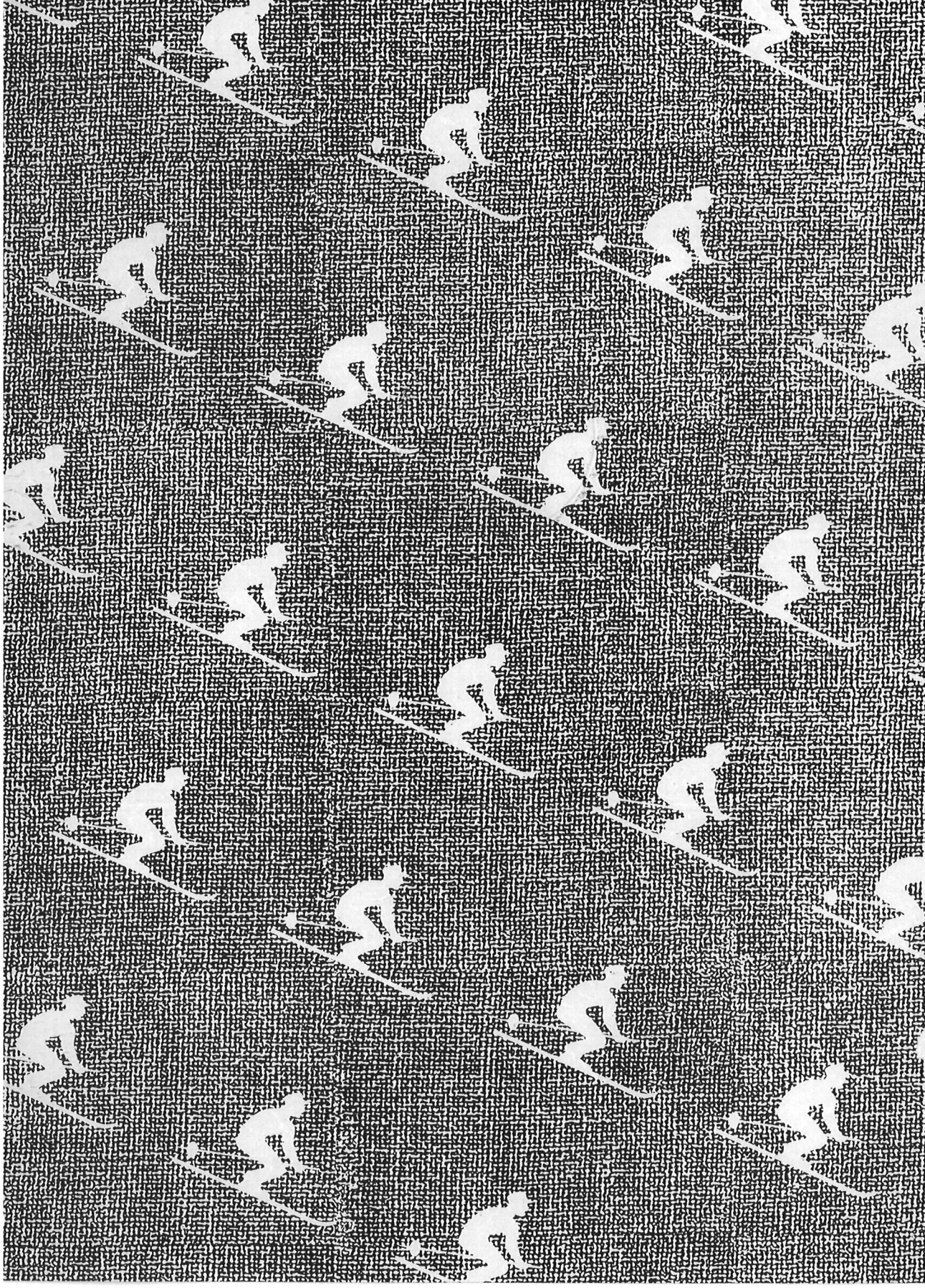




NOVEMBER, 1961



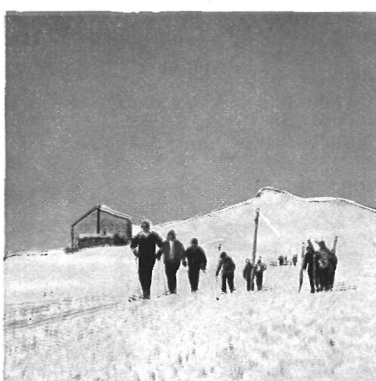
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(Coloured photographs, A. Baumann, Wengen)

For combined abonnements with the Wengernalp and Jungfrau Railways, see page 81

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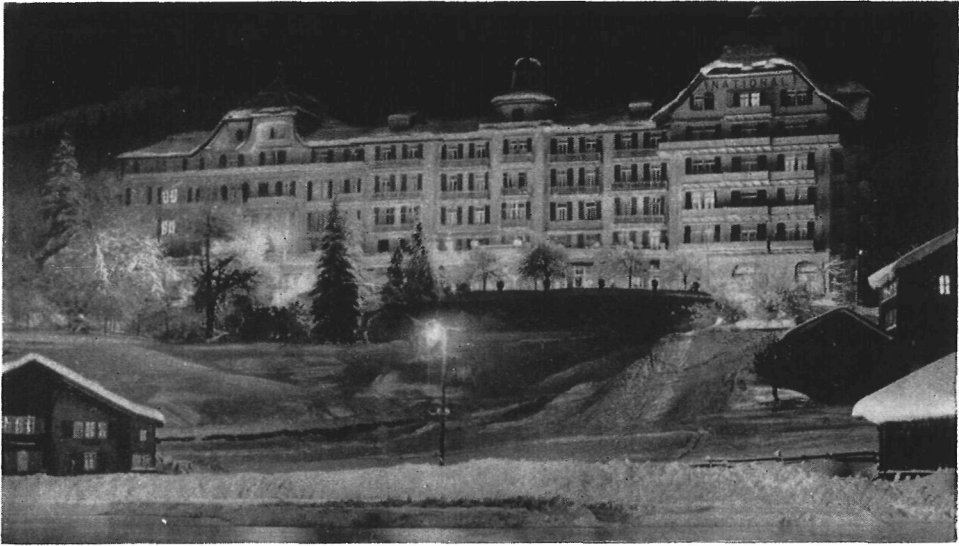
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(photo: E. Schudel)

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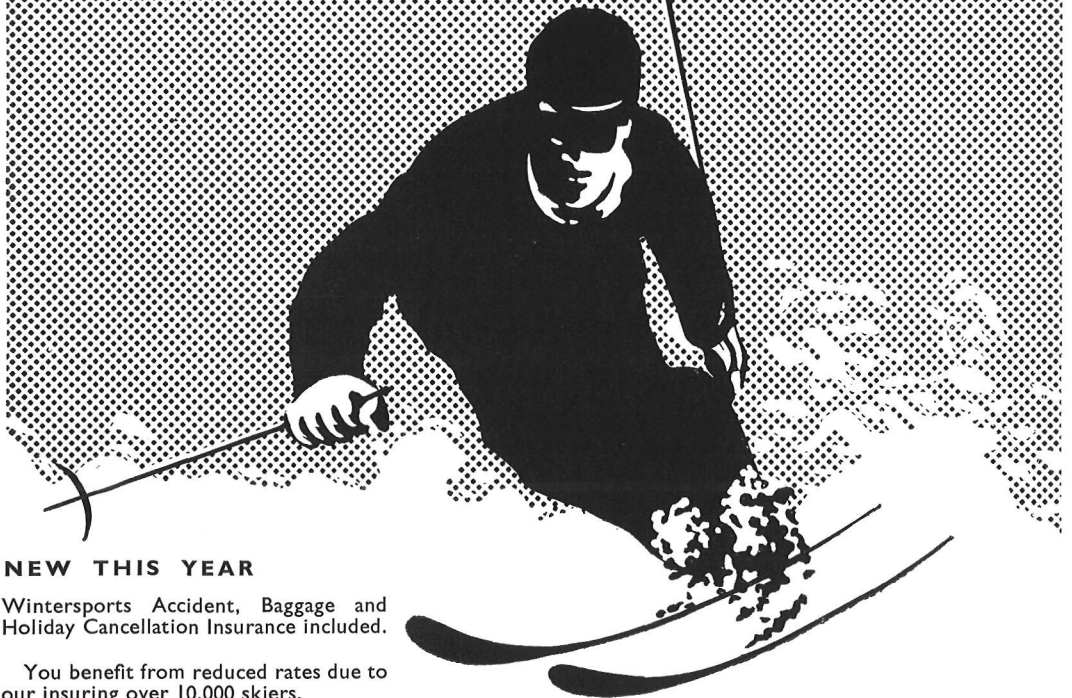
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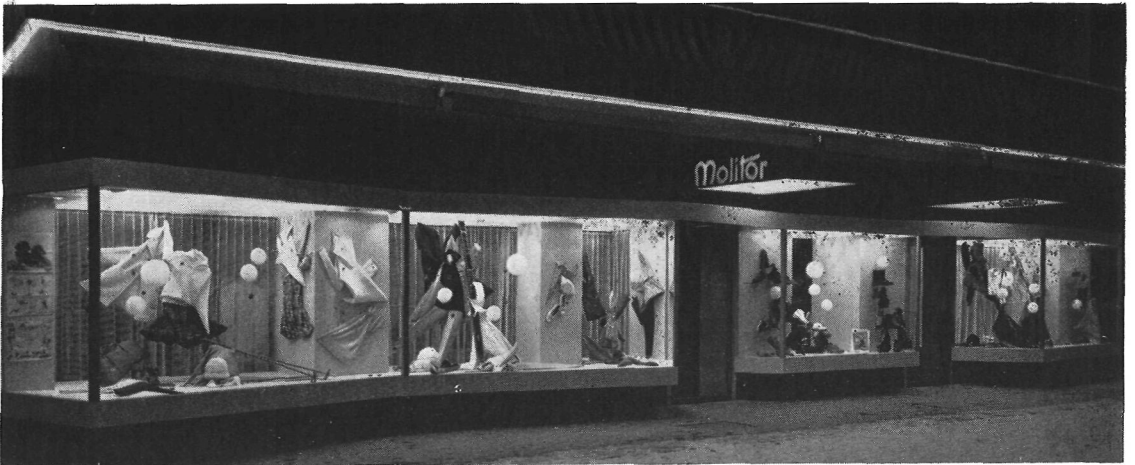
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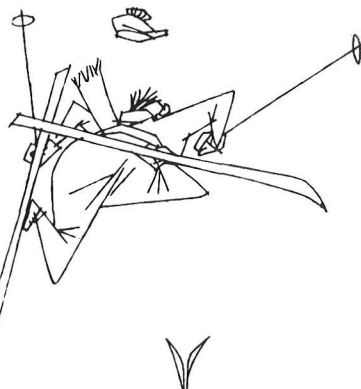
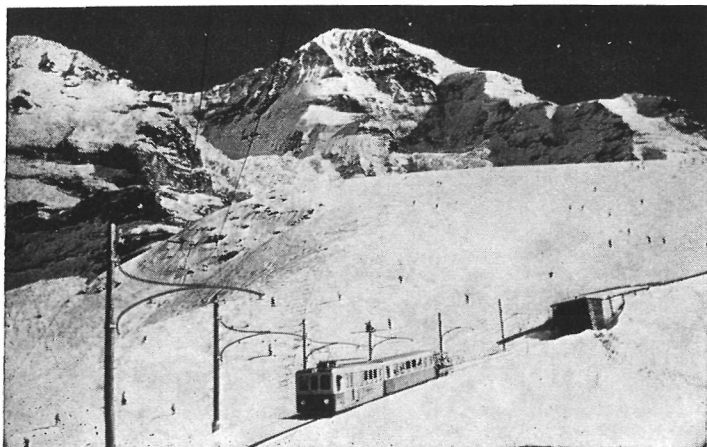
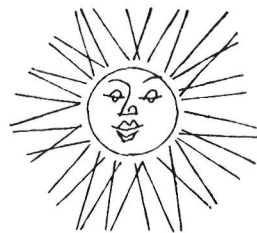
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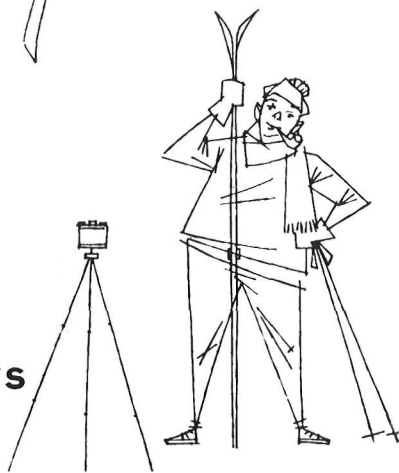


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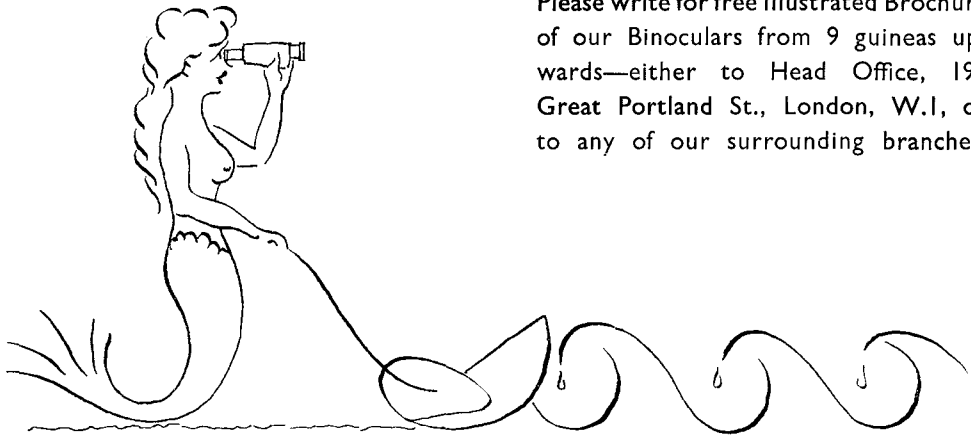
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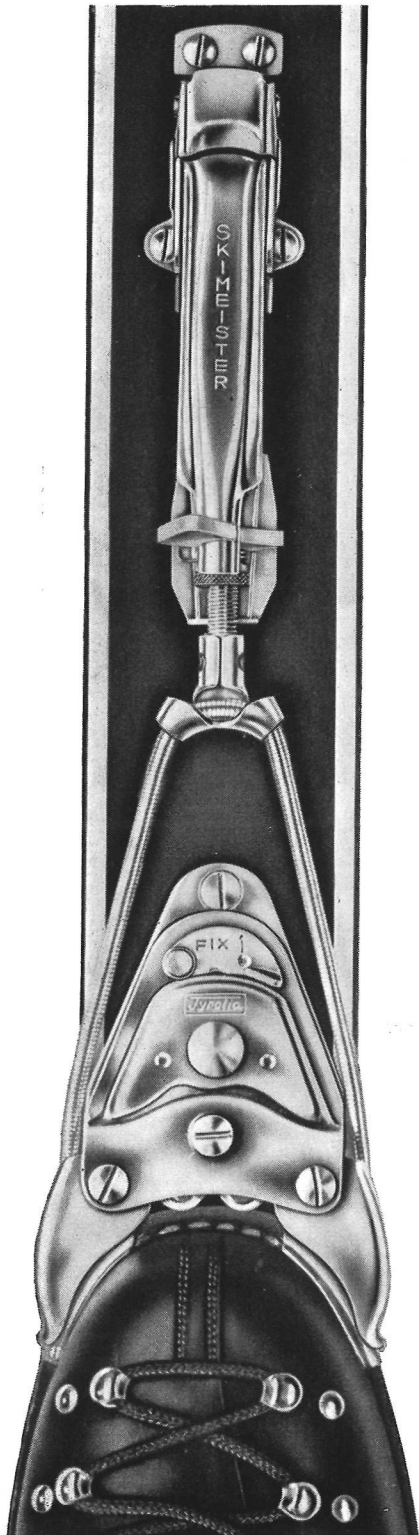
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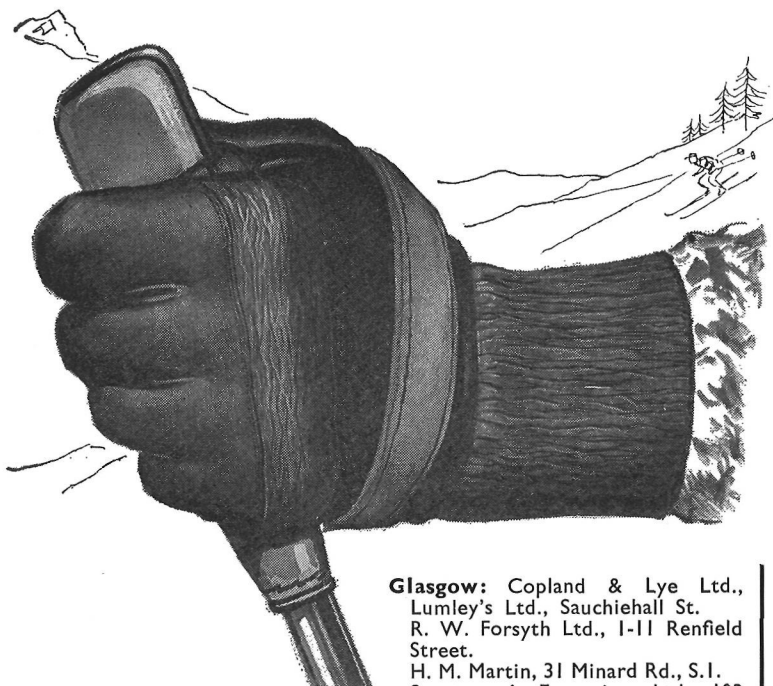
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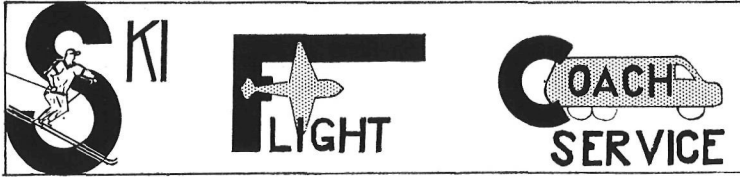
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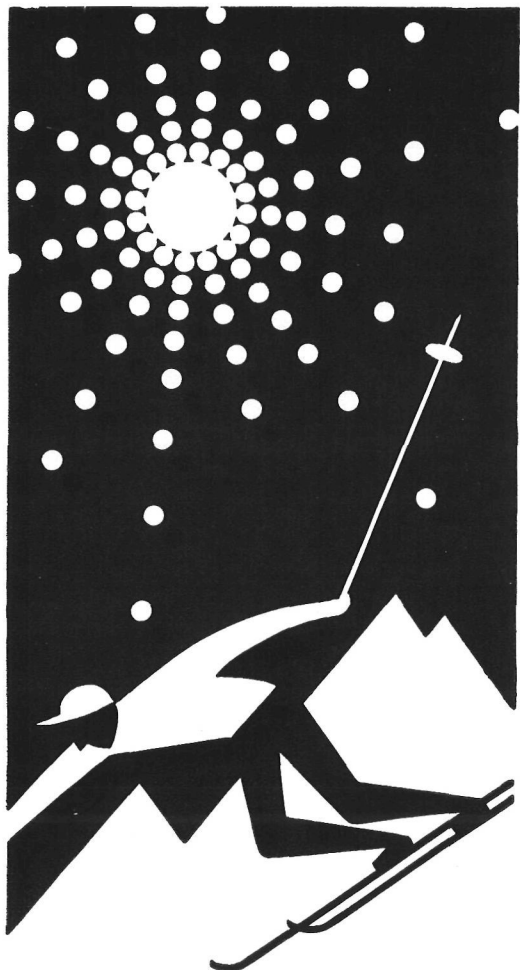
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Page Twenty-four

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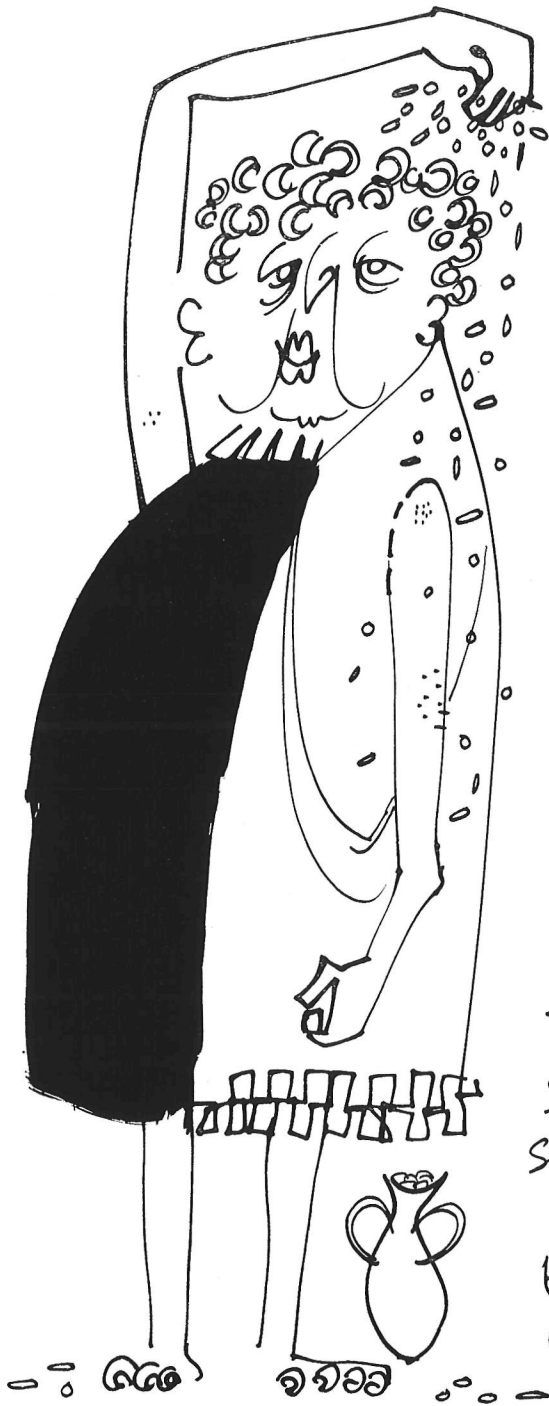


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The Wetterlücke from Mürren.

