



LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

1974

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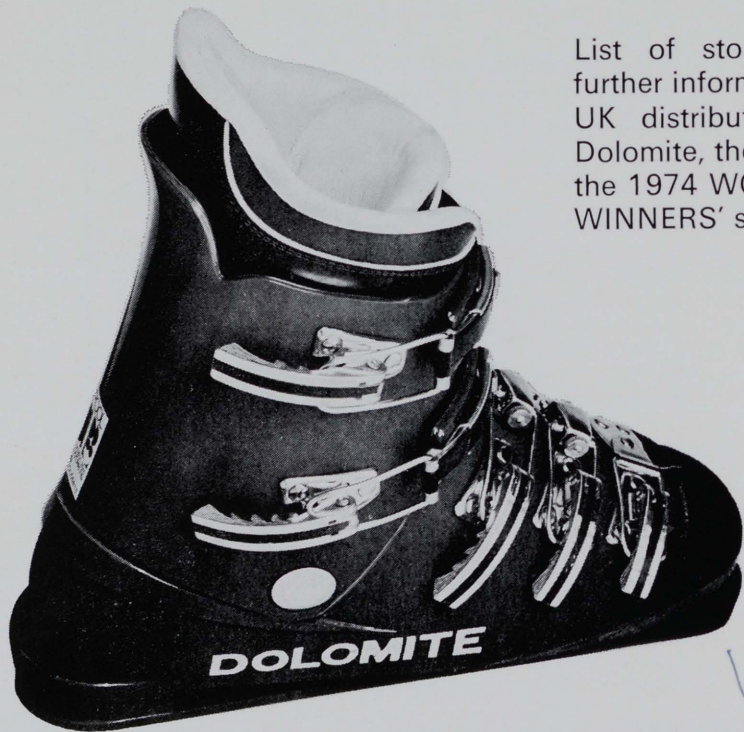
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THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

1974

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

OUR CONGRATULATIONS must first go to the Kandahar Ski Club on their 50th Anniversary, celebrated in January at Mürren. This is reported fully elsewhere in the *Bulletin*.

Theresa Wallis at the age of 16 became the new British Ladies' Champion and also the recipient of the LSC Scholarship of £300. We were very pleased that she was chosen to represent Great Britain at the World Championships in St. Moritz. The Olympics at Innsbruck are her next aim and I wish her every possible success.

In October, the LSC takes over the Chairmanship of the Electoral College. This is a Committee of the Racing Clubs with direct representation on the Alpine Racing Committee. We are fortunate that Elizabeth Hussey has very kindly agreed to be the Chairman on behalf of the LSC. She is eminently well qualified for this position having been actively involved in the organisation of many international races, including the new parallel slalom. She is the editor of *Ski Survey*, having been the assistant editor for many years. Elizabeth will be a marvellous Chairman and I am very grateful to her for taking over this onerous task. Ali Riddell has very kindly said she will be the Secretary to the Committee, which involves a lot of work and time, and I would also like to thank her very much.

The Ski Kit Mart made a record sum of £348.00. Once again the same faithful band of supporters came to help. Without them the Ski Kit Mart would be impossible to even contemplate, let alone run. Some like Nancy Smith, Pat Farquharson, Miss O'Rourke and Pauline Sitwell-Stebbing, having been doing it longer than anyone can remember and everyone's thanks should be heard loud and clear. This year was the first time we had sold clothes on a commission basis and this obviously proved to be a great success. We will be repeating this on November 6th, no article being accepted for sale unless worth £3. Joan Sturges has very kindly said she will run a Tombola in connection with the Ski Kit Mart, and in this way we hope to raise even more money. We would appreciate as much help as people are able to give. This is our only fund-raising event of the year, and if we could have 20 helpers the load would be considerably spread. It is even quite fun helping as one sees lots of friends.

Joan Raynsford, even though retired from the Presidency of the LSC has been of the greatest help to us all. How she manages

it with her duties of Chairmanship of the SCGB and the Conservatives, I shall never know, but I would like to thank her most sincerely for all she has done for me and for the Club.

Again my grateful thanks to the Hon. Secretary and the Hon. Treasurer who both, in spite of having babies, managed somehow to produce everything so efficiently. Also my thanks go to the Hon. Editor and the Hon. Advertising Secretary who do so much hard work in producing the *Bulletin*.

CLUB NOTICES and NEWS

THE DIARY OF EVENTS for next year is as follows:

16th October, 1974,	at 5.30 p.m.	Annual General Meeting of the Ski Club, 118 Eaton Square, London SW1.
	at 6.30 p.m.	Cocktail Party.
6th November	at 5.00 p.m.	Ski Kit Mart at the Ski Club.
16th November	at 2.00 p.m.	Grand Jumble Sale at St Gabriel's, Warwick Square, London SW1.
29th December		Ladies' Ski Club Salver at Wengen.
February 1975		Ladies' Ski Club Junior Cup (with Schoolgirls' races).
20th May, 1975,	at 12.30 p.m.	Garden Lunch Party at 49 Ranelagh Grove, London SW1.

SKI KIT MART. Last year £348 was raised. This year again special emphasis is to be on children's clothing, which will again be sold on commission. People who have clothes they wish to leave for the mart can contact Mrs Di Lewthwaite who has very kindly agreed to store the clothes prior to the Mart. Please make sure they are labelled clearly if they are to be sold on commission.

Mrs Joan Sturges has very kindly agreed to run a TOMBOLA at the Ski Kit Mart this year, so please do contact her if you have any prizes, etc., for the Tombola.

GARDEN LUNCH PARTY. This is to be an informal buffet lunch at 49 Ranelagh Grove, SW1, on 20th May, 1975. As numbers will unfortunately have to be restricted to 50 this year, only members will be able to come. If you wish to go please contact the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs J. C d'E. Coke. Tickets £2.00 each.

GRAND JUMBLE SALE. This is to raise much needed money for the Ladies' Ski Team. It is hoped that at least 400 boxes of jumble will be forthcoming, so please do help by turning out your attics and lumber rooms. If you do have any jumble please contact

Mrs R. Hepworth, 49 Caversham Street, London SW3, who has very kindly agreed to store the jumble. (Please no jumble at the Ski Kit Mart or vice versa!)

Members will be interested to hear that Theresa Wallis, who received a Ladies' Ski Club scholarship last season, did extremely well last year by winning the Women's Championship as well as coming 14th in the World Cup Combined at St Moritz; a really outstanding effort for a first season's racing at international level.

