



LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN
SEPTEMBER, 1968

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- ★ FAMOUS FOR COMFORT AND CUISINE
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OBERLAND

Situation:

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

Winter-Season:

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

Sunshine: Daily average in winter, 7 hours.

Swiss Ski School Gstaad:

15 first class teachers and qualified mountain and touring guides. Special children's classes.

Half-day Frs. 6.—, 6 Half-days Frs. 30.—, 12 Half-days Frs. 50.—

Sports Events: International Ski Jumping

Novices Cup	} <i>For British Girls at school in Switzerland</i>	Friday, Feb. 21st
Viper Trophy		Saturday, Feb. 22nd
Atalanta Cup		Tuesday, Feb. 25th
Lillywhites Cup (under 15 years old)		
Prize Giving — Hotel Bernerhof — Tuesday, Feb. 25th		

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 on all 30 mountain railways and ski-lifts of Gstaad area:—

1. Family ticket with 120 coupons: Frs. 20.—
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2. Personal ticket with photo valid for 6 days giving

unlimited runs	Frs. 80.—
Children between ages 6-16 ..	Frs. 50.—
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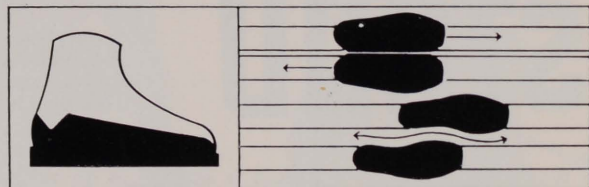
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Top right, the Henke PS. Bottom right, conventional ski boots. Left, the parallel guide.

Henke SETS THE PACE



In 1954, the clip boot. In 1967, the parallel boot. A new, ultra modern clip boot, with a parallel guide. The Henke PS makes elegant close tracking easier, even for beginners.

Henke
of Switzerland

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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

No. 38

Vol. II, Pt. 29

SEPTEMBER, 1968

EDITORIAL

As ski-ing is now spread over such vast areas the opportunities for members to get together become fewer each year and in some cases the only point of contact is through this *Bulletin*. We are quite certain that many of our members are doing the most interesting things but it is quite obvious that in spite of constant appeals they are very shy of writing about them. Because of this we would like, next year, to start a 'Letters to the Editor' section and also a series of short items on what members are doing. These need not be more than four or five lines but somebody must contribute the facts or we can't write them. Please help us to do this and to make the *Bulletin* really interesting; a quick 'phone call to any member of the Committee will do . . .

Club News

We welcome the following as new members: Miss C. Anderson, Miss N. Cowdy, Miss P. Hobbs, Miss E. Hussey, and Miss M. Watson.

Our congratulations to Mrs. Christopher Berry (née Tessa Dredge) on the birth of a daughter.

Our deepest sympathy to the families of the three L.S.C. members who died this year,

Mrs. de Reya, who joined in 1950

Mrs. Hartley, who joined in 1952

Miss Raeburn, who joined in 1929.

The A.G.M. will be held at 118 Eaton Square, London, S.W.1, on Wednesday, 16th October at 5-45 p.m. and will be followed by a cocktail party at 6-30 p.m.

We should like to thank one member in particular who made a kind donation towards the cost of producing the *Bulletin*, if any other members feel similarly inclined, we shall be only too delighted!!!

You will, no doubt, remember that this time last year we were all making special efforts to raise money for our Olympic Teams. From the raffle and loose change in the bucket at our 1967 cocktail party and from individual contributions the Ladies' Ski Club was able to send £55.0.0 towards the fund.

The Ski Market will be held at 118 Eaton Square on Wednesday, 13th November.

HOLIDAYS AND RACE TRAINING

Marden's Club will again organise Race Training Courses for Juniors (12—under 18 years old) and Intermediates (18 years and over) in Davos, from 16th December, 1968-4th January, 1969. The cost of training is £15 per person, payable in sterling.

These Courses will include 8 Marden's Club races and will culminate with the Halford-Hewitt Cup open to school teams during the British East of Switzerland Ski Trials on 3rd and 4th January prior to the British Championships.

The British Junior Championships will be held at Brand in the Vorarlberg, Austria and Mardens will be taking a team of trainees who are up to the required standard, travelling on Sunday, 5th January, 1969.

Further details and application forms from: Mrs. H. R. Spence, 11 Wynn-stay Gardens, Allen Street, London, W.8.

The White Hare Ski Club will be running a training scheme for Juniors from 16th December-4th January in Andermatt, and will then take a suitable team to Brand for the Championships.

There will also be Easter training from 31st March-12th April, 1969. Prices are as follows:

Lifts per week	£4.4.0.
Training „	£4.4.0.
Chalet (including all meals, bath, etc.)	£17.10.0 maximum.

The cost is payable in sterling and the group will be chaperoned. For further details, contact Capt. J. Iremonger, Ivy Farm, Tunstead, Norwich, Nor. 112.

The S.C.G.B. Representatives' Course will be held in Kitzbuhel from 13th-25th January. The cost, including travel, couchettes, accommodation, abonnement, etc. will be £74.10.0.

This course is for those of 2nd Class standard or its equivalent and candidates should be over the age of 19. In exceptional cases however, younger people are occasionally accepted. Further details from Miss Pauline D. Bird, Secretary, Winter Arrangements Committee, S.C.G.B., 118 Eaton Square, S.W.1.

U.S.A. 1971

This is a wonderful chance for anyone who is interested in ski-ing in America. The World Citaden Championships are to be held in Colorado in 1971 and there are seats available on the charter plane. The fare will be £260 return and the stay will be between fourteen and twenty-one days. Passengers will be able to do as they please once they are in America and, for those who wish it, the race organisers have offered to arrange tours around the ski centres. There will be a one-day stop over in New York either on the outward or return flight.

Will anyone who is at all interested please give their name to the Secretary of the National Ski Federation, 118 Eaton Square, S.W.1. and they will then receive further details when they are available.

Viella Val d'Aran

For anyone who is interested in a cheap ski-ing holiday (and who isn't) Viella Val d'Aran is a place worth considering. It is situated in the Spanish Pyrenees due south of Toulouse and only eleven kilometers inside the French/Spanish border. The village of Viella is a somewhat primitive place with accommodation ranging from a luxury government-owned hotel to pensions which frankly I wouldn't wish on anyone! However there are one or two medium hotels where one can get a room, bath and full pension for as little as thirty shillings to two pounds a day. There is even a night club for those who really want one.

The snag is that the ski-ing is another seven kilometers up the road but it is well worth it when you get there. They are planning within five years to build an ultra-modern village at the foot of the slopes but no doubt when this happens the prices will go up, although not of course to Swiss standards. In the meantime the ski-ing is superb; ranging from a full length downhill course for crash and dash enthusiasts to long runs round the back of the mountains for the "off the piste" types, and of course all the grades in between.

There is a central and extremely well equipped restaurant and the lifts are well placed and efficient. The whole scheme is under the direction of an ex-member of the Spanish Olympic team and he really knows what skiers want. His wife went to Oxford and they are therefore very anxious to welcome the English and help in any way they can. An important point is that even last season when the Alps were bare they had snow from 1st December when the lifts open and even at Christmas and the New Year there are no lift queues. The snow has more or less gone by April so don't plan an Easter holiday there but if you are tired of going to resorts that are full of the English and tired of spending too much money this is the place for you.

