was invited to train for the British team, which she did not quite make though she was reserve. Although shy and modest by nature, her commanding physique and Titian red hair made her an outstanding personality among the racers of those years. She was a Gold K and came 2nd in the British Championship in both 1935 and 1937. Her mother presented the Dobson Cup for lady Gold K racers which was first won by her best friend, and is still competed for at Mürren. Not content with ski-ing, Elizabeth was a keen tobogganer and one of her oft-recalled memories was of the day she acted as brake in the two-woman team that took the then King of the Belgians down the Mürren Bob-run.

Elizabeth was also a skilful trial and rally driver, but never knew her left from right, so her navigator always had to say "my side" or "your side." At the outbreak of war she joined the Mechanised Transport Corps and drove in London during the Blitz.

After the war she started farming seriously and had great success showing her ponies and sheep, always returning to her beloved Oberland for ski-ing holidays.

Her many friends, both English and Swiss will deeply regret the passing of another of the "Silver Age" of ski-ing.

B.S.

ATALANTA CUP

BY ELIZABETH FULTON

The Atalanta Cup is now an annual event in the Gstaad valley and is greatly looked forward to by many English children at school in Switzerland. The schools themselves look upon the race as good practice for their "Inter Pensionnat" competition which takes place shortly afterwards and some of the British Racing Clubs are able to select and offer special training to the more promising skiers.

The race is run in four sections:—First-year skiers, Second-year skiers, Under 15 years old and an Open Class. Cups and prizes are awarded in each section and last season Major Waddington very kindly gave some attractive silver beakers which were much admired.

The 1967 Novices and Second-year skiers had their race on a lovely day at the top of the Winspillen at Gstaad. The main race was literally rained off, but as some schools had had to leave at dawn and therefore knew nothing of the cancellation arrangements until they arrived at Gstaad, a special slalom was held to avoid disappointing anyone; the Lillywhites' Cup for those under 15 was held in vile conditions but the event seemed to be enjoyed and many of the participants came back for the main event, which was eventually held one week later. The course, again at the top of the Winspillen, took a considerable amount of preparing but this was in good condition for the Atalanta Cup. First and second places were taken by two Canadian girls from Clos des Abeilles who skied very well indeed. Mrs. Janie Reid gave away the prizes and she also kindly housed two of the race organisers in addition to helping with endless hours of piste stamping.

The popularity of this race is largely due to Soss Roe who originally organised this event in its present form eight years ago and to the S.C.G.B. Representative, May Murray. Between them they have a great deal of local knowledge and many friends, both Swiss and British, in the district so that together with the backing of the Kandahar they have been able to build the event into what it is—a great success.

Next year the Novices' and Second-year Cups will be held on Friday, 16th February and the Lillywhites' Cup and Atalanta Cup on Tuesday, 20th February.

1967 RESULTS

Lillywhites' Cup (under 15)	Sarah Lindsay	Chatelard
Novices' Cup	Sally Levy	Videmanette
2nd Year Skiers' Cup	Patsy Donnelly	Le Torrent
Atalanta Cup	Janet Preston	Cos des Abeilles.

THE ANGLO-SWISS INTER-PARLIAMENTARY RACE

January 1967

BY H. R. SPENCE

WHEN it snows in Davos and really makes up its mind to do so, then the luckless course setters of whatever races are programmed have a real headache. It was like this for the 11th Anglo-Swiss M.P.'s race on the fateful day Friday, 13th January. Usually the meeting consists of a straight (fairly wiggly) downhill (slightly) race from below the Weissfluh down to the little valley short of the Parsenn Hut, and a slalom set on the bottom bumps of the Furka.

Conditions made the usual formula impossible, but the redoubtable Max Bertsch came to the rescue with some hair-raising work on a Snowcat and produced a slalom and a giant slalom course on the newly cleared glades in the wooded slopes above and on the Bunder at Davos Dorf.

The weather did not affect the warmth of the welcome that the Swiss, who were hosts this year, provided and there was a wonderful reception party in the new Hallenbad (swimming pool) where the charming young Lady Mayoress of Davos in the most elegant of après ski outfits welcomed the teams. Superlative food and champagne.

Snow and competitors fell heavily next day, and the races were won by the Swiss in customary style on weight, weather and technique, in spite of Sir Ian Orr-Ewing's gallant efforts nobly backed by Phillip Goodheart and James Allason.

The traditional prize-giving dinner at Wolfgang with mine host Jakob Kessler was a gay affair enlivened by the brilliant and witty speech of H. E. the Ambassador and later by the largest bass fiddle in Europe. Lady Isaacson presented the prizes and was kissed on both cheeks by all recipients.