Water Colour by Augustus Hoare. 1888.

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EDITORIAL

WE should like to take the opportunity of thanking all those kind people who send us flattering "thank you" letters on receipt of the JOURNAL each year. It makes us glad to know our modest efforts are appreciated and somehow makes the long hours of toil more rewarding.

Mind you, when the costs were finally calculated after the last issue we received a few gentle admonitory reminders from the Officers of the Club—"Steady," said the President, "or you'll have us bankrupt." "Scrub the colour," said the Secretary, "we can't afford it." "Who's going to pay for this lot?" said the Treasurer. "I'll resign," said the Editor. "What, again?" said the Vice-President. Stalemate.

The point at issue is quite clear. Either we must reduce the size of the JOURNAL by a third or we must sell more advertising. But before we start nagging at members we should acknowledge the continued help from our existing advertisers, in particular those who have kindly taken space regularly over the last six years—Messrs. Cooks, Kimptons, Lilleywhites, Gordon Lowes, Savory & Moore and World Sport & Travel. Without their support the JOURNAL would be impossible to run (unless members feel like paying a guinea an issue) but if the standard is to be maintained we do still require more advertising to reduce the net cost.

It is obvious that the JOURNAL must have a powerful and direct impact on potential customers since it is published in November and reaches a highly concentrated and specialized potential just when its readers are planning their winter holidays and taking stock of their ski-ing requirements for the coming season. When doing business with any of the firms advertising in the JOURNAL it would be of material help if members would mention the D.H.O. at the time of purchase.

Should members do business with firms whom it is considered ought to take advertising space in the JOURNAL, a note to that effect to your Editor would be appreciated.

* * * *

Eighteen months ago we suggested to the Committee that certain races in the calendar—notably the Heinz, Odling, Scalded Cats and Finnigan Cups—be set aside as truly "amateur" races. They would not be open to anyone who was or who had been a representative during the season, nor to Senior Racing Trainees, nor to those fortunate young ladies who seem to have no fixed abode other than Wengen. This was to allay the perennial grouse "The pot hunters win all the races—why should I bother to enter?"

February races are never well attended and Reps have to make a confounded nuisance of themselves trying to press-gang starters the evening before.

At the same time it was suggested that there was nothing to prevent the "Amazon" brigade (or thugs, as the gallant Mr. Cleaver calls them) running *hors concours*. They would have their times noted on the result list and if three or more entered, the winner would receive a prize but not the cup itself.

The Committee noted this suggestion but declined to make any ruling, preferring, one supposes, to leave it to the good sense of the people concerned.

The races nominated amount to four out of roughly 40 in our racing calendar. They occur usually in February after the serious racing season is over and we feel strongly that they should remain strictly "amateurish" in every sense of the word.

* * * *

Mürren is to have a new ski lift from Stechelberg at the end of the Lauterbrunnen Valley up to the Schilthorn. The first section to Mürren is expected to be up for the 1962/63 Season and will add a further 800 ft. descent to the Schiltgrat run. The complete lift should be in operation the following year and will open up some splendid ski-ing country hitherto accessible only after several hours' climbing. Seen from the map the Saustal looks most inviting. There is no doubt that these new developments will revolutionise ski-ing at Mürren, hitherto handicapped by too short runs, in much the same way as the Mannlichen lift and the excellent new T-bar hoist have changed the ski-ing habits of Wengenites.

A new lift is scheduled for Grindelwald too this season. It runs from First up to Oberjoch (2,486 m.) and will add a further 1,000 ft. of downhill running.

It has been the fashion in some quarters to denigrate the continued exploitation of new ski-ing areas by the multiplication of more and more lifts each year. However, we must face the facts that pistes are getting more congested and collisions more numerous each year and will continue to do so, until the authorities open up alternative routes. The obvious case in point is Slip Cartilage Corner, where the wide slopes of the Bumps are funnelled into a totally inadequate gully with resultant carnage on Sunday afternoons.

John Joannides holds some strong views on the subject and we asked him where he would put new lifts—or, as it were, be hoist with his own petard.

The first thing I would do would be to build a téléférique from well down the stream at the bottom of "Oh God"—the Wabash?—to the top end of the Scheidegg Lauberhorn lift.

Black Rock is hardly steep enough to be a good soft snow run, and facing somewhat south it is very often crusty. So a piste in the winter would do no harm.

In the spring, when there is beautiful spring snow and everyone goes down there anyway, a lift would be nothing but an advantage to take them up again. They would then have a quickly come-by run down the Lauberhorn to the stream again before the snow would have had time to deteriorate.

It would most likely be too soft if one had to climb up to Wengernalp, catch a train to Scheidegg, walk up to the Lauberhorn lift and take one's turn getting on to it.

Of course in the winter there would be a similarly good run down the Lauberhorn to the stream, either on a piste or in soft snow, but there would of course have to be a tunnel under the railway between Wengernalp and Scheidegg. I do not think this lift would have any adverse effect on "Oh God" as it is so short and gets so mucked after two days of fresh snow that a piste or two down it would not matter anyway. I believe that one would always be able to find soft snow on "Little Oh God" as one does now because people do not seem to want to get down to the stream gully too soon.

Another lift would run from Mary's café, again up the Lauberhorn with a haltestelle at Allmend to save one the annoying walk, very often on mud and stones, to the Inner Wengen lift, which takes one nowhere.

You must not be shocked or frightened at the suggested duplication of lifts up the Lauberhorn from different places far apart for, to my knowledge—and there may be more similar cases—lifts at Verbier, Val d'Isere and Courchevel go up side by side over the same ground to the same place!

Think, too, of the time saving of going straight up from Mary's compared with the walk to the Inner Wengen lift and the uninteresting and often unpleasant slide down past the Oberland and power station, followed by another walk down to the station plus a three-quarter-hour train journey and the Lauberhorn lift walk all over again.

My last suggestion is a chair-lift from somewhere down by Bus Bridge to the top of the present Eiger-gletscher lift. The run now is ridiculously short and the climb from the Salzegg Station to the start is irksome. The last bit through the trees after the railway would be amusing and again a tunnel would have to be put under the railway at Salzegg.

One lift we definitely do not want, and that is one to take us up to the top of White Hare climb; White Hare still provides beautiful soft snow country and it would be the greatest pity if anything were done to spoil it.

August 3rd, 1961, marked the 150th anniversary of the first ascent of the Jungfrau by Johann-Rudolf and Hieronymus Meyer with the chamois hunters Volker and Bortis by the south-east arête. The climb was repeated the following year by Gottlieb Meyer, son of Johann-Rudolf, in order to silence critics who doubted the authenticity of the first ascent.

The dramatic ascent of the North Face of the Eiger last March by the four Germans will surely rank as one of the most brilliant and courageous chapters in Alpine history. Their skill, endurance and steadfastness of purpose, the product of months of training and acclimatisation, are worthy of the highest praise. It was a pity, however, that the climbers did nothing to counteract the widely held impression at the time that the climb was continuous. While barely minimising the magnitude of their achievement, the fact remains that this was not so. They climbed the lower section to the Eigerward window, entered the tunnel and walked down to Eigerletscher. A week later they retraced their steps along the line and continued from where they had left off.

Now that this sinister cliff has been successfully scaled both in summer and winter at a cost of 19 lives, perhaps the time has come to close the book with this chapter no less glorious than the others.

* * * *

Glen Illingworth, Secretary of the Club over the past five years, has reluctantly tendered his resignation from office in order to devote more time to his farming activities. During his term of office as Secretary, membership has increased considerably and with it the burden of administering the Club's affairs. Glen has been a tower of strength, not only through his organising ability in Wengen but through his wise counsel in debate at London Committee Meetings.

He is succeeded by Miss Valerie Drew, well known both for her racing successes and her tobogganing activities down the Kali gullies.

Another sad departure from the ski-ing scene is that of Mrs. Rosemary Tennant who, after 24 years resigns from perhaps the most important post in British ski-ing, that of General Secretary of the Ski Club of Great Britain. Rosemary is one of those precious beings—an efficient administrator with a charming and sympathetic personality.

Members of the Club will also be sorry to hear that one of their staunchest allies in Wengen, Dr. Zahnd, retired through ill health in the autumn. Charles Zahnd had been Kurdirektor for 32 years, during which much of his time had been devoted to furthering the prosperity of the D.H.O. We wish him health and good fortune in his retirement. He is succeeded by Herr Bruno Gerber, sports secretary to the Kurverein for the last two years.

* * * *

Flying to Zurich last year we found ourselves sitting next to Bill Murphy who runs the ski-ing at St. Moritz. He told us a most amusing (true) story about two Swiss who went ski-ing on a glacier. One fell into a crevasse and his companion went back to get help and a rope. On returning to the scene two hours later he shouted down the crevasse and received a muffled reply. The rope was duly let down and hauled up—with an Italian on the end! "Rather like getting a pike out of a trout stream," Bill remarked.

* * * *

We take the opportunity to apologise to those members of the Club who spent a strenuous couple of hours tramping up and down the Intrawald behind your Editor during a blizzard. Asked to lead a Club party down the Tschuggen in thick mist, he contrived to miss the entrance to the woodpath and eventually emerged down a wood chute above Mac's leap. Some slight consolation was afforded by two Grindelwald Guides who followed our tracks and complimented us at Grund on finding the little known "Bustligen" route—whatever that may mean.

R.E.H.E.

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THE SEASON IN *Wengen*

Edited by Rosamond Hepworth

A LOOK through the members list shows clearly how much we who ski in Wengen owe to those who don't. That they still subscribe helps to make all the many D.H.O. activities possible, and we would like to thank them. We would also like to feel that they approve of our policy to spend money on young skiers, their training, their competitions and their initiation to touring on the glaciers.

In general, 1960-61 was a good season, with normal weather and snow. There were more people ski-ing than ever before, and on an average fewer accidents than of recent years, probably due to there being no very heavy snow-falls, and to the better understanding of release bindings. There are some excellent new bindings coming on the market, but still nothing perfect. Some of the accidents we had were due to collisions, and some to the bad state of the pistes after the weekends. The railways bring a tide of skiers from the towns, who pay no kurtaxe but leave an aftermath of bumps and ruts which the local authorities do not have the men to make good. Indeed there are now so few piste stampers available that even the familiar routes such as Devil's Gap do not get stamped for days after a snowfall, thereby making the only alternative routes even more crowded. The Club has tried to conjure up pictures of Snow Cats before the eyes of the Herr Direktor of the Wengernalpbahn, but so far without success.

The Club's first tenet is the encouragement of racing, and Dr. Nigel Gardner's organisation of the British Junior Championships was an attempt to resolve some old problems. The Race Committee consisted mainly of active racers, everyone undertook gate-keeping and piste-stamping where

necessary, they were supported by the Club's racing trainers who were receiving proper salaries for their work and that everyone knew what they had to do a week before the races started. There were other novelties as well, including a downhill course for the exclusive use of the racers and strictly enforced times for practice. Essentially the group running these races was a young one, with no V.I.P.s, except the Chairman of the Jury, who was recalled to Mürren much to everyone's regret, before the junior races started, in order to organise the men's races there the following week. D.H.O. men competed with credit, but their failure in the giant slalom was so noticeable that next year the Club will give giant slalom priority in the *Sunday Times* races and special training in giant slalom technique. Other plans are the re-grading of jumping to enable Grade 1 to be taken on the Mannlichen Schanze, more training for Coggins, the development of the Wengen Championships into a balanced group of downhill, slalom, giant slalom and jumping open to British skiers at the New Year and the broadening of the Easter Training Scheme to include girls under fourteen.

The Club's second tenet is the promotion of good ski-ing and good fellowship among racers, and to this subject our new Hon. Secretary has given much thought. Her best scheme seems to be hiding little bags of francs with suitable clues to be given out before club runs, but the Hon. Treasurer has said "no" to this and we await alternatives with interest. Members will be pleased to hear that in future some club races will be for holiday skiers only. The D.H.O. runs in soft snow with ski school teacher will continue throughout the season, snow permitting.

D.H.O. Christmas Training, Girls

*Top (L. to R.): Werner Stäger,
Caroline Sims, Alfred Ammeter,
Fritz Gertsch.*

*Second Row: Daryl Hilton-Jones,
Frances Strong, Cynthia Ashton,
Divina Galica, Judith O'Halloran,
Shelagh Murphy.*

*Bottom: Gilda Clarke, Elizabeth
Salm, Moira Scott, Patricia
Murphy, Helen Jamieson.*

(photo: Baumann)



D.H.O. Christmas Training, Boys

Top (L. to R.): Werner Stäger, Brigadier Digby Raeburn, Alfred Ammeter, Fritz Gertsch.

Second Row: Tim Ashburner, Luis Cumberlege, Clive Mitchell, John Mason, Anthony Forbes.

Third Row: Chris Gallagher, Tim Robertson, Stephen Williams, Francis Doran-Webb, Serge Beddington-Behrens.

Bottom: Robbie Bruneau, Mark Hebden, David Bruneau, Neil Mitchell.

(photo: Baumann)



D.H.O. RUNS. A DAY ON THE FIRST

During a succession of crisp sunny days in March, Herr Zuberbuhler of the Firstbahn telephoned to invite some of the D.H.O. skiers to ski over there the following day. A small party was collected and packed lunches ordered for the early "bucket" up the Mannlichen. The spring snow on the east facing slopes of the Mannlichen was just beginning to soften nicely, so we made a couple of fast runs here using the new Itramen T-bar before continuing on down to Grund. Catching the new bus from Grund station to the bottom of Firstbahn we did not have to wait, and were soon discussing with Herr Zuberbuhler the best routes for spring ski-ing at the top.

As it was still very cold we wrapped ourselves in the wool-lined mackintosh coats provided by the railway and soon we were enjoying wonderful views of the Oberland on our way up to the 7,000 ft. station at the top. From here there are more than a dozen recognised sign-posted runs, and at this time of year on spring snow all you need in these mountains is a good map and the ability to read it, with perhaps a local guide for the longer runs. Our party found the Red Cross patrol most helpful guides, and presently we split up to explore the many ways down to the lower stations, using the special "pip" ticket, to get more good ski-ing than we could have believed possible in so short a time. After lunch in the sun (there are two restaurants served by Firstbahn, which has three stops in its 4,000 yards—30 minutes' ride) we decided to make for the slopes below the Grosse Scheidegg and thence homeward by way of the road from the pass back to Grindelwald, using the snow just coming into the sun from behind the shadow of the Eiger. Carrying our skis, for the village

was by now dry and spring-like, we returned to thank Herr Zuberbuhler, whose kindness had provided the D.H.O. with one of the best days of the season. A call at the station buffet of the Bahnhof-Terminus and a drink from Herr Märkli rounded off our trip, and we were soon in the Wengernalpbahn back to Scheidegg and on to Wengen after further refreshment there. As holders of Wengernalpbahn abonnements our party was able to get 50 per cent reduction both on Mannlichen and First, and our trips on the Itramen T-bar cost us Fr. 1 each, not expensive for such a memorable day.

D.H.O. RACES

In the D.H.O. Races the Lane family had a remarkable year, Charles and his sister Josie between them had four firsts and three seconds. Other cup winners were Oskar Gertsch Jr., John Rigby, Patricia Murphy, Hanruedi Müller, Clive Mitchell, Andreas Gova, Kathi Buhler-Ernst, Walter Fuchs, Martin Niederhauser, John Hollingsworth, Michael Walker, David Benedictus, Carol Crystal, Joan Shearing, Ros Hepworth, T. Low-Beer, David Bruneau and Divina Galica.

At the D.H.O. Committee Meeting in May, the President mentioned Patricia Murphy in his report of the year, for her most successful season in all types of racing, notably for winning both the Downhill and Slalom of the British Junior Championships, and the Hew Trophy in the British Ladies' Championships.

Next season the Junior Team will have four experienced racers who should do very well in Divina Galica, Clive Mitchell, John Mason and Stephen Williams. My guess is that David Bruneau may beat them all at slalom.

Christian Rubi said to me not long ago "in a few years time Ski School Classes will consist entirely of children because all the others will know how to ski".

This a splendid thought, and the Ski Club of Great Britain has set the ball rolling in a modest way by offering an additional prize for the runner-up in the Under Fifteen Class in the Junior Championships next winter. If there had been such a prize last year it would have gone to Charles Lane of the D.H.O., who also won the Downhill race, the winner being Luke O'Reilly of the Kandahar, who slalomed magnificently coming within .4 of a second of winning the whole race. The third boy in the Under Fifteen Class was David Bruneau, who learnt to ski in Canada, and the point I want to make very clearly is that these three boys are twelve years old and they are all but beating boys of sixteen and seventeen and it happens quite often, yet all they get is one small cup for the winner (no challenge Cup) and now an ashtray probably for the runner-up. It is the same for the girls, and we should salute here Helen Jamieson who won the Under Fifteen Class and Elizabeth Salm who beat her in the Downhill.

So many local Swiss people take an interest in the club that it is always difficult to thank everybody. We are particularly lucky in our close ties with the village, from the Kurverein, the hoteliers who put up and entertain our representatives, the ski teachers, the railway officials, the shopkeepers, the schoolteachers down to the smallest of the schoolchildren who race in our races and help to forge these links for the future.

We would also like to thank our representatives, some of whom have written the following reports, for their hard work and enthusiasm.

WENDY WINS FOR BRITAIN

(From the *Daily Express*—June 7th, 1961)

WENDY FARRINGTON, 19-year-old, fair-haired English girl, has won for Great Britain the International Snow-Sea Cup at Juanles-Pins.

Teams from France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and the Argentine competed, including many skiers from the Olympic Games.

The test included a snow slalom, a water-ski slalom and a swimming race which Wendy won easily.

She finished first with 89 points. Christine Sweizer (Argentine) was second with 102 points and Hannelore Heckmair (Germany) third with 106 points. After them came Traudl Hecher, Arlette Grosso (last year's winner) and Heidi Biebl.

Wendy, a member of the British International team, has been placed second in the cup for the last two years.

She is the daughter of a retired army officer and lives in Monte Carlo.

Wendy holds the D.H.O. Gold Badge.

CHRISTMAS TRAINING 1960/61 Caroline

Sims writes:

THIS year there was a shorter training period due to the British Junior Championships being held a week earlier than usual, but the results were satisfying. The girls reaped the benefit of being able to get out for the first week of training, invaluable when much has to be crammed into so short a period.

We had eight juniors: Patricia Murphy, Divina Galica, Frances Strong, Elizabeth Salm, Helen Jamieson, Daryl Hilton-Jones, Bridget Newall and Anna Collins, and six seniors: Moira Scott, Shelagh Murphy, Tessa Dredge, Gilda Clarke, Judith O'Halloran and Cynthia Ashton, the latter two being new to the ranks.

Patricia Murphy and Moira Scott were very fit when they arrived after spending ten days' training in St. Anton with the British "C" Team. It was nice to see Bridget Newall on skis again after her accident last year but, unfortunately, she became victim to "the measles" which rather hampered her training. Anna Collins came up from the Coggins, and made a good start.

Patricia Murphy has done extremely well this year—sweeping the board in the Wengen Junior Championships and became the 1961 British Junior Girl Champion. She went on to race in the Ladies' Championship at Villars where she was 6th in the combined. She had the best ladies' time (senior or junior) in the Rita Hayworth at Gstaad and for the Lowlander class in the Mannlichen race. She had other triumphs in the Byron Trophy and First Riesenslalom. Divina Galica has come on tremendously, being 3rd in the British Junior Championships, and runner-up in the Wengen Junior Championships. She really made her mark in the Ladies' Championships, coming 5th in the Downhill and 8th in the combined. Frances Strong is hard on everyone's heels and gained experience by going to the Ladies' Championships. Helen Jamieson won the Vlasof Scholarship and spent a fortnight in Davos training at Easter. We look forward to seeing the results of this next winter. Perhaps the greatest improvement on last year was shown by Elizabeth Salm who did extremely well in the British Junior Championships and, but for a slip at the last gate in the second run of the slalom, would have gained a very good place. Elizabeth is young and if she continues as she has done this year her brother Richard will have to look to his laurels.

