



LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN  
SEPTEMBER, 1969

## SWITZERLAND

# GSTAAD

BERNESE  
OBERLAND

### Situation:

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

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# THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

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SEPTEMBER 1969

## CLUB NEWS

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at 118 Eaton Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, 21st October, 1969, at 5.30 p.m. A cocktail party will follow at 6.30, during which there will be a raffle and the proceeds will go as usual towards helping British Women's racing.

L.S.C. Sweaters (sizes 34-40), price £5, will be on sale.

Metal Badges are on order and should be available by October. There may be an increase on their present price of 8/6d. each.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

It is unfortunate that Marion Spence, who has so ably edited this *Bulletin* for the last two years, is unable to do so again. She has, together with our very helpful printer, Titus Wilson, used her professional talents to improve the quality and interest value of the *Bulletin*, at the same time as combating the ever increasing cost of production. We are most grateful to Marion for the excellent work she has done and the time she has given to the Club.

Next year Sue Berry, who is manager of the Girls' 'B' team, has agreed to edit the *Bulletin* and she has got plenty of ideas in view. Her address is at the end of the magazine — please help her by sending contributions as early as possible in the New Year, and not later than May.

Your present "Stop-gap" Editor would like to thank everyone who has so nobly helped with producing interesting articles, and to Bunny Field and Rosemary Sanderson for their excellent photos.

Our advertisers are an essential part of the *Bulletin* and it is hoped that members will do all they can to support those who advertise with us.

At the time of going to print, we know of five babies born to members. Congratulations to:

Nesta Pierry (a daughter, born in March 1968).

Anne-Lyse Waddington (a son, born in December 1968).

Raphia Noel (a daughter, born in January 1969).

Elizabeth Greenacre (a son, born in February 1969).

Sue Nash (a daughter, born in April 1969).

And best wishes to our seven newly-married members:

Cynthia Ashton (now Mrs. Walker).  
R. Hoare (now Mrs. Mallinson).  
Ann Archer (now Mrs. Kennard).  
Tessa Chance (now Mrs. Brousse).  
Roz Lovell (now Mrs. Topham).  
Sarah Dick (now Mrs. Robertson).  
Sally Ireland (now Mrs. Zwerger).

Three of our members have died during the year and we send our deep sympathy to the relatives of: Miss Cavendish-Clark, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Madame Chable.

Welcome to four new members: Joanna Tomkinson, Jane Bulmer, Isobel Mabey and Daphne Portway.

The following Clubs have sent us their annual magazines, which we greatly appreciate: Australian Alpine Club, D.H.O., Kandahar, White Hare and Villars Visitors.

THE SKI MARKET will be held at 118 Eaton Square, S.W.1., on Tuesday, 4th November, at 6 p.m.

At the 1968 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, Mrs. Spence, a vice-president, took the Chair as the President was abroad at the time. At the end of the meeting she read a note from the Federation, asking the L.S.C. to donate two Challenge Cups to their Championships. The Meeting was in favour of this gesture so long as the identity of the L.S.C. was retained. Mrs. Raynsford, the new President, said that she would be at the races herself and would make sure that this was done.

### THE HON. TREASURER'S REPORT ON FINANCE

AS A LOT of members are not able to attend the A.G.M. and cocktail party I thought it might be of interest to include each year in the *Bulletin* a very short report on the state of the Club's finances. I did not do this last year so I would like to give you a brief summary of the 1967-68 accounts as well as the current financial year which ended on July 31st.

By July last year we had been able to give £55 to the Olympic Appeal; this amount was found from donations to the Racing Fund, several donations for the Appeal, and the money taken at the raffle which was run at the cocktail party. Income from the other usual sources balanced the outgoings and, in fact, we ended the year with a surplus of £50 which was very largely due to Marion Spence's excellent handling of the *Bulletin* production. This surplus has been put on deposit at the Bank and I am hoping to be able to add to it as and when we can.

This year has also shown a profit to the Club, despite the fact that the *Bulletin* cost considerably more than the previous year.

We have not given any donation to the racers this year because we felt it was better to save the money for a non-Olympic or World Cup year; so we should be able to produce much more again next season. The surplus income this year is about the same as last and I will be able to transfer another £50 to the deposit account.

I would like to thank everyone who has given donations during both years, and also many thanks to our Auditor, Eric Lewns, who so kindly gives up his time to do this job.

## OBITUARIES

### Mrs. Maurice FitzGerald

KAY was not a racer but she skied for fun. She first came to Villars when she was at school in Paris, and she met her husband and became engaged there. I always remember the excitement and the big dinner-party we had in the Palace Hotel that night to celebrate the engagement. Except for their honeymoon, Kay and Maurice remained faithful to Villars and loved it well. I feel sure that all those who knew Kay and her family would want me to send the sympathy of the Club to Maurice and all their children.

AMY BLANE

### Marylou Chable

MARYLOU CHABLE died last October after suffering an illness which gave her a great deal of pain. I do not know if she realised how ill she was, but she was always very plucky and said she was going to get well.

Before the War, Marylou, who was a beautiful skier, joined the Villars Visitors' Ski Club and used to race in the races organised by the Club. She married Chable, who was Head of the Villars ski-school, and her great wish was to retain her British Nationality and race for England. I took her to the A.K. at Mürren in 1950 where she was the first British competitor in each event, coming 7th in the Downhill, 5th in the Slalom and 5th in the Combined. Everyone liked her at Mürren and was thrilled with her performance in the A.K. The following year the S.C.G.B. asked her if she would train with the British team, but she declined this offer. I do not know the reason as she had been so keen to race for Britain, and so happy after her success at Mürren; it was probably family affairs as her marriage had broken up. Soon afterwards she opened a sports shop and never put on skis again.

Marylou remained a member of the L.S.C. and was always keen to have news of the Club and its members. It was very sad indeed not to see her at Villars last winter.

AMY BLANE

### Miss Cavendish-Clarke

I WAS VERY SORRY to hear of the death of Miss Cavendish-Clarke. I had not seen her for a great number of years but I shall always remember her as the uncrowned Queen of Morgins and the Corbeau Ski Club. She was always to the fore in touring, racing and doing her "party piece" in the evening — undoubtedly a great character.

ETHEL LEVERSON

## THE FEDERATION CHAMPIONSHIPS

By SUSAN BERRY

1969 WAS THE FIRST YEAR of the new Federation Championships. These were devised because it is becoming increasingly difficult to find a time to run a National Championships when all the possible contenders can be present. It is obviously most unsatisfactory to have a meeting when the top girls have to be away at international races, so the National titles are now being awarded on the results of the Olympics or the World Championships or the World Cup series of races, whichever applies in the current year.

This year the Federation Championships were held in Val d'Isere, France, during the second week in January, following the Lowlander Championships. Our President, Mrs. Raynsford, was able to be present for part of the time and this was particularly fortunate as the Ladies' Ski Club had agreed to present two of its Challenge Cups for the Slalom and Giant Slalom events. The Downhill trophy has very kindly been given by Bunny Field's family to commemorate her outstanding results in this event.

We were extremely fortunate in having excellent weather and near perfect snow conditions throughout the week, but we were less lucky with the number of entries. The Junior Championships were held in Brand, Austria, the previous week, and the distance between the two and also the nearness of the school term precluded any of our younger girls from taking part.

Except for the Downhill, which had a few extra gates, the courses were the same as the men's, with the girls going down first. The Downhill was run on the new international course at La Daille, and it was no mean test of skill. It was won by Susan MacInnes in a time of 1.31.01 with Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson second, only .56 of a second behind her. There were two Australian girls and one New Zealander competing for the Commonwealth title and Catriona Mackay was the best in this event, finishing third.

In the Giant Slalom, Barbara King, who retired from the team after the Olympics, proved that she was still very much on form, beating Susan MacInnes and Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson by less than a tenth of a second each.

The Slalom slope was very icy, and, although most of the girls made it down the first run, the second brought many falls, and Charlotte Harrocks's policy of stability rather than speed proved to be the best. She won in a combined time for the two runs of 90.88, which was far enough ahead of the others to give her the Combined title as well. Catriona Mackay was second in the Slalom and also the Combined, and therefore the best Commonwealth racer overall.

The prizes were presented in Val d'Isere by Lady McLeod, and the cups, which are not taken out of England, are to be presented at the A.G.M. of the Federation in the autumn. General McLeod, President of the National Ski Federation, donated the trophy for the winner of the Combined Event. This was won by Charlotte Harrocks.

### Federation Championship Results

DOWNHILL. 1. Susan MacInnes 1.31.01; 2. Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson 1.31.57; 3. Catriona Mackay 1.33.90; 4. Charlotte Harrocks 1.34.05; 5. Heather Thomas 1.38.37; 6. Margot Wilmot 1.45.51.

GIANT SLALOM. 1. Barbara King 1.18.84; 2. Susan MacInnes 1.18.91; 3. Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson 1.18.99; 4. Charlotte Harrocks 1.19.03; 5. Carol Lowry 1.25.48; 6. Catriona Mackay 1.31.94; 7. Heather Thomas 1.32.72; 8. Margot Wilmot 1.41.56.

SLALOM. 1. Charlotte Harrocks 48.96, 41.92, 90.88; 2. Catriona Mackay 43.41, 49.91, 93.32; 3. Susan MacInnes 67.10, 54.16, 121.26; 4. Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson 96.20, 53.43, 149.63.

COMBINED. 1. Charlotte Harrocks; 2. Catriona Mackay; 3. Susan MacInnes; 4. Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson.

