



LADIES' SKI CLUB BULLETIN

1980

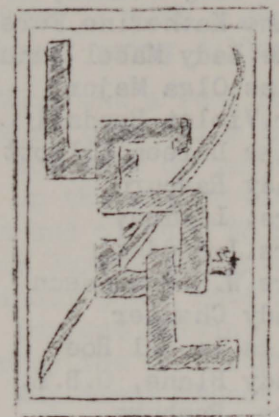
THE LADIES' SKI CLUB 1979-80

President

Miss Elizabeth Hensley

Vice-President

Lady Jane Mrs. E. Goldinger



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President

Miss Elizabeth Hussey

Vice-Presidents

Lady Lunn Mrs. E. Goldberger

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1979*

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Miss I. Christopherson 1979 Miss C. O'Rorke 1978 "  
Miss F. Easdale 1979 Mrs. R. Sperling 1978 "

Miss T. Wallis 1979 *Treasurer.*

THE LADIES' SKI CLUB

1980

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The Club's year started appropriately with the Annual General Meeting, which passed so speedily that we had to wait for the bar to be opened before we could all recover from it with a good drink. The usual friendly cocktail party followed.

The Ski Kit Mart was a real financial success, even if chaotic. More than twice the usual amount of goods were brought for sale or donated, and people were still pouring up the stairs with a great assortment of boots, skis and clothes to sort and price when noon struck and buyers also started to stream in. Fenella Lees had kindly put a note of the Mart into her Parties with a Purpose mailing, so the many people who have come to enjoy the Ski Club's holidays, all realised that this was their chance to get some money back for their outgrown gear, and also to buy new at very good prices. Indeed there were some marvellous bargains and we ended with many very satisfied buyers and sellers.

Still, there were problems due to the rather chaotic start, and we will, this season, be prepared for the rush with a streamlined system for checking in the goods and laying them out for people to buy. We must thank Di Lewthwaite who is the cornerstone of the whole operation; without her expert and efficient help, all would have been lost.

Don't forget the date of this season's Mart - October 29th - because it really is a good opportunity to equip yourselves. Better still, if you can spare an hour during the morning, any time after 8 a.m. we shall be very grateful for your help in pricing and sorting the goods.

The LSC week in Murren was positively quiet in comparison, but those who did go enjoyed themselves enormously. We stayed at the Riddell's chalet (sadly without them, for Jimmy was not well), and the week started with the Inferno Race which really was spectacular to watch. To stand on the Hogs Back and watch a dozen or more racers coming down the Kanonenrohr (?) at once, choosing different lines, was an unforgettable experience. We had some good days in beautiful snow, led by Peter Lunn. As son of our 'Sinister Father', Arnold Lunn, he must be related to us in some way. Rosli Streif, first Ladies World Champion, drew the winning ticket for a pair of moon-boots kindly donated to us by Alpine Sports, and the deserving winner was Pat Pettifer.

Next on our calendar was the date of the School-girl races, which Elizabeth Greenacre writes about on Page 31 so I will not expand on them. Many thanks to her for so kindly accompanying the girls out and back to London and to Fenella Lees for their usual excellent organisation, helped this year by Belinda and Bruce Ross.

Our yearly lunch took place at Mark Ash, Abinger Common, and was a simply lovely day. In pelting rain we arrived at the cottage at the end of the garden, where Rona Sperling lives. It immediately began to brighten, so we dashed in and out of her house and garden, admiring her roses (and neat vegetable plot) and gossiping hard as we exchanged picnics.

After lunch the skies cleared and we moved to Mark Ash itself, home of the McInnes family, where three generations, ranging upwards in age from Sue Scott's baby, welcomed us. The members of the LSC (about 25 of us), ranged from below 10 to over 70, and all ages enjoyed the swimming pool, the tennis and the croquet. Then Eleanor McInnes very kindly invited us in to tea before the splendid day ended.

In all this festivity, we did not forget that one of our more serious aims is to provide for ladies ski

racing and, thanks mainly to the Ski Kit Mart we were glad to be able to subscribe £650 towards the girls teams. For a Club of 200 members this is something we can feel proud about.

It has, of course, meant a good deal of work by the Committee, especially Marion Park who has been meticulous about the Minutes, and Sylvia Stops who has nobly coped with the Accounts. Ali Riddell is now beavering away with this Bulletin, helped again by Elizabeth Greenacre. Fifi Easdale has been attending the Alpine Racing Clubs meetings for us to contribute her experience of the girls racing scene. All the Committee have helped with the Mart, or in some way.

So the year ends, busy, happy and financially helpful, and we feel we have fulfilled our object: to promote skiing and good fellowship among British women skiers - what's more, we have enjoyed doing it!

E.H.

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## CLUB NOTICES

### Dates to Note

- Wed. 29th Oct. 1980 Ski Kit Mart at the Ski Club  
12 noon - 7 p.m.
- Sat. 8th Nov. - Daily Mail Ski Show at Earls  
Sun. 16th Nov. 1980 Court
- Tues. 18th Nov. 1980 AGM and Cocktail Party with  
Raffle: 118 Eaton Square.
- Sat. 31st Jan. 1981 British Schoolgirls Races -  
Villars
- Sun. 14th June 1981 Picnic Lunch at Mulberry Hill,  
Wendover, Bucks, by kind  
invitation of Rosanne Adam.

### SKI KIT MART

Could you please note the following:-

1. Goods to be brought to the Club on the day only.  
It is not possible for the Club to receive skis  
or boots before that.
2. Goods worth £5 or more will be sold on commission  
(25% to the Club). Please come with a tie-on  
label giving price required for sale, name, address  
and tel. No. and a stamped-addressed envelope.

We must make a rigid rule about skis and boots:

Adult boots - Clip boots only.

Children's boots - any - in reasonable condition.

Skis - not over 200 cms. It is a waste of time  
to bring and then have to collect them  
as they simply do not sell !

3. Unsold articles, boots and skis worth over £5  
will be kept for ten days at the Ski Club c/o  
Elizabeth Hussey (235-4711).

Any other articles taken in on a non-commission  
basis, and not sold, will be disposed of.

4. 10p Entrance Fee

## BRITISH SCHOOLGIRLS RACES

These will be held on 31st January 1981, in Villars.  
There will be a package travel arrangement from  
London, out on 29th January and returning on 1st  
February. Further details available from the Ski  
Club of Great Britain.