For the first time the Wengen I Team for the Inter-club cup at the Junior Championships consisted entirely of girls: Patricia Murphy, Divina Galica, Frances Strong and Helen Jamieson, and they won the cup yet another year for the D.H.O.

After the Ladies' Championships Moira Scott raced in the Mannlichen Race, First Riesenslalom, Rita Hayworth Cup, Parsenn Derby and Derby des Citadins at Megeve and several other Swiss



Brigadier Digby Raeburn.

Alexander Sykes, winner of the Wengen Jumping Championships, with Karl Monitor.

McCormick, second in the "Sunday Times" Junior Cup, and Marit Haraldsen.

Percy Legard and Marcelline Borter.

Wynns Barnard-Hankey, Caroline Sims and Guy Clarabutt.

(photos: Baumann)



—slalomed well and sensibly (whereas some of their rivals were too dashing) and thoroughly deserved their good combined placings. Charles Lane raced very well in both Downhill and Slalom and when he gets a bit more weight will be a serious challenger.

Ros, Caroline and myself can congratulate ourselves on choosing an all-girl D.H.O. 1st team. They won the Kandahar Trophy narrowly from the Kandahar 1st team, and no other D.H.O. combination would have done so.

Finally, I should like to record our gratitude to Wengen for the splendidly prepared courses. They set a standard that other centres will find hard to match.

BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1961.
Lt.-Col. G. H. Illingworth writes:

JUNIOR TRAINING. Brigadier Raeburn writes:

THIS year's Junior Training got off to rather a slow start owing to late changes in trainers, and the whole period was somewhat handicapped by uncertainties in this respect. However, Werner Staeger, as always, proved a tower of strength and it is difficult to imagine a successful junior team without him.

THIS year the D.H.O. staged the British Junior Championships at Wengen on January 5th and 6th, and after the high standard set by the organisers of these races at St. Moritz in 1960 the D.H.O. were hopeful that the arrangements at Wengen would be equally good. In fact everyone agreed they were even better.

The weather and snow conditions were peculiar—one would call them bad, except that on many days they provided good ski-ing. As always happens around Christmas, the courses were not really suitable for fast continuous ski-ing and the accent had to be more on technique and slalom training.

Thanks to Dr. Nigel Gardner, Werner Stäger and the Wengen Kurverein a superb Downhill course was prepared, starting below the Hundschopf, running under the railway at Waterstation, along Switchbacks, round Alfred's chalet and down the Hannegg Schuss to finish above Sawmills. This course had been well stamped by both volunteer and paid stampers, and was in perfect order. It was completely closed to all other skiers—something which had never before been achieved for the Juniors. The course was also flagged the whole way down on both sides, an essential in case of bad light, which is often neglected even in seniors' races.

Most of last year's better juniors had become seniors and the prospects of matching the Kandahar did not at first seem too rosy. They looked even blacker after Francis Doran-Webb broke his leg when his Cubco binding came off at speed in the Wengen Junior Championship. At the time of this accident, not far from the finish, he was seconds ahead of all competitors, including seniors like John Rigby, and it is not unfair to think that he would have had an excellent chance of becoming the British Junior Champion. His performance with the B.T.T. at Easter supports this view.

The Slalom set the next day by Karl Molitor on the steep side of the Brunner Slopes was equally successful, though the icy patches which appeared on the second run made conditions very testing and times slow for this run. However, ice was preferable to the deep holes which were made by the competitors in the soft snow of the previous year.

With Francis *hors de combat*, Clive Mitchell became the Wengen Junior Champion—a well-deserved success, as he had improved greatly all-round from last year. Among the younger boys two Canadians, David and Robert Bruneau, showed much promise, and it is to be hoped that they will come again. Michael Edwardes-Ker and Neil Mitchell improved greatly.

A word of thanks must be added to Ros Hepworth and her band of gatekeepers (all D.H.O. members) and of congratulations to Caroline Sims and Digby Raeburn on the lightning speed with which they got out the final results on the second day. In brief, the Championships ran as if on oiled wheels, without a casualty or a complaint, and the D.H.O. should be grateful to the members who worked so hard to achieve such an outstandingly successful meeting.

The British Junior Championships are reported in B.S.Y.B. On paper the D.H.O. team appeared to stand no chance at all, and the results of the Downhill were not unexpected. The Slalom was not an easy one and required sense and concentration. Clive Mitchell, John Mason and Stephen Williams—the two latter had been unable to compete in the Wengen Junior Championships

The light for the Downhill was only moderate as the usual cloud on the Jungfrau kept the sun away and even threatened snow. A slight snowfall during the previous night made the conditions slower than expected although the whole course had been stamped in the morning. In the



*n Mason in the
ish Junior Champion-
ships Slalom.*

(to: Baumann)

*competitor in the
Fleas and Flukes.*

(to: Baumann)

*ina Galica with
ner Stäger at the
t of the British
'ies' Championship
Downhill.*

(to: Pöt, Villars)

*athan Foster and
oline Doran-Webb.*

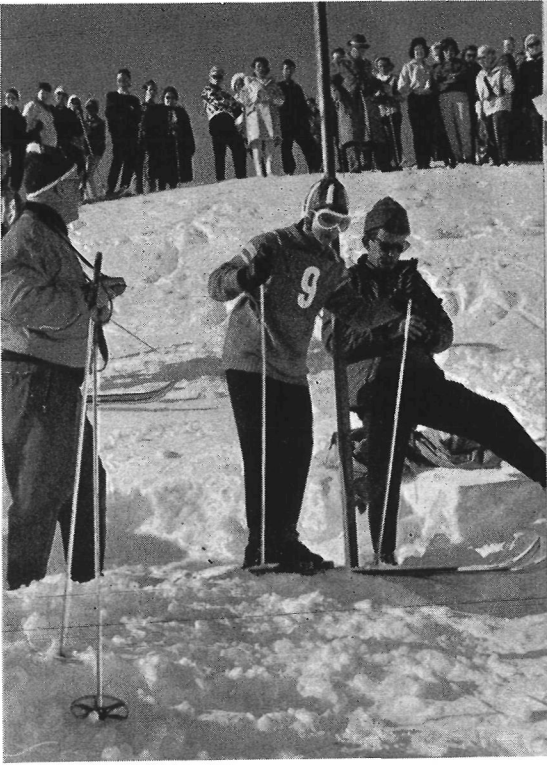
(to: Baumann)

*urles Lane in the
gins Championships
Slalom.*

(to: Baumann)

*sework in the Junior
Trainees Chalet.*

(to: Baumann)



absence, due to an injury, of the D.H.O.'s best boy, Francis Doran-Webb, it was expected that the Kandahar would supply the winning boy; the D.H.O. were more hopeful in the girls' event. These forecasts proved correct with the first three in the boys' downhill coming from Mürren and the first and third in the girls' from the D.H.O.

P. Westenholz was an easy winner with a stylish run of 2 min. 22.6 secs., his brother Charles, aged 15, was second 8.2 secs. behind him, and Jonathan Taylor, who had trained with the D.H.O. in the previous year, third with a time of 2 min. 32.2 secs. John Mason and Clive Mitchell who were fourth and fifth were the first D.H.O. boys to finish. In the girls' race the D.H.O.'s star, Patricia Murphy, was first with the same time as Jonathan Taylor; second, 5.6 secs. behind, was Georgina Hathorn from St. Moritz—winner last year of the downhill and combined—and then came three more D.H.O. girls, third, fourth and fifth, Divina Galica (2 min. 38.4 secs.), Frances Strong and Elizabeth Salm.

Two convincing winners it seemed, but how would they fare in the Slalom? Of the boys Piers soon knew his fate as he missed the last gate but one and was disqualified, but of the girls Georgina did a brilliant first run of 45.2 secs., 6 secs. faster than the best boy and 6.6 secs. faster than Patricia. This lead was enough to give Georgina the Combined if she could hold her own in the second run. Excitement was mounting but in this run Georgina seemed over-confident and had a long fall which put her out of the running, leaving the field clear for Patricia to win the Slalom and of course the Combined also.

C. Westenholz kept the Kandahar flag flying with the fastest boys' time in the first run and a steady time in the second to win the Slalom and Combined. Luke O'Reilly from the Kandahar, aged only 12, was second with two good runs—in the second his time was beaten only by Mark Illingworth racing for St. Moritz, whose 56.4 secs. was the best done by boy or girl in this run. Clive Mitchell, third, turned the tables on John Mason who was fourth (both from the D.H.O.), and who finished second and third in this order in the Combined, having both skied steadily throughout.

Although Patricia Murphy had beaten her chief rival, she had only 1.2 secs. in the two runs to spare over another St. Moritz girl, Ingrid Christophersen who slalomed well. Third was Frances Strong of the D.H.O., 2 secs. behind Ingrid.

So the Combined Results were:

		GIRLS			
Age	Name	Club	Down-hill	Slalom	Com-bined
1.	17 Patricia Murphy	D.H.O.	0.0	0.0	0.0
2.	16 Frances Strong	D.H.O.	7.22	2.35	9.57

3.	16 Ingrid Christophersen	St. Moritz	9.97	0.65	10.62	
Boys						
	Age	Name	Club	Down-hill	Slalom	Com-bined
1.	15	Charles Westenholz	Kandahar	5.55	0.0	5.55
2.	15	Clive Mitchell	D.H.O.	8.25	3.83	12.08
3.	16	John Mason	D.H.O.	7.58	4.55	12.13

Nine girls finished out of fourteen starters and twenty-seven boys out of thirty-six starters.

The Under Fifteen Cup went to Luke O'Reilly, who at the age of 12 must have a bright skiing future.

The Kandahar Cup for the best team was won by the D.H.O. 1st team, composed of four girls.

How did the standard compare with previous years? While there seemed to be no boy to compare with John Rigby, now a senior, the overall standard of both boys and girls seems to improve each year and the "tail" seems to have far fewer "also-rans" than four or five years ago. The policy of decentralising the junior training to affiliated clubs is no doubt the right one and the results of this training can be seen in the greatly improved standards at each successive Championships. But it must not be forgotten that skiing is a sport and is meant to be enjoyed, a fact which tends to be overlooked when training these juniors.

In conclusion I should like to add the thanks of several visting competitors and their parents to Mr. and Mrs. Stäger who made them so welcome and comfortable at the Hotel Oberland in Lauterbrunnen.

COGGINS REPORT. Mrs. Nigel Gardner writes:

THE first Coggins arrived in Wengen during Christmas week and in spite of the lack of snow in the early stages and the attention focused on the British Junior Championships later on, they had a busy season. The first to arrive were Bridget and Isobel Mabey; they were soon joined by others, of whom John Hollingsworth and Ben Collins were amongst the most regular attenders.

Daily runs were held, usually in the afternoon. Some morning runs were set aside for beginners and younger members, of whom Nigel and David Hurst-Brown and Nerys Hilton-Jones deserve special mention.

The Coggins Family race for the McClaren Cup was held on January 3rd. The adults set off in great style from the hut at the top of the bumps—without sticks and carrying a raw egg. Most were in control, some were clearly not, but somehow all handed over their eggs to the children waiting at the hut halfway down the bumps. Antoinette Ashburner arrived first at the finish



D.H.O. Easter Training. Back: Ros Hepworth, Caroline Sims. L. to R.: D. Pinckney, U. Gertsch, Fritz Gertsch, R. Wyrsh (Trainers), M. Walker, R. Hackett, O. Hart, D. Galica, S. Murphy, R. Bloom, M. Scott, J. Cooper, T. Tulloch, P. Weller, D. Bruneau, D. Hart, S. Bruneau, R. Bruneau.

(photo: Baumann)

The Honorary President and Mrs. Foster.

(photo: Burch)



Ros Hepworth discussing with Herr Zuberbuhler the best routes for Spring Ski-ing on the First.
(photo: Schudel)



Mark Shaw-Hamilton and Caroline Doran-Webb on the First Chair Lift.
(photo: Schudel)

The Wengen Schoolgirls' Team—winners of the Tedder Cup. Ruth von Allmen, Nelly Niedehäuser, Field Marshall Lord Montgomery, Käthi Bühler, Mädi Schlunegger.
(photo: Baumann)



at Slip Cartilage Corner, followed some seconds later by Isobel and Bridget Mabey. Isobel was unfortunately disqualified as somewhere along the route her egg had broken, giving Bridget second place and Linda Collins third. Of the Coggins Max Aitken deserves special praise for his pluck, whilst among the parents I think Dr. O'Gorman's performance was the most memorable. He set off at a startling pace and was soon leading the field, but before long took a huge purler—somehow he managed to avoid breaking his egg!

The next special event was the Gymkhana. This was held on the nursery slopes, 30 Coggins taking part.

There were four races, a Carrot Race, a Bending Race, an Obstacle Race and Musical Sticks.

The first three were run in heats. Everyone acquitted themselves with distinction, not least the gallant helping parents. The climax of the afternoon was the fancy-dress party, held again at the Regina Hotel. Herr Meyer very kindly lent us his games room and provided us with an excellent tea, whilst Mrs. Mabey organised some most amusing games, for which the Hon. Mrs. Lane most kindly gave prizes. The fancy dress was of such a high standard that it was hard to choose a winner; finally we chose Richard Craven, dressed as a hall porter.

There were over 40 Coggins this year. Several of them passed their S.C.G.B. 3rd class test and some passed part of their 2nd class. Many of the older ones are already competent skiers, but it was even more encouraging to see the large number of competitive beginners and young Coggins. Promising as these beginners are, I feel that they should not be weaned from the Ski School too early, for only there can they learn the necessary technique—let the D.H.O. provide an additional activity, not an alternative one. Later in the season, however, two Swiss instructors were available for the Coggins in preparation for the Coggins Championships. These were held on January 12th and 13th. The downhill course was from Allmend to the bottom of the Brunner Slopes. There were 28 at the start, of whom 13 were Swiss children living in Wengen and the standard of competition was therefore fairly high. Charles Lane won the downhill from Walter Fuchs and Hansueli Neiderhauser who tied for second place.

The Slalom was held the following day on the Brunner Slopes. Walter Fuchs was $2\frac{1}{2}$ points ahead of Christoph Hiltbrunner in second place and so won the combined decisively, with Hansueli Neiderhauser second and Charles Lane third. Of the British entries therefore Charles was first and winner of the Craft Cup, John Hollingsworth second and winner of the Hepworth Cup and Robert Ogden's good performance gained him third place. Zina Cova won the girls' Flea and Flukes cup and nine-year-old Josie Lane was close behind her. Josie won all three British girls' cups, Charlotte Lane was second, Antoinette

Ashburner third and Victoria Stace, a promising newcomer, fourth.

The highlight of the day was the magnificent teaparty generously given by the Hon. Mrs. Lane at the Cafe Central. Each competitor received a prize. We regretted the absence of a number of our Coggins, including such strong runners as the Mabeys and Linda Collins, who had gone home. Next year these races will be held earlier for this reason.

In closing I would like to thank Mrs. Williams and all the parents who helped me with the Coggins' activities and Mrs. Hepworth who took over when I left. Above all I should like to thank the Coggins themselves. I thoroughly enjoyed ski-ing with them and I wish them a happy season next year.

EASTER TRAINING 1961. Caroline Sims writes:

OWING to good weather in February and March there was only a thin layer of snow for the Easter Training in April but it was made great use of. This year the number of trainees increased to 15, seven of whom were entirely new to racing and its problems.

The junior members: Ian Bloom, Oliver Hart, Teddy Tulloch, Peter Weller, Richard Hackett, John Cooper and Deborah Hart were in Chalet Gertsch under the excellent care of Moira Scott. Mrs. Hepworth looked after David Pinckney, Divina Galica, Shelagh Murphy and Dolph Burgerhout from Holland in Chalet Tint, David and Robbie Bruneau stayed with their mother, and Michael Walker was at Scheidegg.

Ski-ing took place almost entirely on Eiger-gletscher and although the weather was not always kind a great deal was accomplished. A slalom race for the Wengen Golden Skis was held on the last Sunday—won by David Bruneau and Divina Galica, followed by a really well set Giant Slalom on the Monday for the Railway Cups. The B.O.B. Cup was won by Dolph Burgerhout and the W.A.B. by Divina Galica.

During the fortnight there was a glacier trip to Riederfurka, and lectures on waxing, technique, how skis are made and racing technique given by Fritz Gertsch, Ueli Gertsch and Rudi Wyrsh. On the last Tuesday, in a mixture of rain, snow and fog, an obstacle race was held. It involved slalom on one ski, somersaults (without skis!), a jump, egg and spoon and a final assault over a ladder (with skis) to the finish where five questions were asked. Amidst great merriment this was won by Dolph Burgerhout.

Mention should be made of Stevie Bruneau, aged four-and-a-half years, who, with his mother, could be seen every day stemming straight down Eiger-gletscher, at the same time pushing energetically with his "poles". His only trouble was getting back up the ski lift where he had to wait for someone to take him between their skis. He was enrolled as the youngest member the Coggins have ever had.