COMMONWEALTH. 1. Catriona Mackay (Australia).

WINNERS OF L.S.C. CHALLENGE CUPS, raced for at the Federation Championships held at Val d'Isere, 1969.

Giant Slalom winner . . . Barbara King.  
Slalom . . . Charlotte Harrocks.

THE L.S.C. SALVER was won by Antoinette Betts in a race run by the D.H.O. at Wengen.



ANTOINETTE BETTS — Winner of LADIES' SKI CLUB SALVER  
at Wengen, 30th December, 1968.

*Photo by Bunny Field.*

THE RACES FOR 1969/70 which are of the greatest interest to the British are:

Jan.	2nd- 12th	1970	Lowlanders — Val d'Isere. To be run by Great Britain.
Jan.	2nd- 8th	1970	Federation Championships — Val d'Isere.
Jan.	23rd- 25th	1970	Martini-Kandahar (Citadin) — St. Anton.
Jan.	30th-Feb. 1st	1970	Arlberg-Kandahar — Garmisch-Partenkirchen.
Feb.	7th- 15th	1970	WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS — Val Gardena.
Apr.	6th- 12th	1970	British Junior Championships — Aviemore.

## THE BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS

at Brand, Vorarlberg, Austria, 5th to 9th January, 1969

By ROS HEPWORTH

A FEW DAYS before leaving Wengen with the D.H.O. team for Brand, a telegram arrived from General Graeme, "Your entry too large please cut to thirty bring all possible girls." The "possible girls" were duly informed of their luck, their skis were prepared and their sweaters washed and off we went. As our team was representative of, if slightly larger than, that of the other clubs, description of their progress will help. Leaving a day early by Minivan to co-ordinate our arrangements at the other end, I found Brand to be a friendly small village just inside Austria and just south of Bludenz and the main Zürich-Vienna railway line. Brand is only 3,400 ft. high, and there is no possibility of going higher than the top of the 1500 ft. chair-lift and T-bar if it should be short of snow. Up till Christmas there was no snow at all anywhere in Austria, but enough arrived in time and the "welcome" banner was waving over the village when I arrived remarkably easily from Wengen, there being no snow on the roads. I found that we had been allocated several "haus" accommodation units, dear little modern chalets (Brand is but 10 years old) whose owners were determinedly friendly and welcoming whatever their misgivings must have been at the teenage invasion about to descend on them. When our huge motor coach from Lauterbrunnen arrived the next evening, these good people took their quota in without fuss and looked after them well. The Kandahar and ourselves had been drafted to the same restaurant for main meals (breakfast was served in each "haus") and so pandemonium reigned from beginning to end. The less said about this restaurant the better, but they were really overwhelmed by our numbers and the ugly rush at meal times. Towards the end of our stay, many had discovered that by paying a bit more, coupons were legal tender in a more sophisticated restaurant over the way which was less crowded and more amusing, and so the pressure eased off. All this domestic life took place at the top end of the village at least half a mile from the chair-lift, which was the centre of our ski-ing life for those four exciting days. Thanks to the Kurdirektor, Herr Flaig, who spoke excellent English, and to General Graeme and his secretary, everything was well organised for our arrival, and except for the fact that the first training day was also a public holiday and that this meant a hasty revision of the time-table, nothing went wrong. In the compressed programme which followed the downhill training proved difficult and for the younger ones hazardous, especially as most had had no downhill training because of the late arrival of the snow. Though it was the younger girls who started the panic, in the end it was also the younger boys who lost the use of their wits and there were several accidents.

The giant slalom was run as a team-race against the juniors

from the local villages and was most handsomely won by them. Even their girls' teams were better than all but the best of our boys, and their technique was a delight to see. In the slalom and downhill which formed the championship races, it was an exciting challenge to the rest to compete against the British boys' Espoir team which had been trained in Val d'Isere. This group and that of the top girls was of high quality. There are at least half a dozen of each who, if they keep to the straight and narrow path of constant endeavour, will reach the top for Britain in the next four years. Among the many amenities provided by Brand, the one most appreciated by us non-racers with the visiting teams, was a negative one; not having to keep any gates. This freezing work was all most satisfactorily done by Brand. Even the blackboard was manned without our help, except for a few exciting minutes at the start of the girls' downhill when our Ann Ross was pressed into service and her "wee free" numerals were misread by some of the competitors, producing some very startling results.

#### Combined Results

- |                            |                      |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Sarah Campbell-Preston. | 3. Anne Sandeman.    |
| 2. Linda Ballantyne.       | 4. Helen Carmichael. |

## EAGLES IN PERSIA

By ROSEMARY SANDERSON

YOU MAY BY NOW have heard of the latest Eagle "goings on" in Iran: you may have even heard what an immortal lot these Eagles are, hopping in and out of each others' sleeping-bags in highly unsuitable places. Let me say quickly that all, and I repeat, all of our doings were undertaken to further our knowledge of the mountains of Iran and any minor inconvenience such as bivouacking at 11,000 ft. odd with one sleeping-bag too few, were overcome in the true Eagle spirit of co-operation and co-existence.

Have you ever tried sharing a sleeping-bag which is encased in a plastic bag of a smaller circumference, when you and your partner are both wearing every stitch of clothing they could find in their rucksacks? This happened to me entirely through my own stupidity in allowing my sleeping-bag to roll irretrievably down the mountainside.

Apart from this minor side light on the expedition, we had a fascinating time. Six of us, Belinda Coryton, Gina Travers, Terry Hartley, Peter Varwell and myself went out to Persia to find out what we could of the ski mountaineering possibilities. Of this you will have heard in the *Ski Club Year Book* so I shall tell you of a couple of other things that made it all so worthwhile.

The flights there and back were engrossing, with the snow-capped ranges in Yugoslavia, the Balkan Peninsula and Turkey;



The Valley of the Ruined Palace, Iran as viewed by the Eagle Expedition in May 1969.

*Photo by Rosemary Sanderson*

the tantalising glimpses of Mount Athos, innumerable Greek Islands, Rhodes, Cyprus and the Cedars of Lebanon. Flying back I could see the snow cone of Mount Ararat and the great salt lakes south of Tabriz. On another flight down to Isfahan, the deserts were so entralling in their varying colours and contours that I must have maddened the bored business-men on their way to Bahrein, as I bobbed across from port-hole to port-hole; there were deserted villages, ruined caravanserei, naked mountains and strips of emerald green where the Qanats had irrigated the rich but parched red soil. Away on the horizon gleamed the snow of the Elburz mountains and Demavend itself floating above the clouds. Isfahan "the heart of the Orient" was heart-catching with its ethereal blue mosques soaring gracefully in domes and minarets above the rose gardens and the palaces of Shah Abbas.

Above all I remember the contrasts. On one traverse of the Southern Elburz we skied down glorious wide slopes until we came abruptly to the end of the snow, and there, stretching away at our feet, was a long and hidden valley, warm and golden in the afternoon sun. On either side barren cliffs of every shade of red, green and yellow carried our eyes to the snow-tops fifteen miles or so beyond. Along the valley floor was a mist of pale jade green, and this was the slender poplar trees which seem to line every river out there. Immediately below, two turbulent ice blue torrents made a bulwark round the terracotta coloured



ruins of an old summer palace. Here we stayed the night, cooking our supper by the water, sleeping in the palace garden under brilliant Persian stars, and over a heavy Persian dew. In the morning two donkeys with gay striped coats and blue bead browbands took us down the valley where earlier Shahs had ridden with their retinues, past orchards of vivid pink peach blossom, villages of flat-topped mud houses with black olive-eyed children and always the veil of poplars and the snowy mountain backcloth and the astonishingly diverse rocky slopes. We had come from winter to spring overnight and later on the same day travelled in a bus from this frail green spring to the deep green foliage of summer in Teheran.

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## APRIL IN THE CAIRNGORMS

By ELSPETH MACROBERT

A RECENT ARTICLE in the London travel trade magazine *Travel Counter* advised the agents not to recommend the Aviemore Centre for winter holidays. It stated that English skiers found Continental holidays more appealing and less expensive and also said the Cairngorm slopes did not compare with "even the most undistinguished Continental station". Needless to say, this provoked a storm of protest from interested bodies who quoted prices and claimed that April and May weather was "perfect and usually better than on the Continent". As an Alpine ski-ing Scot who has spent two April holidays at the Centre, I am bound to agree substantially with the article. It is a splendid thing that there is now available in this country a launching pad for future Alpine skiers, but I am afraid that once a skier has been abroad, he will find Aviemore a poor substitute for his annual holiday. Out of season, it will certainly satisfy the week-end skier who is content with a rather limited choice of run. But those who love the wide expanse of mountains and abhor piste bashing on short T-bars will stick to the Alps. There is no doubt that it is excellent for children, who pay little heed to weather conditions and worship the ski lehrer regardless of nationality.

The facilities available have already reached well past saturation point with 5,000 Easter skiers crammed into a small area. In view of the overcrowding, beginners and inexperienced skiers are at an advantage — apart from the ever present danger of being

picked off on the packed pistes. They, being slower downhill, are spared the queueing nightmare. At present they are in the majority, ski-ing being a comparatively new sport on a large scale here. In a few years the position will be reversed, so let's hope that, despite the colossal capital outlay involved, there will be a big expansion of facilities in time.