SUSAN BERRY

Young Skiers, Parties, 1968 and 1969, at Wildhaus, Obertoggenburg, north-east Switzerland

Party 1—13th-23rd December.....	£65
Party 2—30th December-11th January.....	£69

(This party is only for children up to 15 years old.)

Items included in the cost of the holidays—

1. Accommodation, including local taxes, heating, service charges, baths, 3 meals a day and afternoon tea.
2. Return rail travel from London (Victoria) to Sargans with connecting coach to Wildhaus. Couchettes if available.
3. Personal accident and illness insurance.
4. All ski lifts.
5. Supervised ski-ing and ski instruction, morning and afternoon.
6. Ski hire. N.B. Boots should be hired in England and reserved during the summer holidays.

Applications as soon as possible to: Miss E. M. Fulton, The Old House, Prestwood, Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire.

Villars Visitors Ski Club

The winter Headquarters will be in the Chalet Rondinella which is situated near the centre of the village.

There is limited accommodation in the apartment for anyone who would like a winter sports holiday, the cost being between 22 and 25 Swiss francs per person per day full pension. Bed and Breakfast can also be arranged and there will be no service charge.

Applications to Miss E. M. Levenson, Hon. Secretary, 232 Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, London, S.W.3.

Points worth noting

If one goes to the palatial new Swiss Centre for a holiday ticket, one can also pay for the Swiss airport bus, tax, etc. in sterling which saves precious francs as well as time on arrival.

There is also an excellent new 'go-chair' pushcart affair at Zurich airport which saves porters and carrying things to the bus.

Inserted in this *Bulletin*, you will find a Winter Sports Insurance Policy arranged by Douglas Cox, Tyrie & Co. Please use this Proposal Form, which will benefit the L.S.C. as 10% of the profit will be paid into the Club Funds.

Also please mention the L.S.C. when you make any enquiries regarding the Advertisements in the *Bulletin*, as we hope it will make Mrs. Sitwell-Stebbing's job easier next year.

L.S.C. Badges and Sweaters may be ordered from Lady Elizabeth Greenacre, Selby House, Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey.

SCHOOLGIRLS' RACES—GSTAAD, 1968

BY ELIZABETH FULTON

THE races were run on the Wasserngrat, Gstaad, and they have now become a "Three Day Event." Winners last season were:—

Atalanta Cup	—	Miranda Watson	—	Chatelard
Viper Trophy	—	Sarah Campbell-Prestwon	—	Tah Dorf
Lillywhites' Cup (Under 15's)	—	Rosemary Buchanan-Dunlop	—	Chatelard
Novices' Cup	—	Carol Luscombe	—	Vieux Chalet
2nd Year Skiers' Cup	—	Elizabeth Ogilvy-Wedderburn	—	Vieux Chalet

Mrs. Nancye Smith very kindly gave away the prizes and the Bernerhof Hotel arranged the prize-giving.

The 1969 Schoolgirls' Races at Gstaad, will be held on 21st, 22nd and 25th February, and they will be preceded by a "Ski Training Week-end" for S.C.G.B. Schoolgirl Members on 14th, 15th and 16th February. Further details from: Miss I. Roe, Stonewells Farm, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

IN MEMORIAM

PATRICIA RAEBURN

PATRICIA RAEBURN died in January of this year, after a very long illness. She was well known in the winter sports world and Mürren was her Swiss home.

At a very young age she became a good skater but after two years of skating, she took up ski-ing, and at the age of seven, got her Silver K. After that, for many years, she was a good and keen skier, but never cared for racing.

During the War she worked very hard for the W.V.S. in London.

In the last few years of her life, owing to ill health, she was unable to ski, but was always very interested in all the happenings in the ski-ing world.

AMY BLANE

During the early '30s Patricia took part in many Kandahar Races at Murren, gaining the coveted Alphas for both Downhill and Slalom. After the War she showed her continued interest in the Kandahar Club by becoming the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary in 1952.

BERYL SPENCE

ELIZABETH HARTLEY

I WAS very sad to hear of the death of Elizabeth Hartley. Although I had not seen her for a long time, I had always kept in touch with her and knew that she was ill, but naturally I hoped she was getting better.

It was particularly sad as her husband, Roy, who was a brilliant surgeon, had died very suddenly the year before from a heart attack.

They did so much for ski-ing in their part of Lancashire as they always organized very successful ski-ing parties for their friends and also kept ski-ing alive in the summer by showing the excellent films they had taken the previous winter.

They were both wonderful gardeners and their Begonias were famous throughout England.

Elizabeth and Roy were very charming people and I remember particularly their kindness and concern when I was ill in Villars once.

I know that Elizabeth will be very sadly missed, not only by her daughter, Gillian, but also by her many friends.

ETHEL LEVERSON

SNOWFALL

PAULINE SITWELL-STEBBING

Gently upon lash and lip,
Slow, insistent as a drip
Of water falling in a pail.
Feathery softness, delicately frail.
A brilliant white mantle of surpassing grace
Transforming naked branches into heavenly lace.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

IN BRIEF:

The President welcomed those present and the eleven new members. She recalled that the success of a club relies on the efficiency of its Honorary Secretary and that we were particularly fortunate in having Lady Blane. She thanked her for her hard work, hospitality, generosity and understanding. She also thanked the Vice-Presidents for their co-operation and for the work done by the Committee, the Hon. Treasurer, the Hon. Editor and the Hon. Advertisements Secretary, the Hon. Auditor and Miss Leverson, whose helping hand was always available.

The President made special mention of the British Lady Racers and their remarkable achievements in International racing. It was the hope of the Club that they would go from strength to strength.

WHAT OTHER MEMBERS DO IN THEIR SPARE TIME

President of the Lowlanders

All members of the L.S.C. will undoubtedly be delighted to hear that the Hon. Mrs. Raynsford was this year elected the new President of the Lowlander Championship Committee. For the uninitiated this is an annual race held between Holland, Denmark, Belgium and Great Britain usually in Val d'Isere. The Roberts of Kandahar and the Lady Denman Challenge cups are competed for and the Lowlander team prize goes to the best country in the combined results.

Mrs. Raynsford takes over from the Baroness Schimmelpenninck of Holland.

* * *

Enid Fernandes stayed in New Zealand with Cecily O'Rorke in July 1966. They skied in the Craigieburn Range, Coronet Peak and at Mt. Cook. Their activities were energetic with the result that when Enid arrived in Australia's Snowy Mountains she was well conditioned for a nine-hour ski tour up Mt. Kosciusko.

* * *

Cecily O'Rorke—our New Zealand member—reports that they have had an extraordinary year of floods, gales, unseasonable snow storms, a cyclone and shipwreck and a recent severe earthquake. She is returning to the U.K. in the summer. But NOT for these reasons!

* * *

Enid Fernandes, together with another Eagle Ski Club member of similar vintage, competed in the Luttman Johnson Tour des Auberges Race in the Saanenmöser area in February. They were fifth out of a field of thirteen couples.