RACING

SEASON 1960-1961



- 28.12.60 **DOWNHILL RACE.** Course: Plum Pudding—Slip Cartilage Corner—Telegraph Field. Conditions: Good, but narrow piste. Visibility: foggy.
General Result:—O. GERTSCH, 2.58.4; J. Rigby, 2.59.4; P. Schlunegger, 3.01.9; S. Zurcher, 3.02.3; L. Cumberlege, 3.04.0; R. Salm, 3.05.2; T. Ashburner, 3.10.8; H. Muller, 3.11.4; D. Daly, 3.11.8; I. McCormick, 3.15.5; R. Gertsch, 3.15.7; A. Cova, 3.19.9; T. Schlunegger, 3.21.0; H. Fuchs, 3.24.9; H. R. Niederhauser, 3.25.2; Patricia Murphy, 3.25.3; C. Mitchell, 3.25.8; Divina Galica 3.25.9; N. White, 3.27.4; W. de Beaurepaire, 3.32.3; C. Gallagher, 3.33.1; Frances Strong, 3.34.9; D. Bruneau, 3.38.3; C. Gertsch, 3.39.5; D. Rothschild, 3.40.8; P. Hiltburnner, 3.42.1; P. Malkin, 3.42.8; B. Zimmerman and U. Wolfangel, 3.43.1; C. Lane, 3.43.2; S. Beddington-Behrens, 3.46.0; Kathi Buhler-Ernst, 3.49.3; Elizabeth Salm, 3.55.4; Helen Jamieson, 3.57.9; M. Edwardes-Ker, 4.04.7; Madi Schlunegger 4.09.2; Anna Collins, 4.11.5; N. Mitchell 4.24.4; Judith O'Halloran, 4.33.6; R. Bruneau, 4.45.0; T. Robertson, 4.51.7; M. Hebden, 5.12.0; D. Van Berckel, 5.34.8; S. Morant, 7.21.2.
35th "SUNDAY TIMES" NO-FALL CUP (DK): J. RIGBY, L. Cumberlege, R. Salm.
WENGEN LADIES NO-FALL CUP (DK): PATRICIA MURPHY, Divina Galica, Frances Strong.
"SUNDAY TIMES" JUNIOR CUP (B19): J. RIGBY, I McCormick, A. Cova.
LADIES SKI CLUB SALVER (G19): PATRICIA MURPHY, Divina Galica, Frances Strong.
- 29.12.60 **SLALOM RACE.** Course: Hanegg. Conditions: Very cold. Visibility: excellent.
General Result:—H. MULLER, 81.7; O. Gertsch, 82.6; R. Gertsch, 84.2; C. Gallagher, 91.2; Patricia Murphy 94.3; Frances Strong, 98.8; Divina Galica, 102.2; C. Mitchell, 102.4; C. Lane and Elizabeth Salm, 105.6; M. Edwardes-Ker, 115.0; R. Bruneau 122.0; Anna Collins, 131.8; D. Van Berckel, 139.9; T. Robertson, 195.4.
WENGEN JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (B18): Combined Result: C. MITCHELL, C. Lane, M. Edwardes-Ker.
WAGHORN CUP (B15): C. LANE, M. Edwardes-Ker, N. Mitchell.
OETIKER CUP (G15): ELIZABETH SALM, Anna Collins.
ELSPETH HANKEY CUP (G18): PATRICIA MURPHY, Divina Galica, Frances Strong.
COVA CUPS (All Nationalities). Boys: A. COVA, T. Schlunegger, H. Fuchs.
 Girls: KATHI BUHLER-ERNST, Elizabeth Salm, Madi Schlunegger.
HEWITT JUNIOR CUP: WENGEN JUNIORS, DHO Juniors.
MACKINTOSH CUP, New Year Jumping Handicap. Conditions: excellent.
Cup Winner: ALEXANDER SYKES; 2nd, R. Salm and N. Gardner tied.
Handicap: STEPHEN WILLIAMS, R. Salm, C. Gallagher and A. Sykes.
Ladies: TESSA DREDGE, Elizabeth Salm, Anna Collins.
- 12/13.1.61 **COGGINS RACES.** General Combined Result:—W. FUCHS, 4.27; H. Niederhauser, 10.27; C. Lane, 10.48; C. Hiltbrunner 11.16
 C. Gertsch, 12.96; H. Kammer, 14.14; R. Zimmermann, 18.07; Zina Cova, 23.58; M. Niederhauser, 29.64; J. Hollingsworth 29.75; Jose Lane, 34.54; T. Gertsch, 38.06; R. Ogden, 38.13; Charlotte Lane, 38.41; Antoinette Ashburner 38.64; Victoria Stace, 38.70; C. Hart, 52.66; R. Newall, 56.87; Emma Rothschild, 60.15; R. Roberts, 65.36; U. Pfluger, 67.24; Elizabeth Cory, 80.40.
CRAFT CUPS (BG15). Boys: C. LANE, J. Hollingsworth, R. Ogden.
 Girls: JOSE LANE, Charlotte Lane, Antoinette Ashburner
FLEAS & FLUKES (All Nationalities) (B13): W. FUCHS, H. Niederhauser, C. Hiltbrunner.
 (B10) M. NIEDERHAUSER, T. Gertsch.
 (G13) ZINA COVA, Jose Lane, Charlotte Lane.
 (G10) JOSE LANE, Charlotte Lane, Victoria Stace.
HEPWORTH CUP (B12): J. HOLLINGSWORTH.
SILBERHORN CUP (G12): JOSE LANE, Charlotte Lane, Antoinette Ashburner.
SCHNEEHORN CUP (G10): JOSE LANE.
- 17.1.61 **ODLING CUP (DH No-Fall):** Course: Downhill Race, Wengen Standard. Conditions: good.
 M. WALKER, 3.40.2; P. Bullock, 4.25.3; J. Cooper, 4.39.0; T. Robertson, 5.27.1. (11 starters, 7 fell.).
- 24.1.61 **W.S.C. and D.H.O. ROPED RACE.** Course: Almend—Brunner Slopes. Conditions: good.
PATRICIA MURPHY and KARL LAUENER 2.19.7; Frances Strong and Fritz Gertsch, 2.23.9; Caroline Doran-Webb and Bruno Inabnit 2.44.8; J. Foster and Bruno Alpnic 2.47.5; Joan Shearing and Joe Di Giovanni, 2.58.8; Margaret Miller and Vreni Fuchs, 3.10.0; Annie Watson and Alfred Ammeter, 3.16.0; Jane Harris and Fritz Fuchs, 3.16.2; I. de Tessier and Ruedi Wyrsh, 3.17.0; Sally Harris and Ruedi Graf, 3.38.6; F. Sydenham-Clarke and Alexander Brog, 4.52.6.
- 7.2.61 **DHO HANDICAP SLALOM.** Course: Brunner Slopes. Conditions: cloudy; fast piste.
Actual Result:—PATRICIA MURPHY 83.9; Moira Scott, 87.0; Joan Shearing, 96.7; Caroline Doran-Webb, 107.6; A. Hanley Tension, 117.1; G. Wilkinson, 118.3; Chrystal Phillips, 132.8; D. Aitkins, 134.0; Carol Crystal, 135.2; Jose Lane, 145.6; Marika Hanley Tension, 156.7; Maureen Olafson, 162.3; D. Benedictus, 163.1; E. Grossman, 200.5; Judith Adams, 214.6.
Handicap Result:—MAUREEN OLAFSON, Judith Adams, Joan Shearing.
- 9.2.61 **HEINZ CUP and SCGB SPOON.** Course: Bumps—Slalom on 1st Knife Edge—No-fall to Mary's Cafe via Sawmills. Conditions variable; some sleet showers.
PATRICIA MURPHY, 3.10.5; Joan Shearing, 3.23.5; Moira Scott, 3.24.8; H. McCreath, 4.06.5; I. Munro, 4.17.0. (7 starters.)
- 14.2.61 **FINNIGAN CUP.** Course: Almend—Brunner Slopes, Giant Slalom. Conditions: Sunny.
MOIRA SCOTT, 2.11.0; C. Lane, and A. Cova, 2.15.6; Joan Shearing, 2.17.6; Graham Wilkinson, 2.37.2; Angela Parsons, 2.46.0; Josie Lane, 3.05.2.
- " **POLYTECHNIC CUP (Novices).** D. BENEDICTUS, 3.14.6.
- " **POLYTECHNIC LADIES CUP.** CAROL CRYSTAL, 2.48.0; Judith Adams, 3.07.6.
- 24.2.61 **DOWNHILL RACE.** Geschmuzzle start. Course: Mannlichen (short finish). Conditions: excellent snow, sunny.
General Result:—C. LANE, 5.08 mins; Joan Shearing, 5.13; Susan Proctor, 6.52; G. Wilkinson, 6.55; R. Giddings, 6.58; Ros Hepworth, 9.24; Captain Buckley, 23.40.
- 16.4.61 **McMILLAN CUP.** C. LANE, Joan Shearing, Susan Proctor.
JARVIS CUP (over 40). JOAN SHEARING, R. Giddings, Ros Hepworth.
BATHCHAIR CUP (over 50). ROS HEPWORTH, Captain Buckley.
SCGB SPOON. T. LOW-BEER, 6.09; H. McCreath, 6.19; Carol Crystal, 7.52; D. Woodruffe, 11.22.
- 16.4.61 **WENGEN GOLDEN SKI.** Course: Slalom, Fallboden. Conditions: piste icy in parts. Sunshine.
D. BRUNEAU, 55.7; D. Burgerhout, 57.9; D. Pinckney, 59.3; R. Bruneau 65.5; P. Weller, 67.7; M. Walker, 68.2; I. Bloom 71.6; T. Tulloch, 78.6; J. Cooper, 79.9; O. Hart, 82.0; R. Hackett, 102.0.
- 17.4.61 **WENGEN LADIES GOLDEN SKI.** DIVINA GALICA, 57.8; Moira Scott, 59.7; Deborah Hart, 162.8.
GIANT SLALOM. Course: High Traverse. Conditions warm, snow soft. Good light.
General Result:—D. BURGERHOUT, 1.7.8; D. Bruneau, 1.13.1; D. Pinckney, 1.15.3; Divina Galica, 1.15.8; P. Weller, 1.19.6; Shelagh Murphy, 1.20.5; M. Walker, 1.21.7; I. Bloom, 1.23.6; J. Cooper, 1.30.0; T. Tulloch, 1.32.1; O. Hart, 1.49.6; R. Bruneau, 4.35.0.
- " **B.O.B. CUP.** D. BURGERHOUT, D. Bruneau, D. Pinckney.
- " **W.A.B. CUP.** DIVINA GALICA, Shelagh Murphy.



WENGEN



FACES

BRITISH SKI-ING IN THE SIXTIES

By Roland Huntford

NOT even a modern educationist would enter a carthorse for the Derby, but our ski legislators assume that anyone, regardless of temperament, can take part in downhill and slalom. Very shortly a number of English ski racers will be preparing for the new season who by nature and build are completely unsuited to alpine events. Especially is this true of the slalom. That delightful and open air variation of the rumba was devised by and for persons with indiarubber hips of the Latin persuasion. This, the sterling Island Breed generally lacks. Viking ancestors and ordinary pluck are not sufficient substitutes.

British racing is run on the assumption that the alpine events are the only varieties of ski-ing to be found. Jumping and cross-country are ignored. They are classified under the heading of "nordic", a word invested with a pejorative ring when uttered by "Alpine" mouths.

Nevertheless, Nordic events are vastly more suitable to the temperament of most British men (the ladies, I hasten to remark, are exempt from all this; their turn will come a little later on). This can be demonstrated by considering athletics. British successes are usually in the middle and long distance races, rarely in the sprints. In ski-ing, the cross-country events require the same type of person as the long-distance runner, the downhill the sprinter. So what we do in ski-ing is the same as requiring an athlete, whatever his inclinations, to enter exclusively for the sprints.

It is sadly obvious that too many British racers are not made for downhill and slalom. They nevertheless with great thoroughness fight Nature and force themselves to compete, since the alpine events are the only ones brought to the notice of most skiers with the will to race. They might be inspiring as examples of sheer willpower, but they would be happier and more successful "doin' what comes nat'rally".

Begging their pardon, two examples spring to mind: John Oakes and Alec Sykes. Oakes was last year's Services champion, and surely one of the pluckiest skiers we have ever had. But he does not look at home on a downhill course for the very excellent reason that he is a born jumper. In a straight race he appears to be crouching in preparation for taking off; his temperament, unless I judge wrongly, is just the kind required for the long jumps of sixty metres or more.

Until Sykes was shown the way to the jumping hill, he moved restlessly along downhill courses and slaloms. How much more at home he looked on the jump at Wengen! If he can get to Norway and obtain proper training, he will surprise a lot of people, including himself.

Here I must digress to remark, as a Wengen "outsider", upon the conduct of spectators at this year's Wengen Jumping Championships. It ill becomes downhill addicts, however exalted their attainments, to watch the jumping for the sole apparent purpose of making loud and derogatory remarks. Sneers at jumping are not in the best of taste, particularly as it has the more ancient and respectable antecedents.

Jumping cannot be compared with any other sport. It requires a combination of fearlessness, muscular co-ordination, calm, devotion to technique, a love of style for its own sake, and a peculiar mystic enjoyment of pure movement. Revelling in danger are no part of it. I believe that there are many potentially brilliant jumpers among British skiers who are frustrated for lack of opportunity.

Cross-country is the Cinderella of British ski-ing. Its devotees are rarely to be found in the Alps, because of their utterly different temperament, and it is very much looked down upon by certain Persons in Authority. Nevertheless, there is a very large pool of potential cross-country runners, particularly in the North and Scotland, where the patient and dogged kind is mostly to be found. This can be seen at Winterberg, the Army leave centre in Germany, where each year about 200 soldiers compete for the British cross-country championship. And every year a dozen promising runners are discovered, only to return to civilian life with the lament "how can I continue afterwards?" There is as yet no answer, and they are lost to ski racing.

Now all this must not be taken as an attack upon downhill racing and a demand for its suppression. What I am trying to demonstrate is that there is very little opportunity for many a man with ski-racing ambitions to develop within the limits of his temperament. To return to athletics for a moment. Supposing that the A.A.A. restricted events to the 220 yards. There would then be very few British athletes in action. The fact that there is a variety of events allows everybody the possibility of developing his own bent, and the number of triers is large. Moreover, it is peculiarly inspiring to watch a man performing naturally and well in his own chosen field, whatever it may be. An excellent six-miler is an encouragement to one trying his luck at putting the shot. But to force the shot-putter into becoming a six-miler, or vice versa, will not produce competition, pleasure or instruction.

Men are always attracted by wide horizons and repelled by narrowness of vision. If the range of events available to the average skier were broadened to include the nordic events, you would have many more wishing to compete. As

a direct result, there would be an upsurge of those who not only want to participate in downhill racing but, quite as important, have an aptitude for it as well. The competition would become keener, the standard higher, and that would undoubtedly lead to all sorts of nice things, possibly struck in bronze, silver and even gold.

The real racer is an ascetic. He dislikes lackadaisical attitudes. He believes (with all due respect to certain Eminent Authorities) that the deepest pleasure lies not in skittles at the bar, but the satisfaction of doing a thing as well as possible. In a word he is uncomfortable in the face of the determined eighteenth century dilettantism which wracks British ski racing today. Now this is not a piece of kill-joy propaganda. I am not a puritan, I do not dislike social skiing, I am a keen devotee (in moderation) of le après ski, but the fact is that it is essential to rigorously separate the racing and the dabbling aspects of the sport.

Having delivered this bombshell, and demonstrated (more or less) what is wrong with British ski racing today, one is ready to consider a Plan of Action or Scheme (as Jeeves once put it) for its better instruction and improvement.

First of all, both nordic and alpine skiing have got to be equally encouraged, which means carefully choosing the territories where one sends promising racers. One learns by example, and unlearns the same way. It is of no use having the finest trainer in the world if one is surrounded by nothing but awkward locals and spreadeagled tourists. This, to me at least, excludes Switzerland as a training ground, pleasant as it is for the holiday skier. Although the Swiss produce some wonderful racers, they are individualists, and the average Swiss skier is a woeful tangle of stiffness, awkwardness and mannerisms.

One must have nothing but good skiers around one. This means that Austria should be the training ground for our racers. One afternoon even in such a tourist ditch as Kitzbuehel is enough to improve the running of the gawkiest of embryo racers, so smoothly and naturally do the locals ski. Anywhere in the Tyrol would do, or the Vorarlberg for that matter. Jumpers and cross-country runners must be sent to Norway, where the people correspond most closely in build and temperament to English skiers.

A great deal of the inhibitions of British skiers are due, in my opinion, to the fact that wherever they go they are "guests", and sometimes beggars. The Ski Club of Great Britain has got to stop acting as an unpaid verkehrsbureau for certain resorts and consortia of hoteliers. It has got to build a number of chalets and huts for racers. These should be of the kind with kitchens and all facilities for living a "home life" abroad. The reason is that one thereby cuts down expenses. Many would-be racers in modest circumstances are prevented from spending a long time in the snow because of the cost. If one

knew that one could spend let us say from November to February in a chalet, living on the proverbial smell of an oil rag, you would have a number of enthusiasts saving up and making the effort. These are just the people who at present are prevented from training seriously, but who have the spark of initiative necessary to be a good racer.

As suggestions for sites I have: Zürs am Arlberg or St. Anton for the downhill/slalom people, Nordster, Lillehammer or Trysil in Norway for cross-country, and somewhere near Trondheim or Oslo (also Norway) for the jumpers.

The really enthusiastic racers will, of course, prefer to live for a few years in a snow rich country. And why shouldn't they? Nowadays, with Europe uniting by means of E.F.T.A. and E.E.C., it is much easier to find jobs abroad; labour permits are not difficult to get. I suggest that people in the Ski Club make contacts in Austria (possibly even the alpine areas of France) and Norway, to see which kind businessmen would provide jobs for keen skiers. The enthusiasm for ski-racing in these countries is such that most people have a soft spot for the trier, and will do what they can to help.

In order to clear the present fog hiding "Nordic" skiers from their "Alpine" relations, it would be an excellent idea if, as an experiment at least, all British championships could be held together in one place. It would not hurt Alpine competitors to see their lowly cross-country brothers skating over miles of countryside, and they in turn might pick up a useful hint or two from people who specialise in running downhill. We must also have an official British Ski-jumping Championship.

Ski-jumping has (do I hear the curses already?) enormous advantages for British skiers as an event in its own right. It is not half as dangerous as downhill racing. This is partly due to the fact that one uses supple boots and reasonably loose bindings that allow the heel to move up and down an inch or more. The main thing is that nowadays it can be practised all year round. A number of modern plastics have been devised that substitute for snow and need very little upkeep. Both the Swedes and Germans use artificial jumps for training and competitions in the summer. A forty or fifty metre jump costs about £5,000, and one or two in Britain would be a really sound investment. With these facilities, we could without a shadow of a doubt produce jumpers of Olympic class within a few years.

Jumping is also one of the very best forms of training for downhill racing. It develops one's balance and teaches co-ordination. Stein Eriksen is a classic example of the downhill skier who learned most of what he knows on the jumping hill.

English lady skiers seem to be going more or less in the right direction, and they do show



Bannwald
(photo: Paul Heller)

Paul Heller on the Petersgrat.
(photo: George Pollock)



devotion to their sport, but they lack facilities and encouragement from high up. They, as much as the men, would benefit greatly from having their own chalets in which to live while training.

Both men and women suffer from a bull-headed attitude to training. It is a truism that half the preparation for racing takes place off the snow: there must be a sound general physical foundation upon which the specialised movements required in ski-ing can be built. If the foundation is neglected, staleness is the most common result of prolonged attention to technique on the piste.

In fact, British skiers (who, God save the word, tend to be intelligent) learn their technique easily, but they are handicapped by a terrible and deep seated stiffness which is what keeps them out of world class no more and no less. This is something that can be conquered with diligence, and fortunately we have experience in another, and oddly enough, related, sphere to help us.

Childbirth used to be awkward until the advent of Dr. Grantley Dick Read, and his principles of natural birth. He discovered that by *training* an expectant mother to relax, things went smoothly. In the same way, skiers have to be *trained* to relax. I have brought up the matter of natural childbirth because it has given rise to a certain number of practitioners specialising in relaxation therapy. This is entirely different from normal P.T., which more often than not produces the very opposite of relaxed people. These therapists could easily devise a set of exercises for developing relaxation in skiers, which would be worth more than hundreds of hours on the slalom slope.

It is profound relaxation that cuts off the vital fractions of seconds round the slalom posts, and prevents the little mistakes that cause bad falls in straight races.

But whatever new training theories are produced, they can scarcely be put into practice without effective administration. That implies reorganisation, which means change, and change starts from the top which, in this case, is the Ski Club of Great Britain. If it is to be the governing body of ski-ing, it must govern. In the last analysis, this means displaying initiative.

Firstly, the S.C.G.B. must realise, or have it brought home to them, that we are living in the 'sixties and not in the 'thirties. Ski-ing is now so widespread, that the S.C.G.B. has little influence on the vast majority of skiers. In fact, the Ski Club has no longer any function to play in ski-ing as a holiday pastime. Travel agencies and those superior young persons who advertise private parties in the Agony Column of *The Times* cater for that very effectively. The energies of the S.C.G.B. should now be devoted to the development of racing. They will have to draw a brutal distinction between holiday and competition skiers. After all, the A.A.A. does not look after Sunday strollers, and the S.C.G.B. will have to cease troubling about the ordinary fort-

night-a-year-snow-and-sunshine-worshippers. Most of them have not the slightest wish to be looked after, anyway.

The social side of ski-ing can quite safely be left in the capable hands of such guardians of tradition as the D.H.O., the Kandahar, and so on. The S.C.G.B. must concentrate upon legislating and raising funds for the sport, upon the intensive training of racers, and upon the ferreting out of talent wherever it may happen to be, and in whatever kind of ski-ing it may happen to appear. It is far better to encourage a brilliant jumper than a mediocre downhill racer.

Above all, we have got to stop this ghastly sanctimonious arrogance of saying that Kent class races are the thing for us, pure amateurs as we are. Of course they're not. No racer worth his salt is going to put himself out unless there is a change of the Lauberhorn, the Hahnenkamm or Holmenkollen. Also, Lowlanders hate racing against each other; they'd rather be tenth to a Duvillard than first to a Dutchman. Unfortunately the S.C.G.B. seems to have learned thoroughly the art of stifling ambition. It is now in a depressing state of ossified maturity, and is out of touch with all skiers under the age of fifty—and many over it as well. Changes are surely due.

For a start, what about changing the whole system of reps.? Let us have quite frankly social reps. and racing ones (preferably at opposite ends of the village). The duties of the former would be much the same as now, those of the latter to look for talent, arrange for trainers, keep promising youngsters out of the sterile claws of the local ski school and, above all, engage in the painless extermination of ski-mothers.

Now *there's* a really useful contribution to the renovation of our so sadly dilapidated sport of British ski-racing.



D.H.O. Racing Training Van.

"I SAY—SPRING SNOW!"

by Sheena Hilleary

HAVING missed your friends at the top of the mountain, you stand, sorry to be ski-ing on your own, and wondering which run to do. Just then he comes up to you, that man you met the other day, so renowned for his "Birds-nesting" descents.

"Ski-ing on your own?" he begins, "Let's join up."

You thank him and agree. Whereupon with a look of glee in his eye he says, "Well we'll find a way down off the piste. We should get spring snow with the sun where it is."

That sounds tempting, people are always talking about this "spring snow", but you never seem able to find it. Anyway before you can answer he sets off across the icy slopes calling "Follow me."



A little dubiously you follow him, your teeth positively rattling with the juddering of your skis over the rough surface. "It's a bit windblown here, but it will be better lower down where the sun has got at it." He shouts back at you.

All at once you notice he is climbing upwards laboriously on the board-hard snow. You are having great difficulty in keeping a diagonal line, and the noise of skis on ice is nearly deafening. You see him gesticulating and pointing below him. With a supreme effort you stop and as you do see a sheer drop below you of some forty feet. "We'll have to climb round this" he says as you peer sickly downwards. Slipping and sliding, your heart in your mouth, you mount precariously upwards round the gully. Fortunately the other side has a steep skiable face and you clatter down noisily, thankful for your narrow escape.

While you are still breathing a sigh of relief you realize your leader has vanished. Yes, com-

pletely disappeared. Just as you take a breath to call "Yoo-hoo!" a head looms up from a hidden ravine in front of you.