Our good wishes to the following members who were married during the year:

Miss S. P. PENNEFATHER (Mrs S. R. Walford).
Mrs SHEARING (Mrs Hanlin).
Miss F. S. CAMPBELL of Strachur (Mrs R. J. Cleeve).
Miss S. CLAYTON (Mrs Howard).
Miss S. MACINNES (Mrs B. Scott).

* * *

Our congratulations to the following members who have had babies recently:

Mrs BIRTS.
The Hon. Mrs R. E. G. YOUNGER.
Mrs R. TOPHAM.
Mrs JILL COKE.
Mrs B. SCOTT.

* * *

We warmly welcome the following new members to the Club:

Miss S. RICHARDS.
Miss J. M. STEVENS.
Mrs S. EDMONDS.
Miss P. A. BOYAGIS.

* * *

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB BADGE. The price of the new LSC badge is £1.25. These can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs J. C. d'E. Coke.

Douglas Cox, Tyrie are offering members of the LSC insurance at the same rates as they offer to members of the SCGB. The Ladies' Ski Club benefits when members use this insurance, so please do use the enclosed form. Douglas Cox, Tyrie are well known for their straightforwardness in settling claims. Members can be sure that there are no extras hidden away in the small print of their policies.

HON. TREASURER'S REPORT

THERE IS AN EXCESS of expenditure over income this year due mainly to the much larger donations made towards racing — the British Ladies' Team £400.00, and the Atalanta Schoolgirls' Races £164.00. As we did not allocate the profits from the Ski Kit Mart last year, we were able to combine them with this year's to produce this money. The new subscription rates effective from November 1st next will, of course, bring in increased revenue and it is intended this deficit will not occur in future.

To date (11th August, 1974), the response to the rise in subscriptions has brought 200 renewals, 38 resignations and 52 members who have not replied.

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

WITH THE DEATH OF ARNOLD a whole era of ski-racing has passed. We (now very few) original members of the Ladies' Ski Club called him our "father" as the only male member of the Club, which he founded. Our very first international race was held in Mürren against a side from Grindelwald, which led to the foundation of the SDS which became a most formidable opponent.

With Doreen and Wendy we, at that time, swept the board. Doreen won the Swiss Ladies' Championship and Wendy the Kandahar, finishing through the winning posts on one ski.

Indeed, the Ladies' Ski Club owes everything to Arnold — his foundation of the Club and his constant encouragement. In those days the qualifications for membership were the 2nd class SCGB test plus a glacier tour, but as regards ski-ing politics our influence was that of a Grey Eminence — subject, of course, to Arnold.

Thank you, Arnold; you will be sadly missed.

GRETA RAEBURN

* * *

As Captain of the Ladies' Team in 1939, I held "Arnie", who went with us to Zakopane as our Manager, in great respect.

At the start of the journey, it was made quite clear that I was in charge of tickets, luggage, Arnie himself and, of course, the teams. To my horror, Arnie lost himself in Vienna changing trains, together with all his personal luggage, including his treasured rucksack. It was then apparent to me that Arnie was not reliable in mundane matters, but a tower of strength in all things requiring argument and in matters of controversy, and one knew that whatever theory or idea Arnie had, however revolutionary, it always had a germ of good sense and reasoning and must therefore be listened to.

It has been a great privilege to work with Arnie and to have known him as a friend for so many years, knowing that his fame and genius will be remembered.

HELEN TOMKINSON

* * *

It is not often one has the privilege of meeting someone who has become a legend in their lifetime. "Arnie", our Sinister Father, was indeed this legend. One constantly heard tales of his hair-raising exploits not only on skis and in the mountains, but also round the conference tables, when he considered that integrity and justice were at stake. His wonderful sense of humour and wit never failed him, and his after-dinner speeches never ceased to be apt and entertaining. Everyone recognised his adherence to his faith, nevertheless it would have tickled his sense of humour to have seen the large number of "heretics" who were at his memorial service in Westminster Cathedral, conducted by Cardinal Heenan.

It seems very fitting that one of the last occasions which Arnie attended was the luncheon given by the Ladies' Ski Club at the House of Lords in May this year. Members who were present will be happy to remember him as he was then, in good health and spirits. Those of us who are the younger generation of skiers and racers will always remember with gratitude how much we owe to him and our thoughts are often with Lady Lunn, who, although not a skier, has never failed to understand our problems and point of view.

LADIES' SKI CLUB LUNCHEON PARTY

ELIZABETH GREENACRE

BY KIND INVITATION of Lord Wakefield of Kendal a Buffet Lunch was held in May in the Cholmondeley Room, House of Lords.

There was ample room to move around, meeting friends while having a drink on arrival. Subsequently there were enough chairs at small tables so that everyone could enjoy the excellent lunch in comfort.

Di welcomed the members and guests and said how especially nice it was that Sir Arnold and Lady Lunn and Lord and Lady Wakefield were able to be with us. We were also delighted to number among the guests Jimmy Riddell and Johnny Coke. Members came from far and wide, including Frances McDermott and her sister Margaret who were over from Australia.

Di then introduced "Arnie" who made a very amusing speech.

The party was voted a great success, and our very sincere thanks go to Joan, Di and Jilly Coke who did all the hard work to make it so.

OH, KANDAHAR! OH, MÜRREN!

ELIZABETH GREENACRE

THERE WAS A GOOD TURN-OUT of the Kandahar's elder sisters at the Jubilee celebrations in Mürren during the last week in January. Over one hundred "K's" arrived from, virtually speaking, all over the world to this very special village to take part in and enjoy a week memorable for its ski-ing, drinking, laughter and friendships.

The week started on the Sunday with the Inferno, in which three "K"/LSC members took part. The rest of us cheered them on from the Hog's Back. The President welcomed us all at a very good party held in the Eiger that evening, and invited us to join in an unbelievable programme of races, parties and get-togethers.

There were races of every variety and originality. Grahame Burke's beautifully prepared Point-to-Point was a great success, and we had enormous fun roaring round the slopes of the Shiltgrat and Maulerhübel, gaining points when we found the appropriate bump, gully or corner.

On another afternoon our Sinister Father came up to the Maulerhübel to see a vast number of "K's" take part in his Alpine Figures Race. This unseen slalom, which went both uphill and down with some very tight turns, proved to be quite a challenge to one and all.