Our one regret was the absence of Dr. Rene Buhler, the Swiss godfather of this meeting, on business in America, but he sent a cable of greetings and good wishes.

OLYMPIC HOPES 1968

BY BERYL SPENCE

NEVER since the "Golden Age" of ski-ing have our girls had such a chance of putting British racing on the map at the Olympics of 1968. In 1929, the late Doreen Elliott and Wendy Sale-Barker (now the Countess of Selkirk) startled world skiers by their magnificent performance at Zakopane when they beat 90% of the male entries. Since then we have taught the world to race, and as we the British still "ski for fun" it is not surprising that other countries, who take ski-ing as a major sport and international status symbol have surpassed us. However, thanks largely to the push and drive of Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson, herself an Olympic racer of 1936, our present team has been given the most wonderful training and preparation for the great events at Grenoble next February. Aply supported by endless British sports firms, the girls are equipped with the very best in clothing of all types, and their skis come from the most famous Austrian firms.

Very different from the old days of 1936, when 14 hopefuls were gathered together in a snowless Kitzbuhel. After a few days toiling up and down muddy tracks we moved to St. Anton, where at least a bus conveyed us to St. Christoph from where we foot slogged to the top of the mountain carrying our ski before rushing down in single file over appalling bumps and lumps till by the accident process of 10 little nigger boys there were not many able to ski on what little snow there was. And we had no uniform for the parade. Some wore trousers and some wore plus fours. Now all that has been changed and we know our girls' matching outfits are second to none.

Several other important lessons were learned at the last Olympics in Austria in 1964, and the two most important have been tackled efficiently. In the first place sufficient funds must be found in order to employ the finest trainers and to relieve the team of financial worry. This has been enormously eased by the "Daily Telegraph" and "Sunday Telegraph" sponsoring the girls in addition to the Government grants and aid raised by private people and all well-known ski racing clubs. Secondly the girls must feel themselves part of a team, and thus be obliged to keep physically fit during the whole year. This latter has been superbly organised by Mrs. T. and they have been training and ski-ing all over Europe, even a few lucky ones in South America, not to mention the rigorous course supervised by the Sergeant Major at Aldershot.

It is interesting to note that each of our present team showed her racing potential at an early age by winning the Junior Championships, since when each girl has been encouraged by her ski clubs and the Federation and various cash scholarships. It will be remembered that Tania Heald (now Mrs. Giles Dereham and a mother) our outstanding Olympic racer in 1964 won the Junior Championship at the tender age of 13.

Gina Hathorn won the Juniors in 1959 aged 13. She raced in the Olympics of '64 and has had many successes since, the most notable being in the S.D.S. of 1967. She also had the advantage of living in St. Moritz and being trained by Carlo Muhlbauer.

Divina Galica the team captain, won the Junior in 1962 aged 17. She raced in the Olympics of '64, has had enormous racing experience in European Countries and won the First Kandahar de Los Andes in '66.

Felicity (Bunny) Field also won the Junior at 17, and has been in the team for the last 3 years. She won the British Championship in '66. Bunny had the advantage of being educated in Switzerland like several young and up-coming racers such as *Bridget Newall* now 21, *Barbara King*, 19, and *Sally Ireland*, 18. *Helen Jamieson*, a lucky Scott, won her National Junior Championship aged 13, and followed this by winning the British Junior and Scottish Senior in '63. In 1967 she recovered from various accidents and confirmed earlier promise by winning the Duchess of Kent.

Patricia Murphy, born 25.8.43, won the Junior in 1961 and made ski-ing history in 1964 by being the first British Champion daughter of a British Champion. Patricia had a great success in 1967, winning the Lowlanders.

Diana Tomkinson, the most senior of the group has been ski-ing all her life. Daughter of a famous mother and tremendously enthusiastic, she has been training harder than anyone. Di has surmounted several setbacks with broken legs and was reserve in the '64 Olympics, and if she does not get a place it will not be through lack of trying.

We wish them all the very best in 1968.

WITH THE BRITISH TEAMS IN SPAIN

By H. R. SPENCE

IN the middle of March this year I had the good fortune to go to Madrid and then later to Granada with the British ski teams.

At Madrid the races were for the Spanish Grand Prix at Navacarrada and at Granada for the Grand Prix de Sierra Nevada on the Pico Valeta.

Somehow one does not associate ski-ing with Spain other than in the Pyrenees, especially not as late in the season as Easter-time. Snow conditions however, were excellent, and the proximity of the snow to the two cities quite astonishing.