The Centre is about 10 miles from the car park (2,000 ft.) at the bottom of the the chair-lift. Here there is a small snackbar and the ticket office is sensibly placed well away from the queue. The chair-lift goes up to the Shieling restaurant and snackbar at 2,500 ft. The area below the Shieling has ideal nursery slopes, with a 1,000-ft. trainer T-bar (200 vert. ft.), and another lower T-bar which together duplicate the chair-lift in reasonable snow conditions. Above the Shieling are three main pistes, White Lady, Coire Cas and Fiacail (officially Difficult, Medium and Easy), served by three T-bars., the White Lady is duplicated by the second stage of the chair-lift. These runs of about 3,500 ft. (approx. 1,000 ft. drop) are straightforward, being treeless with no hidden hazards and all converge fanlike on the Shieling. There is a new small restaurant, the Ptarmigan (3,600 ft.), at the top of the chair-lift and a start has been made to opening up neighbouring Coire na Ciste. This would link up with the top of the main White Lady run and the projected lift would continue to the top of Cairngorm (4,084 ft.). There are numerous ski-schools of varying nationalities — the latest "Mogul", whose name may not yet be fully appreciated locally — and they cater especially well for children.

The Aviemore Centre itself accommodates about 500 in varying degrees of comfort in two hotels and the Chalets Motel. A chalet room is the answer for families, each with its own front door and having two double-tiered bunks, two wash-hand basins, separate w.c., shower and drying cupboard. There is a lounge, television room and snackbar, main meals can be taken in the cafeteria or a small Austrian-type restaurant. The rest of the complex includes a shopping centre, cinema, ballroom, swimming-pool, ice rink and artificial ski-slope as well as table tennis, trampolines, skittle alley and even Sauna baths. All this and ski-ing, too — if you are strong enough. And, of course, in the summer there is sailing, fishing, canoeing and climbing. There is also the nearby Coylum: bridge set up and from miles around hotels, caravan sites and camping areas all cater for skiers flooding into the Cairngorms.

I did a snap opinion poll amongst our party. A ski-ing mother reckoned the accessibility was the main advantage, the four children voted the "super" ski-ing top of the list, closely followed by all the Centre amenities. On the debit side, grown-ups put the continuous queueing — Jennifer (13) was incensed at having to queue for the Shieling "Ladies" after paying 6d. Susan (15) objected to cafeteria queues and Maureen (13) to the inflated prices for coke, etc. Finally, the view of Tom (just 9) — "I wish that the Tea Bar Toes would not have such a jerk at the start and I wish the skating rink was not so watery."

## THE XXVIIth SKI CONGRESS

By AMY BLANE

ON MAY 18th Helen and I left Heathrow for Barcelona where the F.I.S. Congress was to take place. It was a cold wet morning and we looked forward to the warmth and sun of Spain, but only cold weather met us. On the other hand our welcome from our hosts, the Ski Federation of Spain, was far from cold, we were given a very warm welcome at the Airport and from everyone during our stay in Barcelona.

A great deal of thought and work must have been done in working out the programme for us. Everything had been thought of, for the Delegates, and the "Camp Followers". Trips had been arranged to interesting places, old buildings and places of historical interest. Of course, the delegates had to work for most of the week. Helen used to leave the hotel about 8.30 in the morning for the Palace of Nations, not returning till after 7 p.m. It was in the evening that everyone met at the various cocktail parties, film shows, and dinners that were given.

One day the delegates were made to take the day off and we all went on an expedition to the Costa Brava. We left early in the morning in coaches, and after a long and interesting drive came to a port called Blanes, where we embarked in little steamers and cruised along the coast, in and out of the tiny bays. It was a lovely day and the varying coastline looked so pretty. Eventually we came to Tossa, which was a very picturesque town, where we disembarked and wandered around for an hour. A few people bathed, but the water was not really warm enough. We then steamed along the coast till we reached Llorat de Mer, where coaches were waiting to take us to the Hotel Monterray where Longines entertained us to lunch. The hotel was beautifully placed with a lovely view, a large swimming-pool and dining-room, which was very necessary owing to the size of our party. Longines showed up their new timing Chromater system, a really wonderful invention which I wish all the Clubs could have for their races and tests. When I think of the freezing and agonizing hours spent holding watches trying to get an exact time, while with this invention it is so easy, one just presses one's hand down and it records the exact time. Perhaps the various Clubs will have them soon as the price is not too prohibitive.

We went to many parties, and one given by the Canadian Ambassador was very entertaining and they showed us a film on ski-ing in Canada. On other nights, the Americans, the Cypriots and the Swiss showed us films. Among the dinner parties was one right in the Docks in a famous Fish Restaurant, and the closing dinner was given by the President in the Palace del Tinell, a wonderful old historical building.

The opening of the Congress was held in the Spanish Town, which is a large open square surrounded by little houses and

shops depicting different parts of Spain. There was dancing by a group, the large fountain in the Montjuich Park was illuminated and played different patterns in wonderful colours. The final entertainment for the Congress was a Bullfight on the Sunday afternoon.

Early on the Monday morning several of us left for Majorca. Helen and I stayed there two nights before returning to England. We were taken to see a Glass factory, a Pearl factory for the Majorcan pearls. We also saw much of the beautiful countryside and decided that this was perhaps a good place for a holiday!

After a very happy ten days we felt that on all counts it had been an extremely successful trip, and we would like to thank our hosts for their kindness and for giving us such an interesting time. Even the weather changed to what is expected of Spain in May.

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## THE HARZ MOUNTAINS

By PETRONILLA TRUSTRAM-EVE

WE HAD been stationed in Germany for several months, before desperate with the rain and grey skies, we consulted a map for inspiration for a family outing. We then discovered that by use of the autobahn, the Harz Mountains lay within an hour and a half drive.

We joined the exodus of cars on the road, and found ourselves, for the first time, numbered among the ski invaders of the weekend. Skis on our roof, toboggan in the boot, rush-hour to the Mountains had begun.

The feeling of "getting warmer" began with our first sight of pine trees. The Harz Mountains range from about 1200 feet to 3,000 feet, the highest mountain being the Brocken, where according to local legend, the witches of the world congregate on Waldorgis night. However, the summit is situated in the East zone and the Russians are welcome to this grizzly frolic!

The country-side is gentle and rolling, covered by leaf and fir trees; the forests are dark and mysterious and Red Riding Hood would be quite at home; in fact the Harz is an area where the Brothers Grimm set many of their famous tales.

The main winter resorts are Braunlage, St. Andreasberg and Bad Harzburg. All are equipped with a variety of ski-lifts, and the former has a cable-car. Everywhere the ski-ing is easy and perfect for beginners, which, as it was our children's first year, was exactly what we wanted.

Through the woods are well marked langlauf trails, which are in fact the summer walks, but they are as well used in the snow

as in the summer, the elements will not deter a German from his constitutional! The ski-runs themselves are signed and also supplied with ordinary road signs giving warning of cross-roads, junctions, etc., and other dangers of the piste. On the whole the runs are short, the longest being gained by taking the cable-car at Braunlaga when you can descend for 3 or 4 kilometres. Our favourite was a run called the "wurst".

Cutting the Harz region in half from North to South is the border between East and West Germany. A vast area of no-man's land, barbed wire and minefields. You can be ski-ing through the forest and suddenly come face to face with a concrete wall or barbed wire entanglement. There are large notices warning you of the dangers of going too far, but one is disinclined to lose one's way!

The sight of this frontier never fails to depress me, hundreds of miles of expensively maintained fortifications, patrolled on both sides by night and day; its purpose to divide a people of the same race and country. To put a foot too far, the penalty is death. Though the other side may look quite dead, eyes are always watchful, and the look-out posts numerous and well manned.

The contrast of life on either side of this "fence" is amazing. In the West life goes on, children play on the nursery slopes, anchor lifts convey their unending load upwards and the hungry queue at the sausage kiosks, and all within a few yards of the barbed wire; and in the East, no sign of life, nothing.

The Harz may not be a winter sports area of one's dreams, but at least they filled a long felt want, with metres of snow and glorious sunshine, for our ski-starved family from the plains.

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## THE DIFFICULT "DASH"

By JANE REID

FORTY YEARS, to become a first-class skier, is a long time!

Having finally taken two parts of my Gold after thirty-eight years on ski, I decided to attempt the "Crash and Dash". But that season I had only one opportunity, on an unmarked mogul-covered piste where one was required to cross a moving ski-lift three times! I lacked nerve, so failed.

My thirty-ninth season was a complete write-off as I broke my leg. But at the beginning of my fortieth season I felt the ambition to become a first-class skier well up inside me again. I knew it was now or never, so I made plans. (Even for a person like myself who actually lives in the Alps, it is difficult to find the right set of circumstances for attempting the First-Class Timed Descent.)

In January I looked round for opportunities for taking the test.

There were none in the Gstaad Valley area where I live. Pistes were already a mass of moguls; the weather was bad and there was only a first-class judge at week-ends. Towards the end of the month I telephoned Mürren, hoping to take the test there, but the Rep. told me no first-class timed tests had been taken that season. The course was too icy.

By February, conditions looked better in my area. There was an abundance of first-class judges. But, though the snow was good, the weather was poor with the exception of Thursday afternoons when it invariably brightened up for the local giant slalom for the Gstaad gold badge. It was most frustrating that this race was banned as a substitute for the first-class timed descent. To my way of thinking it was a far better test of first-class ski-ing ability at high speed than the "Dash", which was conceived in a different ski-ing era.