AN ONLOOKER AT THE OLYMPICS

BY AMY BLANE

HAVING seen my daughter in the Olympics, when the Olympic Salute was taken by Hitler, I felt I must go to see my granddaughter give her Olympic Salute to de Gaulle.

I flew to Geneva and spent the night there expecting to go on to Grenoble the next day but Helen telephoned to wait for two days as there was no bed until then. So early on the Tuesday morning I caught one of the special trains to Grenoble.

All the way to Grenoble it was snowing or raining, mostly snowing. On my arrival at Grenoble station, a hostess met me and said she had a message for me. The message was that the Official who was to have met me had been delayed. When we finally met, she told me it had been impossible to get to the station because nearly all the roads were closed as they were expecting de Gaulle. We went to her flat, which was in one of the official buildings close to the Stadium, where we met Helen and then all had lunch in one of the self-service restaurants in the building. By the time we took our places in the Stadium it had stopped snowing and was clear and bright.

The large Stadium was packed with a "capacity crowd." On arrival at our stand we met several old friends from various parts of the world and although we met many more during the week, it was impossible to see them all even though we knew they were in Grenoble as the events and accommodation were situated over a very large area.

The Opening Ceremony was a wonderful spectacle; the large Arena all bright in colour with flags flying and music playing, with an air of excitement over the whole thing. At one end of the Stadium there was a long flight of steps, with the Olympic bowl waiting for the Olympic Flame at the top. From under an archway the National teams, all dressed in immaculate uniforms, followed the flags of their respective countries to march past the saluting post.

I felt very proud of our own British team as they marched past so well, beautifully turned out in every detail. Those who helped choose the uniforms are to be congratulated.

There was yet more colour in the Arena; on the steps below the Olympic bowl there was a great mass of red where the French ski instructors and the large army of hostesses stood. How we envied their lovely red fur coats!

After all the teams had marched past, the runner with the Olympic Torch appeared at the entrance to the Arena. He ran across the Arena and up the steps leading to the bowl awaiting the Flame. The last part was a stiff ascent, up very steep steps, but the runner never hesitated an instant and lit the Flame without a pause. The Austrians then descended the steps with the Olympic Flag, which they had kept since the previous Olympics, four years ago at Innsbruck. After the handing over of the Olympic Flag, fireworks cascaded over the Arena and thousands of little red roses floated down.

When the ceremony was over, Helen and I were able to go to Chamrousse in one of the official buses. The bus growled its way up the long hill and we were passed by many cars en route, but we did eventually arrive at the Hotel Hermitage, where Helen as one of the officials, was staying. There are no large hotels in Chamrousse but the Hermitage was the best one and how they

managed to cope and do so well I do not know. It was usually 3-30 p.m. before we came in to lunch but the whole time they served good meals with a smile, no sooner finishing lunch and getting the place clean and tidy than having to start on dinner.

Helen and I were in Chamrousse because the Alpine events took place there. It is a small village with a few small hotels and a few nice shops which all looked attractive and gay for the great event. Along the main street were booths where you could buy Hot Dogs etc. In all the towns and villages where the different events were taking place they had an Olympic Flame, but of course the real one was in Grenoble, having been brought there by the Olympic runner.

Accommodation at Chamrousse was very difficult owing to its being only a small village. Helen had a small bedroom with one large bed which practically filled the room, then there was a small bed, a table, chair, and wash place. I was allowed to sleep in the room and pay for my meals. A great difficulty arose later in the week, when Bill, Helen's husband arrived. They said there was no free room and suggested that Helen and Bill could sleep in the large bed and I could sleep in the small one. When we said no to this, they said "we will put a screen round the small bed." But we still said no. After a great deal of difficulty I got a room in a very nice hotel which was three miles away, higher up, but luckily a bus ran at regular intervals between this hotel and Chamrousse. I had to pay for two people sleeping there, as I had a double room, but only food for one. There were several people connected with the Games staying in this hotel who were all very kind to me, especially Ernst Gertch from Wengen.

One advantage of changing hotels was that we were now above the fog line. Chamrousse gets quite a lot of fog and this interfered a good deal with the races, particularly with the last event, the Men's Giant Slalom. The first day it was to have taken place, it had to be cancelled in the hope that the next day would be clear, and there was still one more day after that. The next day looked as if all was going to be well, but no, up came the fog. They carried on with the race but there was very little visibility and the cold of the fog bit into one. It was very sad, as the next day was beautifully sunny. The first event also had to be postponed until the next day because of bad weather. This race had a great thrill for me, as although none of the English won a place, the third was Jean Datwyler, a Swiss I have known since he was a little boy. He lived with his parents in the restaurant at Bretaye, above Villars and he and his brother used to ski down to Villars to go to school. Often in the afternoons on their return they used to take part in our children's races.

Hundreds of people came up from Grenoble each day to watch the races. I saw the races from many different angles, from what I suppose was the grandstand, where one was rolled up in a red blanket and given Ovaltine, to the press stand, and at other times standing by the course. I was once standing close to the finish when a large French family arrived, plus grandmère, who was heavily laden with a large basket of food, from which she ate most of the time. She then proceeded to fall down and, as it was rather a steep, slippery slope, she hung onto me, expecting me to lift her up! This was impossible, but I hung on and luckily a man came to the rescue. After this, I moved away and found a safer spot sitting on one of the snow cats.

Before each race when the visibility was good enough three helicopters used to arrive and three parachuters would descend on to three Olympic circles which were marked in the snow.

Poor Di had a piece of bad luck when, the day before the Opening Ceremony she was practising slalom, a man walked across causing her a bad fall. The next day in the Army Hospital they found she had broken a small bone in her wrist. It was put in plaster but she took the plaster off to race.

I left for Geneva on the Sunday, the day of the Closing Ceremony which I did not see. Helen came down to Grenoble with me where we were to meet my official friend who was very kindly going to take me to the Olympic Station to catch the train for Geneva. But we never got there! We went round and round but could not reach the station so I said "take me to Grenoble Station and leave me there." When we arrived at the station I found that one of the special trains was leaving in about an hour's time, so I waited on the edge of the platform with my suitcase hoping to be able to scramble into the train when it came in. This I did, and arrived back in Geneva about 9-30 in the evening.

I have said nothing about the races, or racing as everyone will have read about them in the papers and other accounts of the Games.

One felt proud of our British girls, a splendid team in every way, many many congratulations to them all. I am very glad I went and it was a thrill to have seen a daughter and a granddaughter in the Olympics.

MONSIEUR HENRI BONNET

MONSIEUR HENRI BONNET, who for many years has been the driving force behind French ski racing, has retired this year. The tremendous amount of time and effort he has spent to make the French team what it is today is well known but what is less well known is the considerable help and encouragement he has given to our own Women's team. He has not only been extremely helpful in finding our trainers for us but last summer when the trainer was injured he trained our team himself.

We owe him a great deal and would like to take this opportunity of thanking him for all his hard work on our behalf and of wishing him the very best of luck with his new projects.

The Women's Racing Sub-Committee has decided to present Monsieur Bonnet with an engraved silver salver as a token of their appreciation.

S.B.

FÖHN

PAULINE SITWELL-STEBBING

The wind inclines a hand in rough caress
And brittle comes the sound of falling snow.
Like turbid seas upheaving dull green press
Of wave on wave, the feathery branches flow,
Recoiling as they loose their snowy load,
To mingle darkly with the stems swaying
In unison to a mournful tune, that goad
To melancholy with their sighing.