LSC LUNCH - SUNDAY, 14th JUNE, 1981 12 noon  
Mulberry Hill, Wendover, Bucks.

Rosanne Adam has very kindly invited us to hold our  
annual LSC Picnic Olympics in her garden next June.  
Please come and bring your picnic and your family.  
Directions:- leave London on the A40 and then via  
A413 through Amersham - shortly before Wendover  
take right hand fork marked The Hale; continue over  
small cross roads up to brow of hill and then right  
to Hale St. Leonard. Rosanne's house is 3rd on the  
right.

### LSC BADGE

LSC Badge, Price £1.25, obtainable from The Hon.  
Treasurer, Tripps End, Twyford, Hants.

Patch your jeans ! ! ! old stock of LSC sew-on  
badges also obtainable from the above address.

### LSC HAT

LSC Hat, Price £3.00, obtainable from Elizabeth  
Hussey at the Ski Club.



MEMBERS' NEWS

Congratulations to Mrs.Fenella Lees  
on the birth of a daughter, Rebecca

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We welcome as new members:

Nicol Glyn            Kay Imrie            Joy Kleiner

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We are sad to report the deaths of  
the following members: Mrs.Romer-Lee,  
Mrs.G.Glenn, Mrs.P.Ingall and Mrs.G.  
MacCarthy - whose daughter Fiona writes:

"The arrival of the 1979 Bulletin  
reminded me that I must write  
with the sad news that my mother  
Mrs.Yoe MacCarthy, died in June.  
Although she had been ill with  
Parkinsons' Disease for several  
years and had not skied for some  
time, Mürren and the LSC had been  
an important part of her life,  
and some of her happiest days  
were spent in Switzerland.  
She obviously thought of  
them a lot".

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LADY BLANE AWARD

No Lady Blane Award was made for 1979. Previous  
winners are as follows:

1971 Divina Galica  
1973 Joan Raynsford  
1976 Maria Goldberger  
1978 Elizabeth Hussey

LSC LUNCH AT MARK ASH, ABINGER COMMON, DORKING

The LSC Lunch took place on Sunday, 15th June at  
the very kind invitation of Rona Sperling and Eleanor  
MacInnes. Rona lives in the cottage at the end of  
Eleanor and Ronnie's garden which, with the tennis  
court and swimming pool, provided the most super  
setting for the gathering.

The fact that, as seems to be regularly the  
LSC's fate, the rain pelted down in the morning, did  
little to dampen enthusiasm, and at least twenty  
members turned up for lunch and several more arrived  
during the afternoon. The sun obligingly shone about  
1.30 p.m. so, after suitable pre-lunch drinking time,  
picnics were taken outside and most of lunch-time was  
enjoyed in blazing sunshine. We were delighted that  
the Kandahar was represented by Eric Warburg with  
Netty, Edmund came with Maria, George Konig was there  
with family and Edgar accompanied Sylvia.

After lunch, all lunchers from the big house and  
the little house converged at the tennis court and  
swimming pool. Eleanor had lots of the family and  
grandchildren there, including her daughter Sue Scott  
and her brood. Tennis got going and the pool was  
full to bursting with all ages - the little ones  
being given marvellous swimming instruction by Mary  
O'Reilly. Di and David Lewthwaite joined us with  
the girls and bringing Helen with them. Everyone was  
so pleased to see her, and looking so fit and well  
after her bad accident before Christmas.

The afternoon ended with Eleanor providing tea  
for one and all, and we do thank her and Rona for a  
really enjoyable day. Various people were very sorry  
not to be there including Jimmy and Ali, Jilly and  
Johnny Coke, Roddie Warren-Pearl, and Beryl Spence  
who especially sent everyone her good wishes. Beryl  
has been laid low with a very painful slipped disc  
and we all hope she is now fully recovered.

Other members also present included Annette Birts, Rosanne Adam, Ethel Levenson, Cecilia O'Rourke, Nell Carroll, Pauline Sitwell, Marion Park, your President, Elizabeth Hussey, and myself -

E.G.

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HON. TREASURER'S REPORT

It is with pleasure that I can report that the financial position of the Club remains sound as the Balance Sheet shows.

The 200 members should be proud that we have been able to donate £650 to the Federation this year, as well as the support given to the Atlanta Races.

My thanks to Ted Reid for auditing the accounts this year, and to Theresa Wallis for taking over as Treasurer this autumn.

Sylvia Stops

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We are very privileged to have the following delightful article from Mrs. Cicely Williams, well known as a writer and a personality - all our many Zermatt lovers must have read her Zermatt Saga -

A DIFFERENT KIND OF SKIING

by

Cicely Williams

I think I have been asked to write a little article for the Ladies' Ski Club Bulletin because I have been lucky enough to have had a few books published which tell of Switzerland in general and climbing and skiing in particular. Also I have been a member of the SCGB for more than forty years. I hope nobody will imagine that I write as a great skier - nothing could be farther from the truth; in fact I am really rather a fraud.

I always loved snow and mountains from my earliest years and when I was in my teens my climbing career began - at Zermatt - and I have continued to be a keen mountaineer ever since. But I always longed to ski; I read everything I could find on the subject; I hero-worshipped Arnold Lunn; his MOUNTAINS OF YOUTH was virtually my Bible. I knew the names and the exploits of all those many skiers who gathered round him at Murren.

In the autumn of 1938 I saw an advertisement describing the Dry Ski School at Lillywhites. War clouds were boiling up; if I did not take advantage of this there might never be another chance. By this time I was newly-married to a young clergyman; we had very little money to spare for such things as Dry Ski Schools. However my husband solved the problem by paying the fee for the course as my Christmas present - it cost ten shillings!

We assembled in the basement of Lillywhites' shop in the Brompton Road. The prospective students turned up in ski trousers and sweaters; our instructor, a well-known ski teacher from St. Moritz, was clad in shirt and shorts. We soon found out why;

by the time we had engaged in kick turns and herring boning we were sweltering; next week shirts and shorts were the order of the day. It was quite amazing how much we managed to learn in spite of innumerable falls and grotesque antics. We had full length skis and sticks and the noise of our crashes was deafening. Nevertheless we acquired stem turns, telemarks and christies and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. It was as well we did - by the next autumn we were at war.