The most amusing race for both spectators and participants alike must have been the Roped Race, in which some twenty pairs started simultaneously to battle down the Maulerhübel. Edward Hampton and I were bowling happily along until suddenly — Crash — we were parterre. At this moment error turned to terror when we looked up and saw the respected Hon. Secretary of the Kandahar with partner Sarah Richards descending fast towards us, their rope stretched like a washing-line taut across the hill at exactly our neck level. Perhaps Phillipa was determined to do in any LSC member who chanced to cross her path. I shall never know, but it was only very quick evasive action that saved the day, and undecapitated we skied on.

The Shilthorn Bahn very kindly gave a free trip up the Shilthorn and laid on a perfect, cloudless day into the bargain. We had lunch and a great deal to drink while revolving gently at Piz Gloria, and, I am glad to say, a much better ski down than the LSC Safari of the previous year.

And so the week moved on. Through many a party, through George König nobly photographing the entire party for the record, to Johnny Jay's hilarious filmshow of ski-ing in Australia, New Zealand and Canada. The climax of all these festivities was the Jubilee Dinner and Dance at the Palace. Even more "K's" arrived for this evening and many guests were present to hear all the tributes and speeches of congratulations to "Arnie" and the Kandahar. It was truly a wonderful evening.

Only too soon the week was over, surely to be recalled as

"That Was The Week That Was". Our thanks and congratulations go to the Kandahar and to everyone who worked so hard to make it such a super success.

BRITISH SCHOOLGIRLS' INVITATION RACES AT SAANENMÖSER, 1974

SANDRA PENNEFATHER

Officials: E. F. Hampton, H. W. Sturgess (Referees).
Elizabeth Fulton, Jane Reid, Isobel Roe, Karen de Pret-Roose,
Sandra Pennefather.

Assisted by: Joan Sturges, The Rev. R. Thompson, Susan Newall, Tessa Brocklebank.

THIS YEAR WE WERE fortunate to have good conditions for all the races, most of which were held on the Hornberg. All of them went very well and were greatly enjoyed by both competitors and organisers.

For the first time pupils raced for the Ladies' Ski Club Cup for "Moyen" Standard. This race is open to those who have neither won a cup nor finished in the first three places in a schools' competition, and so encourages those with less racing experience.

The course set was of Silver Slalom standard and there were 15 competitors. Following its initial success it is hoped that this will now become a regular part of the schoolgirl races.

As well as many pupils becoming new members of the SCGB, several completed the timed section of the SCGB bronze and silver tests which were held in conjunction with the races.

Mrs de Pret-Roose kindly came to present the cups and prizes, and Theresa Wallis, who has done so well this season, must be congratulated on winning both the Viper and Atalanta cups.

We are extremely grateful to Janey Reid whose chalet, once again, became the home and headquarters of the organising committee for the week. Our thanks, too, to Herr Wehner, of the Sport Hotel, whose co-operation and support were indeed appreciated; and to Herr Valentin and his staff at the Verkehrsverein, Gstaad, who helped so much with the results.

Results

Atalanta Cup	Theresa Wallis
Lillywhites' Cup	Lucille Childs
LSC Cup	Louise Blum
Viper Cup	Theresa Wallis
Second-Year Cup	Angela Foyle
Novices' Cup	Rose Cecil

THE ST. MORITZ WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS 1974

THERESA WALLIS

THE WINTER OF 1974 will not be remembered by skiers, or by anybody else for that matter, for it's reliable weather, and the St Moritz World Championship weather nearly turned out to be a disaster.

Nevertheless, the organisers and the weathermen somehow managed to arrange and re-arrange the race schedules around frequent and usually untimely snowfalls. I feel that we owe the Swiss Army thanks for doing such a good job on the pistes. They were responsible for preparing the race courses for all the training runs and for the actual races.

The whole thing began for us with our trainer, Rūdi Bär, driving us from Zürich to St Moritz in the famous DHO bus — and we managed to fit an awful lot in it: Valentina Iliffe, Jane Allison, Caroline Buchanan-Jardine, myself, and, of course, our manager Maria Goldberger, this time "sans baggage"! Add to this Emma Smith and Carol Gadsden, both from the Australian team, about thirty pairs of skis and ski equipment, two walkie talkies, and mountains of luggage each and you get the picture.

We started training early the next day at Diavolezza, concentrating on special slalom, a discipline that we may have neglected a bit in the previous weeks of training. I personally was slightly affected by the altitude at first, but this got better as time went on. Rūdi made us train on the same slalom course several times to get used to the deep ruts that he expected in the races. Every afternoon Rūdi called us together for a hard fitness training session, Jane Allison concentrating on slalom exercises, and the rest of us on mainly downhill exercises. A day or so later, the official downhill training was supposed to begin, but, more often than not, the training was cancelled due to zero visibility, severe winds, and everybody had to take shelter in the refuge at the top. However, in the end we managed to fit in our training runs.

The Giant Slalom, our first race, opened by Gina Hathorn, was put forward to February 3rd instead of the Men's Downhill, due to the foggy weather and poor snow conditions. Valentina was unlucky to be given one of the last start numbers of her group which meant that there were lots of ruts on the course when she raced it. Fortunately for me, my start number was the second in my group. The visibility was such that one could not judge the size of the ruts, and this, of course, made everything rather difficult — specially for the later numbers. Many of those who attacked the course too hard either fell or ran out of the course, as did all the Swiss girls. The race was won by Fabienne Serrat (France) and Traudl Treichl second. Our results were: Valentina 30th, Jane 45th, and myself 35th. There were about sixty competitors in the race.

Divina Galica opened the Downhill, and once again the weather was not too good, and the possibility of sudden fog was always present. The course seemed quite fast to me, but apparently, according to the more experienced racers, it was not nearly as fast as it was known to be. Annemarie Möser-Pröll (Austria) won, Betsy Clifford (Canada) was second, with Wiltrud Drexel (Austria) third. Valentina did very well to come 22nd, and Caroline and I managed 43rd and 42nd respectively.

The weather for the Slalom, on the other hand, was perfect and the snow was very hard and icy, thanks to the soldiers who had started work at the crack of dawn to shovel off the soft snow on the course, thus preventing ruts from forming. Christa Lechmeister (Germany) who was the favourite, unfortunately caught a tip and fell about half-way down, as did some other top racers. Hanni Wenzel (Liechtenstein) won with fantastic runs, followed by Michele Jacot (France) and Lise-Marie Morerod (Switzerland). Out of sixty competitors, Valentina came 23rd, I was 38th, but Jane unluckily caught a tip and fell about half-way down.