From Madrid I was whisked by car up to Navacarrada in less than an hour and lodged in the Aeries Hotel with the British team. The hotel is at 6,000 feet in a narrow valley just below the pass over which the road winds down to Segovia. From the pass two chair lifts take one on to the ridge of the Sierra del Guadarrama to over 8,000 feet. On the whole north face of this range was an immense snowfield running right down to the tree line.

The meeting consisted of a Slalom and a Giant Slalom and there were 74 competitors from 10 countries. Snow conditions were really ideal as the whole face was one smooth inclined plane, very steep, and consisting of very hard packed granular spring snow. In the Slalom, I saw one unfortunate body take a toss and slide head downwards with rapid acceleration for over 400 metres before coming to a stop and happily missing trees and rocks near the bottom. My Spanish companions promptly told me gruesome tales of bashed brains and punctured pelvises, but of course they like bull fighting!

The first day's racing was for the Slalom. Two excellent courses had been set and Robert Redhead was Technical Deputy.

The weather was really marvellous with no wind, blazing sun, and horizons in every shade of purple, green and bronze stretching for 50 miles around.

In the women's event Gina Hathorn and Divina Galica were racing for Britain, but Gina was not 100% fit, and although running fast, missed a gate about the middle of the first run. She had drawn No. 1, which was a disadvantage, for although there had been two forerunners, there was scarcely any visible track to follow.

Starting at No. 4, Divina skied with excellent judgment in both runs and came in third, just behind the French sisters Ingrid and Britt Lafforge.

The French indeed had a Field Day winning the Men's event as well when Henri Duvillard beat Karl Cordin of Austria by 1 second. Our men's team was handicapped by injury, neither of our Davids, Freeth or Borradaile having fully recovered from previous racing injuries, but Ian Todd ran well, especially in his second run.

In contrast to the perfect conditions we enjoyed for the Slalom on Saturday, Sunday morning dawned grey and cold with icy fog and a gale force north wind. After freezing for three hours at the top of the mountain in the hope that conditions would clear, the Technical Deputy wisely decided that the race must be abandoned. The Grand Prix was thus awarded on the Slalom results, and after what the programme described as the "Reward Grants," we were taken back by bus to Madrid for the night.

Monday was again a lovely day and all competitors enjoyed a "visit touristik" in and around Madrid, arranged by our hosts the Club Alpino Guadarrama, who could not have been more hospitable, friendly and efficient.

With the exception of Divina, all the British started their return journey to England, whilst she decided to make the overnight trip to Granada to compete in the Grand Prix de Sierra Nevada. Here conditions were also ideal for the whole week, and in Granada itself it was a case of a tropical suit and meals out of doors. This made it all the more remarkable to be at 10,000 feet on beautiful spring snow within 45 minutes of leaving one's hotel.

All the teams were housed in Granada, and in Easter Week there is a memorable spectacle with bands, wonderful processions and costumes of Holy Week filling the city each evening. Competitors had to be extremely strong minded to go to bed in reasonable time. Our hosts here, the Sociedad Sierra Nevada had laid on a splendid programme which included a floodlit tour of the Alhambra and a notable evening's entertainment at their famous brewery.

The link to the snow is entirely by road. A lovely run up the valley of the Rio Genil brings one to the start of a mountain road which, superbly engineered and surfaced, runs right to the race start at 10,000 feet on the Pico Valeta.

Hot lunch was provided for the teams each day at a luxurious mountain hotel complete with swimming pool, and the whole set-up was quite fantastic. The snowfields on the north face of the Pico Valeta gave superb racing conditions with over 2,000 feet of steep, even, spring snow.

Divina won both the women's events brilliantly. In the Slalom she was 4 seconds behind on the first run, but her second run was a real streak of lightning and she won by over 2 seconds on the two runs.

In the Giant Slalom she completely spreadeagled the field, winning by over 8 seconds. This was a grand display of determined and purposeful running which thrilled the large crowd who gave her an ovation. Her time was only 1 second behind Aurelio Garcia, the Spanish Champion who won the men's event.

The Spanish are immensely keen skiers, and both at Madrid and in Granada were delighted to have British participation, while for our part we could not have had more charming hosts.

SKI-ING SCOTLAND "SWINGS"

By MARY KERR

A CERTAIN M.P. visiting the ski slopes of Scotland for the first time this year launched a bitter attack on the fantastic efforts that have been made to modernize the sport up there in the past few years.