I spent the war years in the Transport Corps as a government chauffeuse, ferrying people of great importance, and of none, about London. In the course of my travels I saw in Lillywhites' window a pair of ski, complete with sticks, for £2.00. Before I drove home that evening, I was the proud possessor of those skis. There was quite a lot of snow in the early years of the war and at weekends I skied on the golf course, cheered on by my husband who would like to have been using his golf clubs. I joined the SCGB, then in Hobart Place, and what a joy it was to me. I could borrow all the mountain books I wanted and every year the SCGB Year Book was somehow miraculously produced and helped us through the long hours of the blitz.

When the war ended we went up to Durham where my husband was to be head of a college of the University. An obliging friend, who had learnt to ski at her pre-war Swiss finishing school, presented my husband with her skis because she was sure there would be snow in Durham. How right she was! No one will ever forget the winter of 1947 - I imagine we and our friends were the only ones who enjoyed it. I instructed my husband and the Chaplain of our college in the rudiments I had learned in the Dry Ski School. Heads of Colleges, University dons, and the masters and boys of Durham School congregated every afternoon on Observatory Hill which made an excellent ski slope, and for six whole weeks we skied every afternoon.

County Durham was virtually cut off from the outside world and an appeal went out for skiers to take supplies to the villages. A bunch of us volunteered and at that moment the thaw set in - our chagrin was immense!

The next year the National Council for Physical Recreation was organising its first post-war skiing holidays in Norway; they needed a Dry Ski School instructor in Newcastle. Would I oblige? With all the temerity common to my age group I did oblige! My husband was appalled but kept his comments to himself. However, the class was full of enthusiasm and so was I, and for some reason, which will never be explained, they were all awarded silver stars in Norway. They gave me a dinner to celebrate the event but I doubt whether I deserved it.

In 1952 my husband had an Easter weekend conference in Berne. The foreign travel allowance was pitifully small and our summer holiday in Zermatt was already booked. He was given a business allowance but where were my francs to come from? I knew I must go - it would be my first opportunity to go up Zermatt to ski. Overcome by another disgraceful outburst of temerity I wrote to the Swiss Radio offering to broadcast on their short-wave network - thereby hoping to earn some francs. Swiss Radio professed themselves delighted - would I give a talk on my SKI TOURS IN THE HIGH ALPS! These being non-existent, nor ever likely to take place, I was nearly stumped. I wrote back suggesting SPRING IN THE ALPS and to my intense relief they accepted the idea. I had a marvellous two days skiing with my guide and for the first time I watched the miracle of spring unfolding in the mountains - crocuses flowering as the snow rolled back; streams cascading down the hillside as the ice melted. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience and it was not difficult to write up my talk for the radio when I got back to Berne. Feeling pretty apprehensive I presented myself at the Swiss Broadcasting Station;



fortunately all went smoothly and they handed me a cheque before I left. I delayed opening the envelope until I rejoined my husband; when we did so we found that the enclosed fee exactly covered my hotel expenses !!

The years rolled by; we left Durham for my husband to become Bishop of Leicester. One might have thought that this could put an end to skiing opportunities, but in spite of such a demanding job there were occasional chances for our kind of skiing in Leicestershire. Our Conference and Retreat House is a glorious medieval abbey, set in a park, which is frequently cut off from the outside world in the event of heavy snowfall. This happened when we had promised to look in on a Marriage Guidance Conference and the poor, beleaguered Conference members begged us to try and make it. We put the skis in the car and set off on the fourteen-mile journey. All went well until we encountered an enormous snowdrift at the park gates high above the abbey. We parked the car, clipped on our skis and pointed them down the hill. We had an incredible number of tumbles, to the consternation of those awaiting our arrival, but somehow we made it and the Conference was voted a success.

Not long after this I had the opportunity for a second ski visit to Zermatt. I was writing my little book ZERMATT SAGA and felt that it was essential to have some experience of the village in winter. I managed a five-day visit and spent half my time in the Ski School and the other half working in the museum and consulting the archives stored away in the little town hall. I enjoyed it immensely and Zermatt in winter more than came up to my expectations.

During the late 1960's dear Anni Maurer, whom I am so glad to find is an Honorary Member of your Club, set up her Dry Ski School at Lillywhites in Piccadilly Circus. As most Bishops have frequent engagements in London, and as I usually accompanied my husband on his, I had every hope of being able to join the course. But I had to explain to Anni that not only was I un-

likely to get a skiing holiday but that I should be a spasmodic, rather than a regular, attender at her classes. She understood at once and was perfectly sweet and for several years the winter months were a special joy to me - the classes with Anni were quite the next best thing to a real holiday.

Sadly Lillywhites eventually abandoned the classes and I was desolate; but there was still the SCGB and I used it a lot for lunch and meeting friends and usually made a few handy purchases at the Ski Mart. At the end of 1978 the time came for my husband to retire; we hated leaving Leicester after twenty-five years but we were going to a little flat in London so that he could keep up his London work and I anticipated more frequent visits to the Club House. We moved in January and got a great welcome at the Club which we used almost daily for lunch while we were trying to get straight. Then tragedy struck; within a few weeks my husband died very suddenly and all our dreams were turned to ashes. But during those dreadful days the SCGB came to my rescue and rallied round in so many kindly ways - the staff as well as my friends could not have done more for me and the understanding, loving support of Lady Lunn meant, and still means, more than I can say.

I have returned to Leicester to live among the friends where we were so happy for so many years. But I am frequently in London for some of my husband's committees and the SCGB is, as always, a home from home. I don't suppose I shall ever have another skiing holiday but I have now got some langlauf skis which are ideal for Leicestershire.

I must have described the most unorthodox skiing career - if it can be so described - that there has ever been, but I have loved every minute of it and still do.