In the Combined, Valentina was 8th and I was 14th.

Now that our races were over we could relax and watch the men's races. The Downhill was very exciting and the British men did extremely well with Konrad Bartelski 15th and Peter Fuchs 19th. David Zwilling (Austria) won ahead of Franz Klammer also of Austria. Roland Collombin, the Swiss favourite, unfortunately fell.

The World Championships opened officially on Saturday, 2nd February, and ended on February 10th. At the opening ceremony, which was very spectacular in spite of falling snow, each team marched into the arena in alphabetical order. The British team was led by Divina Galica.

We all stayed at the Hotel Laudinella, St Moritz-Bad. We were comfortable, though I think we could have eaten better. And we were isolated. All of us were very grateful to Helen Tomkinson who invited the Men's team and the Women's team to tea at the Kulm Hotel. We enjoyed this very much.

It must be mentioned that none of us could have raced without generous financial support covering our training. For this I am particularly grateful to the Club for paying my training fees, and I would like to take this opportunity of saying a big "thank you" to all for enabling me to compete.

FILMING IN CRANS MONTANA

GINA HATHORN

SITTING IN THE COMFORT of one's home watching the box, nobody realises the work, organisation and effort that go into the make up of a TV programme, and I think Yorkshire TV were very brave and enterprising to tackle thirteen half-hour programmes on the A-Z of ski-ing.

I set off for Crans Montana with absolutely no idea of what was in store for me, as the presenter of the series. Looking back it was a fantastic experience and great fun, as one always tends to forget the less glamorous parts . . . luckily, as there were moments of frustration and masses of problems to overcome.

In addition to the producer, director, P.A. and myself, the "crew" consisted of two cameramen, two sound men, an electrician and a "grips", the man who trundles all the equipment around and moves the camera, as according to union rules the cameraman can only film, not carry! The problems started from the very beginning as none of them could ski! so everyone, plus all the equipment, had to be transported everywhere by snowcat. I could always hear them coming judging by the squeals of horror issuing forth, as the snowcat driver took great delight in steering them up and down the steepest and bumpiest slopes. . . . I tried it once and it was quite an experience.

Our day began at 8.30 and went on until the light left us at about five, by which time I was always exhausted. Of course, there was a break for lunch, and I'll never forget one day when it had been freezing cold and we seemed to have done even more standing around than usual. . . . I'm afraid my patience ran out and I felt the only way to improve my humour was to down several glasses of red wine! I thought there was no problem as I wasn't scheduled to do any "shooting" that afternoon, but as luck would have it. . . . the sun came out and the director came up and said that we would film my opening of programme five, which entailed my ski-ing up to the camera and saying a few well chosen words! As you can imagine, the effects of the wine plus all the crew rolling around with laughter at me, meant we didn't manage to achieve much filming.

It's the kind of job that really does demand an enormous amount of patience, as there is no end of standing around while they change the film, wait for the sun to come out, the people to go away or the never-ending stream of airplanes to fly over. The whole art of good filming is to take each shot from as many different angles as possible, and this is, of course, time consuming as the camera has to be moved, and usually in three feet of deep snow.

To record the sound I had a "radio mike" pinned under my anorak, which led to one or two amusing comments from the sound man, as, of course, he could pick up everything I was saying

from miles away. As his French was less than non-existent I managed to get around that little problem!

It was most frustrating as we were totally dependent on the weather . . . it was impossible to film at all when it was snowing and almost useless when we had those grey overcast days, as there wasn't enough light. There were several times when we sat in our hotel looking out at the lovely snow pouring down, usually a very welcome sight, but in our case, after a whole week had gone by without a single inch of film being taken and a tight schedule to stick to, we began to feel desperate and didn't think we would ever finish the series.

There are eight programmes on actual teaching by which stage you should be an expert skier, if not on snow you'll certainly know how to do avalement on a bump between the sofa and the telly! We also have one programme on cross-country ski-ing, when the boot was on the other foot and I was the beginner . . . not very funny at the time. They were determined that I should wear the right kit, and was duly decked out in knickers and lovely yellow socks. . . . I must admit I felt an absolute idiot, especially as I was at the back of the class and therefore the cameraman was filming "my posterior" langlaufing into the distance most of the time! There are also programmes on racing, ski-touring, powder-snow ski-ing and an avalanche rescue. In fact every aspect of ski-ing and all through the programmes we've tried to show what fun a winter holiday can be, and that to learn is not all that difficult.

I now wait in trepidation until September, when the series first comes on the air. . . . to hear all the rude comments from my "friends"!

THE LOWLANDERS' CHAMPIONSHIPS

at Val d'Isère, 9th-12th January, 1974

JOAN RAYNSFORD

THE BRITISH ALPINE SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS were held at Val d'Isère immediately preceding the Lowlanders' Championships and on the same Downhill course. The British Teams, therefore, had more opportunity than they have had for some years to practice and to know the Lowlanders' course. Theresa Wallis, the new British Ladies' Champion, Maria Abercromby who finished second, and Caroline Buchanan-Jardine, made a strong team to defend the title which the British Team won in Val d'Isère last year, having broken a three-year monopoly by the Dutch.

Maria Abercromby was the only surviving member of the 1973 team and had even less time than usual for training because she had been working for exams. The other two British entries for

the Lowlanders' races were Caroline Williams who came third in the National Championships' Slalom and Carolan Geekie having her first experience of ski-racing on the Continent which must have been quite a contrast to her more usual activity of riding in horse trials in which she has been particularly successful.

The racing started with the Slalom which had not been planned, but the weather was too bad for the Downhill Non-stop. After this decision had been taken however, the weather changed, the sun came out and the race was run in perfect visibility although it was bitterly cold. Linda Esser of Holland, showing the full advantage obtained from her full-time team training and high-class racing programme, skied in her usual superb style to win the Slalom most impressively, followed by Theresa Wallis and Maria Abercromby who were second and third. Caroline Buchanan-Jardine did well to come sixth. Incidentally, Linda Esser beat all the Duch men as well as the women in their National Slalom Championship earlier in the week. However, Linda had to leave after the Slalom to compete in a European Cup Race in Oberstaufen and could not take part in the Downhill. This left the position wide open for the members of the British Team.