Any ski enthusiast will agree that an all-too familiar sight is that of the T-bars and chairs of the ski lifts—temporarily put out of action by the wind—swinging frantically under the force of 80 m.p.h. gusts. From then on one has only one's legs to rely on to get up the mountain. But, who are we to despair in the face of adversity?

Anyway, lifts are not the only things that swing up there. Life does too. The pundits were partly right when they prophesied the death of Swinging London, but they reckoned without its staying powers. London may now be calm, but the "swing" has by no means faded into oblivion. Instead the remote solitude of the hitherto quiet village of Aviemore has been shattered by the noise of youthful enthusiasm. What right has anyone to dampen it?

So, anxious to form my own opinion, and having skied in Scotland for several years, it was with an open mind that I went north to inspect the latest additions to civilization there.

I came away impressed.

Suddenly, in the middle of a one-time moor on the outskirts of the stone-housed village, a huge array of modern buildings has sprung into life. They look out of place, but as continental type ski life is never going to exactly *blend* with the traditional character of the Highlands why not make a contrast? And, anyway, the rate of progress is astounding. Last year there was only a patch of heather; but, then, we were just getting used to the novelty of one hotel, which provided such luxuries formerly regarded as superfluous (like hot food, lavatories, drying-rooms), within only a few miles of the ski slopes.

Now there are amenities in abundance. It would be perfectly possible to stay there for several days and occupy the time completely without even having to look at a ski-boot—which would seem essential in a country where the climate is so entirely undependable.

There's a swimming pool, an ice rink, an artificial ski slope, a cinema, a bank, a hairdresser, shops, and even chalets to rent, not to mention two good hotels. I stayed in the most expensive, by mistake, but being the biggest it hove into view first. Here, too, everything has been installed for one's personal comfort. A sauna bath for soothing aching muscles, a bowling alley for shaking them out afterwards, lifts, a well-stocked bar, and comfortable bedrooms each with its own bath.

But in spite of the veneer of sophistication there is still a lot missing. The discotheque is unlicensed, demands for any food or drink slightly out of the ordinary were answered by shrugs and puzzled looks, and the facilities actually on the slopes have nightmarish qualities. The steamy, overcrowded room, with nothing more substantial to offer than cheese-filled buns and weak coffee in cartons, does not impress those used to more amenable climates.

But, Scotland is trying. Any new venture is bound to have teething troubles and one hopes that once they have overcome their natural instinct to close everything at 9-30 p.m., making it impossible for late arrivals to get anything to eat or drink after that hour, and once they stop trying to combine casual life with refined grandeur, and as long as popular demand for gluwain and bacon and eggs at teatime continues . . . and when someone has the initiative (and money) to erect a reasonable, clean restaurant by the ski lifts (and perhaps a gay night-club thrown in for good measure), it will become a more or less perfect sports resort.

When one thinks that all this has been accomplished, out of nothing, in virtually only ten years, it is amazing that ski-ing Scotland "swings" at all.

VERY SHORT STORIES

FROM ISOBEL ROE

1. In some cases safety boots are better for accident prevention than safety bindings. It is quite common for children to fall out of their boots. Less common is one of the happier stories out of "Avalanche Enigma." A woman found herself fixed in an avalanche by her boots; luckily the boots were either loosely laced or not a good fit and she was able to walk out of the avalanche, leaving the boots behind, much to the surprise of her would-be rescuers, when they arrived.

2. Overheard conversation between candidates for 1st class varied snow test. "They said choice of line counted. Unfortunately the Lord chose my line and chose it very badly."

3. What a lot of tripe is written unashamedly in the national press about ski-ing. A writer in one of our leading newspapers recommended that "A thick jersey can take the place of an anorak at Easter." I wrote saying that the advice was misleading, unless the skier was to limit his activities to the imminent vicinity of the nursery slopes and to fine days only. The paper was quite unrepentant and did not acknowledge my letter.

4. I enjoy hearing people's reactions when I say "When I began, 38 years ago, etc." Some people suggest to me that I wore a long skirt and used one stick. I have now been silenced on the subject by an ace and a joker. The ace was produced by Commander Shirley who started in 1913 and the joker by a friend in Cheltenham who began in 1901 and spent many months at Montana and Grindelwald. Amongst other activities, she and four young men climbed the Wildstrubel.

VILLA PARTY

BY PAULINE SITWELL

BEREFT of ideas about where to spend a short holiday last Christmas, as I was not in my usual state of rumbustious health and good spirits, I cast about first for somewhere I had always wished to visit and second, what manner of Hotel, Pension or Chalet to consider.