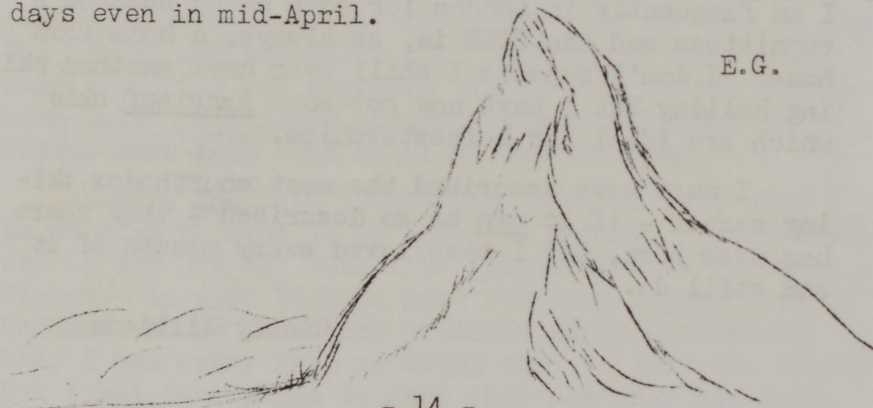
Cicely Williams

NEW AT ZERMATT

The pride and joy of Zermatt this season was the opening of the Trockener Steg - Klein Matterhorn Luftseilbahn. You leave Trockener Steg, 2939 m. and enjoy, firstly, a very scenic ride over the Theodul Glacier, sometimes being able to look right down into the crevasses. You then find yourself inching right up the face of the mountain which is somewhat hair-raising and, for some, very vertiginous.

The top station is perched at 3820 m., built out on the side of the Klein Matterhorn and from the bottom looks like a hen-house attached to nothing. The arrival is spectacular in the extreme and, if you've got any knees left, you pile out and then walk for a few minutes through a tunnel emerging to an incredible view on the far side. Here you are virtually at the top of the Klein Matterhorn but standing, thankfully, on the enormously wide plateau just to the right of the summit of the Breithorn, which is a mere 300 m. above.

The piste is very carefully marked, and is a wide easy run down to join up with the pistes on the Theodul. It is, nevertheless, to be treated with respect as there are enormous crevasses on either side. It is also recommended to be done on a warm day without too much wind, especially if taking children up, as there were several cases of mild frost bite on cloudy, windy days even in mid-April.



E.G.

"CHALET CHAT"

Due to unforeseen gall stones, the Riddell family were forced to confine this year's skiing activities to the New Forest. Complete absence of snow was rather a drawback - however Jemma made her skiing debut and got in some good spring skiing in 'Pineneedle Grove'. She reported that conditions on piste were good, though off piste tended to be rather breakable with twigs and fircones to contend with. She rather doubts its future as a serious touring area due to crevasses caused by badgers, foxes, rabbits, etc.....

News of Chalet happenings in Mürren filtered through by means of a Diary compiled by all the occupants - an expurgated version of which follows:-

First, to whet our appetites, on skiing conditions:

"Day 4 and all's well.....Philippa just sprang in and said "Bing top is bathed in sun so must fly and catch some rays!" T.M.

"The most wonderful day, out of this world, not a cloud to be seen, and conditions that make anyone feel they can ski....." F.M.

"Sunday. I don't know what I've been doing but time flies by. The sun still shines and as it's so cold the snow is scarsely melting". P.H.

".....the weather has been so marvellous that one can't sit inside. Today it actually snowed so I went back to bed after doing breakfast...." T.M.

"Terrific day - the weather still holds - did the Inferno course today in the way I would always choose, slowly and enjoying the views...." A.M.D.

And then a few comments on food (Jimmy's cousin, Tina Mirylees, was running the chalet for me):

"Delicious Turkey and Baked Bananas for dinner"  
P.H.

"Amazing the things that go on in Mürren - four pheasants got plucked, drawn and jointed today - feathers all over the blooming place....." A.M.D.

"Tina is feeding us so well that I for one must have put on pounds! At tea time today the chalet was like Piccadilly Circus in the rush hour..." F.M.

"Another day. 13 every evening for dinner. All change beds tonight...." P.H.



To continue with the bed and breakfast theme:

"Tuesday. Bed plans are hotting up". A.M.D.

"Things are improving - emerged from bed at 10.30 today. Fortunately some water in saucepan for tea - Mains water off and Faith kindly melted some snow for me to clean my teeth. The loo took some organising....." A.M.D.

"Back early, washed hair - off to dinner tonight at the Eiger with P.L., the Baron and P.H., first the SOCB Cocktail Party at the Jungfrau. Dinner tomorrow with John and Christa, K Gluwein Party here Friday, Inferno Ball Sunday.....it's all go!.....Quick Batzi at Suppenalp this afternoon - Hooray!". A.M.D. (yet again, who can she be?)

"Tina is shouting at me to get into the bath so I will have to go...." D.B.

".....without your (J.R's) presence the tone has dropped; the inhabitants have developed wild, hidden characters....." J.P.

"..... listened to a couple of quick violin concertos and am now set to await the 10.33 train, wearing the correct cap and badge for the L.S.C. President". A.M.D.

And finally, on skiing:

"Faith and Philippa, after a few Apollos, decided to take Hindenberg to Sonnenberg but found themselves teetering on the brink of a precipice before descending by Kandahar, which I may say proved bumpier, steeper and more slippery than it has ever been..... Meanwhile, a sea of cloud was creeping up the valley, enveloping the village, but Anne, undaunted, courageously led P. and F. over the Finel to a narrow bridge which crosses a raging torrent, by winding paths between silent chalets, to the warmth and comfort of tea and hot baths". "Faith fortunately fell to the

left and not to the right approaching the footpath. There was a super cattle trough full of icy water on the right" PH. FM AMD

"The Race (Inferno) finished at Lauterbrunnen - 1st time in eleven years. Conditions were perfect, still some powder on the Hogsbäck by No. 790 !" T.M.

"Today I was the only skier on the 9.15 cable car - what is the village coming to ! A really fabulous run down in the sunshine with all the mountain to myself - a superb start to my last day. It is now drawing to an end with the glorious aroma of Tina's cuisine drifting through the chalet..... and now it is snowing - maybe I won't be able to leave tomorrow....." D.B.

Some minor accidents:

"The morning consisted of an excellent cross country trip to Grutsch from the Schilthorn, marred only by Tina's one legged dive into a ditch. This year Anne managed not to find too many fences. Then a very enjoyable run down Blumenlücke - the first day it has been open all year....."D.B.

"Poor Tina took to a fir tree in no uncertain way and lost one or two skis, also lost specs permanently, but loved every moment of it !" A.M.D.