Training runs for the Downhill and the Non-stop run, itself, were spoiled by very poor weather conditions, which would have been most unpleasant to race in. Fortunately, these bad training conditions turned to ideal conditions for the Race itself and the state of the course was a real tribute to those who had worked so hard to perfect it, as they always do in Val d'Isère. The Downhill was a real triumph for Caroline Buchanan-Jardine who won by nine-hundredths of a second from Theresa Wallis, and Maria Abercromby was third. The British Team thus took the first three places in the Downhill, and for the second successive year they won the Combined. With this splendid win they received the coveted and elegant Silver Salvers, most generously presented by the *Daily Telegraph* to the winning Lowlanders' Teams for the past seven years. The Belgian Team was second, followed by Holland and then Denmark. Congratulations to the British Team for consolidating last year's victory and for celebrating Great Britain's turn to organise the Championships by winning in such splendid style.

Finally, I would like to pay tribute to Sir Arnold Lunn who died in early June and who was responsible for initiating the Lowlanders' Races. It was his idea that there should be an international ski-racing week for the Lowland countries and that teams from Belgium, Denmark, Holland and Great Britain should meet each other, compete with each other and make friends through ski-ing. His hopes have been fully realised in the truly amateur spirit and great friendliness of the Lowlanders' Championships.

ARGENTIERE

DI LEWTHWAITE

I AM OFTEN ASKED where I like to ski and this has up to now produced a somewhat hesitant reply as I have never been quite sure. I think I know the answer now, however. It is Argentiere, situated in the Chamonix valley and the ski-ing taking place from the Lognon ski-lift. The ski-ing on this mountain is really marvellous. High, steep, wide open and long. Powder snow all winter, due to the north-facing slopes, lovely spring snow in the spring. Marvellous restaurants in the village and a very small, friendly unspoilt village.

One also has the advantage of breathtaking views of the Mont Blanc and the Aiguille du Midi, and the advantage of being able to ski anywhere one likes down the Chamonix valley, using the same abonnement as at Lognon. For the beginners and medium skiers, a ten-minute bus ride takes one to La Tour which is eminently suitable for these standards.

I think this place is super and I hope to go there again.

LÖTSCHENTAL

SONIA COPELAND

HOW DELIGHTED I WAS when Di asked me to join her in the Lötschental again. Ever since I first saw the valley in the 1950's my mind has wandered back there. It has a distinct charm of its own, being more cut off than some valleys in Switzerland until comparatively recently. Helen Tomkinson's flat at Fischbiel commands the most superb view towards the Lötschenlucke in one direction and the tops of the mountains bordering the Rhone valley in the other. It's about the only place I know where I can just sit and gaze and do nothing!

Driving down the Rhone valley in the "Supertravel" bus both Di and I realised we would never arrive in time to catch the last cable-car, which would cause problems with the two Lewthwaite babies. However, luckily a special one was put on, and after a short ride in a snow-cat and a tricky walk we "made it". There had been a tremendous fall of snow the day before, no path was visible and it was very dark, and we both wondered if we shouldn't have stayed the night in the valley!

The area is being developed gradually into a ski-resort. Some lifts are already in operation and others are planned. At the moment there are little or no queues, but as it's easily accessible from both Zürich and Geneva that probably won't be so for long.

The Swiss Ladies' Championships were to be held in the middle

of February on the Lachenalp and Di was asked to be the vorlaufer for the Giant Slalom, a job I hear she carried out with distinction. Sadly I had to leave before the races and spent one night in the hotel in Wiler where I had a happy evening with Maria Goldburger, Jane Allison and Caroline Buchanan-Jardine who were there for the Championships.

KANDAHAR-MARTINI — SESTRIERE

19th-20th January, 1974

ELISABETH HUSSEY

WHEN I WAS ASKED to write about the Kandahar-Martini again for the *Bulletin* I was doubtful — why should the LSC be interested? But I was quickly told that most of the organising team could just as well be wearing the long pale blue LSC badge as their silver, gold and diamond 'Ks'. Those like Bill Worthy, Peter Clarke and Edward Hampton who could not pass the sex test are closely linked to the Ladies' Ski Club — Bill through his wife Eileen; Peter as unofficial Berg (bird?) führer at LSC Jubilee celebrations; and Edward as yearly helper in running the Atalanta Ski Races and LSC Cup. The organising team was very much as last year, with Helen Tomkinson in charge; Jane Young as Race Secretary; Kay Murray to deal with accommodation; Tess Brocklebank, Helen Hill of Martini, Libby White (now PA to the new SCGB Secretary) and myself to help in the office; and a new member, Janet Thomas, who proved invaluable as an interpreter into what seemed like every known language, even Serbo-Croat.

Accommodation was a problem this year, as one of the hotels booked for the racers remained determinedly shuttered the whole time we were in Sestriere and was apparently converting itself into studio flats. This meant putting the racers into more expensive hotels and finding beds further and further from Sestriere as the numbers increased. Even the organising team, whose rooms had been booked for months, had some problems fitting beds into broom-cupboards and standing their ski-boots on soap saucers overnight (when they were lucky enough to have basins in their rooms).

Another complication this year was that fuel shortage had caused the Italians to ban Sunday driving. Racers in the Kandahar-Martini are real citadins and many drive back to their offices (as far away as Klagenfurt or Munich) immediately after prizegiving on Sunday afternoon. Some solution had to be found. Rather neatly it was arranged that racers could leave their cars at Montgenevre on the French border only 12 kilometres away, and

be taken to them in a bus (allowed to travel as a public service vehicle). But it all meant a bit more organisation.

Most of the competitors arrived, as usual, on Thursday and Friday. Entries came from 13 countries and this year included a team from Iceland (one of whom was to come 5th in the Slalom), and a well-organised group from the United States, sampling the European citadin racing for the first time. On Friday evening the Managers' Meeting and Draw took place. It turned out to be a near riot in English, French, Italian and German, which proved the need for some sort of points system to seed the racers into groups.

Next day, Saturday, the Giant Slalom for the Duke and Duchess of Kent Cups was held in sunny, warm weather. Andrea Frascini was the popular local winner of the Men's Event and Micaela Schaffner of Austria won the Duchess of Kent Cup after Nelly Streule of Switzerland was disqualified for missing a gate.

The Infante Alfonso and Elsa Roth Town Teams' races are great fun. The racers put their names down for various towns and their times are taken from the Giant Slalom results. Invariably someone has to check the entry lists before the race, as the same names appear in several teams — good racers being entered by enthusiastic would-be teammates — and a good deal of sorting out has to be done. Winning towns this year were Pau, Milan and Edinburgh for the Elsa Roth, and Wesserling Milan and Biel for the Infante.