A few phone calls here and there decided me upon Klosters. (I felt I should never be able to look Annie Maurer in the face again if I kept on having to confess that I had never skied the Parsenn.) Fortunately, I was introduced to one Richard Yorke, who had a very fine scheme indeed, the cost of which was paid in sterling over here.

And so I spent one of the most splendid of holidays.

Flying Ski Club plane as usual—thanks to wonderful Mrs. Raynes who always seems to be able to get one on to a plane at the last moment, I was met off the train from Zurich by car and whisked away to an enchanting villa.

A large breakfast (English or Continental) was available at whatever hour one chose to get up. Then off to the slopes with a thermos of tea or soup and a sandwich to ski all day. What terrific ski-ing I had—travelling so many kilometres each day that only those who know the region would believe it! The trick is, of course, to arrive at lifts and bahns at moments when there is little waiting. We then returned to the villa for tea, again as and when one wished.

Dinner, a splendid Cordon Bleu affair, accompanied by really good Swiss wines, was produced by youngsters who were obviously old hands at Haute Cuisine.

Although by far the "oldest inhabitant," I was made to feel half my age and altogether I found the holiday a delightful experience. It is possible that this sort of thing is what some people may be looking for so I should add that there will be no advertising except by word of mouth and that guests are hand-picked because of the intimate nature of the type of party.

Something new from HENKE . . . THE PARALLEL BOOT HENKE PS

HENKE have again come up with something new for the International Trade Fairs, the development, after long experimentation, of the PARALLEL boot.

This is a clip boot with an entirely new concept, a shaped foot guide.

Until now, ski boots have followed the shape of the foot, the toe being wider than the heel and the contours of the ball of the big toe, the heel and ankles followed. This irregular shape of the inward side of the boot makes parallel positioning of the skis, changes in the leading, uphill or valley ski difficult techniques to master, particularly as modern ski-ing techniques require closely positioned skis. The radically changed shape of the HENKE PS, with its smooth guiding surface to the inward side of the boot, makes it an ideal instrument for close parallel ski-ing. When the skier stands boot to boot, his skis are automatically parallel.

The development is an enormous step forward. The effect is immediately perceptible by racers as well as by beginners, though the advantages for the beginner are naturally greater. Changing the leading ski is unhindered, in all movements, traversing, side slipping, heel thrust, edging, parallel swinging and wedling the skier finds a new feeling of confidence, positioning is easier, the danger of falling less.

The model has been thoroughly tested by well-known racers and ski instructors and their judgements have all been most enthusiastic and they all forecast that in the future the HENKE PS will make narrow ski tracking, a requirement of modern ski-ing, more easily attainable by the beginner.

CAMP FOLLOWERS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

BY AMY BLANE

I DO not think I ever had such a wonderful three weeks as when I went with Helen to the 26th International Ski Congress which was held this year at Beirut. We arrived on the afternoon of 14th May having flown out by Middle East Airways. On arrival we were met by members of the Lebanese de Ski, our hosts, and driven by taxi to our hotel, the Phoenicie. This is a lovely hotel, close to the sea, with its own swimming pool. Not all the delegates could stay there, but were in various hotels in the town.

There were many camp followers like me, as nearly every delegate was accompanied by someone. Our hosts had made special arrangements for us, and on arrival at our hotels we were handed a paper giving us the programme of the week. It was nice meeting the many friends from different countries whom we had met two years ago at the previous Congress.

The night we arrived we met the President of the Lebanese Ski Association, Dr. Riachi, a very famous orthopaedic surgeon. During our stay in Beirut we got to know him and his family very well and later in the week I went to see his hospital. A new part had just been built and had in fact only been open for two days. It was a beautiful modern hospital with an English Sister in charge of each department. Although Dr. Riachi was continually operating and working very hard, he found time to be a very thoughtful and kind host. His wife had been ill in bed for three months, but the first time she came downstairs she had the camp followers to coffee. Later Dr. and Mme. Riachi gave a large dinner party in their house and were only sorry that they had not enough room to invite everyone. We were all delighted that Mme. Riachi was able to come to the big dinner given the last evening, as from her bed she had made many arrangements for this dinner and the different events during the week.

The delegates started work on the Monday evening, and from then on they really worked all out. They met in the basement of one of the hotels which had been arranged for them and the only uncomfortable thing was that with the air conditioning it was so cold they had to wear woollies. But perhaps it was just as well as it was very hot, which would have made work difficult. They had two hours off in the middle of the day, for lunch and a bathe.