A lastly few quotes from eminent K and LSC members to round off the picture:

"I'm very used to performing in public, in any situation".

"You are available any night aren't you?"

"Saw Philippa off at station in nighty and trousers"

"Faith's legs are aching so she can't write anything tonight" - a somewhat lame excuse which your Editor shares!



A.R.

## PRESSING BUSINESS

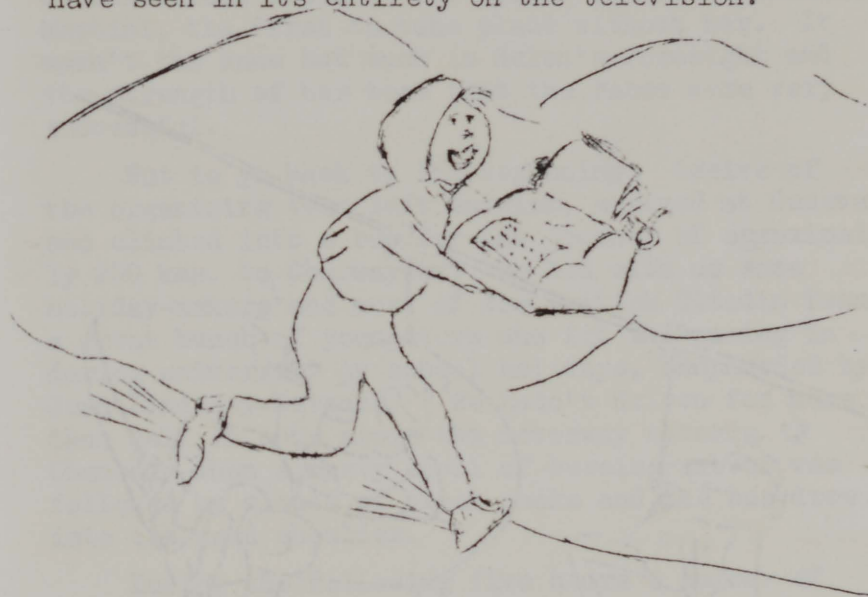
Ever thought as you read your Times, Guardian or Telegraph in the morning (or your Express or Mirror for that matter), how the ski reports get written? Easy enough, you may think, for the press with their special armbands allowing them into the finish area and a free pass on the lifts. But there can be problems.

Often, the main difficulty for events like the British Championships, is getting the report back to London. Until quite recently, it could take hours in Italy or Austria, to phone back to the copytakers in England. Now STD and the Telex help, though it is as well to check before the day of the race, that the Telex girl will not have gone home early with the key in her pocket. Even if she has not, there can be problems with electricity. If it all fails between 5 and 6.15 you are unlikely to meet a 6 p.m. deadline.

The deadline has quite an effect, too, when you go west. At Lake Placid, for instance, it came back to 2 p.m. so there was not much time to gather thoughts after a midday race. Not too bad for an Austrian, perhaps, who has all his team down in the first group and can then leave the race, knowing the times of the winners and the whole of his team; the British may well have to wait a little longer.

At a downhill, of course, a journalist may only be able to see the final schuss; at a giant slalom, perhaps a third of the course. It is usually best, anyway, to be stationed at the finish so that you can see the times on the scoreboard and watch the racers as they arrive. Speaking to them may not be possible because they are usually separated from the press pen by a no-go area from which they emerge only to be besieged by their own press and television.

So the writer, having seen only part of a race, and having had no opportunity to speak to the winners, runs down the slippery snowy slope to grab a typewriter (hoping its keys are in the English order - Japanese or Russian are definitely to be avoided), and writes a report for you on a race which you have seen in its entirety on the television.



Little wonder that some of them decide they will do better to stay down in the press centre, miles away from the race, and watch it on a silent television. Usually they prefer to go up and get the atmosphere and perhaps a chance to talk to the trainers and managers.

One day, perhaps, the race organisers will be able to put big covered video screens over the press pen, so that the parts of the downhill and giant slalom courses which are hidden can be watched from the finish on the screen. Innsbruck tried doing this for the 1976 Olympics but they needed to be bigger and less troubled by the outside light.

Lake Placid did not try but maybe Sarajevo in four years time will make everything easy.

E.H.



### KANDAHAR-MARTINI COURMAYEUR 1980

The Kandahar-Martini was planned by Helen Tomkinson to take place in Courmayeur at the end of March 1980. Sadly, Helen, the architect of these Citadin Races was not yet fit enough after her dreadful road accident and missed the 15th Kandahar-Martini, the first to take place without her. It wasn't the same but such is Helen's foresight and the strength of her team that the races were very successful.

But to go back to the beginning; twelve of the organising team left Gatwick, arrived at Geneva and climbed into a bus for the journey of approximately 200 kms. to Courmayeur. We had with us some holiday-makers and most of the British Citadin Team, a great bunch of youngsters who fit ski-racing in during university or school holidays, shepherded by Jean Lindesay-Bethune. We hadn't driven for more than half an hour along the motorway towards Chamonix when a nasty smell of burning rubber was followed by clouds of black smoke and the bus drew into the hard shoulder.

During the following five hours a number of interesting events occurred. Hunger crept up on us and those experienced race organisers who had "squirrelled" unwanted packets of British Caledonian biscuits, sweets and sugar from their breakfast trays, staved off starvation; when there was need to leave the coach and unsuccessful attempts were made to open the coach doors, the courier and driver both having gone for help, the emergency exit swung open practically catapulting Robert and Gilly Osborne out of the coach. (Word of advice, if you are ever left in a coach without a driver do discover how to get out of it). For some reason, the Chairman of the Kandahar shouted at curious French Policemen who drew to a halt on the opposite carriageway

"Nous sommes abandonnées"; they became more curious but achieved nothing constructive. Hope stirred when a coach passed us, apparently from Tokyo; if coaches came from Tokyo there might be some hope of reaching Courmayeur. Eventually a rescue coach arrived and we were driven without further incident to our hotel.



Coumayeur is an attractive old town with modern additions which indicate the huge skiing areas above in the Mont Blanc area, networked by a variety of up-hill transport in every direction. Fortunately we were able to explore the wonderful ski fields in perfect conditions for a few hours every day at the beginning of the week.