"I'm afraid I didn't see this until it was too late." He climbs slowly out covered with snow, and some minutes are spent in removing every particle.

"Oh!" he says presently glancing at the poo trap, "I might have climbed out on the far side if I'd thought of it instead of coming back here. Never mind. Come on."

You both negotiate the steep sides, slithering down with a minor avalanche and dislodging half the cliff face on the other side as you attempt to scale up it. Somehow you achieve the ridge and your friend the Birds-nester sets off without comment through the trees humming a little tune. You are expected to follow. Scratching your way along, dodging branches, cursing heartily under your breath, you pursue the hastening figure.

Suddenly the woods echo to his exclamatory whoop of delight. "I say—spring snow!"

You see him slaloming down a narrow glade with a cry of pleasure at every turn. "At last," you think, "we have found the promised spring snow."

But before you can start you hear his last whoop turn to one of annoyance and you see him collapsed in a heap near the end of the glade.

"Watch out!" he calls, "It's not holding here."

You had so looked forward to this spring snow too. However you turn cautiously down expecting it to give at every move. With the first few turns you realize this would be pure heaven if only you could trust the snow. You reach him without incident and watch him finish the process of wiping off every remnant of snow.

"Well we'd better be getting on" he says, moving forward into the trees. He does a long traverse, his skis sinking now and again with no warning deep into the crust.

"We'll have to do stem turns in this I'm afraid."

Heavily you manage to turn, only to find yourself face to face with an unbending pine tree, which you can only welcome with open arms. Having extricated yourself from the uncalled for embrace, you continue through the trees, more careful to avoid another affair, your skis sliding and sinking alternately. It is becoming quite clear that the snow is turning to sog. It's getting heavier and heavier as you proceed.

"I think we'll just have to do kick turns in this," says your friend with a smile.



"its a bit
windblown here..."

You don't like to admit you had in fact already indulged in several such revolutions. Presently you find what appears to be a quite reasonable little traverse. You allow your skis to proceed as they will soon you have passed the leader and are gathering speed. Too late you see the steep little gully; within seconds you swoop down the side of your skis dig firmly into the opposite bank depositing you in the soggy snow.

"I say, I'm stuck" you call, unable to move. You can feel the snow oozing under your belt.

"I'm coming." The Leader begins to sidestep cautiously down. Wet trickles are seeping into your sleeves. He arrives and begins to dig out your skis with his stick, showering you with wet snow. It gets in your hair, bits fall on your neck and swiftly ease down your back in icy rivulets. You are however in no position to complain.

At last both skis are freed and you wriggle them round in order to stand up, as you do so propelling a wedge of ice straight down your trouser leg.

"You're not hurt are you?" Your friend enquires seeing you flinch with the unwelcome cold invasion. You hasten to assure him you are in excellent trim and raring to go.

"I think you'd better follow me but I doubt if we'll get much more downhill running from here" he says, starting to plod laboriously through heavy mush lifting one ski at a time.

You tie the second sweater round your waist and roll your shirt sleeves up. When your watch tells you you have been walking for forty-five minutes (though your head argues it is several hours) the leader turns triumphantly:

"This is where we take off our skis."

Ahead of you is a gurgling brook on the far side of which a narrow goat track straggles up what appears to be the side of a mountain. Obediently you remove your skis and shoulder them sending a further wet shower down your neck as you slosh through the stream and begin to ascend the precipitous track after your friend.

An hour later you reach the road where a short walk (or should I say stumble?) would bring you to the bus stop, but while still some 200 yards from the halt sign you hear the bus approaching and you have to run the last stretch breathless, blistered and sore-shouldered. You fall into the bus, abandon your friend and thankfully find a seat on your own where you can close your eyes and not speak to anyone.

When you enter the hotel you are greeted by your friends: "Where have you been? We've had the most marvellous afternoon, we did five different runs."

The Birdsnester does not waste a second; even before your face can assume the expression of envy you are feeling, he plunges in, "WE went off the piste and found spring snow! I tell you what, I'll take you all down that way to-morrow." Then turning to you, "How about it?"

GLACIER TOURING, 1961



THE season was second only to that of 1959 in weather and, taking into account snow conditions, probably better. Two years ago the last three weeks of February gave unbroken sunshine but the snow proved mostly indifferent. This year three days of heavy snow in the middle of the touring period gave good soft snow skiing on North slopes right into the middle of March.

The Gospel according to Sir Arnold lays down that "Thou shalt not write about Eismeer, Loetschenlücke and Galmilücke". We shall find it difficult to observe this latest edict from Room 4 because, barring one trip, this is all we really did but at least we enjoyed it and even revelled in our "hackneyed mediocrity".

To be fair to ourselves we did make the effort to get away from the usual runs and discussed many of Sir Arnold's alternative suggestions in turn with the Club's guide.

Due to the receding of the glacier the climb to the Finsteraarjoch would, we were told, entail nine to ten hours' climbing mostly on foot over the rocks as the two ice-falls were impassable. The Hühnertali pass would be possible but the Urbachthal was out of the question until the

avalanches were all down in April or May. The Gredetschjoch from the Oberaletschhütte was another possibility but Fredy Fuchs told us he didn't fancy the eight-hour climb in the reported two metres of new snow. This left the Bieligerlücke—we shot a furtive glance at this as we tramped up the Galmifirn (with two novices in the party), and breathed a sigh of relief that we should not have to tackle its 200 metres of near-vertical green ice which led to the pass.

Let's face it—there must be *very* few glacier runs in the Oberland suitable for 2nd class skiers in February and March, other than the recognised "routine" routes. If one starts swinging novices about on ropes it only scares them (or wrecks their stretch-pants) and they won't come again. We may be getting old and unadventurous but we rather like our dear old friends, E-sm--r, L--tsch-nl-ck- and G-lm-l-ck-.

And now to the tours themselves (Sir Arnold read no further!!!). We arrived on 18th February to be met by Oskar Gertsch outside his Ski School Office. Our enquiry about the best place to ski was met with "There's a ski school party

going to Goppenstein tomorrow—you might do worse than go with them—there's less danger of collision on Konkordia than on the Bumps". Four of us went from the D.H.O. and Oskar's words were right—but only just. There were at least 100 others on the first early train of the season but we managed to get away quickly and avoid the crush. Climb and descent were performed in breakable crust but it was pleasant to be back in the mountains again on such a glorious day.

Two days later six of us went to Obermönchjoch. A large avalanche had precluded us using the traverse to the Untermönchjoch and so we skied down the Upper Ewigsneefeld to cut rather dramatic steps straight up the wall. The ice-fall on the Fiescherwand was difficult this year entailing half an hour's climbing up and down to find a route through the maze. Eventually Fredy tied your editor to 60 metres of rope, pushed him over the edge and told him to find his own way down. After lurching about in mid air like a clumsy spider we came to rest on an adequate bridge, side-slipped down a narrow gully and we were through the worst and on to Eismeer.

Three days later on 24th February six of us went to Goppenstein—again a day of cloudless skies, not too hot, not too cold—just right. In contrast to our previous trip five days before, we found perfect powder to the moraine and thereafter an excellent little piste to Blatten. Ros Hepworth came with us and showed all of us her heels on the climb and was first into the Pension Breithorn after the run down. The pace had been fast with few stops and we were able to catch the earlier train.

On Tuesday, 28th, we were caught napping by a sudden storm on Eismeer. When we entered the tunnel at Eigergletscher the weather was fine. At Eismeer it had begun to cloud over and half-way down the glacier found nine of us stemming slowly down by compass behind Fredy in a raging blizzard with visibility virtually nil.

Occasions like this prove the necessity for a competent guide on club parties and give the answer to those critics who suggest that on Loetschenlücke and Eismeer guides are a needless expense. With more and more people going on the glaciers each year it would seem a simple matter to follow the tracks down, and so it is ninety-nine times out of a hundred. On the hundredth time the weather breaks suddenly, somebody falls into a crevasse and injures themselves, and that is when the insurance of a guide can be literally a matter of life and death. We are not, however, suggesting that people should never venture on the glaciers without guides. Small parties of well equipped experienced tourers can be relied to look after themselves but an advertised club party should always take a guide.

Snow fell for the next three days but Saturday, 4th March, dawned clear and cold. Surveying the scene from the Eiger breakfast balcony we were alarmed to see two members of the Glacier Tour-

ing Section furtively sidling out of the Ski School Office with their coat collars turned up, muttering "Petersgrat—Petersgrat—must get a 'plane." The splinter movement was quickly scotched but the writer was immediately surrounded by hordes of fist-shaking, angry tourers—"We want to take a 'plane and you can't stop us. If you want to climb go ahead but leave us out of it." In the face of this intense barrage we capitulated, principles were thrown overboard, consciences abandoned and with a feeling of guilt we nipped into Oskar's office to ask his advice. It was 9.15, Fredy was at Wengernalp taking tests. Guides were despatched to all quarters of the village to intercept him. Oskar telephoned to Bern for the 'plane and by 10 o'clock the first man was in the air. All having arrived safely we set off down the Petersgrat at noon. The snow was as good as we were ever likely to find on a glacier. Mile after mile of steep North slopes with eighteen inches of the fluffiest powder imaginable. Yet somehow something was missing. We had achieved it so easily. It had to be remedied.

Traversing the Tschingel Glacier, we climbed up under the Lauterbrunnen-Wetterhorn for three-quarters of an hour until we hit the Breithorn-gletscher, where we turned and skied down below the Schmadrihütte, thus slightly atoning for our sloth.

Sunday was again a splendid day and Robert Giddings and the writer took the opportunity to initiate their respective daughter and wife to the glaciers. Hedley Gardner, the Secretary of the Club, came with us and demonstrated that telemarks still take a lot of beating in heavy new snow—and they are ever so pretty.

Monday, 6th March, was set aside for a small private tour of which more later, and on Tuesday, six of us set off for the Finsteraarhorn Hut and Galmilücke. The weather all this time was still perfect and the heat on the Grunhornlücke was reminiscent more of June than March. We found the Eagle Ski Club had beaten us to be the first to open the Finsteraarhorn Hut the week before so at least the blankets were well aired. The climb on the following morning was achieved in record time and we were ready to start the descent by nine. We had been lucky this year in avoiding safety binding trouble while climbing and the only casualties were a few blisters caused through overtight bindings.

We reached Münster at 11, took the train from Brigue and while half the party continued on to Wengen the other half got off at Goppenstein for the Wetterlücke (reported separately on page 53).

Friday, 10th March, gave us one last run down the Eismeer bringing to an end eleven perfect days' glacier touring. In all these tours Fredy Fuchs acted as our guide and to him must go much of the credit for the wonderful skiing we enjoyed.

R.E.H.E.



THIS PAGE

The view down the Lauterbrunne Valley. Robert Giddings and George Pollock in the foreground.

(photo: Spencer Copeland)

Maggie Miller and George Pollock crossing an avalanche track above Obersteinberg.

(photo: Spencer Copeland)

Crossing the Tschingel Glacier.

(photo: George Pollock)

Blatten. February 19th, 1961.

(photo: Valerie Drew)

The Church at Münster.

(photo: Maggie Miller)



OPPOSITE

Cutting steps up to the Untermönchjoch.

(photo: George Pollock)

Pamela Carey-Wood on the exit from Eismeer.

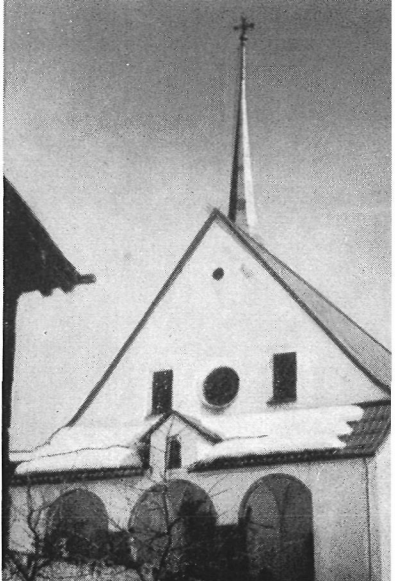
(photo: George Pollock)

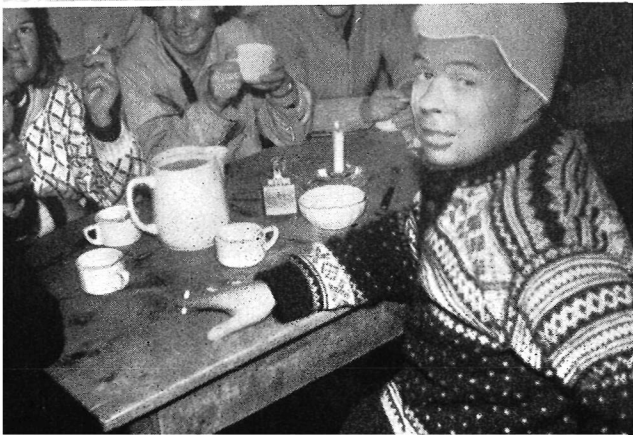
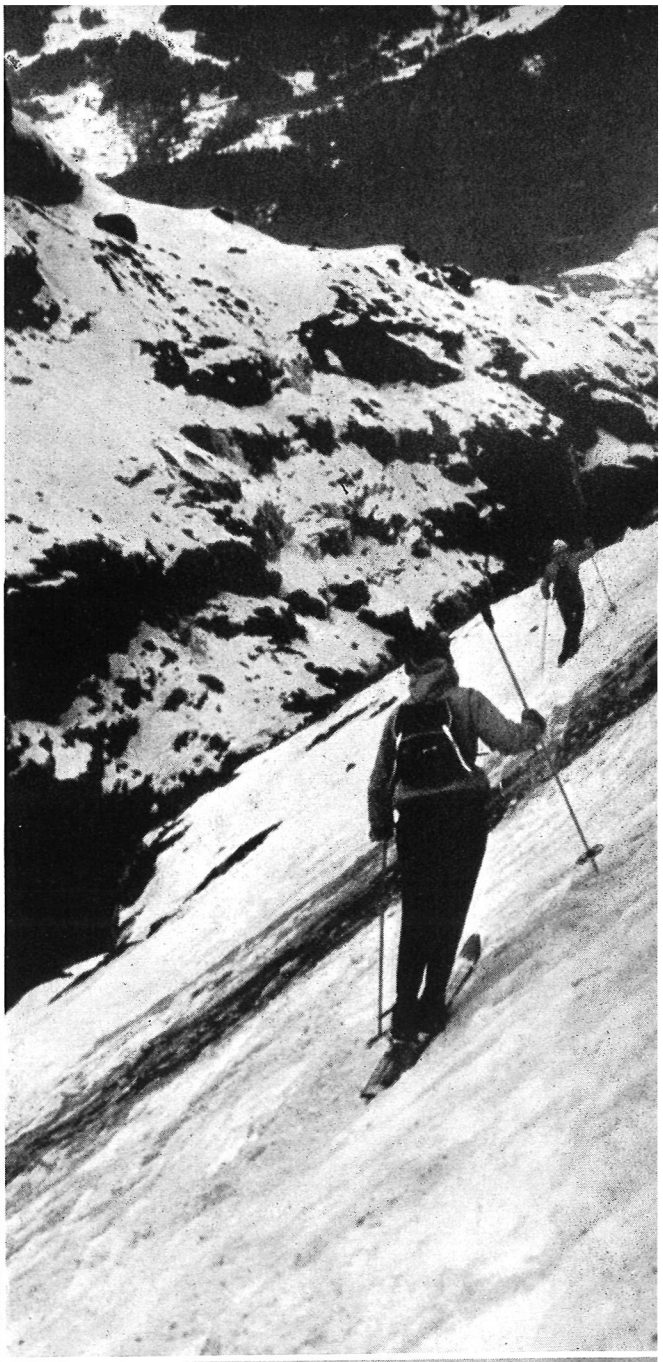
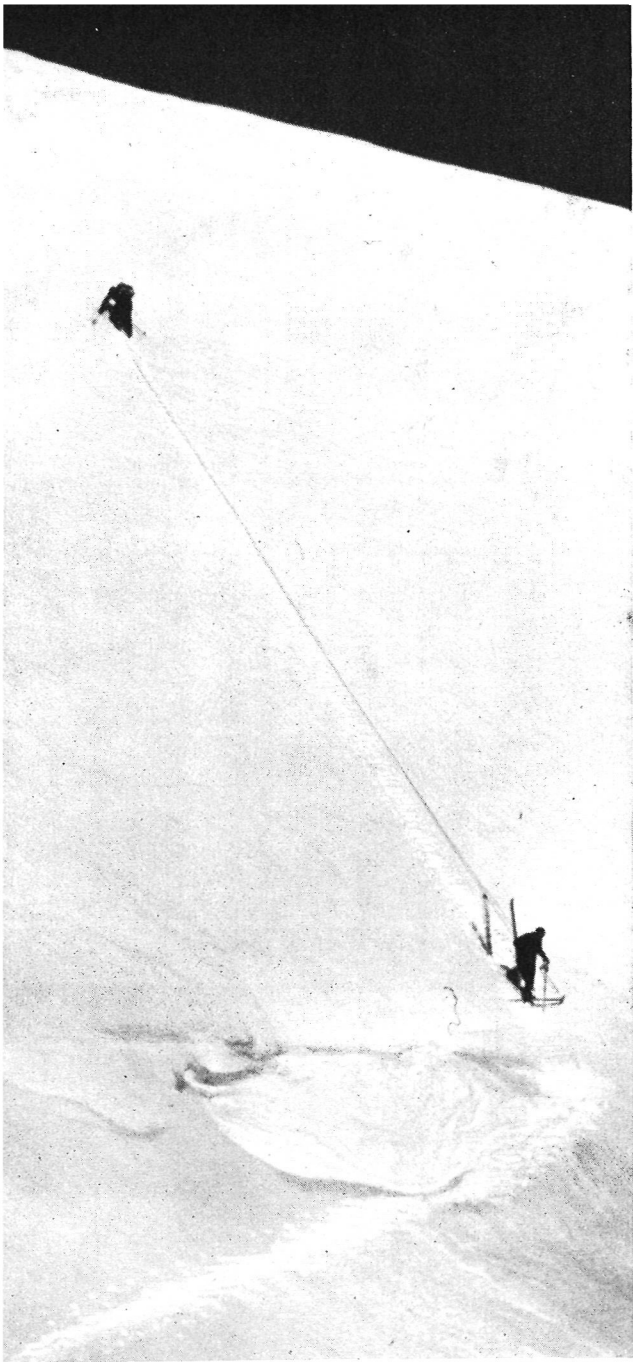
Stoking up for the night. A Flashlight photo in the Finsteraarhorn Hut.

(photo: Robert Giddings)

The view above Münster. Backs, (L. to R.) are: Sarah Edmonds, Fredy Fuchs, Susan Procter, Maggie Miller and Sandra Giddings.

(photo: Richard Edmonds)







*Photo: Ty Rufer, Gletscherpilot
The route from the Wetterlücke taken
from the air during the actual descent.*

WETTERLUCKE

WE believe this to be the first winter crossing on ski of this pass. Enquiries from guides in Wengen who, although unable to confirm definitely that this is so, are equally unable to name any previous ascent or crossing. Actually the run is possible only rarely, when sufficient snow is present to form adequate bridges over the crevasses in the upper ice-fall.

Be that as it may, the Wetterlücke (often confused with the Petersgrat) dominating the head of the Lauterbrunnen Valley and flanked by the Breithorn and Tschingelhorn, is an extremely attractive pass with incomparable views on either side—to the south the Faffertal and Lötschental and to the north Mürren and Wengen, and leading on this occasion to 8,000 feet of steep powder snow slopes.

The D.H.O. Touring Section first cast envious eyes in this direction in 1959. The attempt was postponed then due to unsuitable conditions and it was not till this year that a study of the upper ice-fall through binoculars revealed a possible route. This was followed by a detailed air reconnaissance and a landing on the Wetterlücke itself on Monday, 6th March. We were substantially equipped with 60 metres of rope, belaying posts and various other devices with which to breach the defences of the ice-fall. Happily few of these proved necessary and after swinging down the first few superb slopes we reached the ice-fall to find, as one often does, that it did not appear quite so formidable on closer inspection. After one false start we developed a route running right to left (looking up) and had only one bad place to cross. We were roped in pairs and after an hour's work were through to the slopes below. Looking back we could truthfully say that the route was considerably easier than this year's Mönchjoch.

More steep open slopes on the superb Breithorn-gletscher followed and within an hour-and-a-half of starting we had joined the normal Petersgrat run.