LETTER FROM GRENOBLE

Grenoble, 21st February, 1968

Dear Editor,

I thought you might like to have this short appreciation, written by one of the 3,000 International Press Reporters at Grenoble, of the tremendous performance put up by your British girls in the Winter Olympics, and of the boost given to British prestige by both teams.

A year ago, when Gina Hathorn gave a brilliant display in the S.D.S. at Grindelwald, it became clear that Britain had a women's team able to challenge the élite of Europe. In this last season right from the Premier Neige races at Val d'Isere, the captain, Divina Galica, Gina Hathorn and Felicity Field all made their mark, often in most adverse conditions.

In the Olympics themselves, it is not perhaps generally realised how well these three runners did against world competition.

In the Downhill Felicity Field covered the course of 2,160 metres with a vertical drop of 602 metres in 1 minute 42.79 seconds to come in sixth, only 1.92 seconds behind Olga Pall, the winner.

In the Slalom Gina Hathorn was fourth, missing a bronze medal by only 3/100ths of a second on the two runs.

In the Giant Slalom for which the course was 1,775 metres long with a vertical drop of 443 metres and 65 gates, Divina Galica was eighth in 1 minute 56.58 seconds, only 4.61 seconds behind the brilliant Nancy Green of Canada. In the Combined results Gina Hathorn took seventh place and Felicity ninth, and had it not been for a tragic mistake in waxing for the Downhill, Divina also could have been in single figures on placing in the Combined. The whole team which included Helen Jamieson and Diana Tomkinson were always well up in the top half of the result list.

Apart from ski-ing however, one of the things that made a tremendous impression at Grenoble was the discipline, smart turnout and *esprit de corps* of the team, and last but by no means least the charming manners and appearance of the British girls.

Whilst the men's team may not have had such a spectacular success, they did extremely well on Combined results in a field of over 100 of the world's best men. Jeremy Palmer-Tomkinson finished fifteenth overall with Luke O'Reilly nineteenth and Ian Todd twenty-first. They also created a most excellent impression by their smart turnout and discipline.

Your National Ski Federation must feel well rewarded for all the hard work that was done to produce such results, and I wish your Club and the Federation all the very best for Japan in 1972.

Yours sincerely,

One of the "Voices of America."

H.R.S.

ARNI'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

BY AMY BLANE

ARNI celebrated his eightieth birthday this year. We had hoped there would be several parties given for him, but it was not to be, as he was taken very ill. He had to have three operations, and when he was able to travel, he and Phyllis went to Mürren.

A birthday dinner was given for him in Mürren by the Swiss, which he was able to attend and I hear he made a very good speech himself.

On his return to England, sad to say, he had to go back to hospital and his doctor said there must be no big parties, there could be just one, of not more than fifty people.

Lord Silsoe undertook the task of organising a dinner to be held at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. The idea was to get together the old friends who had been connected with Arni in his ski-ing life but there were only to be fifty guests and Arni has so many friends

In the evening Arni was collected from hospital and, as he was to have an operation the next day, we were told that he must leave at 11 o'clock—even earlier than Cinderella!

I felt very honoured to be one of the guests and it was a most memorable evening. There were several speeches by Lord Selkirk, Lord Silsoe, Lord Wakefield and a wonderful one from Walter Amstutz who had come over to England specially for the dinner. Helen Tomkinson spoke for the women, recalling the times when Arni would go to various events with them saying it was their chief duty to see that he arrived at the right place, at the right time and properly dressed! She also drew attention to the fact that it was Arni who had brought women into the world of International Ski Racing.

Arni himself replied to all these speeches, as always, with a brilliance of his own.

As I have already said, Arni returned to hospital that evening to have an operation the next day. Since then he has had to have another but is now home and, we all hope, regaining strength.

To end this short account of the eightieth birthday of the founder father of The Ladies' Ski Club, I would like to send him love and every good wish from the Club.

SIR ARNOLD LUNN—80

BY JEANNETTE RIDDELL

HAVING been one of the few British privileged to attend the eightieth birthday party the Oberland Swiss gave for Arni on 18th April at Mürren—I feel I should like to share the fun I had with all L.S.C. members. For the "Father" of our Club was given one of the best parties that it was possible to have and so many of you will know its main organisers, Godi and Louise Michel

Between 30 and 40 people were gathered together and drinking champagne when the Birthday Boy and his dear wife arrived, and shortly we

were all seated in the delightful octagonal dance-cum-dining room and bar at the Hotel Jungfrau; cleverly seated at about five small tables radiating out from the top table.

Informal speeches were started after the first course—by Godi—then we had our soup. Next came Elsa Roth, who made very nice mention of the L.S.C. and of how Arni not only founded it, but also encouraged the Swiss Ladies to found the S.D.S. More food—this time Le Filet de Charolais Sir Arnold!

Other main speeches were made by Heinz von Bidder and Walter Huggler—all I must add in English—and finally a much moved Arni spoke to us . . . “after the Omelette Surprise and before the Birthday Cake!”

In case of you do not know, Arni had had two operations about Christmas time—and he was still something of an invalid (he had a third and, we hope, last operation this month, May) and all rather wondered how he would stand up to the strain of his party. The answer was that he never missed a beat and his speech had all of us in his spell. What an evening it was! So friendly and simple—so sincere and beautifully organised—and after the dinner broke up, friends talked together till all hours of the morning.

It was a long way to go for one night and so we decided to be extravagant and stay for four! We arrived on 17th April to find metres of snow still in the village. Great, huge banks of the stuff, for 1968 was a year which produced more than was known in any living memory.

We had not visited Mürren since the completion of the new Schilthornbahn cable car system and so there was plenty to see and explore. Talstation Stechelberg (with its enormous parking space) up to Gimmelwald—a fascinating and breathtaking ride, for it not only goes over the cliff but seemingly parallel to it as well. First change and on to Mürren, sweeping over all the lower slopes of the Kandahar race course. Mürren to Birg is again pretty spectacular, for Birg is perched on its cliff; and finally on up to the top at the Schilthorn—at just about 10,000 ft. Here the 360° view is out of this world, and, to enable people really to enjoy it at leisure, a revolving restaurant is nearing completion—something like the one atop our Post Office Tower in London but with a slightly different view and at rather a different altitude!

This new cable-car has opened up a very large area of country. The upper slopes, from the top down to Happy Valley below and behind Birg, and those back up to Birg (served by a comfortable double-anchor ski lift) provide good, variable ski-ing that can be made to suit most tastes from easy to reasonably steep, and they will be skiable all the year round. Birg has an enormous terrace facing the Oberland Giants and an excellent self-service restaurant.

To ski down to Mürren from Birg is a long way. One starts off near to the ski lift and on down towards the old Schilthorn Hut. Here one route branches and runs over the rather tricky bit into the Blumental (unfortunately this route was shut) and the other goes on and leads down the Kanonenrohr-Kandahar Gulley—onto the Hogs Back. Here again some sections are quite difficult. Another long run is planned. Starting at the top it will go down into the Saustal and on round and down to Grütsch. This I am told will be a really lovely run.