There was, as always, a great deal to do to prepare for what looked like being an avalanche of some 200 young ski racers from ten different countries. Nations are limited as to the number they can enter but the K-M is so popular that all kinds of ruses are tried to get on to the start list. To those of you who have never been involved in organising ski racing, this doesn't only mean handing out numbers at the start. Racers, their officials and friends have to be allocated to hotels before they arrive, and fortunately Maud Instone and Willie Glasson, with the help of Francesca and Renate from the Funivie Val Veny office, sorted out all the "Bed Plans" without any international incident. A complex system of cards has to be made out for each racer for the time-keepers and computer, and as a back-up for the calculators if the computer fails. As the racers seem to change names and sometimes sex until the last bargaining at the Manager's Meeting, the hassle to keep all the bits of paper required for each racer in order, requires concentration; Elizabeth Hussey, Anne Drummond and Maria Abercromby dealt with this side of things. Sue Worthy translated the Minutes of the Managers' Meetings and Rosanne Adam tried to keep the duplicator under control.

The addition of a computer to deal with the results is a great load off the organisation, on the other hand, the computer has to be fed the correct information otherwise it produces curious responses, and, of course, the computer operators have to be cherished in a variety of ways and if they have to have their lunch when you want the results - they have their lunch.

The Kandahar was founded to promote new ideas in ski-racing and this tradition has continued so I suppose we should not have been surprised to find that each day two races were to be held simultaneously. The Duke of Kent Men's G.S. and the Lady Mabel Lunn Ladies Slalom were held at the same time with Finishes separated by only a few yards. This set certain organisational problems. Sue Berry, as Chief of the Race, had somehow to be in two places at once, but with the help of Robert Usborne, Maud, Jean and John Lindesay-Bethune, she seemed to manage this.

Jane Glasson, the Race Secretary, had to deploy her team so that there were two collectors of numbers and two back-up calculators in case the computer broke down. There was very little margin for error but fortunately the organisation didn't crack. I think the experience of running two races at once was interesting but too nerve-wracking to be repeated, unless a larger team can be justified, both on the snow and in the race office.

What can I say about the racing, this and not the results are what is important to most of the racers; the temperature rose on the race days making difficulties on the courses but on the whole the racers enjoyed their racing and very many of them took the trouble at the prize-giving to come and thank us personally for well organised and enjoyable races.

The Martini sponsorship has had a very great influence on the development of Citadin Racing and the tradition, prestige and expertise of the Kandahar Ski Club and the Martini International Club have enabled many hundreds of racers to enjoy first-class ski-racing. David Rutherford, Director of Martini, and Elizabeth his wife, joined us in Courmayeur and took a very concerned interest in all that was done which helped us a great deal. Gaston Fara, Martini's Action-Man, descended on Courmayeur with banners, flags and a thousand more pieces of equipment which helped us, and Martini, get the most from the race. On the race days it was a fascinating sight looking up from the

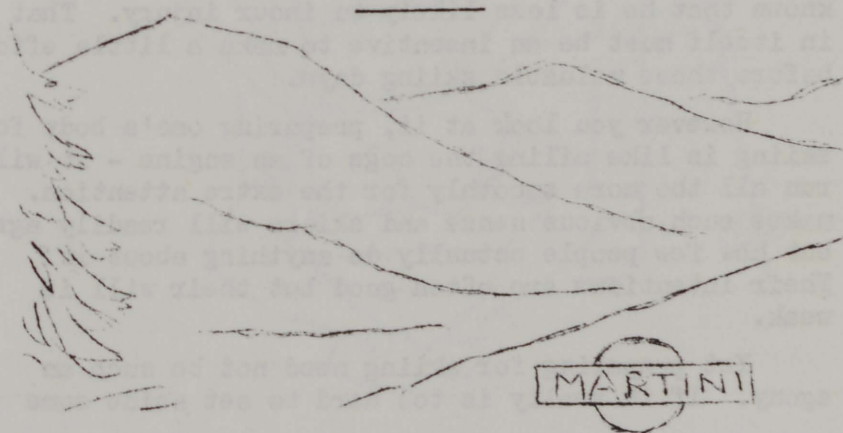
Finish Area at the two pistes lined with bright blue and red Martini banners and flags to the multi-coloured people snaking down the sides and scattered over the hill. I wished that a Lowry, Breughel or a Riddell had been there to preserve the picture. The Martini Directors kindly invited us to parties we were able to attend (so often at races the organisers are too busy to accept the sponsor's hospitality, and which we thoroughly enjoyed).

I must mention Signor Opezzi, the Secretary General of the Funivie Val Veny, who was our main link with Courmayeur and who conducted all the negotiations which lead up to the races, and smoothed out difficulties after we arrived. He was most helpful and certainly we could not have achieved such successful races without him.

In fact, everyone was so satisfied that I think we shall be returning to Courmayeur for the 16th K-M.

There is **just** one more important point for my readers. The Kandahar may think they run the Kandahar Martini, but I suspect that with eight members of the Ladies Ski Club in the organising team, there might be another opinion !

P.H.





## AGONY FOR ECSTASY

Nowadays, few people need to be persuaded of the importance of being fit for skiing. At least, they are persuaded in theory. But it is not so easy to get people to put such obvious sense into practice.

After all, just to be on one's feet for nearly an entire day is in itself quite a change for most of us. Think of the moans heard after a shopping spree or a cocktail party - "Oh my feet!". It's only fair to them to do a little preparation.