Half-way through February two other candidates arrived so the first-class judges became more interested in conducting a test. "Conditions are just right in Villars," one judge told me. "I will arrange for you to take the test there." He was as good as his word, but a blizzard blotted out his elaborately laid plans: We were to drive early to his chalet where he was to strengthen us with a hearty breakfast before driving us in his car — so we could rest — to Villars. Later that week a second attempt was made to carry out this plan, but reports of icy pistes made us abandon it.

A few days later, after a fresh fall of snow, the two judges staying with me suggested the Rinderberg would be the ideal mountain for the test. One judge and I went to reconnoitre. We found good conditions: fresh snow which would soon be pisted, and no moguls on the top (steep) slope. The only remaining candidate was alerted and eagerly travelled the long distance to Zweisimmen early the following morning for a trial run before the test. I booked a ski-teacher for an hour to train us. To my astonishment he wizzed past the steep slope at high speed, taking a roundabout route — the beginners' way down! The snow was hard and we shot round blind corners. Luckily it was too early to meet any beginners ploughing down. Apparently we had done the "Derby Course". We reached the finish with seconds to spare. However, on the second run down I insisted we take my route because I always considered a direct descent in the fall-line the quickest way down and also the visibility was better — one was less likely to hit someone. I side-slipped while the other two executed elegant turns, and was always a fraction ahead of them. But on reaching flatter ground they became faster. "You'll never pass if you take that route," the teacher said.

The test was at ten o'clock. I stuck to my route. We both fell on this attempt so our judges decided to allow us a second try at twelve. By then the moguls had grown to enormous proportions. I lost many seconds avoiding them. My friend took the Derby Course, luckily met no one, and passed her test brilliantly. I failed by three seconds.

"Well, that's that," I said. "Obviously I am too old for this lark." But my friends would not hear of it. They insisted I make another attempt.

On the 1st March these two judges had to go home, but others materialized. As the season was drawing to a close my stipulations for attempting the test were less stringent. The condition of the piste was secondary. I was grateful for snow!

This time the Wispillen was advocated as the mountain for the attempt. The joys of this course were described to me by my new judges. With mixed feelings I abandoned my well-trained Rinderberg. I was now the only candidate. Fortunately my trainer-judges were willing to take me on. My first trainer, having sustained an injury while ski-ing, travelled by ski-bob down the mountain. He gave me valuable tips: "Keep on the edge of the piste, on the narrow strip of smooth snow next to the wood," he said. This was easier said than done. A well-developed side-slipping technique helped. But occasionally the terrain made it necessary to cross the central moguls. Invariably I got into a "maze" from which it was difficult to extricate myself. My trainer timed me in sections. Added up, the times did not hold much promise.

The following day my second trainer took over. She was on ski. We found the moguls had grown and the piste was icy. "My legs would never hold out on this," she said, and also timed me in sections. My trainer had been ill so in the afternoon I did two runs alone, carefully working out the mogul crossings and varying the route slightly.

The next morning, the day of the test, the weather was hazy and cold. My trainer and I shuddered down the piste on a trial run. "This is impossible. Not even Jean-Claude Killy would attempt it," she said when we reached the bottom. But the second judge was waiting so we went up to the restaurant all the same. Over lunch we wrote a post-card to a friend in England saying the test was off. But suddenly, maybe it was the effects of the white wine, the judges changed their tune, suggesting "I have a go". "It is rare to have two qualified judges. It would be a pity to miss the opportunity to time yourself," they said. Fortunately I had had the foresight to be abstemious with food and drink, so I agreed, with the proviso that I would not wear a number. "I'd look a fool going at a snail's pace wearing a number," I said, and added, "Anyhow, I am the only candidate and the piste is empty!"

My starter said she would go down in the chair-lift after starting me off as she did not like ski-ing on ice.

I was quite calm as I was not making a serious attempt. But I skied at a good pace, though steadily. My legs, hardened by mountaineering, held out on the ice. I managed to keep to the narrow strip and got the mogul crossings "right". And blessings of blessings, I had the whole mountain to myself. On the last section I took it easy, in stem position, on a short path which was covered in boards and earth-mixed snow. But I gathered speed at the end and finished with a flourish! My judge did not expect me to arrive

so soon. "But I have only been here a minute myself," she said. When the starter judge finally arrived down in the chair-lift the two judges compared stop-watches and made calculations while I paced the car park nervously. Finally they pronounced their verdict that I had passed with half a second to spare!

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## DOCTOR KWOK'S SYNDROME

By PAULINE SITWELL-STEBBING

IN A SKI YEAR BOOK article on our delightful sojourn to the Atlas Mountains I made a plea to Messrs. Knorr and Maggi to leave "Monosodium glutamate" out of their products, as after ten days living on a packet food containing this ingredient I for one felt sick as a dog.

Several people wrote to me saying that they too had noticed this on touring parties, and in the last few months several newspapers mentioned the matter, including an important double paragraph in a recent *Sunday Times*.

Symptoms of a very serious nature were noticed by people after eating in Chinese Restaurants, and subsequent research by two different groups proved that it was the additive "Monosodium glutamate" which caused the trouble. I am told this commodity was originally produced mainly in Japan to flavour stuff that was hardly edible . . . now it is used in thousands of products and even painted on the outside of tasteless battery-reared poussins to give them a semblance of something. Once detected, like real milk from "treated", the difference is immediately and distastefully noticeable, and it seems it may have the dangerous habit of "cyclamates", which, in certain people, combine to make something really poisonous.

I recently spent several days in Switzerland where a friend, well aware of the dangers of salt, sprinkled all food with a famous seasoner, "Aromat", which is rampantly full of "Monosodium glutamate". It is possible that a lot of modern migraine may be put to this cause. In the same way I expect notice has been taken of the dangers of that very "pushed" tablet for "foreign tummy", Entroviaform. My husband and I were nearly killed by taking the beastly stuff as directed by several Travel Agencies, but according to research by a Norwegian doctor, not only does it in certain cases not cure the trouble, but, as with us, actually caused it; and where a cure occurs there is as yet no medically known reason why or how this happens!

For ski-ing, and particularly ski mountaineering where one is miles from civilisation, food needs to be as pure as possible, and it is about time that all additives, sweeteners, salters, spices and colourants were gone into internationally. It has long been said

in the diatetic world that modern man digs his grave with knife and fork and eats far too much sodium which has a terrific ageing propensity; yet one finds people taking salt tablets in summer as though they were plodding through a steamy, tropical jungle and sweating quarts of perspiration. It has become an athletes' cult. We eat in too complicated a fashion, a three-course meal may take thirty or forty ingredients to produce, but ideally the stomach likes to eat one thing at a time, and the really "stagey" city dinner with something before, something with the coffee and a different wine with every course is said to be the middle-aged man's killer.

Most of us eat too much anyway. If you become bored with simple food and poop it up to titillate the palate, you are tricking the body into eating more than it requires.

While writing upon this subject, and speaking as an ex-pipe and cigar smoker, a couple of pipes and one's taste-buds have lost half their sensitivity, the taste-buds literally harden over and a calloused tongue is the result. I feel that one day this will be counted as unnecessary as calloused fingers and as taboo as B.O.

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## SIERRA NEVADA

By E. R. CHAMIER

LOOKING ACROSS OUR PATIO towards the Almirara Range that surround Aluminacar one sees, on fine days and in good visibility, a charming snow-capped peak on the Sierra Nevada, showing between the mountain ranges — Pic Valeta — the highest point of the Sierra Nevada. The whiteness of the Pic varies with the amount of rainfall in the valleys, and is a constant reminder that one should get up there and find out if one can still ski. Newsprint had been full of a new Telecabin being built from the Sol y Nieve Hotel up the opposite side from the chair-lift, opening up the gorgeous looking slopes that we had regarded longingly for some years. So I was delighted one morning in late January when Marjorie von Schlippenbach and husband arrived from Malaga complete with ski impediments and intentions of going up to the Hotel Sol y Nieve for two or three days, and would I come to? Would I not? It was finally arranged that I should get myself together and follow on in the afternoon. I sent word to several friends of my plans, without much hope, and started off to Granada by the mountain road — views out of this world — and then another ¾-hour's driving up the curling road to the Sol y Nieve, 34 klms. away at 2,100 meters. Pic Valeta is at 3,470 meters and the reports were that the telecabin had reached Borreguilos (2,600 meters) and was to be extended to the Pic. There had been a short chair-lift in operation from the Sol y Nieve to the Albergue Universitario, which served those slopes and was much used for slaloms. In

spite of its pretentious name, the hotel, as you approach from the road above, has all the appearance of a good penitentiary, Dartmoor or Pentonville — and the whole area is very bleak and grim — no trees — just rock and more rock. Inside it is very smart and comfortable, with lots of central heating and a good bar. The bedrooms nearly all have sunbathing balconies overlooking the swimming-pool! for the summer trade. As I entered the lounge I was surprised to see the four friends I had so casually notified, strolling about and waiting for me to turn up. With the von Schlippenbachs already installed we had a party of seven, and were very gay.