The fine, warm weather stayed for the Alpine Ski Trophy and Lady Mabel Lunn slaloms the next day. All went well until a tree root mysteriously appeared in the middle of the homologated course. Quite how it got there could never be explained — even in Italian with many gestures of despair. Some prompt work with a shovel disposed of it, but not before considerable disruption was caused to the race. However, it finished after long delay, and in the evening the Jury decided unanimously to accept the printed results. These gave Frascini first place — and also the Combined for the Martini International Club Trophy. The girls' race went off without incident, being won by Daniele Marancy of France who just beat Patrizia Ravelli of Italy, winner two years ago. Micaela Schaffner's third place was sufficient to make her winner of the Combined event for girls.

Unhappily British racers did not do very well in either event. Jane Allison came 6th in the Giant Slalom, 4th in the Slalom and in the Combined. Alan Lobozzo was the highest placed British man with 40th in the Giant Slalom, 30th in the Slalom and 21st in the Combined. It is disappointing that British racers do no better in what is acknowledged to be the best of the Citadin races.

The Kandahar always gets a tremendous amount of support from Martini, and this is particularly true when the event takes place in Italy. John Covernton and his wife, Una, came to present the prizes; and Signor Fara of Martini, Turin, worked several minor miracles on our behalf. Martini, red and white, flowed through the race office, oiling the wheels of organisation. The Company

are perfect sponsors, generous in financial support, interested in the race and racers, always on hand to help but never interfering with the organisation.

A HIGH ALPINE TOUR

TESS BROCKLEBANK

FLOWERS, BLOSSOM, EXOTIC BIRDS — how on a sunny spring day in Spain do you describe a high alpine tour?

"Start at the beginning."

What a help.

"I think I'd rather write about hoopoes and bee-eaters and wild lupins and orchids."

"But it's a ski-ing magazine. Tell about how your guide held the uphill running record."

He did, too, in a race now held infrequently called the Tell Stafette. It is a seven-man relay race from the capital of the canton of Uri, Altdorf, up the Klausen pass, and back. It involves cycling, running, langlaufing and downhill ski-ing, and one of the running sections is straight uphill. It was in this that Martin Epp, our guide, set a record some time ago which still stands. He told us about it as we were setting off on the first day; I had mislaid my confidence that morning, and this ensured its permanent loss.

"Are those really kites?"

"Their tails are forked, they must be."

"Swallows perhaps?"

"All right, let's stick to ski-ing."

We were in an unfrequented area for ski-touring, where the cantons of Uri, Glarus and Graubunden meet. Had it not been for a special training course that the Swiss Army were holding we would have been almost alone. One hut, the Hüfihütte, had had only four visitors since September 1973.

The tour built up gradually, starting with all available mechanical transport from Andermatt to Disentis and some way up Piz Ault, until the climax of the last, sixth, day when we climbed Tödi, the highest mountain in the area.

The fourth day was magnificent, with glorious sun and clear, clear air. We climbed Schärhorn, and sat for a long time enjoying the incredible view. On the way down we met a party of soldiers who had already climbed Clariden nearby. They were in high spirits.

"We've just been watching the people going in and out of church in Milan."

Martin was unimpressed.

"We've just seen a car accident in Zürich."

"And it was that woman driver's fault," muttered Michael darkly.

Michael de Pret-Roose was the leader of the tour; he rivals Martin not only in his energy and endless patience and kindness but also with a fund of widely improbable stories. He also plants prune trees. . . .

"Now, come on! This is supposed to be about ski-ing."

Let me explain.

Always, when starting off uphill, Michael hands round a bag of prunes, and the idea is to keep chewing the stone after the flesh has all gone. The summit is reached, "Berg Heils" exchanged, and then another prune plantation is started. As well as on Schärhorn (3,294 metres) we planted prunes on Oberalpstock (3,327 metres) and Tödi (3,614 metres), these three being the major peaks of the area.

The last day was non-stop excitement for the inexperienced tourer: roped-up through an ice-fall, lost in a fog, bursting with pride on the summit of Tödi; that seemed enough. But still we had before us over 2,000 metres of downhill ski-ing. Down the first lovely slopes, creeping across a bergschrund and then a small col. On the other side our intrepid doctor, Aubrey Leatham, moved off after Martin and quite suddenly disappeared from view. A moment later we saw him again, tumbling and rolling down the hill. He had found himself on the edge of another bergschrund, unable to stop, and in a split second realised that he must jump or else slide into it. An impressive fall, but a moment later matched by Michael, the most elegant of skiers, being caught with a binding still in the touring position. He was most unceremoniously dumped as soon as he tried a turn. Over another col, and then it was all downhill for miles and miles on spring snow with just ptarmigan for company. Nearly twelve hours after leaving the Fridolinshütte we ran out of snow, with yet another 300 metres descent to go.

And that wasn't the end of it; we reached a road some four kilometres east of Disentis and almost at once a Swiss, wearing the SAC badge, stopped to ask where we had been. While we were chatting, a slight hiss became more and more noticeable. Flat tyre! Martin and Michael put on their mechanic's hats and dealt with the problem, at which our grateful friend threw all his baggage out on to the verge, posted his bemused wife as sentry and drove us back to Disentis.

For Michael and Martin all this was just the start of a huge programme of spring touring, but for the rest of us it was enough and we went our ways to London and Spain and the hoopoes. . . .

EVEREST TREK

JANE REID

WE FLEW TO KATHMANDU and continued by road to Lamsangu, at 3,000 feet, where the trek was to begin. The journey from here to Gorakshep, the turning point of the expedition, involves a difference in height of 14,000 feet, but our line was far from direct and the climb neither gradual nor constant. We were walking eastwards at right angles to a series of ridges running south from the main range, so that we were for ever labouring up high passes and plunging down again into gorges. Even when we finally turned north up the Dudhkosi river we were repeatedly forced to climb thousands of feet only to drop again to river level. It took us seventeen days to reach Gorakshep and as long to return by another route. By my reckoning we climbed two and a half Everests and covered over 400 miles on the double journey.