An interesting fact of Arni's Birthday is that by 6 p.m. he had received 80 telegrams of good wishes—and that evening the telephone exchange, when someone said “L for Lauterbrunnen” was corrected by the girl operator who said, “No, L for Lunn!”

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAGLE'S LAKE LEVEL EERIE

BY PAULINE SITWELL-STEBBING

NEIL's beaming face at Lucerne station is pleasant hostmanship and the holiday begins.

Seeburg Hotel hoves into sight. The ancient Monastery first, then a charming lakeside building rather in the French style and now the new concrete—(yes, it must be said)—many-windowed block . . . but I must add quickly it is not a bit unpleasant to see, and utterly a dream within.

To explore the hotel is such fun and the best lift ever encountered. The ski room through the lounge, or entered by a door from without, is in a fantastic deep (and compulsory) air raid shelter . . . ready for any eventuality ! !

The bedrooms—a sort of sloth's delight, with telephone, radio and all—are self-contained suites with shower or bathroom and superb modern fittings and fixtures. Think of lying in bed, drawing a curtain the whole width of the room and, still recumbent, looking through the balcony (for the surround is of plate glass) to a magnificent view.

A view across this lake of four arms, which abounds in birds of all kinds from Grebe to Mallard, from Coot to Swan—and what fairer sight than a line of these latter, flying in 'V' formation . . . to the Pilatus opposite.

Seeburg not only boasts its own post office round the corner towards Weggis, but also its own landing-stage for the larger boats that loom through falling snow at 7 a.m. (an eerie sight) or sweep by in summer fashion, gay and enticing even in winter.

But today is Sunday. With two others I am whisked into Lucerne to the Hoch Kircher—High Mass. On the right, the high or 'mink' side—on the left, the low and much less imposing 'bunny' side. Rows of little hooks on which the ladies hang their handbags—rather comic somehow . . . Dare one say one misses the Latin in this welter of German.

Monday dawns all gold and silver, the gleam of sun on new snow, mountains coming and going in a low-lying mist. Slowly finding my ski-legs again after the fearful head crash-landing two years ago at Haute Nendaz. An afternoon ski-ing then 'home' (for that is what it feels like already). I put in my diary, tea and shower, what pressure of water, what lovely free massage!

Tuesday—a gentle day in new powder . . . not many people about. Sightseeing in Einsiedeln, this most famous of Baroque churches with a façade carved in grey granite—very forbidding. Within, a light gaiety of style, with tiny organ pipes, bedewed with cherubs, a massive wrought-iron altar screen with amazing perspective effect and general decoration of light basketry motif interspersed with plaster and painted lunettes . . . quite a wonder of colossal scale and lightness of touch extraordinary.

This evening we saw films in the Keggelbahn, marvellous ones taken by Neil . . . I remember particularly one of the *mardi gras*—what a curious wild junketing this is—the extraordinary huge heads and masks and a sort of madness that pervades for the week. It disrupts everything—fortunes are consumed in drink, family holidays and jaunts here and there. To us it is rather like a continuous week of Lord Mayor's Show gone mad.

And so all of us from the Eagle Club continued our week's holiday at Neil Hogg's new Seeburg Hotel, partaking of his hospitality and enjoying a splendid week of ski-ing in central Switzerland.

SKI-ING FROM LUCERNE

BY WINIFRED KING

ARRIVING in Lucerne on a rather dull day at the beginning of February did not seem a likely start for a week of splendid ski-ing.

I was met at the station by Neil Hogg who had offered hospitality at his Hotel Seeburg to members of the Eagle Ski Club. His help and kindness and knowledge of the region were invaluable and the immense amount of his time which he put at our disposal simply "made the party."

It was still overcast the next morning, and some doleful swans were making the best of things by cruising about under my window. Local opinion advised the ascent of Pilatus, although it was invisible. Those who took this advice had a good day with varied ski-ing almost to lake level.

By the next day our party was complete, consisting of Enid Fernandes, Betty Lewis, Pauline Stebbing, Jack Cadé (from Canada), Dr. Kalmus, Dr. Mathias and his wife, Arthur Rycroft, Fiona Williams, the Lyall-Grants, who unfortunately did not stay for the whole week, and Janey Reid, who in spite of having her ankle in plaster, was able to drive her car and very kindly gave some of us transport. The level of our ski-ing was a little uneven, but Hans Almer was with us and four of the party were members of the L.S.C.

The first trip with the whole of the party was to Engelberg. It took a little over an hour to get there and after reaching Ristis by téléférique we spent the rest of a glorious day using the two T-bars on the Brunni and got in a great deal of running. The pistes were good although off-piste was difficult, but with Hans to show us how to do it we had some very useful practice.

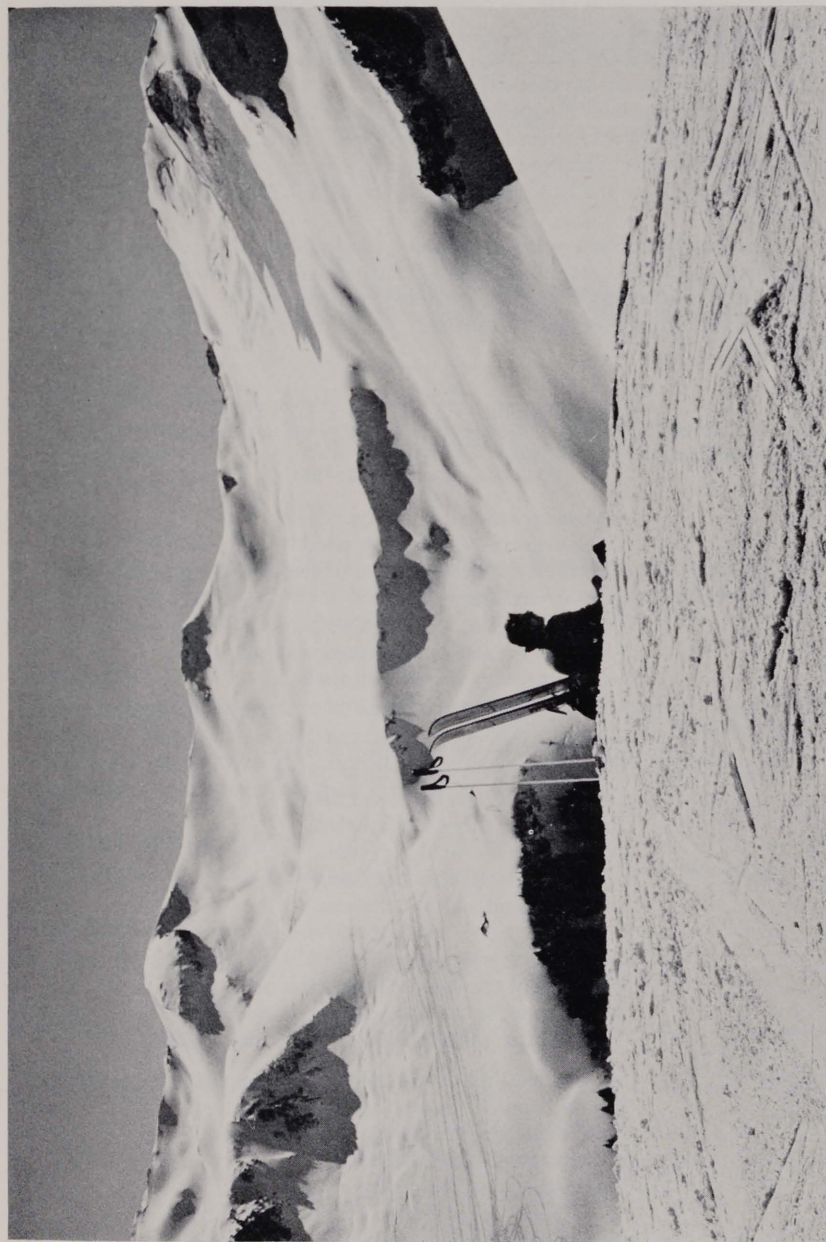
The next day we went to Hochstuckli and had some good runs until we ran into thick mist on the last run down. After a cheerful lunch with music, and as the mist persisted, it was decided to go on to Einsiedeln, where a visit was paid to the Benedictine Monastery Church. This was a very ancient foundation. The original church had been burned down and rebuilt in the eighteenth century in the most remarkable Baroque. We spent some time in the church and heard some very fine singing, but as it was quite unheated were glad to go out into the warmer air again.