Next morning we were greeted with the glad news that the telecabin would be opened for the first time for skiers, and we would be the first to venture. The ski-tow at the top would also be working for another 1500 ft. All was "for free" which settled any qualms we might have, so we piled in. Three or four more cabins were full of ski instructors, company directors, engineers and works managers, and their assorted girl-friends. The prospect was glorious as we soared aloft over the untracked slopes. Below us, snow-cats were rushing around making tracks for those who would return under their own steam. The top station was very unfinished and we staggered up icy steps cut through the drifts to the sun above, clapping our skis to the bosom, to a heavenly panorama of white slopes of power snow. The ski-tow was provided with the bare machinery and nothing else, and workmen were busy draping ropes to keep people in line at the start. Several snow-cats were making pistes down from Borreguilos (2,600 metres), which seemed a pity considering the quality of the snow. I found the altitude straight up from sea level to over 8,000 ft. very difficult and had to fight for breath to get as far as the tow. Sun and snow were perfect, and the joy of swooping down over the unblemished snow was something to dream about. I was pleased to find that my foot had not lost its cunning. We skied on through the hours, until word arrived that the telecabins were returning to base for the day. Those wishing to go down the mountain under their own steam could, of course, do so. But I had no steam left. Lunch on the balcony at 3.30 p.m. completed a lovely day, which we were unable to repeat the next morning, alas, as the lift was not running and workmen were tinkering with it. We used the chair-lift on the opposite slope, but conditions had changed overnight — icy and no visibility, and it was more hard work than fun. We were amused to read in the newspaper a few weeks later that an Official Opening of the Telecabin was being held that week-end at the Hotel Sol y Nieve and that a Government Minister would be present. I'm sure we had the best opening!

The following month, Marjorie and I went up again, and things were very different. Very little snow on the hotel slopes, and what there was was frozen hard and very icy. We went up in the telecabin next morning, having waited to see if the sun would loosen things up a bit. Berriguilos was an astounding sight,

all the slopes were covered in glittering coats of ice on which one's metal edges made not the slightest impression. The glare was blinding. Some hours went by before it was considered safe to run the ski-tow and then the brilliant sun had failed to soften things up. Finally we were at the top and hastily pushed off while still having some courage. The slopes were littered in a few minutes with bodies and impedimenta, and once loosing a ski one could never get a foothold or a body-grip to put it on again. It was just possible to walk across the slope to the ski-tow path by heeling in carefully at every step. The worst was yet to come, as we both had terrific sunburn — swollen lips, faces and eyes — a thing I have never experienced before, and I always thought my old Nova Scotian skin was impervious. One man was snow-blinded. The next day, after a painful and sleepless night, we draped ourselves in caps and veils, and took care never to look the sun in the face. We had a very pleasant day as the snow-cats had broken down the unbreakable crust and one could ski more or less in control. Everything was lovely.

We had to leave next morning as our rooms had been taken for the usual week-end rush. It is quite certain that the Spanish are on to a very good thing with their new telecabin. They have poured money into the place and have opened up unlimited possibilities for winter touring from a very comfortable base.

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## WHAT GOES UP . . . !

By ELSPETH MACROBERT

AS ANY OF MY long-suffering companions will confirm, I am rather allergic to uphill transport — not, I hasten to add, to the extent of sweating along on skins under the shadow of a telepherique. But I do find most forms of conveyance almost more formidable than the downhill part of the operation, which is, after all, the part we intend to do for pleasure. I envy all the skiers who commit themselves unflinchingly to every conceivable type of mechanical aid, with no outward sign of the apprehension and distrust with which I automatically regard these necessary evils. I do believe, however, that there are quite a few others with hidden qualms, turn faintly green at the bottom as well as the top of a ski-run in anticipation of the trials ahead.

I suppose a psychiatrist might date my present attitude back to early experiences on the Egli, Gstaad. A dilapidated sledge toiled steeply up, presumably by courtesy of a winch. It groaned hideously and every so often missed the place, with an alarming slip backwards until the slack was taken up with a jerk. The present funi-luge at Saanenmoser is a slightly modernised version with a moving snake of a cable, which is apt to rear up from the ground just as you are poised to step over it.

The next contraption to be sampled was the belt at Oechseite — an old style railway-window strap which cut you in half. The attachment to the overhead cable was apparently constructed of flimsy string and paper-clips, and the snag here was the essential clutch of the clip, which somehow and sometimes held things together until you reached the top — albeit with a paralysed hand. But, despite a successful “clip-clutch”, odd bits and pieces were liable to fall off, leaving you stranded in a cat's cradle of string which snarled up the next comer if you were not quick off the track.

The T-bar is now the most universal type of tow, but oh for a bit of uniformity! There is no code of behaviour to cover all eventualities. You can have one perfectly easy ride and next time up fight with your partner every inch of the way, even the clips on your boots joining in. It is a pity that the first track up is invariably made by a three-legged couple, and the convulsive start catches you quite unprepared with gloves half on. Schonreid, however, sends you off with a false sense of security and has violent hiccups a little later, followed by a steep bit where, if alone, you are whisked off your feet and in no state to deal with hitchhikers, who lurk over the brow and have to be fended off with sticks. It is all too easy to fall off for no good reason and quite possible to continue upwards on your back, with a ski twined around the bar. Your face hazards of downhill dips and treacherous traverses before the vital question of “What to do at the top”. Do you let go the porters, and which side do you aim for? At Wildhaus you are precipitated willy-nilly into an ice igloo if you are unlucky enough to be on the left.

But at least T-bars are fairly friendly wood, unlike the French pommie which is solid iron and seems bent on doing some irreparable damage, as you charge along astride a bucking bronco — cornering at high speed (if you are lucky).

Then chair-lifts which can stop in midflight and swing in the most nauseating arc. They are cold comfort with skis off, but why do the skis-on variety so often launch you straight across a river gorge whilst you are struggling to contain yourself, plus rucksack behind bars? There is also the ever-present terror of getting the bar jammed and going round again, if you can survive the machinery.

Infinitely preferable in bad weather are the cable-cars, ranging from bubbles for two dwarfs to the high-speed monsters carrying forty or so. The most comfortable are the four-seaters, which unfortunately afford unrestricted views of jagged rock faces and unskiable terrain all around, and jolt in a sickening fashion over the pylons. In the large cabins it is advisable to get in the middle of the crush and, ostrichlike, bury one's head in your neighbour's rucksack in order to muffle any tactless remarks about coming unhooked.

The old Parsennbahn-type trains may be comfortable but at least are on ground level, unlike the most wretched contrivance

I have ever met. This was a temporary affair in the early days of Meribel, which necessitated standing on an open platform — your only protection a thin chain around the edge, below knee level. On this you were hoisted up to around 8,000 ft. in a petrified condition, and even the most stouthearted had to be revived with cognac after that trip.

It is my firm conviction that “dicing with death” starts at valley level, when the inexorable wheels start turning. Perhaps all those mean little gremlins that torment me are insinuated into the works of men by the spirits of the high mountains, as a protest against the invasion of their privacy. A high-flown explanation for a pure yellow streak in my own character I’m afraid.

### “OBERHOSEN”

By JOAN M. STURGES



DURING THE COLD SPELL in early February I enviously watched people zipping themselves into quilted overtrousers, and after nearly suffering frostbite on the Diablerets Glacier I decided that a pair of “Oberhosen” would be money well spent.

There are various types available and perseverance is required to find the ones you want, from nylon ones which keep out wind and rain and pack into their own little bum-bag, to ones worn instead of ski-pants which feel like luxurious eiderdowns, but, . . . once you are in them you can hardly whip them off if the weather turns warmer! The cheapest sort were heavily quilted, with elastic waistband and Velcro fastenings, which I felt might come undone, or, worse still, attach themselves firmly to somebody else like an anorak I was once stupid enough to buy. These trousers were very comfortable and roomy, but being bright scarlet the effect of my short legs was somewhat startling.

Some pairs looked exactly like pyjamas trousers, some were ribbed cross-wise and thus not flattering to the figure; the best were narrow Austrian ones, but these latter are hard to find in Switzerland. Most better ones have leather patches on the bottom inside leg to prevent wear from the ski edges and a hook to attach to boots to keep them down, with full-length zips on the outer legs, undoing both ways so that you can get in and out of them without taking your skis off.

Finally, if you should buy a pair which are too long and hope to shorten them yourself, the zips are unobtainable in England!

### STORY BEHIND THE NAME

By PAULINE SITWELL-STEBBING

WHEN FRIENDS OF MINE put up a small hotel in the now rapidly expanding Valais winter station Haute Nendaz, I was most surprised at the name they chose, “Le Deserteur”, more particularly, perhaps, because ex Swiss cross-country ski champion, Louis Bourban, is adjutant of the Swiss Frontier Guards from Lac Lemon through to the Morgins border post and on to Zermatt.

Some three years after my first winter stay in their adorable chalet at Nendaz, owing to a swift, non ski-ing visit I was taken up to, and stayed in, the Auberge whose advertisement can be seen in this issue. The legend of the Deserteur was told me and later I read about it in Jean Geono’s book.

It seems that an unknown Frenchman in about the year 1800 slipped out of Abondance, crossed the frontier at the Pas de Morgins, and, keeping away from main roads and large towns, sleeping rough and meeting but two people on his way, a village priest who helped him pass through Martigny and an old peasant woman who guided him through the fog by giving him the corner of her apron to hold, turned up at Haute Nendaz and went directly to the mayor’s house.

By this time the man was in considerable straits, had eaten little and the weather had turned to snow, it looked as though he meant to make a clean breast of whatever he was running away from and throw himself on the good man of this remote, high Valais village.

He had on good clothes, spoke with an Alsatian accent, and it was noted that his hands were fine and white.

But in fact he said nothing, and did not beg. He must have had some painting equipment with him for he set to painting a portrait of the mayor’s wife.

From then on he lived in an old barn and moved about in nomadic fashion. No-one quite knows what his real story was. It may even have been that he suffered from what we would call today persecution mania or complex.