There were nineteen of us including the leader, Bill Murray, who had been deputy leader of the Everest expedition that pioneered this approach route in 1951, and who had made many journeys in the Everest area since then. We were assisted by six sherpas and enough porters to carry the camping equipment and all our heavy belongings, so that our sacks contained only what we needed for the day's march. There were four skiers among us, Rachel Hartley and myself of the Ladies' Ski Club, and Terry Hartley and another member of the Eagle Ski Club. Obviously ski-ing encourages fitness as we four and two others were the only ones to climb above Gorakshep, some reaching an unnamed peaklet at nearly 19,000 feet, while the rest, suffering from altitude, descended to a lower camp and so missed a superb view of Everest with its famous west ridge, its surrounding peaks and the magnificent Khumbu glacier stretched out below. The object of this climb and indeed the whole expedition was to see the Everest Base Camp, but it merged so with the moraine that one could hardly pick it out.

Gorakshep, which has a couple of dilapidated stone huts to shelter those who have no tents, is bleak indeed. When we reached it after struggling over the moraine with our yaks and ill-shod sherpa women (the men all had boots of some kind) we were attacked by an icy wind. Here we were surprised to find a small lake that would have made an admirable skating rink, for it was devoid of snow. There was indeed astonishingly little snow for an altitude of 17,000 feet; our tents were pitched on a snowfield but the south-facing slopes were free and, though frost burnt, covered with a multitude of dried yellow, miniature Edelweiss.

At all times the sherpas' efforts to keep us comfortable with hot drinks and plenty of food were superb, and though it was -10c. in our tents at night, few of us were really cold, but some were very sick because of the height and most people had headaches.

Everest is, of course, marvellous, but the most striking mountain we saw was Amadablan, meaning "jewel" because of a small

hanging glacier, white and rounded like a pearl, on one of its faces. It is the Matterhorn of the district, visible from a great distance, infinitely majestic and beautiful from every angle.

The paths in Nepal are very rough and often precipitous. Sometimes on long, steep descents I felt my knees could take no more and might suddenly jam. The trek was also strenuous in other ways. We got up in the dark at 5.30 and packed in haste so as not to miss the ration of warming porridge which otherwise would be downed in a flash by earlier arrivals. In fact it never paid to be late for meals because appetites were huge and party manners non-existent. Grabbing was the order of the day. We all soon agreed that civilization was a pretty thin veneer. Washing clothes, hair and oneself in icy streams at lunch-time was tough and most of us became shabbier and shabbier, but not Rachel Hartley who always managed to look elegant, everyone agreed, in spite of the difficulties. She was also one of the best walkers.

Our tour was longer and consequently more exacting than previous ones. Earlier parties had either flown out from Lukla, five days below Gorakshep, or returned over the same route to Kathmandu, but we turned off south east from the Dudhkosi valley aiming for the Arun river and finally Dharan Bazar. On this part of our homeward journey we were again obliged to climb over many passes, losing height only gradually. These in the devoutly Buddhist country were each marked by shrine-like buildings called Chortens and by white prayer flags. As we came down the aridity of the highlands gradually gave way to pine forests, then to intensely cultivated terraces of millet and rice and to lush vegetation of a sub-tropical climate. Although it was late in the year, November and early December, there was a multitude of unfamiliar shrubs in full bloom, but not, alas, the famous rhododendrons and azaleas, which grow in great profusion and must make a magnificent show at the right season. What impressed me most were the tree orchids nestling in the moss on the branches of the rhododendrons, and the mauve tree dahlias growing to enormous heights. We also saw many monkeys, exotic birds, strange lizards and a host of giant butterflies and delicate dragonflies in a great many bright colours.

The local population, wherever we went, was friendly. The Nepalese always smile and are thoroughly genuine. The sherpas are extremely honest. We were most hospitably received in their houses and were offered Tibetan tea, a nauseating concoction of butter and salt which most of us downed nobly, and chang, a sort of beer made of millet, which we infinitely preferred.

The whole trip was a very interesting experience, but one needed stamina to enjoy it.

SKI-ING IN THE COLORADO ROCKIES

JOAN RAYNSFORD

LAST JANUARY, A MOST memorable ski-ing experience came my way in the form of an invitation to ski in the Colorado Rockies at Vail, Snowmass, and Aspen. It was an eight day round-trip adventure, travelling five thousand miles each way and it was a wonderful opportunity to judge whether the legendary quality of the ski-ing in the high Rockies justified the long journey in each direction. I can now say, most emphatically, that this journey led me to ski-ing, the like of which I had never before experienced, in the deep, light, frothy Rockies' powder snow. Indeed, there is fresh, untracked snow most mornings and a very clear visibility because the snowfalls usually take place at night owing to a particularly happy cycle of climatic conditions.

Many of the ski resorts in the Colorado Rockies have developed on the sites of towns and villages originally established in the 1870's during the silver mining boom. These were very evident as we drove the hundred miles from Denver to Vail which took us through the recently opened Eisenhower Tunnel under the Continental Divide, and as we left the Tunnel it was interesting to reflect that the streams and rivers which we now saw were on their way to the Pacific rather than the Atlantic.

The first moves to develop Vail into a ski resort were made in 1957, less than twenty years ago, and the successful outcome of these endeavours is to be seen in the existing Vail Mountain Complex with over ten square miles of superb ski trails, deep powder bowls of immense size and great open slopes. There are two Gondola lifts and thirteen other lifts, mostly chair-lifts. Golden Peak Mountain was cleared especially to accommodate ski-school classes and intermediate skiers, and the lower half of Golden Peak receives over a foot of man-made snow prior to the winter to ensure a good base for the whole season. It was, however, the deep powder bowls which captivated me and gave me unique and unforgettable fantastic powder ski-ing experiences in Sun-up Bowl and Sun-Down Bowl and China Bowl and Tea-Cup Bowl and Game Creek Bowl.

We had a spectacular drive from Vail to Snowmass, near Aspen, through ranges of superb Rockies and through the sheer walls of Glenwood Canyon on either side of the Colorado River. The walls of the Canyon banded with limestone, granite and red sandstone were very colourful and towered a thousand feet about us and the river. Snowmass is an attractive resort eleven miles west of Aspen on the side of Burnt Mountain, with superb views of the surrounding mountains. We explored the four ski-ing areas and made use of the nine double chair-lifts and particularly enjoyed ski-ing the one and a half mile wide Big Burn. According to legend, the Indians, angry at being turned out of their mountains, set the forests on fire in the 1800's, the so-called "Spite-fires" that burned

thousands of acres in Colorado, leaving the open slopes so excellent for ski-ing.