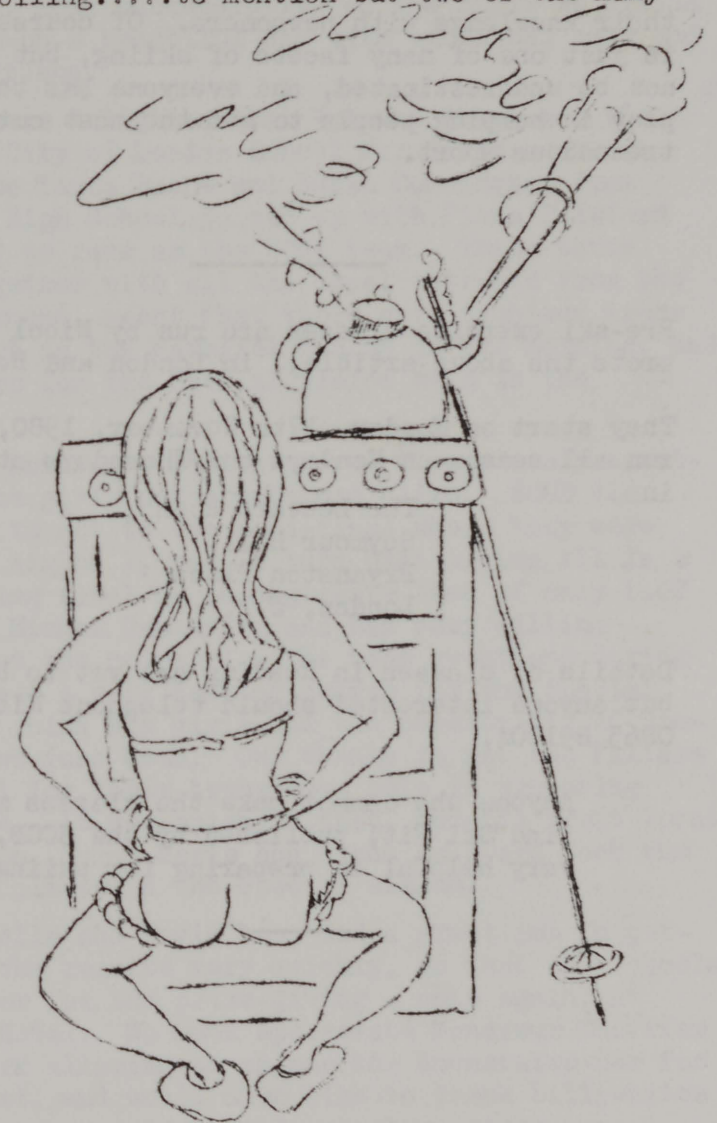
One's body too is suddenly expected to attain some pretty complicated and unaccustomed positions requiring strength and suppleness. Of course, anyone can don skis and take to the slopes without any preparations -but oh the aches and pains! not to mention the frustrations - not being quite in control because of those aching muscles, or worse, having to make a detour round that beautiful, gleaming, fresh field of virgin snow, while the fit ones send up cloud after cloud of powder after each wonderful turn. Up goes the cry of remorse for not exercising before skiing!

A fit skier has every chance of skiing at his (or her) full potential every day, and it is well-known that he is less likely to incur injury. That in itself must be an incentive to make a little effort before those valuable skiing days.

However you look at it, preparing one's body for skiing is like oiling the cogs of an engine - it will run all the more smoothly for the extra attention. It makes such obvious sense and skiers will readily agree but how few people actually do anything about it? Their intentions are often good but their will is weak.

Yet preparing for skiing need not be such an agony. If it really is too hard to set aside some

time each day specifically for exercising, then why not learn to use any spare minutes during the day? The odd minutes all add up.....a few sit-ups while your bath is running, some knee-bends while the kettle is boiling.....to mention but two of the many



possibilities. If approached this way, theory is easily turned into practice. And practice is less strenuous than imagined.

The ski bug is spreading and it is up to those with experience, who know and love the sport, to share their knowledge with newcomers. Of course, fitness is just one of many facets of skiing, but it should not be underestimated, and everyone has their part to play in helping people to get the most out of this tremendous sport.

N.G.

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Pre-ski exercise classes are run by Nicol Glyn (who wrote the above article), in London and Reading.

They start on Monday, 17th November, 1980, and will run all season on Mondays and Thursdays at 6.30 p.m. in

The Lecture Room  
Seymour Hall,  
Bryanston Place  
London, W.2.

Details of classes in Reading are yet to be finalised but anyone interested should telephone Nicol on 0865 891004.

Anyone who cannot make the classes might find "Ski Fit", published by the SCGB, very helpful in preparing for skiing.

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## BRITISH SCHOOLGIRLS INVITATION RACES

9th February, 1980

The British Schoolgirls' Invitation Races were again held, most successfully, on the Stade de Slalom at Villars on a beautiful day with excellent snow and good conditions.

We were delighted that Wycombe Abbey and the Barbican, City of London School for Girls sent out teams, also Tania Bache and Susan Cunningham from Guildford High School joined up with Fiona Pulsford (Kandahar) to race as the SCGB team. These three teams, together with all the usual entrants from the schools around, meant that there were eighteen teams taking part in the Parallel slalom in the morning, and 68 starters for the Special slalom held in the afternoon.

The morning's racing proved tremendously exciting for the girls and spectators alike. SCGB did very well to get to the semi-final where they were beaten by Aiglon 1, who in turn beat Aiglon 111 in a hair-raising final by an aggregate time of only 1.02 seconds. Michel Daetwyler and his very willing helpers set the course for the team event and during lunch re-set a very testing course for the Special slalom in which the girls had the possibility of completing two runs each. Our thanks to all the Villars Ski School for their tremendous help in preparing the course. It was splendid that, despite great local competition, Sarah Lewis and Fiona Pulsford took the first two places in the Special slalom.

Fenella and David Lees did a great job in getting out the results very quickly, so that all schools stayed over for the prize-giving - once again, at The Park Hotel. We much appreciate Monsieur Chevrier of the Park allowing us to use the downstairs Bar for this event, and would also like to thank Lillywhites for very generously providing extra prizes.

The Barillon family looked after us so well in Hotel Curling, where it is always a pleasure to stay. They are more than helpful in doing any job for us from telephone answering to transporting girls up to the Bretaye train - and one can't let that one pass without a mention of David's splendid Renault Bugsey without whose help there is no way we would have all got up, or indeed down, the mountain. It was fun to have the help of Belinda and Bruce Ross who were able to come via Villars on their way home from Zermatt.

This race meeting is a day that all the participating schools really look forward to, and judging by their enthusiastic thanks at the end, it was enormously enjoyed by racers, managers and trainers alike. David and Fenella have done a tremendous amount of work in building it up and getting the schools interested. We would like to see more schools coming out from England.