But he painted profusely, and all the portraits were good likenesses; his sitters were painted in the manner of the Saints with their Christian names represented . . . and this is a naïve and decorative style, flat like the Austrian and Hungarian cupboard panels, chests and other household goods, reminding one of Maltese religious street decoration, all Folk Art, even Grandma Moses.

This art form is still taught in Switzerland in the traditional way with a “marl” stick for murals and using the other hand as a “rest” when painting panels. The result is childlike and gay like our decorated barges, the “narrow boats” with their famous roses and castles . . .

With great good fortune, for no-one had thought to tell me of its existence, in the old slab-slatted, close-huddled “living” and granary chalets in the old part of Haute Nendaz I found a tiny

chapel with what to me were quite obviously "Le Deserteur's" works on walls and altar stone, which I later found part listed in the book.

The impact of these works was terrific, and they seemed to me to emanate from a very particular school said to have been in southern France but of which traces can be found today mainly, alas, in museums or in tourist bibeloes of the Slav countries.

Where paintings were on wood panels and not put directly on walls, some of them have survived and become collectors' pieces, but as Haute Nendaz is now in a process of great expansion with lifts to the reverse, as it were, of the Verbier mountains, the Mont Gelé, etc., shortly this side will become as skied as the other, no doubt people will visit the chapel and see for themselves. (The main church of Saint Michael, killer of the famous Nendaz Dragon, contains a marvellous modern mural painting filling the whole of the nave, and is well worth a visit.)

For my own part I think of that exceedingly lonely man, and it has been said that all forms of art owe much to a damaged psyche, fearful of pursuit, by whom one knows not, living rough in those small black hay chalets that dapple the slopes of the upper pastures; living on next to nothing and only going into a human bed to die, giving his last thoughts to thanking the original man who befriended him.

As I did my own pastels and "needlework sketches" (the latter a new venture), I thought of the man who had obviously adored nature in traditional fashion, who sprinkled flowers round the heads and feet of his sitters and who thought only in terms of the pictorial myths and legends of religion he perpetually used for inspiration. Living like a hunted wolf, not being able ever again to bear human contact. The "hurt" had bitten so deeply, he had gone "over the border" in more than one way, and never recovered.

But I do not find him a criminal on the run, there is too much of a St. Francis about him. Perhaps a father turned him out or wife decamped with another, we shall never know, but beauty and design in simplicity was his art, as speaking today as when he had just finished painting.

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## SKI-ING IN CYPRUS

By MARY MACKENZIE

CYPRUS IN THE middle of May. I arrived to find a letter asking for an article on "Ski-ing in Cyprus". Ski-ing! Snow! Difficult to think about in the middle of the Mediterranean on a beautiful island surrounded by blue sea and lovely flowers. However, despite the tempting warm water and hot sunshine I started by asking everyone I met if they could tell me anything about ski-ing, and I soon found some enthusiasts who, like all skiers, were only too

ready to talk about their experiences! So, equipped with plenty of information, I headed for the mountains to see the resort for myself.

There is only one ski-ing centre in Cyprus, Troodos in the Troodos range of mountains. The centre itself is 5,500 ft. above sea level. The season starts in January and only goes on until the end of March. At all times the snow tends to become slushy owing to the altitude and the very hot sunshine, especially on the piste called the North Face which does not get as hard-packed as the other piste which is shorter and more popular with beginners and therefore gets more use; even so, the North Face can at times become icy and difficult to negotiate. The Sun Valley slope is very good for beginners, being short and steepish with a slope that fans out at the end of the piste giving a good wide finish. Complete beginners usually take the lift only half-way up and they then ski down from there. The North Face is more difficult and longer than Sun Valley and is not really suitable for beginners. The Sun Valley lift is run by the Services Ski Club and costs 6d. a go, and the North Face lift is run by the Cyprus Ski Club and costs 1/- for members and a bit more for non-members. Skis and boots hired through the Services Ski Club cost 10/6d. per day. If hired through the Cyprus Ski Club, skis and boots cost 13/- per day. Inter-Services slalom races are held on the Sun Valley slope and last season a team came over from the Lebanon to compete in the Inter-Services Championships in which the Cyprus Ski Club also participated.

In the ski-ing area there are several reasonably comfortable hotels, but the majority of people who ski live on the plains below the mountains. To reach the slopes it is only a 2-hour drive from Limasol and a 1½-hour drive from Nicosia up reasonably good winding roads with beautiful views of the whole Troodos range and the sea, which glistens in the sunlight below. While we were up in the mountains under a blazing hot sun we found masses of lovely dark red wild peonies and pink orchids, and it was very hard indeed to imagine the slopes covered in snow and masses of people rushing up and down them.

If you are going to Cyprus in the ski-ing months it is certainly worth taking skis with you, but one would not go to Cyprus for a ski-ing holiday as it is as yet undeveloped, and best enjoyed by those who can look out of their windows and see that the sun is shining and that there is snow on the slopes and know that it is only 1½ to 2 hours to drive there.

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## ON THE RACING SEASON 1968-69

By SALLY ZWERGER (IRELAND) and VIRGINIA STURGE

ONE OF THE MORE exciting diversions from actual racing is the journeying from A to B, made all the more interesting by the fact that we have two French car enthusiasts as trainers.



One thing we learnt right at the beginning of the season was that one should not laugh at having to pull a Deux Chevaux out of a ditch, as ten minutes later on the road ourselves, Virginia Sturge was driving her mini with three passengers, and on negotiating an icy right-hand bend the car skidded and continued to the right. Panic set in and Jean-Louis (our trainer) grabbed the wheel and handbrake, so by the time we hit the snow wall on the roadside, speed was reduced; but not, I fear, enough. The mini ploughed its way through the snow wall, toppled over the edge and slowly tobogganed down towards that beautiful lake at St. Moritz, then, what seemed hours later, hit the trees — great relief, we were not going to drown after all! The only sufferer of that little episode was Maria Goldberger who nearly had a heart attack when she saw Jean-Louis scrambling up the side as she was driving by, but as he was laughing she was spared this fate. Jean-Louis was the only lucky one to see the horror-struck faces of Maria and her fellow passengers as they approached the scene and saw only him, but no car and no girls! The St. Moritz garage did quite well out of us this year, as they also repaired Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson's mini after she had come in contact with a very large Austrian lorry, en route for St. Moritz. On encountering roadworks and finding the road narrowed, there was some judgement involved in passing this lorry, which was coming in the opposite direction. Then, as both drivers realised it was going to be an impossible manoeuvre, they jammed on their brakes — but too late — the front of the mini ended up under the lorry, and when withdrawn was found to be in need of a new bonnet.

Kitzbühel is a town to beware of in Austria. The first reason being that there is a very unlevel crossing on one side of the town and if one happens to drive over it too fast one may well find the roof-rack and skis on the road instead of the car. As happened to Virginia. The second reason is, that there is a cake shop just by some traffic-lights, so however much one may like cakes one must not window-gaze on approaching red lights. If you do, you may well find yourself staring very closely and with a great jolt at the boot of a Mercedes instead; like Sarah did when her cake instinct took possession of her mind. Luckily there was not a scratch on the Mercedes, but once again the poor mini suffered. This time it was a broken spotlight, radiator grill and distributor cap. Araldite works wonders though, and on arrival in Haus, a touch of Araldite, a touch of Richard Berry's genius and into the oven for an hour; the distributor cap was as good as new!

Another place to be wary of in Austria is at Landeck where there is a bridge on a bend, this is made worse by the fact that the Landeckers do not look where they are going. Unfortunately, Sally Ireland was driving along this road on the ice, when she came upon one of these gentlemen in the middle of the road — naturally — this resulted in the major car disaster of the season. Sally tried to avoid him, skidded, and finished up head on in the side of the bridge with three broken teeth and, sad to say, the

death of the car.

Susie MacInnes, in her turn, had the bad luck to get a broken universal joint — or rather her M.G. 1100 did — at midnight in the middle of nowhere. The Italians though, always ready to help two girls in distress, eventually appeared in the form of two men and a truck and towed them to the nearest town where they were able to have the car repaired the next day.

What would you do if you were thirty kilometres from Innsbruck, in a hurry, with a roof-rack that had suddenly lost its screws on one side, and no time to stop at a garage? Well, Sarah decided to put her passenger to good use; so, with the authority that drivers seem to hold over their passengers, she ordered Sally to put her hand out and hold the roof-rack on — Sally has now recovered from frostbite!

We were all put to shame in Berchtesgaden when Charlotte Harrocks had a new Volkswagen sent out to her. It looked so shiny and beautiful against our dirty, sticker-covered cars, that we all had to keep out of her way. Another reason we avoided her was that she had never driven abroad before, so we had no wish to meet her while she was behind the wheel. For about two weeks before this arrival we had been trying to teach her the road-signs, etc., but had somehow got the impression that she had not understood a word we had been talking about! Much to our degradation, Charlotte arrived back in England without a dent in her car, not even one scratch, while the rest of us had cars that looked as if they had done the London-Sydney marathon and back!