Having, therefore, found it so much easier than

expected we were of course stricken with conscience for having taken a 'plane instead of making a proper job and climbing up the other side. We determined to remedy this and two days later returning from the Galmilücke tour to Münster we left the train at Goppenstein, took a jeep to Blatten, spent the night there, rose at 5 a.m. next morning and started to walk up the Loetschenlücke "piste" towards Fafertal. After an excess of Dôle the night before the progress of one member (the writer) was erratic, slow and accompanied with frequent stops which accounted for the time of six hours taken to climb the five-and-a-half thousand feet. It was however an extremely pleasant experience to follow the banks of the crystal clear Lonza in the early morning half-light, the birds awakening into song and the first blush of a new day deepening to a burning gold on the summit of the Loetschentaler Breithorn. We started up the Faffertal at 7.30 and for the first hour-and-a-half covered good ground on frozen snow until we reached the rocks spanning the centre of the valley. Since the snow was still hard we decided to climb straight up on foot. The snow was hard—too hard and half way up a couloir the writer slipped, slithered 20 feet and remained spreadeagled clutching a minute outcrop of rock and yelling for a rope. After this little diversion upward progress continued until we could put on skis again. First a traverse to the left and then back again to the right under a large rock wall and then finally steps up a steep slope to circumnavigate the ice-fall and give us access to the final easy slopes to the pass.

We reached the top at 12 noon exactly (the writer at 12.10) and started the descent immediately. Knowing the route now we took only ten minutes through the ice-fall and reached the Petersgrat run within half-an-hour. Once again all slopes held perfect powder but the ski-ing was even more enjoyable because this time we had earned it.

R.E.H.E.

The Wetterlücke from the Männlichen.

(photo: Paul Heller)

Before the descent. L. to R.: Fredy Fuchs, Maggie Miller, Richard Edmonds, Robert Giddings.

(photo: Ty Rufer)

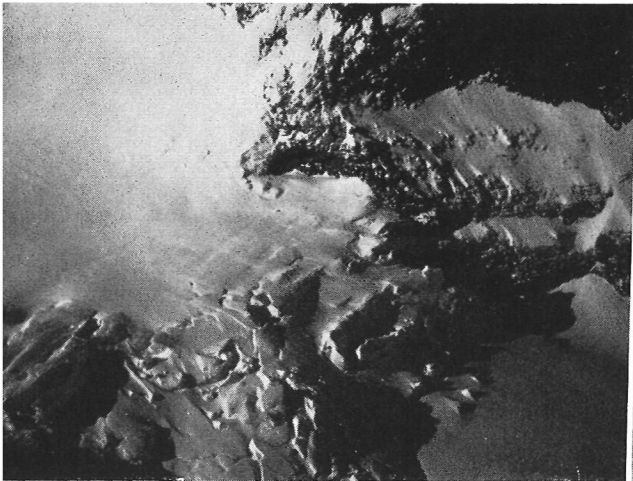




Maggie Miller loading up her skis.
(photo: Richard Edmonds)



Freddy Fuchs on the Wetterlücke.
(photo: Richard Edmonds)



The main ice fall.
(photo: Richard Edmonds)



Crossing a snowbridge.
(photo: Robert Giddings)

Roping up.
(photo: Richard Edmonds)



Roped ski-ing.
(photo: Robert Giddings)



LA GRANDE DIXENCE

by Gordon Cridlan

SOME years ago the Swiss decided to dam the Lac des Dix in the Val d'Héremence and to raise the level of the lake by constructing a series of tunnels through the mountains. As a result, a number of huttet workmen's camps are to be found throughout the Southern Valais and on three occasions this year D.H.O. members welcomed the facilities that these camps had to offer and came to refer to them as a Dammed Hospital Organisation.

In case the Editor of another ski-ing journal, who last year called for more enterprise, should claim any credit, let me start by saying that the idea of seeking new pastures was decided upon in the Eiger Bar last season by some of us, not because we were tired of the Lötschental or of hearing about it, but simply because we wanted to ski elsewhere. Once the seed was sown it was encouraged, by correspondence, by a dinner at Brusas in Charing Cross Road, by visits to farms in Sussex, by rumours leading to Ros saying "I hear you're going to Verbier—I may join you". Alas, she never did.

Madeleine Marx, meanwhile, has been working hard and before any of us left England we knew that Charles Troillet, Guide-Skieur Diplômé & Chef du Service d'Avalanche, had placed himself at our "entière disposition". By Sunday, 5th March, Madeleine and Daphne Portway at the Hotel de la Poste, and John and Paddy Hollington, John Turnbull and myself at L'Auberge, were beginning to get our legs, heads and digestions acclimatised to all that Verbier had to offer. Coffee and kirsch followed by fendant often lead to sensible decisions and that evening in the gaststube of L'Auberge we arranged to ski the following day with Charles and to work out a plan for a trip to Arolla. So on Monday morning after Charles had pointed out all the major peaks to be seen from the top of Mont Gelé (3,023 m.), including the Bietschhorn in the Lötschental, we were put through our paces and passed as suitable to indulge in as much of the Haute Route as our respective plans permitted. As a result, Madeleine and Daphne, having booked accommodation in Zermatt from the 10th March, decided to ski all the way there, the rest of us being content to aim at Arolla as the Hollingtons had to return by car to England and John Turnbull and I, with only one and three days ski-ing before the start of the trip, decided that discretion was the better part of valour. Charles met us at 8.30 on Tuesday morning at Les Ruinettes and from there we took the cable car to Les Attelas (2,727 m.). He had told us only to bring lunch for the first day as we

could get extra food at the night's halt at the Dixence Dam construction camp at Prafleuri. Any misgivings we may have felt on this score were soon dispelled that evening, but more of that later.

Leaving Les Attelas at 9 o'clock we were soon down in the region of the Cabane de Mont Fort putting on our skins for the 2¼ hour climb to the Col de la Chaux (2,940 m.) where we had an early lunch. We were joined by at least a dozen Swiss of all ages who must have followed us under the impression that we were climbing the Mont Fort, as that turned out to be their objective. The fact that they had taken the wrong route amused Charles intensely, but seemed to cause them little concern and when we set off again they wished us "Bon voyage et bonne chance".

Having crossed the Col de Momin (3,005 m.) after another 1½ hours' climb, we set off across the Grand Désert where we were joined by a small aeroplane landing on the glacier. Having deposited his instructor the pilot took off and did a number of practice landings while we climbed for another hour up to the Col du Petit Mont Calme (3,200 m.). We then ski-ed down the Glacier de Prafleuri finishing on spring snow, round pylons and moraine heaps at the huttet camp at Prafleuri near the Barrage du Lac des Dix.

A few minutes' walk up the road, encouraged on the way by a lorry loaded with provisions, brought us to the camp where we were greeted by the Chef beaming out of a window to enquire our wants, which were "Beaucoup de thé, beaucoup de sucre, beaucoup de citron, aussi vite que possible s'il vous plait". While this was being got ready we were shown the bathroom, other offices and three two-bedded rooms with electric stoves, Dunlopillo mattresses, pillows and three blankets apiece. Boots were soon eased off, haversacks dumped and a rush for the canteen. Vast quantities of tea were followed by an enormous bowl of soup, after which we were shown the wet canteen in another building and the cinema for anyone interested—two of us were, but perhaps they might be accused of not touring seriously if their names were divulged. An hour's snooze on the bed was followed by an evening meal of three fried eggs and bacon apiece, followed by fruit salad to which our hospitable chef added some kirsch. After this indulgence in the flesh pots, two of us were reported as taking baths, two sneaked to the cinema and two for some kirsch and fendant with Charles, who was amazed that we weren't interested in whisky.

Next morning we were up at 6.45 and after a breakfast of eggs, bacon, coffee, bread and marmalade, we paid our bill—11 francs a head for the whole stay—and were away again by 7.30 starting with a short climb to the Col de Blava (2,780 m.). We then traversed the slopes by the side of the Lac des Dix, reputedly liable to avalanche, and Charles became decidedly worried, zig-zagging backwards and forwards over crusty snow, telling us to space out well. During this operation he threw his hands in the air in horror when I fell over doing a kick-turn, one of my failings when carrying a haversack. Arriving eventually at the Pas du Chat at the head of the Lake we stopped to put on skins while Charles explained that his anxiety had been due to an air space under the top layer of snow. Ignorance is bliss.

The next part of the trip was perhaps the most fascinating as we climbed up the Gorge de Cheilon after Charles had hurled "nom d'un chien, cochon de cochon" at workmen blasting rock down the gorge in their tunnelling operations. Thereafter peace reigned and we crossed the Glacier de Cheilon, leaving the Cabane des Dix on our right. At this stage the men looked more like Sheikhs than skiers with their heads protected from the blazing sun by knotted handkerchiefs and one white sunhat—never to see the glaciers again having shrunk in the wash on return to the U.K. Looking ahead I began to wonder, as on the Fieschersattel traverse two years ago, where the devil we were to get out of this lot. Those of us who had recently read Frank Smythe's delightful book "Again Switzerland" remembered his reference to permanent steel ladders and hoped that lunch and a nip at the brandy flask might be possible before these were tackled. Charles is a thoughtful and unhurrying guide and lunch it was at the foot of the ladder with plenty of time in hand.

The first ladder is about 50 feet in length with an overhanging rock halfway up and skis as a result had to be carried over the right shoulder with sticks hanging down from the top of the haversack. This meant there was only the left hand to hold on with, but taken slowly, with much deep breathing, we all got to the top and then stepped over to the second and shorter ladder at the top of which Charles relieved the older of us of our skis and grabbing us by the scruff of the neck transferred us to the final snow slope of the Pas de Chèvres (2,850 m) up which we scrambled on our hands and knees. From here we had an excellent run down to Arolla, finishing at a mountain stream from which we drank copiously. Arolla was still closed, but Charles found one inhabitant and a telephone and summoned a taxi from Les Haudères.

Refreshed we ski-ed on down the road and when the snow ran out Paddy and I transferred our efforts to the neighbouring meadows and

frozen river bed until the taxi picked us all up. At the Pension Edelweiss at Les Haudères, where we were greeted as the first party off the Haute Route this year, we settled our account with Charles over much needed beer, and after wishing Madeleine and Daphne a good trip to Zermatt, the four of us took a taxi down the Val d'Hérens, passing the famous Pyramids of Euseigne, then on to Sion, through the vineyards of Mont D'Or to Martigny and up the road with its 15 hairpin bends to Verbier, where we arrived at 7.30 p.m. in time for dinner, a bottle of wine and our own beds at L'Auberge.

John and Paddy having left for home on Saturday, John Turnbull and I moved on next day to Zermatt to join the Burnfords. On Friday, March 17th we went up to Gornergrat to climb Cima di Jazzi (3,804 m.) spending five minutes on the way enjoying the view from the summit of the Stockhorn (3,532 m.). The first hour's climb was not steep and Mutt set us a steady pace, after which we took our own time for a further forty minutes over hard windswept snow to the summit where the view across the Italian Alps and away to Mont Blanc was truly magnificent. It was a perfect day with not a breath of wind and we spent nearly an hour over lunch. John Turnbull, having watched the other parties set off, led the way down and we had no difficulty getting off the bumpy summit slopes and on to the Findelngletscher. We were all thoroughly enjoying the run and it was just bad luck that, on reaching a patch of wet snow, John Burnford fell in a pot-hole and snapped his Achilles tendon. John Turnbull went ahead, as we were near the Dixence camp, and by the time I had joined him he was well installed on the telephone. Being a private line he had some difficulty in getting through to the Zermatt Ski School, only to be told that there were no body snatchers available to come down from Gornergrat or Hohtälligrat. However, Gottlieb Julen, head of the Ski School said he would arrange for Herr Gieger to send one of his aircraft. That seemed to sort that out, so we agreed that I should return to Zermatt while John set off up the glacier to tell the Burnfords the news.

By the time he reached them the shadows were lengthening fast, but John Burnford had somehow got down the icefall on his backside, so that he was now on a fine landing ground which would catch the very last of the light—no cause for alarm so far. Time passed and morale rose when a helicopter came over low only to go on up the glacier on some ploy of its own. It got very cold when the sun went down with no sign of Geiger, and plans were being made for towing John on his long-suffering keel to the Dixence tunnel, when a figure with a sledge appeared from below—a youth sent to the rescue by the Resident Engineer. John was tied on with skins and string and was soon down in the camp, where workmen turned out in the gathering gloom to carry him



(photo: Gordon Cridlan)

John Turnbull, Mutt Burnford and Emil Brantschen at Dixence-Taschalpen.



(photo: Daphne Portway)

Lunchtime on the Col de Chaux. 7.3.61. P. J. Hollington, Gordon Cridlan and Madeleine Marx.

through and up a series of passages and ladders to a comfortable single bedroom. All this I learned later when John Turnbull 'phoned me that evening. At the time his message was a little indistinct but I did gather something about being well into the second bottle. Apparently at this point some Aldwych farce developed about who was to sleep where and with whom. The Italian Resident Engineer, Signor Tondolo, who spoke only Italian, some French, and Arabic was convinced that John Turnbull and Mutt were husband and wife and very charmingly turned out of his two-bedded room to make way for them. This was sorted out eventually and John Turnbull assures me that he spent the night alone except for the remains of a bottle of Dôle. Apart from the pain in his ankle John Burnford did not seem unduly distressed when I heard the story at lunch next day after the party's safe return. This had been in the engineers' rather draughty bucket to the foot of the glacier where two body snatchers were waiting to take John to Zermatt via the repulsive steep icy bumps on the piste below the Findelngletscher Hotel. Having made thorough nuisances of ourselves we were particularly struck by the uncomplaining and cheerful assistance we received at the Dixence Camp. No one—not even the youth with the sledge, who in spite of repeated requests was not seen again after his rescue—hung around for thanks, back-slapping or tips. We were very grateful indeed to Signor Tondolo and all concerned, and this more perhaps than our night at Praffeuri made us call them a Dammed Hospitable Organisation.

John Burnford left for home on Monday, March 20th and next day, Mutt, John Turnbull

and I, with Emil Brantschen as guide, set off to ski to Täsch by way of the Pfulwe Pass. We soon reached the Stellisee, famous in summer for its reflection of the Matterhorn, and then up the Fluhalp. A steady climb brought us to the Pfulwe (3,200 m.) by which time it had started to snow and as more clouds were gathering we decided to push on down the Längfluhgletscher. Poor visibility rather spoilt the start of the run, but it was not long before we saw the huts of another Dixence Camp. We were soon welcomed into the canteen and decided on beer instead of wine as Emil said we had quite a way to go. I have a shrewd suspicion that news of Friday's adventure must have been relayed over the private telephone, as, although it was only 1.30 p.m., our hosts asked us if we wished to stay the night. As we had to catch the 4.20 train at Täsch we declined their kind invitation and were soon away down the Täschalpen and on to the road. After walking for 10 minutes when the snow ran out we were overtaken by a Dixence lorry and willingly accepted the offer of a lift, arriving at Täsch in plenty of time for a gluwain before the train arrived. Mutt left the same evening for St. Nicklaus to pick up her car and start for home.

Unfortunately a very high wind two days later cancelled our plan to ski with Emil from Saas-Fee to Zermatt via the Adlerpass. On our last day, however, some of us did see enough of the glaciers above the Längfluh Hut to sow the seed of further enterprise for next year.

Having reached the age when a little unexpected comfort and kindness in the mountains are always welcome, I can only hope that La Grande Dixence will still be there to take care of us.

LA HAUTE ROUTE

Second part of the tour from Verbier to Zermatt. (The first part is described by Gordon Cridlan in "La Grande Dixence".)

by Madeleine Marx

DAPHNE and I spent the night of March 8th most comfortably at the Edelweiss in les Haudères, and set off with Charles soon after 7 a.m. on the 9th in a taxi which deposited us at the furthest point of the road through Arolla. We had intended taking the workmen's lift up the lower part of the Bas Glacier d'Arolla, but as this had broken down early that morning we carried our skis up the steep side of the moraine for about 40 minutes to reach the main working of this part of the Grande Dixence hydro-electric project, consisting of a tunnel for the small railway trucks. After a short breathing space we started a long day's climb up the Haut Glacier d'Arolla, turning left towards the Dents de Bertol. Although still clear and sunny, there was now a cold wind, and we made only a short stop for lunch at about 2,800 metres; we did not then realize what the afternoon had in store.

After a fairly gentle climb of an hour or so we came to the foot of an extremely steep slope, up which we zig-zagged for about two-thirds of its height. Charles then said we should take off our skis and carry them up to the ridge. He stamped steps, into which we tried to follow, often slipping and having to kick new footholds; this part of the climb seemed endless. Eventually, as we neared the ridge, we roped together to cross some very insecure loose rock to reach the top at 3,374 metres. The other side consisted of a very steep traverse with too little snow, so after crossing it partly on foot and partly on skis with skins—with us still roped—Charles told us to walk across carrying our skis. Not realizing that the little snow lying on loose rock gave no foothold whatsoever, I slid down the slope, landing below Daphne with the rope taut between us and afraid that if I moved I should pull her down with me! We were roped too close together for this sort of thing, but eventually managed to crawl across together, encouraged by Charles. Having left our skis and sticks where we reached him, Charles then let us down to the Col de Bertol one at a time on the rope, sliding down the loose rock and trusting to him to hold us. He then collected skis and sticks, which he threw expertly on to the correct spot where Daphne fielded them.

Leaving skis and sticks on the Col we then, at about 5 p.m., had to get ourselves up to the Bertol Hut which sits high on a vertical-looking rock. Charles went up first, then Daphne and I,

well secured on the rope and pulling ourselves up by our arms on the fixed chain, there being practically no good footholds. We went into the hut via the first floor (to which there is fortunately a ladder), as the door was blocked by snow. There were superb views of the mountains with the sun setting in a clear sky; and for at least an hour after lighting the fire we had to hang our heads out of the windows, tears streaming down our faces from the smoke, with little hope of raising the temperature inside the hut above freezing point. The last occupants had been there in November, and until the chimney was thawed out nothing could be done; however we had a good sample of Charles's best swearing.

Once the smoke had subsided, Charles made vast quantities of welcome hot soup followed by pork chops eaten by the light of one very small candle, that and my pocket torch being the only illumination available in the entire hut. So at about 8 o'clock we retired to bed (temperature in our sleeping quarters minus six degrees centigrade), Daphne and I sharing 11 blankets. Having climbed 1,400 metres that day, we managed to sleep quite soundly.

By the time we had tidied the hut and slid down the chain, which caused complete loss of sensation to my hands through silk gloves, mittens and ski gloves, collected and put on our skis, it was nearly 9 o'clock. We had a long climb up the Glacier du Mont Mine to between the Col d'Herens and the Tête Blanche. The weather had broken and there was an icy Foehn blowing at the top, not helpful when one is breathless from an altitude of 3,600 metres. Unfortunately the light had deteriorated, and our best downhill ski-ing of the whole trip was marred by bad visibility. But it was a relief to be running downhill, sad though we were not to be able to photograph the lovely icefalls of the Tiefmattengletscher below the Matterhorn in sunshine. Down the Z'muttgletscher we skied to Staffalp where Charles, with his customary efficiency, persuaded a lorry driver to take us to Furri. Now that we were in the valley there was a warm Foehn (the only day of Foehn in weeks) and we skied over as much earth as snow into Zermatt, arriving at about 1.30 p.m. According to Charles, who proved himself the most excellent guide, we were the pioneers of the Haute Route 1961.

“ . . . O clouds unfold,
Bring me my chariot . . . ”

BY PHILIP RANKIN

FROM time to time these columns have been used to show that Caledonians, stern and wild, are as idle a shower as any other mob of skiers when it comes to the matter of altitude gain. Requiring the urge for Personal Propulsion became my hobby shortly (very shortly) after I started to ski, resulting in the output of one ski tow at Glencoe, c. 1955, the first in the Realm, duly reported in D.H.O. Mag., then and probably since—though for the moment I forget how far you have been kept informed.

The matter might quite well have ended there if all had gone according to plan but the tow, for all its popular success, was a mechanical trouble-box. Assorted technical genii appeared on the scene and began to get ideas in the process of ministering to this stubborn brute of a machine, till finally one day the technical king-pin of the Lochaberhorn got bitten with a chair-lift bug. So did I and we planned one on a do-it-yourself basis, which is sticking one's neck out quite a long way. Nevertheless it was a nice thought, for chair-lifts would provide so many of the answers to problems of mechanising Scottish skiing, much better than ski tows could.

This plan, when completed, we generously hung around the neck of the Scottish Ski Club, who wore it briefly and a thought uncomfortably—ski politics made it a “hard sell” and when, very shortly afterwards, the announcement of a new chair-lift venture was made relating to the Cairngorms the Club decided to drop its own plan in order to concentrate support in the direction North instead of West.

In this there was a strong measure of sense although history may declare that the Club stopped short on the brink of golden success. However that may be, my hobby looked like getting cut short in its prime, reduced from the questing spirit to a matter of care and maintenance. Wherefore, landowner volens, a company was formed to dangle the chair-lift bait before the Scottish Ski Club—but . . . no ski tow, no chair-lift—which is how we came to own the ski tow and a chair-lift, and how I came to toss my chapeau de commerce 6½” in the Clyde and set forth in deer-stalker bunnit to be the first professional British skier-uplifter in captivity. After our first season of full-scale operations I am able to inform you that it is a most fascinating profession in which skiers may be seen in a totally different light from the one you always see on the other side of the counter. The light, I may say, is no less bright *in toto*—only the highlights and shadows seem more pronounced.