Our next trip was to Stoos, which is reached by a very steep funicular, through dark woods, which decanted us onto a sunny plateau well equipped with T-bars to the top of the Fronalpstock and Klingenstock. Neil Hogg was able to get a jumbo-sized abonnement so we all had as many trips up as was possible in the time. If conditions had been right we could have had good off-piste runs on the Fronalpstock (see photo).

Those who know their Mark Twain could not be in Lucerne and not go up the Rigi, and so we duly proceeded to bag this peak by train from Arth-Goldau. There was a plentiful supply of T-bars and we had another splendid day, finishing up by running all the way back to our cars except for about half a mile along the road into Arth-Goldau. I must say that in the lower meadows before we came to the road, I have never skied on such slippery ice.

The party went again to Engelberg hoping to do the Titlis, but the weather was poor and the lift only ran to Trubsee, Stand and the Joch Pass.

On the final day the party went to Längen Schönbühl, which is in the direction of the Brunig Pass. Many other places could have been visited, such



Stoos, one of Lucerne's off-the-piste areas

as Klewenalp, Rickenbach, Morlialp, Melchsee, Marbach, Heiligkreuz and Sorenberg, so it is obvious that Lucerne is a very good base if you have your own transport. In most cases an hour in a car will bring you to the foot of the funicular, provided you have not been stopped for speeding. This actually happened to Len Zeidman, Neil Hogg's manager, who was helping with transport and not ski-ing that day.

One evening Neil Hogg showed us a film that he had taken during the annual Carnival Week, when Lucerne gives itself up to the traditional revelry of mediaeval times. The costumes and floats in the processions were fabulous and the music from the bands had to be heard to be believed as they all played at once!

I have seldom had a more enjoyable week of ski-ing, but it was disappointing not being able to get up the Titlis nor include any tours owing to the snow conditions. Neil Hogg's help and encouragement smoothed all difficulties and our grateful thanks are due to him for opening up a new dimension in ski-planning.

SUR CHATEL — A SKI-ING RETURN
TO A CHILDHOOD HAUNT

PAULINE SITWELL-STEBBING

A long downward hurtling,
Terrific space, with tearing wind
Clutching hard at clothes and face, clustering
Pines circled and left behind
Till found again, the forest path
Rock strewn and richly sashed with sun
Contentment as speeds aftermath
In fairy-tale surroundings won.

Dark hollows lichen hung and dank
With moss, green, velvety to touch,
Lilac Hypaticas frail flowers flank
Each crevice, the grassy crown
Scarce hides the hard grey stone
Ledges, whose fearful overhang
Seem to be upheld by air alone—
Nor can one pass beneath without a pang
Of fear lest some great slab should fall,
To leap and crush, uprooting with blind force
Whole trees, an avalanche of havoc to appal
That some slight step's vibration be the source.

So, treading lightly past verdant cleft and stream,
Bound about by beauty, senses soothed.
Now drenched with warm yellow ray
Now through damask shadow
Plucking flowers, threading a way
Over fallen tree and heap of snow.
Filled full with silence, with peace aglow
To the open mountainside and village far below.

The Seeburg Hotels Lucerne

offers

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION

Completed in 1967 its construction and equipment are entirely modern. Baths or showers with every room, radios, balconies, bar and private garden.

SPECIAL RATES FOR SKIERS

As Lucerne is primarily a summer resort, it is possible for the management to arrange extremely favourable conditions for winter visitors.

FINE FOOD

The restaurants and kitchen have been equipped and staffed with a view to attracting clients from the town of Lucerne where the standard of cooking is very high.

SKI-ING

In a dozen different areas little known to British skiers. Well kept pistes, delightfully uncrowded on weekdays. Good touring and langlauf possibilities. Skating, curling and tobogganing in a variety of centres. Artificial ice-rink in Lucerne.

BOWLING ALLEYS

The hotel has two automatic bowling alleys available to guests.

TRANSPORT

Private transport to ski-ing areas can be arranged.

Cables: Seeburgotel Lucerne

Tel.: 22 19 22

Proprietor:
THE HON. NEIL HOGG

SKI-ING "EN FAMILLE"

BY ELIZABETH GREENACRE

I CANNOT remember reading any member's account of her first ski-ing holiday with her child or children.

Perhaps this is because nannies and relatives used to shoulder the burden whilst the parents enjoyed their carefree holiday. But now it seems that the nannies are fast disappearing and grandparents find it convenient to be abroad at the same time! Yet suddenly it became quite clear that my child was no longer a baby, in fact six and a half, and very much considering that he was now old enough to come too.

Of course to be honest I have done a fair amount of encouraging from an early age, but it is with no small nostalgia that I recall those child-free ski-ing days while preparing for the unknown. And quite a preparation it is too—I never thought that I would see the day when the luggage included amongst skis and everything else a large rat-a-tat machine gun. I asked my son whether this item of equipment was strictly necessary, to which he replied that it was, as he intended spending a great deal of time playing at Alpine Ski Patrol. This seemed a very good idea as it did not take long to work out that the more he was involved in this type of warfare the more ski-ing I would get.

Finally the great day came and having dispatched my husband by car with the mountain of luggage, we left by air from Gatwick bound for Verbier. On the plane we met the other two families with whom we were sharing the chalet, one of them being Rona Sperling and her small son Robin.

It became obvious from the start that Robin was a great deal keener on our chalet girl Zelda than he was on ski-ing, so while Philip (my son) and the other little girl were put into ski school each morning, Robin would spend his time chatting up Zelda and subsequently doing the shopping with her. At this stage I should add that both Rona and I were lucky enough to have the children's respective "keepers" with us so that on most days we were able to enjoy very pleasant ski-ing with the many friends who were in Verbier at the same time. On the other days we would return from a hilarious lunch at Chez Philippe to encourage the little figures sweating away on the nursery slopes.