We had a most memorable day's ski-ing at Aspen and spent the morning ski-ing Aspen Highlands and reached the summit at a height of just under 12,000 feet. It is worth recalling that Rockies' ski-ing is at 8,000-12,000 ft. and the Colorado sun brings the temperature up to 25-35 degrees during most of the winter. Because of the lack of humidity these temperatures give a much warmer feeling than in the Eastern United States or Europe. We spent the afternoon on Aspen Mountain which seemed to have endless possibilities over more than five hundred acres of runs and trails served by seven double chair-lifts. There is no doubt that the large scale of the mountains and the heights at which we were ski-ing induced an elated top-of-the-world feeling and a wonderful sense of space and freedom. There was no crowding, no long lift queue and such general efficiency that produces maximum ski-ing time.

We left Aspen for Denver towards sunset and flew over some of the most beautiful mountainous country in the world, with glimpses of the old silver towns and villages tucked away in deep valleys below, and even a bird's eye view of my beloved powder-snow bowls as we flew over Vail. United Air Lines, who had invited us and organised the trip superbly, flew us very comfortably to New York and Pan-American Airways Flight 002 took us safely home to London. We had come full circle and it seemed impossible that we had been away only eight days, we had done so much; the most comprehensive ski-ing I have ever achieved for only eight days of travel. Something to dream about for evermore, but dreams can come true!

Joan and Hubert Sturges are hoping to take a small party to Aspen in late February 1975. If anyone is interested, please make contact with them c/o SCGB.

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 Lewis, Miss F. E., '71.
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 Luxmoore, Mrs., '72.

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 Mabey, Miss I., '68.
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 Mackenzie, Miss M. F., '66.
 MacRobert, Miss E. B. M., '62.
 MacRobert, Miss F. M., '59.
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 Marx, Mrs., '59.
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 Mitchell, Miss M. J., '67.
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 Molyneux, Miss J., '72.
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 Moncrieff, Mrs., '61.
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 Morgan, Mrs. R., '36.
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 Murphy, Miss S., '60.
 Murray, Mrs. P. J. A. R., '63.

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 Richards, Miss S., '74.
 Riddell, Mrs. J. (*née* Jackson), '72.
 Robertson, Mrs. (*née* Dick), '67.
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 Roe, Miss I., '38.
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 Rook, Mrs. (*née* Whitelaw), '51.

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 Sangster, Mrs. E. M., '52.
 Saw, Mrs. G., '74.
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 Scott, Miss C. A., '52.
 Scott, Miss P. E. A., '52.
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 Thomas, Mrs. C. M., '50.

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 Waller, Miss, '67.
 Wallis, Miss T. A., '73.
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 Waters, Mrs. (*née* Harrocks), '66.
 Watson, Miss M., '68.
 Watson, Mrs. W., '54.

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Signature of Seconder (from personal knowledge)

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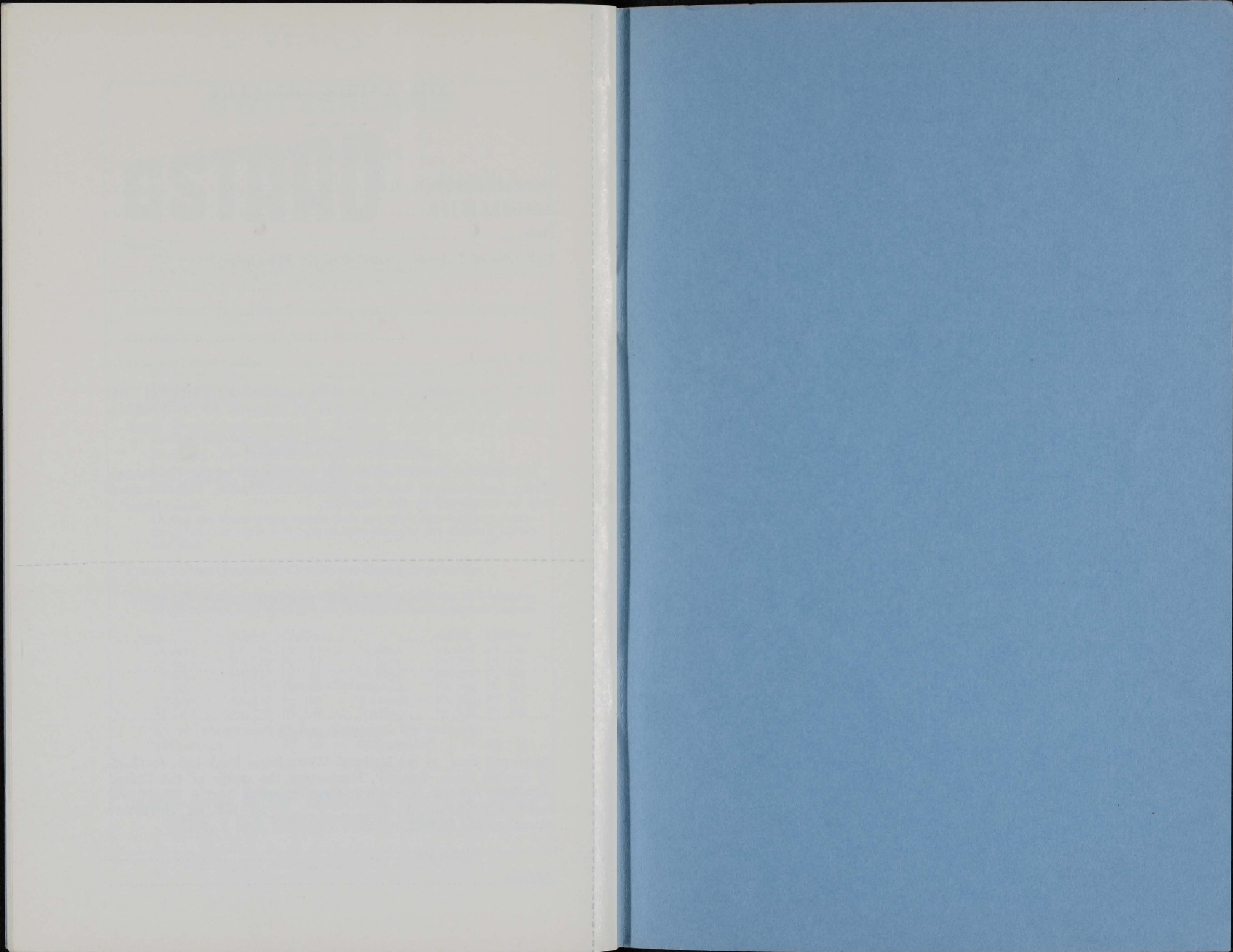
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