We finished the chair-lift—that is, we sent its

designer up as first human freight—on 10th October, 1960, which left us just enough time to get things worked up to readiness for what proved to be an early (and therefore, as always, disappointing) season. The ski-ing was in tremendous form a fortnight before Christmas, with multitudes flocking to the novelty of a Scottish resort where walking was reduced to a brief warmer-upper between the top of the chair-lift and the foot of the ski-tow—all the rest a Gadarene procession as long as the legs could stand up for ski-ing. Even the reserve normally retained for staggering home off the bens could be used in the knowledge that an air-mail service existed to deliver you back to wheeled and licensed altitude. This for all except me—muggins—who only started all this for the simple purpose of ensuring for myself first and foremost for all time free non-queueing Uplift. Sometimes I would see a lull in traffic coming up the road to the chair-lift and I could quickly slam and bolt the doors and WALK up as of old, since we have not yet graduated to the stage of a fur collar, a Cadillac and a big cigar after breakfast like all good lift operators. There was nobody to send ME up on my so-fine machine. Nevertheless, there were quite a few diversions to make up for it, sitting in receipt of custom on lousy days bringing them back with water running out of their boots at five bob a shot—happily there are more mugs than me in this ski-ing business, else how would I survive to eat three meals a day?

The promotion of idleness in ski-ing Scotland has brought a sharp reaction to the fairly decorative turnout which has invaded even the bens in recent years. We have grown accustomed to elasticateds, pastels, reversibles, quilteds and even the more far-fetched polyester-mink trimmings and outlandish creations, backed occasionally by top-class practical equipment. But now a vast influx of dilutee-skiers seems to have



brought the average well back from vorlage to camouflage and to the post-war era of Suits Decontamination, Light, hairy socks outwith pants, filed-up ammo boots and lunch carried in the Alert position in Haversacks, Respirator Anti-Gas—a real tatty lot who would have depressed me greatly but for the undoubted quality of their folding money in the matter of tickets. Without being more than ordinarily mercenary it did not escape me that as first in my profession it remained to be proved as to whether or not I would finish up on National Assistance.

It was a Variety Show with almost unlimited new turns. An early one, designed to indicate the need for another type of reduced fare (and of course EVERYONE is a special case) was what I came to recognise as Baby Farming. About a dozen brats would be attached to the most prepossessing mother who would then solicit a Bulk Rebate—normally offering about quarter fare and indicating that for bringing such business she would be entitled to ride free. A cruder form could be detected marshalling into position at a bend just down the road—the fake Club Outing composed of anyone who happened to be around at the time. The approach was similar with the threat of “Cheap or we’ll all walk”—however, as a rule only half of them would walk, and usually only once. If it hadn’t been a brute of a walk we wouldn’t have bothered with an expensive chair-lift, but at first that penny didn’t drop. We were on quite a good wicket.

I cared less for the Filibuster Technique, which involved arguing till enough empty chairs had gone by to prove that it would have been cheaper to have accepted his dud ticket in the first place.



a big cigar after breakfast

The Fumblers were fascinating. You could usually spot them, a little anxious, observing the form carefully, getting the rucksack just so, the skis neatly tucked under the right arm like so, sticks in the right hand, bend the knees, sit down . . . all worked on so as to do the thing as though they had done it all their lives. They would approach muttering the take-off drill and all went well until you said—“Ticket please”. With a stunned look, as though it could not

possibly have happened to them, they would recall that the ticket was two layers down in a pocket under the skis under their right arm. The left glove would come off in the teeth and as they contorted like a corkscrew things would start to slip. In rotation, a stick, a glove, a ski, another glove—like a badly tied Christmas parcel the whole edifice would crumble, morale with it. Sometimes they would recover good order. Usually you just swept the whole untidy heap on to a chair and waved it goodbye, and good luck to the operator at the other end—in seven minutes exactly the lift would stop under the forced-landing button at the top, indicating that the consignment had arrived.



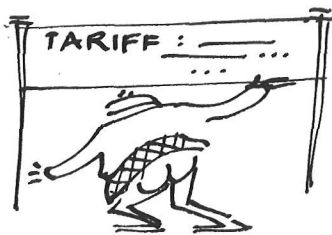
Variety show with almost unlimited new turns...

In contrast there was the cocky type who knew it all, somewhat curtly turning down advice as a reflection on his abilities in the presence of the two pretty girls he had been striving to impress with instruction in the art of sitting on a chair. Despite his air of supercilious confidence I could see that he was liable to come unstuck, with the butts of his skis planted on the ground between his feet, instead of being tucked under his right oter. Consequently when the chair arrived (a little more forcefully than usual) at the back of his knees he could not bend them to sit down on account of the skis: nor, so long as I kept the pressure on the chair, could he get his skis clear of the ground. His salvation would have been to let go the skis, but the confidence had now departed along with his wits and he hung on, thus climbing up his skis on his shins till the angle of the chair dropped him kisser-first in the slush, to the great enjoyment of one and all—except him, whom I greatly fear we have lost as a customer.

But it was at close of play when the fun really started. Some just forgot, in the serenity of their voyage, that they had to get off. Some had ski'd so much that after seven minutes of seated relaxation they were unable to get off, or having got off, were unable to stand. Others, seeing the works looming up would go solid, or throw their skis at you, or get off and stand rooted to the spot in the path of the relentless chair, fighting its 48 h.p. tooth and nail rather than let go or get out of the way. If left to it

they would hit the trip wire and stop it automatically, but normally you whipped the chair out from under and either clouted them with it or walked over the body. There was always the novelty chap, however, like the one with huge boots who caught his toes first on the ground, pitched off on his face, rose like a cow hind-quarters first and was taken again in those parts by the chair for a second time. Rising to curse White Corries Ltd., its machinery and its managing director, he retreated stern first shaking his fist and vowing vengeance, into the path of the same chair now coming out the other side on its way up again, so getting carted for four past extra-cover for the third time. I confess that the inevitability of what was going to happen was so like slap-stick comedy that I was powerless to intervene, in fact I nearly got run over myself by the next arrival before I got the tears out of my eyes.

But it was not only the operator who got the fun. The ticket office had its moments too. Next in number to those actually wanting tickets seemed to be the Desperate Ones. They could be seen quite some distance away, coming up the road a lot faster than most. On arrival they jettisoned, rather than parked, their skis and made a bee-line for the café—round it in a tight right-hand circuit trying the machine room door (locked), the office door (snibbed) and out again now wearing a somewhat hunted look—breaking into hope again as they went into a fast downhill turn toward the garage doors. Open! Yes!! No!!!—only a 40-gallon fuel drum standing up on end and an old chair with no bottom. They would then disappear on orbit of the building and reappear at the ticket window $7\frac{1}{2}$ secs. later, now looking like a doe at last brought to bay. The game was to let them get as far as “Where is the . . .” and then point to a hollow by a burn some distance westward. Of course, there wasn't one there either but by that time the importance of furniture had ceased to be significant. It was quite a nice secluded hollow.



*They had to duck
beneath the notice..*

Approximately one customer in three required a recital of fares, although to make their enquiry they had to duck below the tariff notice. Of the two types of Sampler one would have 1-off,

everything we had, from ginger pop to wax, badges, bootlaces and postcards, finally selling you back something in order to be able to pay for the ticket. The other, more carefully, bought one item at a time, requiring seven separate lots of change. Then there was that fellow who proffered a five pound note for a pair of bootlaces, dropped his change twice and finally decided he wanted green ones (out of stock), not red ones—and no, he didn't want a ticket but could we lend him a pair of skins?

Amongst technical enquiries perhaps the most memorable was the one relating to travelling time. “How long does it take to go up?” (answer seven minutes) was without fail followed by “How long does it take to come down?” The answer “six minutes” always seemed to be accepted as perfectly reasonable.

There is, indeed, much to be said for the life of ski-ghillie. In spite of all these goings-on, even in spite of some very depressing weather in mid-season, some ten thousand fares went up and came down again, unscathed and for the far greater part delighted. The snow, in the miraculous way Scottish snow can, remained in almost perfect condition throughout the season, even after it had departed from under the ski tow at the tail end of April. Early on, for the overheads of about fifteen minutes walking in the day, one could crown 25,000 feet of downhill with a final descent right to the bottom of the chair-lift, some 2,400 feet. A week after Easter you could still run from summit to chair-lift top and so home the idle way. Our top day ran to over six hundred people, and with the tow capacity stepped up to the limit of engine power, about 420 per hour, the worst queue ran to about 40 minutes at peak time of the day. It can be worse in better places than Glencoe. We are planned (but as yet not financed), to re-equip the tow with a monster engine to step it up to 600 per hour, and then to use the present engine to extend our locomotion coverage another 350 feet down the hill, making just under 1,300 feet of the main ski slopes (this does not count the chair-lift, which except in the early season we do not reckon on as being in ski territory). This still leaves the Flypaper, that magnificent sheet of “one fall” snow (one fall takes you 700 feet to the bottom), undesecrated by wire and other stinking ski-engines.

This summer has been almost idled away—nothing bar 55 tons of material to take up to 2,700 feet for the Scottish Ski Club new chalet near the tow; and maybe we shall furnish that hollow for The Desperate Ones.

One of these days I shall probably manage to get back to Wengen, but meanwhile I am reminded that there are other things a busman can do—a salmon has risen persistently some 45 yards from this typewriter, so . . . excuse me, there is a vacancy in the deep-freeze at the moment.

DON'T SKI IN WENGEN

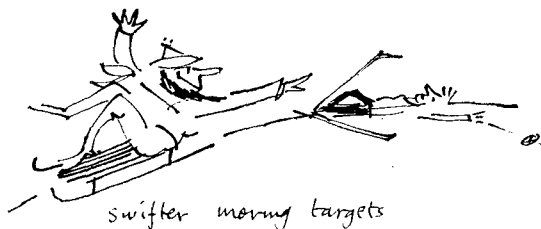
by Declan Daly

COME with me string in hand, luge gliding behind. We start from the D.H.O. office. The vortex.

Past Central Sports where mothers leave children all day to play with Mr. Gertsch's door, then one of the wonders of the Bernese Oberland 4,180 feet above sea level and fish are on a wall wagging their tails behind them. We go on, Molitor on the left, international figure, maker of ski boots, collector of medals and money, setter of slaloms without tennis balls. Up the hill where the amazing carts wheeze up and grunt down nosing always in front an embarrassed porter. Past the Bel Air where musicians from the sunny south conduct pelvis gyrations every evening 8 to 2 driving surely mad the D.H.O. rep. in room 39 first floor Palace Hotel.

Left turn at Wengen's only electrical shop, a quaint place festooned with chrome and stainless steel. Past the Hotel Belvedere, a lovely old fire trap and our path flattens in a glade, birds twitter, wind sighs, greenery comforts, the W.A.B. is far away.

For the descent the track stretches narrow in front deviating little from the straight line. This first part could be termed a Rat Run, people languidly ascending are more or less as in a trap. Local rules enforce the cry of "achtung" before striking, leaving the time interval between utterance and impact entirely up to the luger. This seeming advantage is offset by the fact that all pedestrians in Wengen carry a variety of pointed weapons.



It is on the Rat Run that the luger must determinedly settle down to business because nowhere else in Wengen and environs is there better opportunity to run up a good score. Watchers and strollers abound here, they come to watchski, to watchskate, to watchcurl, and to watch watchers. They bring money and the people love them. They move slowly and are most of the time large soft targets. Palace dwellers are extra points.

Zip past quaint electric shop where lampshade

and bulb carriers may be had at, the Molitor boot factory is on both sides of the road heavily laden workers cross, they are proud, defiant, they never run. A cross roads next where the best yoghurt in the Jungfrau is sold in Molkerei Graf. And they come from miles around to get it, thick wads of them preoccupied with yoghurt. Here a light strike, enough to unbalance, is the aim, a direct hit as possible with the strollers higher up can result in loss of velocity and the chance of being beaten to death with empty yoghurt bottles.

Now a comparatively slow traverse bounded closely by wooden fences, here first day skiers drag themselves hand over hand along the rails. The mere wind of passing is sufficient.

The first slope, skiers everywhere, swifter moving targets, children are easiest. Then the ice rink: the transition from snow to ice could be called The Bumps, skaters are the highest points of all and are razor shod, curlers throw heavy stones.

A short portage now to the Silberhorn corner and the trail drops away to the right through a tunnel. Here is where competition enters and jockeying for a target among maybe six other enthusiasts is inclined to forewarn thus minimizing clean hits. A right angle turn occurs here and the corner has been boarded giving wonderful opportunity for ricochet or cannon shots. Surface conditions are usually excellent, the polished ice affording supreme acceleration coupled with wretched footing. Due to the number of knee accidents among fliers turning sharply on the ice this section might be aptly named Slip Cartilage Corner.

The Cafe Central has steps leading up and these are used as an avenue of escape, however, the Hotel Kreuz has steps leading down and with this gravitational help it is possible to aim a target through the restaurant door.

On straight the track runs to a path, a Wood Path you might say, but the thing to do here is bank right with a firm left buttock for this is the Standard Run to Lauterbrunnen. Rightly timed this corner is stuffed full of kindergarten pupils and a hole can be ploughed through 20 yards of them without losing any speed whatever, mistiming can result in older more substantial bodies and speed may be retarded.

Around about here may be encountered groups of ski-carrying females, young, beautiful, unpredictable, they wear sweaters with two white horizontal bands, they are cold, hard, efficient, they look competent, clutch tight your luge—it is better you don't ski in Wengen.

“SHAGGY DOC” STORIES

by Costia Mitarachi

“SKI-ING is not a dangerous sport and there is no reason to be afraid,” is the reassuring statement you will find in most books written by ski instructors.

Well, it all depends what you consider dangerous and what it takes to frighten you. If your usual occupation is bull fighting, shark fishing or being shot into space, ski-ing will probably appear as tame as taking the dog for a walk. Personally, I find it pretty dangerous to put my nose too near the canary's cage, and an unexpected knock on the door scares me stiff, so I cannot entirely agree with the authors. (Whenever I happen to pay my premium I get the impression that insurance companies do not either.) The peculiar thing, is that after having announced how safe ski-ing is, in the opening paragraph, these books warn you in every second line never to do this, that, or the other because it may be dangerous. I do so wish they would make up their minds. After all, a sport where the slightest mistake entails danger cannot logically be entirely devoid of it, because, as good old what's-his-name always used to say: “Errare humanum este”.

The way I look at it is this: if you miss the ball at tennis all you risk is looking silly; if you do the same at golf you may feel a bit dizzy as you go all the way round yourself; an inattention at billiards can cost you the price of a new cloth, but otherwise the consequences are not serious. On the other hand, just try missing a turn when you are ski-ing, and you are carried away feet first. If that is not dangerous, I should like to know what is.

Granted, the results are seldom fatal and there are certainly more people killed in automobile accidents than on skis but, as a friend of mine who is keen on ski-ing points out, there are more people moving about in cars than on skis. I feel certain that knees and ankles are bound to be healthier in the long run travelling in automobiles than on skis.

Judging by the looks on the faces of skiers descending a slope, I am inclined to believe that most of them agree with the insurance companies and me. I have never had a chance to examine the face, as it goes by, of one of these fellows who dive from a height of thirty metres into a bathtub, nor have I been able to have a close look at Fangio or Donald Campbell in action—they always seem to be in such a confounded hurry—but I very much doubt whether there will be that expression of frantic, panicky, hysterical, unadulterated terror which most skiers wear under their caps.

I hate to have to disagree with the authors, but the more I think of it, the more certain I get that I shall have to. So let us take the contrary view and start off by saying: “Ski-ing is a dangerous sport and you are quite right to be scared out of your wits,” and then let us proceed to enumerate the reasons responsible for this state of affairs. One, of course, is that you are going too fast, usually much faster than you intend to, the second is that you have two great big boards attached to your feet, the third is that there is always a lot of slippery snow all over the place, the fourth is that the ground is never level, the fifth is that the human body is full of bones, muscles, ligaments, cartilages and other things which all seem to object to the sport and the last, but by far not the least, is that the majority of skiers are not very good ones.

When you add up all these reasons you invariably get an answer which is spelt “ACCIDENT”. Furthermore, I suspect that this is not only my way of reasoning; otherwise ski resorts would not have such an elaborate accident organisation. Have you ever seen stretcher bearers hanging around tennis courts waiting for clients, ambulances parked on the fairways ready to pick up passengers, or hospitals sprouting up next to swimming pools?

Now that we have talked ourselves into accident consciousness, let us see how they happen.

You set off one morning feeling as fit as a freshly clipped miniature poodle. The sun is shining, the snow is light and crisp, the weather neither too warm nor too cold. For once the conditions are just right for the wax you have on your skis, each one of your movements is a rhythmic perfection, your sideslips turn out exactly as ordered, your skis are so close together that you keep wondering whether you have left one behind, your turns are a marvel of precision and you just know that you have finally mastered the art. *You* are now in command, those two boards will henceforth do what you want and no longer oblige you to comply with their every whim and fancy, you are the king of the slopes, nay, of the universe, you can do nothing wrong.

WHAM! CRASH! BANG! . . . apparently you can—and have. As you go hurtling through space, you hear a “click” and wonder whether it is your safety binding popping open or your tibia popping out. After landing, your first job will be to evacuate the snow from your eyes and mouth, and then take stock of yourself. One ski is sticking out of the snow at an angle where it

cannot possibly be attached to any limb of yours, or else that limb can no longer be attached to any body of yours.

Anxiously you give it a tug and realise with relief that it is free. Hurrah! for the safety binding, it worked and the leg is safe. Yet that movement you made resulted in a sharp jab of pain in the other side, which together with the ski is completely buried in the snow. Probably a bruise, you think, the ski must have knocked against it. Let us get at it and find out. . . . Ouch! why did it do that? Do you think. . . ? No, no, don't be so silly, just a slight sprain, surely; you will be all right tomorrow; a hot bath will fix it . . . but it is hurting rather badly all the same.

Each time you move after that you will have additional proof that this is it; you have had your accident; nothing *very* serious of course, you console yourself, but a nuisance all the same.

Once you are resigned to the fact, you start considering your next move. Relax! as from this moment and for a long time to come, the control of operations has passed out of your hands. Do not worry, though, for years the meticulous and efficient Swiss have been preparing for just this eventuality.

A skier comes to a stop in front of you. "Need any help?" he inquires.

Were you not in such pain you would probably have answered: "Oh no, I always lie on my back in the middle of nowhere, covered with snow, skis and poles strewn all over the place; an old family habit, you know." But caustic remarks are a luxury ski accident victims cannot indulge in, so you smile wanly and admit that you do, most certainly, need help.

The *savoir-faire* of the game specifies that when you encounter an injured skier you must take off your outer garment and cover him with it, before going off for help. You rather hope the fellow will perform a mild strip-tease, as you are feeling quite chilly. Either he has never been

to a ski finishing-school or he feels the cold himself, because he glides away garbed exactly as he was upon his arrival.

You now have ample time to indulge in a nice long post-mortem. What happened? Why the sudden substitution of the horizontal position for the perpendicular? What were you doing—or not doing—when you became airborne. You will rack your brains—or at least the portion which is still functioning—and you will finally reach the same conclusion as all the skiers in your position have, ever since time immemorial: you caught an edge.

Barring the times when you go over a precipice or crash into a tree, all ski accidents seem to be due to "caught edge". Translated into English this means that instead of both skis being weighted on their inside edges as they should be, one, or maybe both, were in fact weighted on the other. Now, what exactly happens as from the instant you catch your famous edge, until you end up on your back with the realization that you have had it, nobody has ever been able to describe. Whatever it is, it happens very fast and there is a lot of it happening at the same time.

As you lie there not doing anything in particular, you realize that you have become an object of interest to the other skiers passing by, who stop and gape at you like tourists at a historical shrine. Should you be feeling in a psychoanalytical mood—which I somehow doubt—you can amuse yourself guessing their characters by their reactions to your misfortune. The morbid, searching for bloodstains in the snow. The superstitious, averting their gazes and pretending it has not happened and cannot happen. The selfish, barely able to conceal their satisfaction at the idea that you have, perhaps, completed the number for the day. The eternal boy scouts, rubbing your nape with snow, thereby increasing the impression that you have been turned into an iceberg. The motherly types, patting your cheeks and holding your hands. The know-alls, taking a look at your leg from afar and producing an instant diagnosis. The sympathetic, making clucking noises with their tongues and shaking their heads sadly.

Those that are always absent are the thoughtful ones who might have given you their jackets. You are, by now, feeling wretchedly cold and you are regretting that you never thought of keeping a St. Bernard. You start wondering whether the fellow who went off to telephone for help is of the absent-minded type; you imagine him drinking hot coffee in the village below, desperately trying to remember what it was he had to do. Actually no more than ten minutes have gone by, but "tempus fugit" very slowly under such circumstances.