Somehow Virginia got back from Granada with no police noticing that her car had four bald tyres, but at the French-Swiss customs the French made her sign a paper saying that she would buy four new tyres in Switzerland. So, feeling very annoyed, she got back to her car, only to find it alarmingly low on the ground and discovered that two tyres were completely flat and in shreds. That struck the customs men as being terribly funny. So, amid roars of laughter, Sarah, Susie and Virginia had to change one of the tyres, while the men did not help at all let alone offer any advice! Anyway, the girls found what they thought was a marvellous garage just inside Switzerland, who put four new tyres on the car very quickly — but unfortunately too quickly. On the way back to England the next day, one of the tyres came off the wheel, which meant Virginia spent an hour looking for it in the French marshes and consequently missed the ferry. Her troubles were solved a few minutes later though, when two lovely Frenchmen drove up and helped her look for the tyre and change the wheel, which made her review her opinions of the Frenchmen and to decide that they were not all as unchivalrous as she had thought they were at the customs the day before.

Fortunately the British 'B' Team have a better sense of "self"-preservation than "car"-preservation, and skis proved a safer form of transport than cars!

## NOTES ON THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL TEAMS

By SUSAN BERRY

(These notes were produced at very short notice and will surely be of interest to many who may like to know in a nut-shell who is doing what in the high-powered world of British Ladies' Ski Racing.—EDITOR.)

THE 'A' or ELITE TEAM for the past season consisted only of Gina Hathorn and Divina Galica. They were sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, managed by Mrs. Maria Goldberger and trained by Jean-Louis Allard. They competed in all the major events in Europe, finishing up with the pre-World Championship trials in which Divina came fifth. She was greatly handicapped during the first part of the season as she injured her wrist and had to race with it in plaster for several weeks. At the end of February both girls went on the American/Canadian circuit and here they did much better, both finishing in the first ten on several occasions.

THE 'B' TEAM consisted of: Charlotte Harrocks, Sally Ireland, Isobel Mabey, Susan MacInnes, Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson, Virginia Sturge and Karin Winkler. Most of these girls raced for the whole season although Sally left in the middle to get married and Karin's racing was necessarily interrupted at times for educational studies. They began training at the beginning of November and then competed in 'B' and some Citadin races until Easter. Some of them went to the pre-World Championship trials to gain experience in these bigger races. They were not sponsored, and, although the trainer was paid by the Federation, they had to pay all their own expenses. They were managed by Mrs. Susan Berry and trained for part of the time by Daniel Sube and later by Jean-Louis Allard after the 'A' Team had gone to the U.S.A.

THE ESPOIR TEAM consisted mostly of younger girls who could not train for the whole season because of school. Most of them trained with their respective clubs at Christmas and then raced in the Junior Championships at Brand, Austria. Those of them who are at school in Switzerland trained and raced part-time with the D.H.O. under the guidance of Mrs Ros Hepworth. They all came together during the Easter holidays when there was an Espoir training in Pra-Loup, France, with Jean-Louis Allard. This took place under the management of Bunny Field who was herself considering making a come-back. Mrs. Goldberger was there for most of the time as well. The team was made up of: Maria Abercromby, Jennifer Adler, Nicola Barlow, Antoinette Betts, Carol Blackwood, Sarah Campbell-Preston, Helen Carmichael, Jane Fowler, Valentina Illiffe, Tina Mabey, Kate Mackenzie and Julia Molyneux.



GIRLS' NATIONAL TRAINING AT PRALOU, FRANCE, EASTER 1969.  
Back (Left to Right) Maria Abercrombie, Julie Molyneux, Mrs. Goldberger,  
Tina Mabey, Antoinette Betts.  
Front (Left to Right) Jennifer Adler, Valentina Illiffe, Carol Blackwood,  
Helen Carmichael, Kate Mackenzie.

Photo by Bunny Field.

THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS for the past season were awarded on the results of the World Cup series and races. These are selected events in the big races in both Europe and America and Canada for which World Cup points are awarded quite separately to F.I.S. points. The winner of the event gets 25 points and it is then graded down as far as the tenth person who gets 1 point. At the end of the season all the points are added up and the person with the most is the winner of the World Cup. Our Championships are awarded to the person with the best placings in this whole series.

Slalom	.	Gina Hathorn.
Giant Slalom	.	Gina Hathorn.
Downhill	.	Divina Galica.
Combined	.	Gina Hathorn.

NATIONAL COLOURS are now being awarded to outstanding racers for their performance during the season. These will normally be awarded in the spring although in special circumstances they can be given during the season. The official ruling says:

"The award of National Colours is not automatic to members of the Olympic, World Championship and 'A' teams, but on recommendations by the Men's and Women's Sub-committees to the Alpine Committee."

This year the award was made to Gina Hathorn and Divina Galica. It entitles them to wear a special badge consisting of a gold lion rampant below the Union Jack. This is in place of the normal badge with the skier below the Union Jack which is worn by the rest of the teams.

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S.C.G.B. SILVER LIONS. The Alpine Committee has recommended that this award should be given to: Sarah Campbell-Preston, Sarah Palmer-Tomkinson, Susan MacInnes and Isobel Mabey. The Ski Club has agreed these recommendations.

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THE WOMEN'S SUB-COMMITTEE controls women's racing and the members are:

Mrs. Maria Goldberger	Mrs. Addy Raeburn.
(Chairman).	Mrs. Elspeth Crossley-Cooke.
Mrs. Helen Tomkinson.	Miss Anna Asheshov.
Mrs. Ros Hepworth.	Mrs. Susan Berry.

This committee is responsible to the Alpine Racing Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Kenneth Dilnott-Cooper, and is represented on this committee by Mrs. Goldberger, Mrs. Tomkinson and Mrs. Berry. The Alpine Committee is responsible for the overall policy of British racing. Mrs. Tomkinson is also the British representative to the Ladies' Downhill/Slalom and the Citadin Committees of F.I.S.

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THE NATIONAL TEAMS FOR 1969-70 will be selected from a list of twenty-eight girls ranging in age from twelve to twenty-four. Naturally it will depend to a certain extent on how much time each girl has to spare from school and other commitments, but as much training as possible will be arranged during the school holidays. The 'A' Team which will compete in the World Championships will be Gina Hathorn, Divina Galica and Bunny Field, who will again be sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*. However, any of the other girls who show exceptional promise during the early part of the season could also be entered.

SUMMER TRAINING has now become absolutely necessary for our top racers if they are to keep on a par with the other countries. The Alpine countries now start training in July and keep going with only a week's rest here and there until the season starts. It is also highly desirable for the other teams, and as many girls as possible are being encouraged to go out to the various training sessions which are available. Fourteen girls went to Val d'Isere during July to train with Duvillard, Lacroix and Perriat. There is also training in Kaprun from July 28th for three weeks and again in either Tignes or Cervinia from August 26th to September 5th.

The D.H.O. and the Kandahar are both running summer training this year in St. Moritz and Kaprun respectively. Fitness training is also vital and this is taking place at Crystal Palace from October 6th-17th under the direction of Monsieur Coulon who is a professional physical training coach. Gina and Divina and Bunny will also be with him for an extra week in September.

Once again there is a great shortage of money to run these teams. The three girls in the 'A' Team are sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph* and this enables them to have the maximum amount of training and racing. However, there is very little money for the other teams and if we are to keep up our standard which the girls have worked so hard to reach, it is absolutely essential that they should train for as long as they can. The 'A' Team are all retiring after the World Championships, and, if the younger girls cannot continue to follow up behind them, we shall not have a team for the next Olympics.

The Federation has recently made drastic cuts in its staff and overhead expenses in order to leave the maximum amount of money possible available for racing, but it is still not enough. The "Brain Drain" has now become an accepted thing in Britain, and, unfortunately, the Americans are also "draining" the top European ski-trainers and we are having to pay them more and more each year to stay with us.

As a Club, the L.S.C. makes its contribution to the Federation, as do all the other member clubs. Indeed, it is a very valuable part of the Federation's funds. However, as individual members, we should be very anxious to see our team do well and any amount of money, however small, which members would like to contribute would be most welcome. If it is sent to the Federation with instructions that it is to go to the Women's Racing fund, you may be certain that it will be spent on the girls and not lost somewhere in the overhead accounts.

ROB TILLARD, who is now Secretary of the Ski Club of Great Britain, has recently published a very informative but concise booklet on Zermatt. The price is 6/- and can be obtained from Rob at: 2 West Eaton Place, S.W.1.

## OTHER CLUBS ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1969-70

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### VILLARS VISITORS SKI CLUB JUNIOR RACE TRAINING

THE JUNIOR TRAINING will be held from Wednesday, 17th December, 1969, to Saturday, 11th January, 1970.

Trainees should be of British Silver Standard and between 10 and 17 years old.

Some trainees can be accommodated in the Chalet Rondinella, but, as the numbers will be limited, please apply early. Additional accommodation can also be obtained in a nearby pension.

It is hoped to send some of the trainees to the British Junior Ski Championships to be held in Scotland from 6th April to 12th April, 1970. The Kandahar Ski Club have kindly agreed to our entries joining their training before the Championships.

Training fees may be paid in Sterling.

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### CHALET RONDINELLA, VILLARS-SUR-OLLON

ETHEL LEVERSON has again taken a flat in this chalet from 15th December, 1969, to 15th March, 1970. Accommodation is limited and is mainly for members of the Villars Visitors Ski Club, but other guests are welcome if there is room.

25 S.F. per day for accommodation, breakfast, packed lunch, tea and dinner.

Please apply to:

MISS LEVERSON,  
Hon. Secretary, Villars Visitors Ski Club,  
232 Cranmer Court,  
Sloan Avenue, London, S.W.3.

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### MARDEN'S CLUB

MARDEN'S CLUB will again be organising Junior and Intermediate Race Training at Davos next winter.