For the price, they have a very good weekend - travel on Thursday afternoon/evening, training on Friday (thanks to LSC donation); racing on Saturday, and skiing on Sunday morning before they return home, thus not missing too much school. We also hope very much that the Kandahar could produce a team next year - Fiona has nobly come out now for years, skiing once as Aiglon and once as SCGB and I am sure she would love to ski in a K team - the fact that they would be from different schools matters not at all. A K team might galvanise the DHO into action too!

### Results

#### Special Slalom

1. S.Lewis (Barbican) 1st Overall - Curling Salver  
1st British Student - Atalanta Cup
2. F.Pulsford (SCGB), 2nd Atalanta
3. L.Martin (Ecole Internationale) 3rd Atalanta

- Viper Trophy (1st Foreign student) R.Marzotto  
(St.Georges)
- Lillywhites Cup (1st British Student under 15)  
J. Hunt (St.Georges)
- 2nd Lillywhites) L. Mansfield (Aiglon)
- 2nd Lillywhites) L.Soloman (St.Georges)

#### Parallel Slalom

- LSC Cup (1st British Team to include at least  
2 British students) Aiglon 1.
- SCGB Trophy (1st Foreign Team) Aiglon 111

Elizabeth Greenacre



### A DAY SKIING IN MUERREN

When the Ski Club and D.H.O. reps in Wengen planned a trip to Muerren, it seemed a good opportunity for a change from familiar pistes, especially as the weather was perfect during the last week in February.

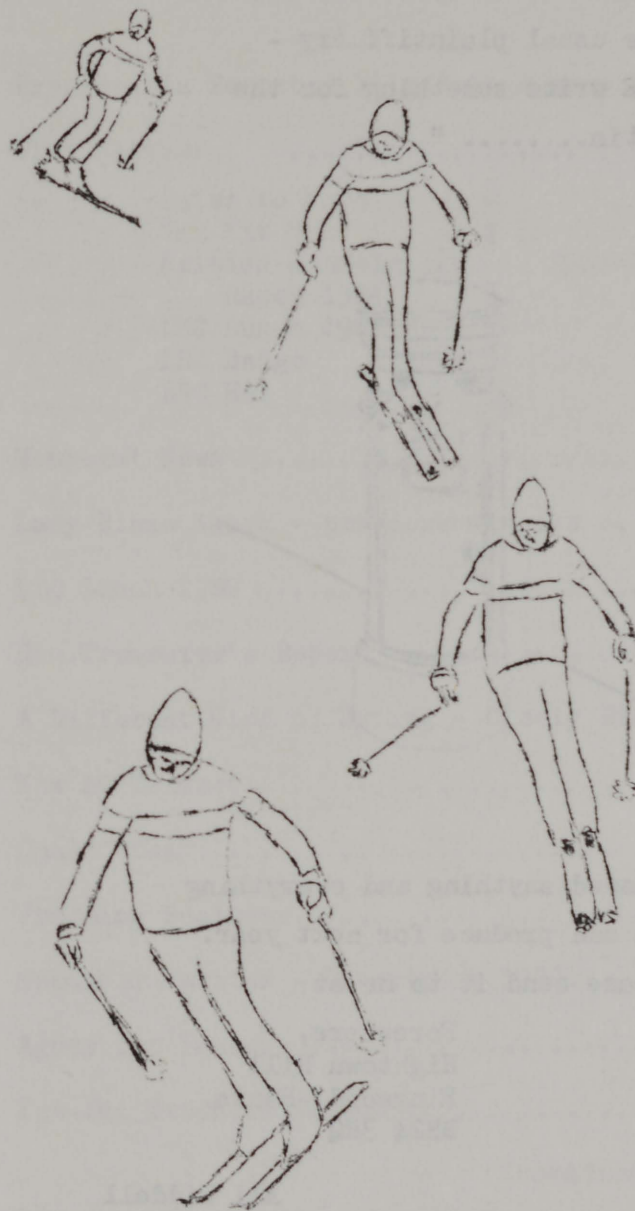
The energetic young set off at 07.45, but we elderly considered the train an hour later would give us plenty of skiing. From Muerren we took the cable car to Birg and skied several variations of the Engetal, then by cable car up to Schilthorn. The views in clear sunlight were stupendous. Having met up with the earlier party we were far too many to ski down together, so after a short lunch break Drs. Bill and Eiona McConacher, Irene Suchy and I decided to go ahead. On the first slope we appreciated Wengen's good piste service, as the Moguls were uncomfortably large on such a narrow ridge. "Happy Valley" was gorgeous, and a new little hang-on lift meant we could avoid the long traverse.

The Kanonenrohr was almost too soft (to my relief - memories of floating uncontrolled over ice), but again full of lumps. Due to the superior knowledge of our Scottish doctors we did every available run, including a hard and icy Kandahar and some slushy south-west facing slopes, then via Allmendhubel and Maulerhubel to Winteregg, where we met the rest of the party at the station. They had been decidedly less fortunate than we, as the run between Birg and Muerren was closed shortly after our descent by avalanches!

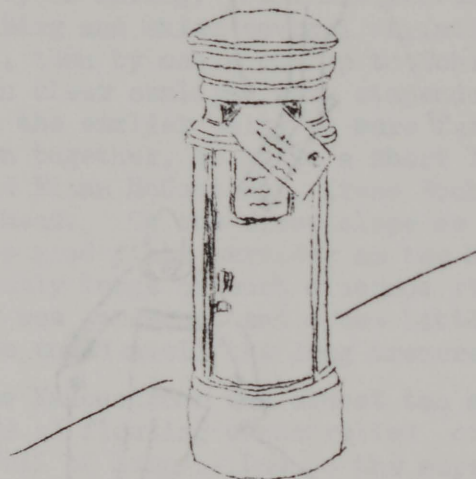
We had been so lucky to have had time for so many of the normal Muerren runs - a thing I had often wanted to do - now I only need a season with enough snow to ski down to Lauterbrunnen before I decide to be my age. The only time we had the right conditions, we were led astray by someone who got us lost, so

that we ended a long day by walking uphill. But this day in 1980 was a memorable day's skiing.

M.M.



"My thanks to everyone who rallied  
to the usual plaintiff cry -  
PLEASE write something for the  
Bulletin..... "



"We need anything and everything  
you can produce for next year.  
Please send it to me at

Foresters,  
Hightown Hill  
Ringwood, Hants.  
BH24 3HQ

Ali Riddell

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