We were lucky enough to stay on a bit longer than Rona and her family, and so by the end of a fortnight the results of ski school were beginning to be very noticeable. No longer was Philip content to play around on the nursery slopes, from which the snow was fast disappearing by this time anyway, but was demanding to do a run in what he described as "the Great High Mountains." Eventually one afternoon came when we could put this off no longer and David and I took him up to Les Ruinettes. With Fendant and Orangina respectively to raise our spirits we set off for Verbier, one parent in front and one behind. Normally one isn't conscious of a run being non-stop chat but this one certainly was, the gist of the conversation went something like this:—

"Mummy, there's a big black cloud over there, do you think it will come down and swallow me up?"

"No Philip, I don't—now could you please get on with ski-ing."

One long traverse, more falls and several utterances later he was at it

again which prompted the remark "I think I'd better stop talking and concentrate."

"A very good idea" I said—ten seconds later—

"Mummy, are you concentrating?"

"Yes."

"Daddy, are you concentrating?"

"Yes."

"So am I"—CRASH!

Up again and we negotiate the traverse under the wires of the Medran Telecabine towards the easier slopes of the wide, smooth bowl ahead, where he really got going, and with a cry of "look, I can do a crusty," he was off and an hour from take-off we were safely down.

So the holiday continued, a good snow-fall enabled the building of an excellent gun emplacement for the wretched machine gun, and we finally ended with an Easter egg hunt around the chalet.

I hope this has not put off too many would-be family skiers, although it may obviously be somewhat of a tie to bring small children ski-ing it is great fun to watch them enjoying a sport which one enjoys oneself.

A final piece of advice—go somewhere with them where the dry cleaners abound, the mud in Verbier at the finish was unbelievable.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM DIANA MAY

Toronto, June 1968

"I had really meant to write an article about ski-ing in the States but time has flown by and I don't seem to have got round to it.

I spent the winter in Aspen, Colorado which is 8,000 feet up in the Rockies with most of the runs starting at 11,000 feet. It was mostly very cold and dry so the snow was always powdery and I never skied on "sheet ice" once in Aspen—although people complained bitterly of the ice sometimes when, to any European, it seemed to be perfect snow.

Aspen has four completely separate ski areas, the best being Ajax mountain, where there are some fairly steep slopes and long runs. I was working at Snowmass-at-Aspen which is a completely new area 12 miles away and to me typifies America and Americans—they never do anything by halves! The

area has been developed with money put up by a big cement firm—in April last year there was nothing—by December they had put in five new lifts and a complete village with four hotels, shops, restaurants, swimming pools, etc. There were various teething troubles—the main one being the fact that one had to drive 6 miles along a secondary road which hadn't been made up at all and every time it snowed, chaos ensued! On the opening day (15th December) Stein Eriksen was to jump through a flaming hoop and all kinds of exciting things were meant to happen so masses of press were coming. Unfortunately it snowed and most of the press got stuck on the road in their big American cars and never even got to Snowmass—I was very proud when I swept past them all in my little English car.

I was teaching in the ski school which is directed by Stein Eriksen who is really a big name here and people come to Snowmass just to see him. Most of the instructors were Norwegians, with some Austrians, Swiss, Germans and Americans.

The ski-ing at Snowmass is great fun as it is very open and there are some good steep slopes. My big complaint about ski-ing in the States is that they put ropes up everywhere to mark the "ski area boundary" and you are not allowed to ski outside the boundary. Of course you can disobey this but *if* you have an accident the Ski Patrol won't come and get you. This really makes off-piste ski-ing very hard to get as the runs are attacked by an army of snow cats every time it snows! Touring is practically unheard of—very few Americans know what skins are; a Norwegian actually ran a cross-country and touring school at Snowmass and did fairly well.

I also went to Jackson Hole—a new resort in Wyoming. It is in the Teton range of mountains, not far from the Yellowstone National Park and the ski-ing there is more like the Alps as there is more variety than Aspen and we even went on a little tour. Unfortunately most of the runs at Jackson face south and the snow was not at all good when I was there as it was March and quite sunny. From Jackson we went about 400 miles to Alta which is about 30 miles from Salt Lake City (where all the Mormons live). Alta has a vast ski area consisting of two huge bowls not unlike the Eigergletscher Punchbowl. It is meant to have wonderful powder snow but it was all heavy and tracked when I was there; the pistes were short, mogully and rather dull, especially as the whole population of Salt Lake City seemed to turn out at the weekend so we had to queue for ages.

The nearest resort to Aspen is Vail—about 80 miles' drive. It is quite new and only has one good run, although there are excellent intermediate slopes which cater for large crowds from Denver at week-ends. The village is built Swiss style and everyone thinks it is "so cute." (This is a matter of personal taste . . . !)

Apart from its wonderful ski-ing Aspen is a marvellous place to live as it is an old mining town and has tremendous character which the other places I visited lacked entirely. It has a terrific selection of good restaurants and the night life is fun too. So, all things considered, Aspen is definitely the best place I skied at in the States.

I am spending the summer here, Toronto, and am working as a photographer's assistant, which is interesting but there is a lot to learn.

Please give my regards to all L.S.C. members."

DIANA MAY

THE TRAVERSE OF MONT BLANC

BY RODDIE WARREN PEARL

IN early July my office telephone rang and a friend, Marianne Sigmon, asked: "What are your plans for a holiday next month?" to which I replied, "None." "Well, how about climbing Mont Blanc?" came from Marianne.

This was obviously food for thought as I had always had the ambition to stand on the summit of not only one of the most beautiful and majestic mountains but also the highest in Europe, so we met for lunch to discuss and formulate plans. The idea was farcical to my mind at that time, owing to the fact that neither of us were in training but the inspiration was there, so three weeks later I boarded a plane to Geneva where Marianne was awaiting me with her car.

That evening in Chamonix we met Norbert Fontaine who was to be our guide, and we decided to go up the next afternoon to the Cabane Tête Rousse, spending the night there in order to get whatever acclimatisation we could in the time available. Unfortunately the weather deteriorated and by the time we had reached the top of the téléférique from Les Houches, low cloud was surrounding us. We stopped off at the small restaurant there and had a meal, hoping the weather would clear but it was obviously hopeless to continue. We were finally discouraged by the appearance of two climbers who emerged out of the mist having descended from the Tête Rousse; they were covered with snow, cold and dispirited. After great discussion and subsequent gentle persuasion from Norbert, the delightful owners of the restaurant agreed to allow us to stay the night. We ate an enormous evening meal of fondue (which we regretted later) and were shown our "accommodation," namely, three mattresses on the floor. Due to indigestion both Marianne and I spent a fitful night, and upon opening my eyes after what seemed ten minutes' sleep, I found myself staring into the face of an enormous Alsatian dog which, as one can imagine, is more frightening from a prone and defenceless position!

The weather was still bad next day and we decided to go down to Chamonix, where it was pouring with rain but we thought it a good idea to exercise on the rock face particularly used by the Chamonix School of Climbing for beginners and aspirants.