Whilst they were working, the followers were being looked after in the most wonderful way. As I have already said, we were given a time-table on arrival, detailing what had been arranged for us. Each morning we assembled in our hotel lounges before being taken by bus to see various places of interest and the surrounding country. We were returned to our various hotels for lunch. As we were in the Phoenicie, we changed into our bathing suits and lay by the swimming pool, having our lunch there. After a lazy hour by the pool we would have a swim then go up to change and down into the hotel lounge again where various ladies waited to take us in small parties to see anything we wished. Barbie Readhead and I were very lucky as each day we were taken out by the President's sister whose father had lent her his car. One afternoon we went up to one of the summer resorts to have tea and on our way back to Beirut stopped in a wood to see a school which had been given by the Quakers.

The delegates had one day off and we all went up into the hills and through wonderful country to Baalbeck, the most splendid ruined city, from which

the Bible takes its name. After seeing Baalbeck we were given lunch in Zahie at an open-air restaurant.

The official opening of the Congress took place at the Palais de l'Unesco. It was very well organised with excellent speeches first of all and then a display of national dancing, followed by a cocktail party.

There were a number of cocktail parties and film shows given by various nations, which we enjoyed very much. One evening the Ambassador for Czechoslovakia and his wife gave a large cocktail party which was beautifully done, with everything most attractively set out. Their own child and another little girl in their national costume gave us all a doll in national dress as we left.

That evening, after the cocktail party, Helen and I went on to dinner with Peter Lunn who is in the Embassy in Beirut, and his wife. They had just returned from a weekend ski-ing at The Cedars, a popular ski resort in the hills above Beirut.

As I mentioned earlier a big dinner was given on the last evening, this dinner was given at the Casino du Leban which is famous for its floor show. It is a beautiful Casino and after dinner and speeches, we were taken to see the floor show, which was really fabulous and lasted two hours.

We were very sad to leave Beirut. It is a Congress which will be remembered by us all for many years. Our hosts had been wonderful, organising everything so well and thinking of every detail.

On the Monday morning Barbie and Robert Readhead, Helen and I left by air for Amman as we had arranged to do a trip together to Amman, Jerusalem, and Cairo, after which Helen and I were going on to see Ginny, Andy and Lucinda at Benghazi.

At Amman we were met by the British Military Attaché, a friend of Robert's, who saw us into a car to go to Jerusalem. We drove from Amman to Jerusalem in the dark, the whole way trying to make out the country.

The next morning a guide took us to Bethlehem. Our hotel was outside the old town, by the Mount of Olives, and we returned there for lunch before our guide took us to see more of Jerusalem before we drove down to Jericho and the Jordan valley in the afternoon. Troops passed us in lorries but we did not think it was anything serious. We went to bathe in the Dead Sea which is the most funny feeling. You cannot sink because of the salt, but you must not get any of the water in your eyes, mouth or nose, you just lie there floating.

We returned to Amman where, on arrival, we were handed the following notice: "We have been advised by The Civil Defence Department that there will be air raid tests for the City of Amman on Thursday, 25th May." We had been asked by the Military Attaché to dine with him and his wife on the evening of our return to Amman; so we duly went, and on our arrival at their house found several English people who were refugees from Jerusalem staying there, as all English people had been told they must leave, so they were all trying to get flights to Cyprus or England. The Attaché told us we could not go to Cairo and would have to leave Amman. I was very pleased we were unable to get a flight for two days, and therefore got two days in Amman. Our second night there the four of us went down to dinner in the hotel and just as we had ordered the air raid warning went. For an hour Barbie, Helen and I sat at the dinner table in the dark and Robert went into the hall and lay on a sofa. At nine the all clear went, a bevy of cooks arrived and we were able to have dinner.

On the Friday evening we flew back to Beirut, never thinking we would be back there so soon again. Barbie and Robert flew back to England the next day, Helen and I stayed for two days and then managed to get a flight to Benghazi, where we stayed a week.

We had a very happy week in Benghazi. The flowers in Ginny's garden were lovely, as they had been in all the different places we had visited. We noticed particularly that they seemed so much darker in colour.

During the week we bathed, went to parties, and the day before we left, went to the parade for the Queen's birthday, taken by the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. In the evening we went to a large party given by the British Council to all the British and local inhabitants, little thinking that in the next few days the Council and others living outside the military compound would have to be brought into the compound, on account of the war, until things quietened down.

Helen and I left on 4th June, for England via Rome, where we spent four hours in the Airport and then flew on to England.

After that date, for nearly a week no-one was able to leave Benghazi. I will end as I began, "It was a wonderful three weeks."