Starting on December 15th, there will be classes for Juniors aged 10 to 15 years, and for those of 16 and over. University people who missed Junior Training are especially welcome in the Intermediate Class, where Marden's training has been particularly successful in producing race winners.

Unaccompanied youngsters are catered for in a private flat.

There will be two races per week, culminating in the East of Switzerland Trials and the Muraigl Cup for school teams early in January.

All applications to MRS. H. R. SPENCE, 11 Wynnstay Gardens, London, W.8.

## THE WHITE HARE SKI CLUB

FOR DETAILS of the Junior Training to be run at Andermatt, during the Christmas holidays, please apply to: MRS. M. T. KING, Firlands, Stourbridge Road, Wombourne, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

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## KANDAHAR SKI CLUB

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### MURREN'S SIXTY SKI-ING SEASONS

AS PART OF THE CELEBRATIONS connected with Murren's sixty ski-ing seasons, the Kandahar Ski Club will organise a special Meeting from 12th - 20th January, 1970.

Reductions for members and for the relations and friends in their parties will be made in the hotels and on the railways and ski-lifts.

Full details will be circulated with the *Kandahar Review*, or are available from the Secretary, Miss P. HUSSEY, High Banks, Coombe Park, Kingston Hill, Surrey.

### KANDAHAR JUNIOR RACE TRAINING

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. The winter training will be in Neustift, Stubai, Tirol, from 18th December, 1969, until 8th January, 1970. Trainees not staying with their parents can be accommodated in a small hotel under the supervision of Kandahar officials. A race programme will be organised during the training period, culminating in the Kandahar Junior Championships January 4th to 7th. Clubs are warmly invited to send teams to compete in the Championships. Group travel at reduced rates will be arranged, leaving London December 16th and returning overnight on January 8th. Parents and other members of the family are welcome to join the travel group. There are still some vacancies in this training for girls and boys aged 11 to 13, who have had at least three seasons' ski-ing, are keen to race and prepared for hard training.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1970. Arrangements are being made to hold a fortnight's training in Glencoe prior to the British Junior Championships for trainees selected for the Kandahar team. There will also be a training in the Alps for new applicants and those not competing in this season's Championships.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS, 1970. A small training for about ten selected trainees will again be arranged in a high altitude ski-resort during the summer holidays.

For further information, please apply to the Secretary, Race Training, MRS. MACKENZIE, Petham Lodge, Petham, Canterbury, Kent. Tel.: Petham 214.

BRITISH SCHOOLGIRLS' RACES will be run at Gstaad in February, 1970.

## THE SKI CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN

TRAINING AND HOLIDAY PARTIES are as follows:

		Ages
Representatives' Course — Davos (Dec. 8th-20th)	£79 10	19-60
Junior Leaders' Course — St. Moritz (Dec. 19th-Jan. 3rd)	£99	16-19
Young Members' Party — Villars (Dec. 26th-Jan. 7th)	£77	14-18
Young Members' Party — Brand (Jan. 2nd-16th)	£75	11-13
Young Members' Party — Les Diablerets (Jan. 3rd-16th)	£74	8-10
Young Members' Party — Saas Fee (Apr. 4th-18th)	£88	12-18

Full details can be obtained from the Secretary, 118 Eaton Square, S.W.1.

### DOWNHILL ONLY SKI CLUB RACING SCHEMES WENGEN, SWITZERLAND

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR, 1969-70. Those selected last Easter will train for three weeks in Wengen. Leave London 16th December, 1969, return London 9th January, 1970.

COGGINS GROUP. Also in the Christmas holidays, the Coggins group offers training to children of D.H.O. members and associate members. Coggins this year should be born between 1957 and 1962 (13-7 years old) and must be with their parents. Apply by letter or on arrival in Wengen contact the Coggins Representative, D.H.O. Office. Telephone (036) 3.46.17. Parents and children wishing to travel with the Club group should write at once to the address below.

EASTER, 1970. Two weeks' training and racing in Wengen. Those competing in the British Junior Championships will then travel to Scotland. Dates: Leave London March 19th, return April 3rd. Cost: Training, travel, accommodation and ski-lifts, approximately £79. (Parents can also get special rates for travel.)

N.B. These training schemes are for girls and boys in equal numbers. All those selected can apply to the Club for extra currency to cover their training and equipment.

SKI-STUDY COURSE. January-March 1970. For girls aged 14-17. This course now in its third year, can be a stepping-stone to the British Women's Team. It combines race training and a weekly regional race with serious study designed to maintain the racer's school syllabus, while living under experienced supervision in an Alpine chalet. French, German, typing and shorthand are specialities.

Write or 'phone: D.H.O. Hon. Racing Secretary, 49 Caversham Street, London, S.W.3. FLAXman 6372.

SUMMER TRAINING CAMP, 1970. From second week in August for two, or possibly three weeks, at St. Moritz-Corvatsch. Technique and slalom training on the glacier, gymnastics, swimming, climbing, running. Experienced racers only.

## MEMBERS' NEWS

JEAN MARTIN, who with her husband Jim are well-known personalities at St. Anton and Gstaad, gave winter sports a miss last season. Currency restrictions wouldn't allow them to ski and to visit their half-built house in Portugal, so they decided to go and encourage the builders who, it would appear, take every bit as much encouraging as their counterpart in this country.

FRANCES MACROBERT and JOYCE FRANCIS were also non-skiers last winter. They had a wonderful trip round the world instead and when in Australia were lucky enough to stay with CHERRY JACKAMAN and her husband in their lovely home at Minto, thirty miles from Sydney. They also saw an ex-L.S.C. member, Jill Collier (Fitzgerald), a New Zealander who raced in Europe before her marriage. Jill and her English husband are apple farming near Nelson. They ski every winter near Queenstown.

SONIA COCHRAN-PATRICK and her husband Neil took the youngest of their eight children on his first ski-ing expedition which was a great success. They stayed at PHYLLIS SCOTT's lovely chalet-hotel at Rossiniere.

TED CHAMIER has just taken 'O'-level Spanish — good luck, Ted.

SOS ROE had the misfortune to break her achilles tendon before the season started. Although ski-ing was not possible at all — nothing daunted, she appeared in February to run the Gstaad races and luckily now seems to be fully recovered.

ELIZABETH GREENACRE and RODDIE WARREN-PEARL are going to the Himalayas in October to climb to the base-camp of Everest (18,000 ft.). Thomas Cook organise the trip and Eric Shipton and Bill Murray will be the leaders of two groups of 25 people in each. It sounds very exciting and we look forward to hearing how it all goes.

ROSEMARY TENNANT and Steve always give a wonderful welcome to all their ski-ing friends who drop in on them at their home in Somerset.

JEANNETTE RIDDELL and Jimmy went on two ski-ing holidays — one before Christmas when they were the guests of the Swiss when they took part in the Skischulleiterskurs at Arosa. Jeannette suggests that as the event is annual and open to all-comers at vastly reduced prices, L.S.C. members might like to take advantage of having an excellent holiday in very good international company and improving their ski technique at the same time. (Sounds a good idea to me—EDITOR.) Their second holiday was in March when they visited Mürren to see Sir Arnold Lunn who was, fortunately, so much fitter again after all his recent illness. They then went to Zermatt via the Goppenstein rail tunnel, where apparently you sit in your car but going backwards on the train which gives a funny sensation. The man "behind but ahead" of them read his paper

to his own light — and when he finished everything was total darkness — very odd! After wonderful ski-ing in Zermatt they went swimming at Leukerbad in hot-spring water. Their hotel pool was huge and all glassed in, but a lot of the pools are outdoor and everybody swims around in a cloud of steam as though the sun was shining; in fact, there is probably a snowstorm on, which makes it all seem fantastic!

BERYL SPENCE is flying out to Australia in November to her son Christopher's wedding.

Since going to print the following have announced their engagements and we would like to wish them all great happiness for their future

MARION SPENCE to Mr. Freddie Cumming,  
 BELINDA CORYTON to Commander Christopher Burne, R.N.  
 and  
 DI. TOMKINSON to Mr. D. R. Lewthwaite.

ELIZABETH GREENACRE says, after taking her six-year-old son ski-ing: HENKE BOOTS. Clip-boots thoroughly recommended for children and well worth the price (£8). No child can get in and out of a lace-boot satisfactorily but he can easily manage clips on his own. (Hon. Editor, who is used to taking 40, admittedly slightly older children ski-ing can only add "Couldn't agree more!")

## RESULTS OF BRITISH SCHOOLGIRLS' SLALOM RACES held at Gstaad, February 1969

ATALANTA	<i>Combined Times</i>	<i>School</i>
1. Linda Ballantyne	80.4	Ecole International
2. Shelley King	84.4	Montesano
3. Carol Blackwood	85.4	Tah Dorf
4. Antoinette Betts	86.0	Tah Dorf

LILLYWHITE'S CUP (for under 15's)		
1. Maria Abercromby	78.2	Chatelard
2. Morna Ballantyne	82.2	Ecole International
3. Priscilla Lancaster	101.4	Chatelard

Bill Worthy, Chairman of the Kandahar, came over from Mürren for the races, and his wife Eileen, who is an L.S.C. member, very kindly gave away the prizes. A champagne party followed at Janey Reid's new swimming-pool at Saanenmoser.

## LADIES' SKI CLUB, 1968-69

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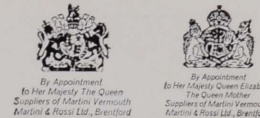
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