The following morning we awoke to see blue skies and once again we set off for Les Houches in high spirits and after a pleasant walk in brilliant sunshine arrived at Cabane Tête Rousse where we lunched. It was then that our guide turned to me and asked if it was necessary to carry such a large rucksack (mine is nylon and very light) whereupon I promptly and willingly informed him of the main essential contents, leaving out such items as perfume, hair grips and "smalls," but stupidly said I had brought a book. He made a gesture which is typical of a Frenchman in exasperation, and asked sarcastically (with a tinge of humour)—"And when do you expect to read?" to which I retorted, "Between tea and dinner." Net result, a Penguin copy of James Bond's "Diamonds are Forever Thine" had to be left in the Tête Rousse.

We then walked and climbed up to the Cabane Aig. du Gouter which is one of the most modern and beautifully constructed huts. It was crammed full of climbers and the atmosphere was a gay one, added to by the fact that it was a glorious evening with promise of good weather the next day. For the benefit

of those who have not toured or climbed in the high mountains—this hut is at 3,818 m.—the feeling is one of tremendous elation and that particular night we were above a complete blanket of cloud in the receding sunset. It was interesting to note that quite a few people had been waiting for at least a week for good weather, so we were more than fortunate.

Reveill e at 2-0 a.m. The thought of eating any breakfast at that hour was quite appalling but cups of tea or coffee always taste good. Usual routine in a hut, that is, queuing for the "Loo" which was perched precariously outside the hut, then finally getting one's equipment together and "roping up." Off into the early morning by lantern and climbing steadily with crampons until two hours later the sun came up over the horizon and what a truly magnificent sunrise it was. Onwards to the R fuge Vallot, and a pause for ten minutes before climbing the final ridge up to the summit. Very spectacular and beautiful. What a fantastic day—no wind at all, completely cloudless and, to our small way of thinking, "On top of the World." I was surprised to find how large the summit is; about the size of two tennis courts laid end to end, where we spent half an hour taking photographs and eating second breakfast. It was not until then that we decided to carry on and traverse Mont Blanc rather than to descend by the ordinary route, so we started off towards Mont Maudit and Mont Blanc du Tacul. On the way our efforts were rewarded by the view of the spectacular Brenva face about which we have all read so much. Looking at this face and recalling Graham Brown's book on the three first ascents he made, made us feel very humble. Due to the highly unstable snow conditions Norbert rightly decided to avoid any avalanche-prone slope, so after traversing a short, precipitous rock face still wearing crampons, we came down onto snow fields, crossing small crevasses as we went. At one time, being in the lead, I shouted in my best French "Il y a un large trou ici" to which Norbert replied "N'import" so I carried on and jumped over it.

The sun was extremely penetrating and feeling very hot we discarded our warm clothing, sat down, lunched and contemplated the wonderful scenery. Having taken off my white anorak I inadvertently kicked it with my boot, and to my horror it slid down the immensely long snow slope, eventually disappearing into an enormous crevasse. Not only had I lost a new anorak but a small flacon of Yardley's Flair perfume for use on the summit!

We eventually arrived at the Cabane des Rayons Cosmiques, at the foot of the Aig. du Midi by which time we had been "on the go" for some 13 hours, so we decided to spend the night there. The Hutkeeper was a splendid character who made us very welcome. He produced dinner consisting of three courses, cooked and served in our midst, and with a twinkle in his eye asked what vintage wine we preferred. Whereupon he disappeared out to the hall and ceremoniously poured D le into a bottle from a large barrel. Never has food and wine tasted so good and in such "gem tlich" surroundings. The next morning we walked up to the Aig. du Midi and were greeted with astonished stares and remarks from tourists in cotton dresses, carrying cameras, coloured postcards, sunscreen and maps. "Oh! Les Alpinistes."

Within half an hour we were back in the Hotel Suisse in Chamonix, that wonderful rendezvous for ski-tourers and climbers. As we were only staying for lunch, then later motoring to Dijon, with their usual courtesy, they allowed us to use a room and bath. The first signs of muscle-binding were apparent when we stopped for petrol on the Swiss border. We got out of the car and

nearly fell on the ground much to the astonishment of passers-by; we had seized up!

I shall always remember this 10 day holiday, 3 of which were spent between Dijon and Paris.

To have had such wonderful weather, to have been led by Norbert, who's expertise lives up to the great tradition of the Chamonix guides and in such a short time to have made the Traverse of Mont Blanc will always be an unforgettable and uplifting experience.

SKI PARTY AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS

THE Right Honourable the Earl of Selkirk gave a cocktail party in the House of Lords in July for those who had helped towards the success of the Olympic team. In his speech Lord Selkirk made particular reference to *The Daily Telegraph*, the Combined Services Ski Club and the Federation Supporters Association for their tremendous help. He went on to say that Britain had achieved the best results ever in a Winter Olympic Games and that besides several really outstanding individual results, as a team in the Combined, we were beaten only by France. Lord Selkirk then presented the British Championship trophies which, this year, were awarded on the Olympic results.

It was a delightful party and although rain made strolling on the Terrace impossible for most of the evening, it was a great success and gave the members of the team a perfect opportunity to express their personal thanks to the suppliers, the press and all the others who had given them both moral and financial support.

SUSAN BERRY

VERY SHORT STORIES

FROM ISOBEL ROE

1. Bi-lingual four-year-old replying to question—why don't you ski?
"Pas like, might slip."
He is now five and still dislikes the idea of slipping.
2. French facts on motoring.
 - (a) If you get a puncture do not expect assistance. Its a do-it-yourself country when it comes to changing a wheel.
 - (b) If your car fails to start and you want to push it to the nearest hill, you will get no offers of help. It is, however, worth shoving the car until it blocks the road; it will then be possible to make the drivers understand that assistance is needed.
 - (c) I believe it is worth joining The Relais Routiers. Not only do they supply excellent accommodation and food, but members expect to help other members when they break down; they are, I believe, later paid for their services.

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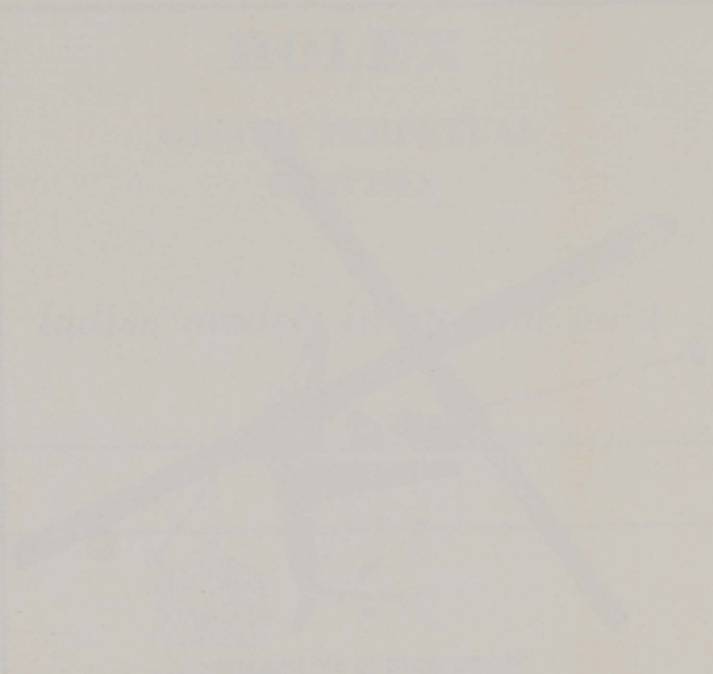
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