SUNSET ABOVE GRINDELWALD

Come look once more before we ski for home
Upon the sunset peaks so clear and clean.
See how the rocks, both pinnacle and dome
Whose creeping shadows shade where we have been,
Are magnified! Across the snowy lawn
Lie giant slopes of Mannlichen, all blue
With quilted fold . . . while Kleine Silberhorn
More beautiful in line simplicity
Than craggy Monch or wicked Eiger wall
Seems just about a breath of purity
Upon the Jungfrau, loveliest of all.
This glory raises wonderment and joy
And song and silence in divine alloy.

PAULINE SITWELL

STERLING STERLING SKI-ING. IS IT POSSIBLE?

BY ROSEMARY SANDERSON

YOU are, of course, aware that in our fast disintegrating Commonwealth there is one member, at the time of going to press, who provides us with sterling ski-ing on our back door-step, in a language fairly akin to our own. The question is whether this ski-ing is also sterling in its more metaphorical sense. Belinda Coryton and I decided to put it to the test. We therefore made a fleeting visit to the Highlands in April so that the poor, penniless English having used up their £50 could hear from their own disinterested compatriots and gain heart by hearing what these neighbours have to offer for next year.

We found the Scots a pretty honest lot and most of the things on which we had already done our home-work were true. Of the three main resorts of Glencoe, Glenshee and Aviemore we spent most of our time in the last (because we were particularly interested in the ski touring which the Cairngorms provide). An enormous amount of progress has already been made up there (although the enthusiasm for building accommodation seems to have outstripped the present ski-ing facilities and access). Nevertheless there are "pros" and "cons" to your holiday. I would like to get the cons out of the way first.

The big difficulty of course is the weather. Ideally one would dash up when the reports were good. Even so conditions can change very rapidly and although a sudden storm or mist is unpleasant on the piste they could mean the end of you on the wrong side of the mountain.

The second large con is the distance you have to travel from your bed to the ski-lift. Even from the much publicised Aviemore Centre it is still 8-9 miles up a variable road to the bottom station of the White Ladies Lift.

A third and smaller disadvantage is the lack of facilities on the slopes. Getting a hot drink on a cold weekend must be a long and bitter experience and there is nowhere to warm up at the top of the chair lift at all. Maybe the Scots are tough enough to withstand the misery of a journey by lift in the biting wind with no redress, and so of course are we but one can beat oneself with rods too much.

There is nothing else much against but one or two rather neutral points. There seem to be far too many ski schools and one suspects that the standard might be higher in some of them. On the other hand the standard of English being higher must make it much easier to make intelligent progress.

The costs are disappointingly high, not very much different from an alpine holiday, unless you are prepared to do it the hard way in a caravan, or are young enough to use Youth Hostel accommodation.

Now the happier side. The hotels we saw were very good indeed; electric fires in all the bedrooms, hot water bottles in the beds, crackling log fires downstairs, real flowers and by British standards excellent and plentiful food. It was a new and delightful experience to start a ski-ing day on a substantial breakfast. Packed lunches were provided but were not up to alpine standards.

The holiday atmosphere is relaxed, friendly and easy; no pushing and shoving on the slopes or in the queues, amiable Scottish voices all round so that you didn't wonder what the H - - l that foreign chap was saying about you now!

Both the lifts and the pistes were of a much higher standard than I had been expecting and the snow was intriguing to ski on, being of a quite different consistency from the alpine variety. Apparently, until the advent of the British Championships, 1967, moguls had never been seen in the Highlands.

No moguls but eagles! The Highlands are full of wild life. Golden eagles nest in the Cairngorm crags, Ospreys are nurtured zealously, reindeer fraternise with the skiers on the piste. If you get off the beaten track there are ptarmigan, foxes, hares and herds of red deer.

The scenery is of course magnificent, very varied in colour in the valleys and some awe-inspiring cornices and overhanging cliffs on the sharp sides of the mountains. Days can be spent trying out new routes on the less sharp sided hills. The snow conditions change very rapidly from ice to spring snow, also a hillside which may be skiable one week will be heather and bog the next, but the snow stays in the corries in the most magical way and is enormous fun to ski on.

In conclusion I would say that if you go up to the Highlands expecting a typical alpine holiday you will be very disappointed. If, however, you go prepared for the disadvantages you should with any luck be rewarded with some (not all) perfect days ski-ing in brilliant sun among good friends and exhilarating surroundings.

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 Spring-Smyth, Miss P., '63.
 Staeger, Mrs. Werner (*née* Follett), '61.
 Stafford, The Lady (*née* M. Campbell), '50.
 Stanford, Mrs. Neil, '53.
 Stanham, Mrs. A. G. (*née* Blaxland), '51.
 Stern, Miss J., '63.
 Stirling, Lady (*née* Wedderburn-Wilson), '34.

Stockwell, Mrs. Bunty (formerly Greenland), '28.
 Storey, Miss M., '65.
 Stott, Miss J. M., '67.
 Sturges, Mrs., '66.

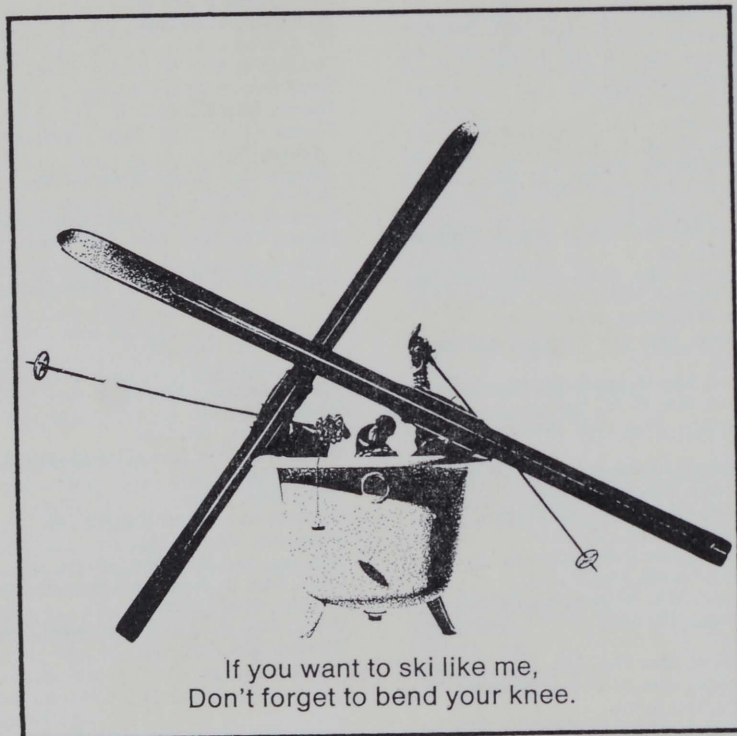
Taylor, Miss T. A., '48.
 Templeton, Viscountess, '29.
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 Tomkinson, Mrs. W. R. (*née* Blane), '29.
 Tomkinson, Miss D., '60.
 Travers, Miss G., '63.
 Trustram-Eve, The Hon. Mrs. (*née* Elliott), '59.
 Tulloch, Mrs. A. (*née* Walker), '36.
 Tulloch, Miss R., '62.
 Turnbull, Mrs. J. H. S. (*née* Landale), '62.
 Turner, The Hon. Mrs. (*née* Schuster), '23.
 Tyser, Mrs. A. (formerly Gunn), '47.

Waddington, Mrs., '67.
 Waley, Mrs., '59.
 Walker, Miss R., '66.
 Waller, Miss, '67.
 Watson, Mrs., W., '54.
 Webb, The Hon. Mrs. Clarkson (*née* R. Wakefield), '50.
 Webb, Mrs. J., '63.
 Whalley, Mrs. S. (*née* Knight), '58.
 Whittoome, Miss V., '65.
 Williams, The Hon. Mrs. Moyra, '47.
 Willis, Mrs. B. (formerly Ringrose), '50.
 Winkler, Miss K., '66.
 Wood, Mrs. A. G. (*née* Appleyard), '39.
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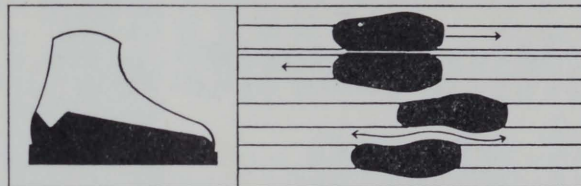
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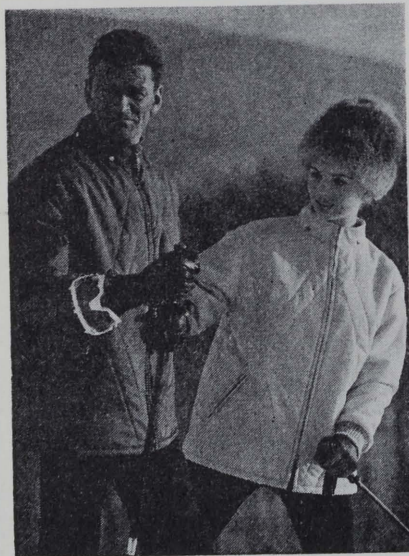
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