Finally the body-snatcher in his orange jacket comes to a halt in front of you. You look at



him anxiously. He seems to be a very little man to entrust your body to. You do not say anything, however, as you have not got much choice. As a greeting he asks you whether you are insured. Your affirmative reply appears to relieve him no end. Not that he would have gone away and left you otherwise, but he finds he does work with a much lighter heart when he is sure of being paid for it.

He examines your leg and you examine his face, hoping to read there the verdict. "What do you think," you ask fearfully.

"Harrumph," he answers, exuding a strong odour of garlic, which blends very badly with the smell of his cheroot.

Except for the opening remark re insurance, "harrumph" is about all body-snatchers ever say. It may be that their work depresses them or that the people with whom they are usually in contact are never in a conversational mood.

He opens his rucksack and takes out a lot of bandages and a weird collection of instruments.

"What are you going to do?" you inquire, fearing instant amputation.

"Harrumph," he replies, this time sending the smell of the evil cigar ahead of the garlic.

You have to put up with all this because you cannot pick and choose with body-snatchers. You have not got the possibility of lifting up the receiver and ordering one who looks a bit stronger, smokes only real Havanas, never touches garlic and does not say "harrumph".

The time has come for you to get on to the sled. This, you presume, is going to present a problem; the fellow can, obviously, be of no help; if you so much as lean on him he will disintegrate into the snow. Whilst you are hesitating whether to crawl, creep or slither towards the stretcher, your rescuer picks you up bodily and places you on it as tenderly as a mother laying her child down to sleep. You decide that there must be something in a diet of garlic and cheroots all the same. You are then covered with two blankets and trussed securely like an Egyptian mummy, the body-snatcher being apparently unwilling to lose his fare on the way.

It is always a good idea to have your accident as close to the doctor's house as possible, because the ride down is very unpleasant. In the first place you have no view; all you can see is the body-snatcher's behind and that gets monotonous after a while. Then the lack of shock-absorbers on your vehicle is bound to be sorely regretted by the injured limb. And on top of everything you have a horrible feeling of insecurity as you realize that the only obstacle to the stretcher—with you tied helpless on it—schussing straight down into the valley, is this little wisp of a man on skis. True, he showed a hidden reserve of strength during the loading operations, but is there enough of it to get his cargo down safely?

By the time you reach your fourth accident you will have acquired absolute confidence in these men who navigate their cumbersome vehicles with admirable skill and dexterity which is, however, more appreciated by the spectators than the protagonist.

We must hope for your sake that your misfortune occurred on the run leading into the village, so as to avoid you the further discomfort of a railway journey. The discomfort will be both physical and moral since people never have anything very important to do when they are waiting for a train and any distraction is welcome. You will be that distraction. You will have to endure heads being poked through the window every few seconds, as though the fractured limb had in any way changed your outward appearance. I must admit, in all sincerity, that I am not beyond taking a good long look at a nice gory result of an accident myself, but I really cannot understand why people should bother to queue up to have a look at a fellow on a stretcher who has not even had the decency to produce some external proof of his mishap.



Your progress through the village will be followed with interest by an audience of little children, for whom a body being dragged down the main street has the same attraction as a military band. You will also encounter friends who will want to hear all about it. It is very difficult to keep up a conversation lying flat on your back whilst being hauled along by a body-snatcher who is in a frightful hurry to go and look for some more bodies and who does not intend dallying on the way for every chance acquaintance you come across. If the person is really interested in the details, he will have to jog-trot along beside you whilst you deliver a running commentary.

When you reach the doctor's house you are in

for quite a long wait whilst he patches up a few collar bones, tibias and ankles that have been brought in before you.

Doctors in ski resorts belong in a category by themselves. They bear no resemblance to their colleagues who relieve ailing humanity at lower altitudes. They cannot be bothered with such nonsense as the soothing hand on the aching brow, bedside manners or moral solace. To them a patient is but an item of work to be got through as quickly and expeditiously as possible. Your sprained knee is to the doctor what a leaking tap is to a plumber; your torn ligament what a defective carburettor is to a mechanic, and your fractured bone no more important than a smoking chimney to a sweep. He is always in a hurry, agitated and nervous; he makes you feel you should apologise for taking up his time.

There is usually only one doctor in each resort and many people are inclined to think that the lack of competition is the reason for this Hippocratic perjury. I do not agree; I feel that it is simply a question of the poor fellow being completely out of his depth. Just consider that during ten months of the year he sits around twiddling his thumbs, occasionally interrupting this fascinating occupation to peer at a Gertsch offspring's tonsil or listen to a Graf grandmother's asthmatic breathing (the Swiss not being likely to call in the doctor before the thermometer reaches the breaking point, the peering and listening are bound to be rare occurrences indeed), and then all of a sudden his waiting room is flooded, overrun, submerged by a wave of fractured bones, strained muscles and torn ligaments. The fellow just cannot cope with it, he is overwhelmed, he loses his head and you, probably, the use of your limb. How can you expect such a very busy person to have the time to tell you what is wrong with you, prescribe a sedative or mould your cast properly. It is all your own fault for not having had your accident in spring when he had plenty of time on his hands for your legs. If you will come at the rush hour how do you expect to get service?

Having been so inconsiderate, at least try to be belatedly as tactful as possible and remember never to ask the doctor what exactly is wrong with you nor how long it will take to heal. If you are feeling conversationally inclined, ask him his age, his political beliefs, even the name of his mistress; he may supply you with an answer, but to the above two questions, never. If you do perchance receive a reply, there will be so many "ifs", "maybes", and "perhapses", accompanied by such a collection of non-committal facial expressions that you will be none the wiser.

Now, doctors in general are notoriously reluctant to issue clear statements whatever their nationality (I believe lawyers and television repairmen surpass them) and the Swiss are known to be allergic to expressing definite opinions whatever their profession, so it follows that a

declaration emanating from a combination of the two can but be swathed in obscurity. Add to this the minor detail that the village doctor has not got the slightest idea of what is wrong with you anyway, and you will realise why it is just as well to limit your questionnaire to: "How much do I owe you?"

All this may seem surprising since Swiss doctors are reputed to be excellent; and so they are—I am told—in the plains. They apparently deteriorate the higher up they go. They should obviously be labelled "do not store in high altitudes" because I have not yet met an amputee or a limper who has not had a sad story to tell me about a ski resort doctor. It is what is known as a "shaggy doc" story.

Let us, however, be just with these fellows. One cannot expect too much of them. Despite the considerable number of ski accident victims deposited on their doorsteps every day, it must be remembered that, in fact, they do only administer first aid. All they do is apply a temporary cast and as any injury exceeding a slightly sprained ankle requires this treatment, they do not need to investigate the precise nature of the damage any further. They slap on the plaster, ask for the name of your insurance company, and call for the next leaking tap. Now, if you for some reason or other elect to stay on in the place any longer than the provisional cast does on you, that is your own fault and furthermore you will be suspected of trying to pull a fast one on the doctor. If you are really intent on being objectionable and remain in the resort until such time as the definitive plaster is removed, when the mess becomes visible to naked eye, well, so much the worse for both of you.

Your turn finally comes to hopscotch into his consulting room and you are spread out over the table like a day's catch at the fishmonger's. Now comes an embarrassing moment because you are going to appear in all the splendour of your long underwear in front of the nurse. True, she appears to be short-sighted but you are not quite sure how short . . . and your underwear is so very long.

Whilst the doctor and the nurse are fussing about with your clothing and a lot of complicated photographic apparatus, you decide to crack a couple of jokes just to show that you are not scared and also to liven up the atmosphere, which is about as gay as a rainy day at the sea-side. They both stare at you in astonishment, fearing that the shock has proved too much for you, so you give it up and lie back whilst they prattle along in "switzerdeutsch" over your body as if you were already dead. The doctor splashes away with his plaster like a kid building sand castles, the nurse goes at it with a hair drier and you are hustled out to make place for the next inconsiderate victim.

The first night will be torture because the doctor was too busy to think of prescribing a

sedative. You lie in the dark convincing yourself that the pain is due to the plaster being too tight; you remember all the awful things that happen when the blood is prevented from perambulating freely in the veins.

At the first glimmer of dawn you will call for the doctor. Do not repeat your request even if he does not turn up until the afternoon, because he will get very annoyed, and when he does appear he will inform you in no uncertain terms that it is disastrous for his nervous system to be disturbed the whole time; specially, he will add, for no reason, as your plaster is definitely not too tight. Whereupon he pulls out his scissors and proceeds to loosen it. He is gone before you have had time to ask the all-important question: "When shall I be able to ski again?" It does not matter, he would not have answered anyway.

The week you will have to spend in bed, flat on your back, will be a very miserable one. Plaster casts make the worst possible bed companions; specially in the undersized Swiss beds; you have the impression of being in your coffin, which is most disagreeable when you happen to be alive. You will not have much to do all day except make a nuisance of yourself with the servants.

If it is raining you will be still worse off. Nobody having anything to do, friends will come to see you and tell you about their accidents. They will ask you how yours happened and before you have a chance to open your mouth they will start on a long account of their mishaps. With a bit of practice you will improve your acceleration and manage to get in ahead with: "I tore my knee ligaments," for example. You will then discover that everybody else in the world has at some time or other torn knee ligaments, but in a much more spectacular fashion. You will be given to understand that you have shown a shocking lack of imagination and originality in the way you went about tearing yours; you start feeling dull and boring; you get more and more depressed as you realize that you have properly messed up your accident, and your one idea is to get back on your skis and have another, a really good one this time, of the sort nobody has ever thought of having so far.

You will be spared no detail of your visitors' misfortune. You will be informed of the exact day, the condition of the weather, the quality of the snow, the precise spot where it happened—"you know, the place after the fifth bump just before the seventh tree next to the hut . . ."—and if it is a woman you will receive a full account of what she was wearing that day. Then, one thing leading to another, you will be treated to various accidents unrelated to ski-ing, such as a cousin's automobile mishap, a couple of railway crashes involving distant relations, and a narrowly averted forced landing. With a bit of luck—if

the rain continues long enough—you may even be told how the children had their tonsils out and furnished with a complete description of the wife's appendicectomy.

The one subject of conversation that will never be allowed to crop up is your accident. And you are simply dying to talk about it to somebody. You cannot tell the doctor because he is in a hurry, nor the children because they are not there, nor your wife because she has threatened to bash you over the head if you ever mention it again. So you start writing to your friends about it—after all the only nice thing about writing letters is that you cannot be interrupted—and when they answer describing the accidents they have had, you can toss the letter into the waste-paper basket.

After a week of this kind of thing you will be allowed to get up—if you can, and if the doctor does not forget to mention it. As from this minute, and for quite a long time to come, your constant companions will be two crutches. Although of undeniable necessity under the circumstances, they are both painful and awkward accessories.

At the beginning one is inclined to support the entire weight of the body on the fetching little leather cushions, since that is what they are presumably there for; when the pain under the armpits becomes unbearable one learns how to lean on the wooden stubs in the middle and then the hands ache too. Crutches are awkward even when not in use; however carefully one props them up against the wall or some piece of furniture, they invariably come crashing down with a frightful clatter just when one is expecting it the least.

Do not let yourself be influenced by the people you have seen rushing about on crutches as if there was nothing to it; they have probably had many years of experience, poor souls, to reach that stage of perfection. Go slowly and watch carefully where you place the rubber tip, make sure it is on level ground devoid of any slippery substance; a crutch which is no longer there lets you down with a horrible crash.

Another thing you will have to put up with during this period is people treating you—quite rightly too—like a cripple. They will get up to give you their seats, hold doors open for you and lend you a helping hand. Initially you will find it horribly humiliating and then gradually, the less you will need these attentions the more you will appreciate them. By the time you reach the one-stick stage, which does not entitle you to preferential treatment, you will be missing it. Swinging doors will start swinging back in your face, you will resent old ladies remaining seated when you are standing and you will glower at people when they do not move aside to let you by.

One thing you must be sure of never doing under any circumstance is to get your friends to sign their names on your cast. It is frightfully "démodé" and definitely non-U. I have been told it is still done in Sun Valley, which proves my point.

Back in civilian life, removed from the understanding of your co-sufferers, far from the bond of people united by a common danger, your sufferings coming under the heading "third party reactions" will be intensified. Alone amidst a hostile, unsympathetic crowd you will realize the hugeness of the gulf which separates skiers from non-skiers.

You will have to put up with intended witticisms such as "I always knew you were too old to ski"—"You should have learnt how to ski before starting"—"Don't forget your limp, you have had a ski accident, remember?" The fact that they are aimed at you naturally does not make you an unbiased source of opinion, but you do not consider them in the least funny, specially when they are repeated *ad infinitum*.

You are, however, gradually improving, cast and crutches have been discarded, the two-stick stage left behind. You will do your utmost to conceal that limp and to do without the one remaining stick, but occasional sharp protests from the damaged area, on an uneven surface, climbing a steep flight of stairs, getting in or out of a car, will not allow it; self-consciously you have to carry them both about with you.

This is when, to your utter astonishment, you will start meeting people who think you are putting on an act. To be more precise, you have already met them, some of them you have known for years, but you never had the opportunity of realising that their minds operate this way.

There you are, doing your best to look like a normal healthy creature—which is presumably everybody's aim—and these characters, owing to some peculiarity of their reasoning apparatus, suspect you of trying to appear an invalid—which is presumably nobody's aim. It really leaves you wondering.

For example, you will be enduring a cocktail party, shifting your weight from the front to the rear of your good foot, this being all the latitude you can allow yourself because whenever you unburden part of it on to your stick someone kicks it away from under you, when this female appears on the horizon. She is all curves in the body and vacuum in the head as she spirals towards you, trailing smoke like an exhausted locomotive, exuding perfume and bosoms, and parks one of her parabolas within an inch of you.

"Is this a novel fashion of showing off?" She delivers her question through a lot of teeth and a white cigarette holder so smeared with lipstick as to look like the result of a railway collision.

"Show off what?" you reply, knowing that it does not sound particularly pretty and that it is

not exactly a brilliant repartee, but you are taken aback as you have not yet got used to this sort of thing.

"Oh! I don't know, that you have been ski-ing, that you have had an accident, that you are an invalid; making yourself interesting, aren't you, dahling?"

Now, if you credited this specimen with the intelligence of a pigmy village idiot you might sit her down in a corner and endeavour to explain that: (a) ski-ing is no longer a sport reserved exclusively for the very wealthy; (b) an accident presupposes, in most cases, an error and it is contrary to human nature to advertise one's mistakes; (c) each person generally tries to look his best, and hobbling about is most certainly not a flattering gait. But since she obviously belongs to the sub-human species as regards the ingredients stored under her curls, you say nothing of all this and you turn the conversation into channels within her grasp.

"That is a very nice dress you are nearly wearing."

She pulls at it here and there, increasing the general appearance of a strip-tease act in its more advanced stage, and simpers:

"Oh! it's an old little something I grabbed out of the wardrobe without even looking."

"That probably explains why you left most of it behind," you throw at her, trying to limp away in a dignified fashion.

Of course, this is an extreme example and the girl, as you probably realized, is not very bright, but unfortunately many other people without her excuses say or imply the same things with the only difference that they are more decently dressed.

Then at long last, the day will come when you will no longer feel anything . . . in the limb, I mean. You will turn it this way and that way, put the weight here, put the weight there, bend it, lift it, and it will utter no word of protest. Glory be! you will be able to ski again next winter. You know now that during all those months of pain and discomfort, the worst agony of all was the possibility that you might not be fit for the slopes next year. Having no further apprehension on this score, the rest is forgotten; the suffering, the exasperation of enforced idleness, the humiliation of being a cripple, the inane remarks, are all swept away at the realization that once again you will stand on your skis on the top of a mountain, facing a vast expanse of unexplored snow, which is yours, yours to go whizzing down through, master of your speed and your movements, feeling small in comparison to the grandiose setting but big, very big, in your unfettered freedom.

So let us conclude this article by returning to the famous question: "Is ski-ing dangerous?" Yes, it is, it is dangerous, and one is frightened, but it is worth every single moment of it.

Our hard-pressed Editor having asked me for another article on another ski-jumping competition in Britain, I will try to describe the Wembley Jumping from my observations as a participant, in the hope that this account will not just be similar to that which has appeared or will appear in other publications. It is therefore entitled

HIGH FLYING AND HIGH JINKS

by Tim Ashburner

“NOW, Sir, can you please tell me what exactly is this jump you are going to go off at Wembley?” enquired the voice on the telephone.

“A ski-jump,” I answered.

This was one of the more ignorant questions that various pressmen put to Alex Sykes, Tony Kennaway and myself in the few days before Wednesday, May 31st, and I tried once more to explain patiently what it involved—an exasperating business without diagrams. Major Forbes reminded me that it was important that we got the show as much publicity as possible. Somehow the jumping had all seemed too fantastic to be true, but I was brought sharply back into the world of reality on studying the competitors’ “Who’s Who”. Seeing myself alongside such illustrious names as Habersatter, Leodolter, Silvennoinen and De Zordo, etc., etc., I felt like the chap in the off-white shirt on commercial TV. All the best jumpers west of the Iron Curtain appeared to be coming over, and I realised even more what the organisers had achieved.

Events for us got under way with a reception at Eaton Square given on Tuesday evening by Sir Herbert Ingram and Sir Charles Taylor to welcome the competitors. By various means the nine languages presented little difficulty and we soon realised what a splendid lot of personalities they were. Also there, of course, was our team leader, Col. Legard (hereafter appropriately referred to as Percy). A better man we could not have had. The Norwegians had kindly brought over some excellent jumping skis for us. One should note that these cost only £7 a pair as compared with the Swiss retailers’ price of £20 for a pair of Attenhofers. (Thinks: that distinguished capitalist Ernst Gertsch must make a lot of money!) Afterwards we all retired to our hotel in Princes Square.

Wednesday dawned cool and clear. It was just the right weather. Tony Kennaway sat up in bed with the paper to study Lord Luck.

“Take things easy to start with and matters should improve later,” was apparently the day’s advice for him, but under my sign he read out quite impassively: “You have a desire to act in a situation totally beyond your control. Remember your limitations and primary obligations.”

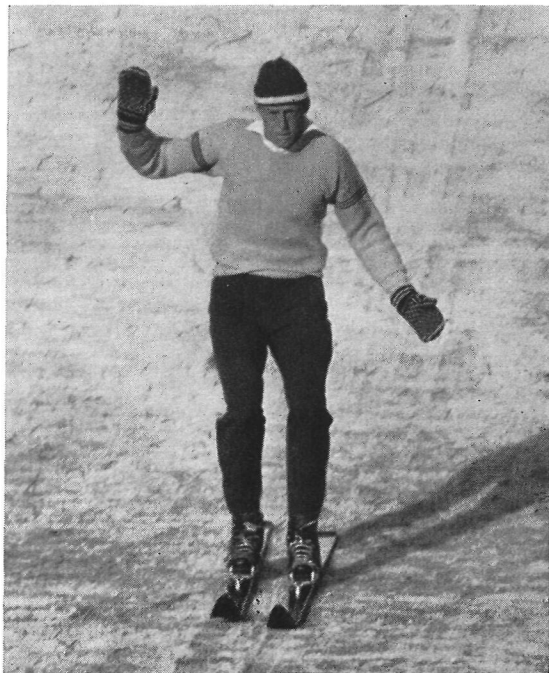
“That’s quite enough, then,” I said. Just for a moment, we felt dumb, dithering and doubtful!

After breakfast we went along to see Percy,

who bellowed from his pantry: “I’ve been doing your blasted bindings all night, and it’s nearly killed me!” This brought a shriek of laughter from his daughters, so we took over the job, which in turn occupied us all morning. In case of breakage we had to prepare two pairs of skis each.

Eventually the time came to board the buses at the hotel. All at once, as we came out of the Harrow Road, cheers and laughter broke out as we suddenly saw the stadium in the distance with the scaffolding bearing the in-run towering above one end. It certainly looked impressive gleaming in the sun and induced some happy yodelling from Walter Habersatter, who looked as surprised as anyone.

We entered the stadium at about three o’clock, and found the jump in the last stages of erection. The contractors had certainly had a very hard job in getting the landing slope finished in the necessarily short time of 36 hours or so. Naturally, our first objective was to go and have a look from the top. The view of London was breathtaking in the prevailing strong wind. “The



vast stands of Wembley," as they are so reverently referred to, looked pretty insignificant from the starting pen, which was two-and-a-half times their height. Down on our right between the twin towers the gigantic "Cow and Gate" flag billowed proudly between those of Britain and Norway. However, I thought our sponsors certainly had reason to feel pleased with themselves. At ground level it wasn't long before the snow elevator broke down, and every available person was called over for the considerable effort of humping 50 tons of sacked snow to all parts of the slope.

Sir Charles, who must have become very anxious, remarked: "It's going to be done to a pretty tight schedule, but we should just finish it in time."

Indeed it was so, and at about seven o'clock as spectators were beginning to arrive, everyone was at last able to have a practice jump. The plastic run-in proved surprisingly easy. There was no difficulty whatever in holding a straight line, but it was slower than snow and apparent that immense take-off effort was needed to jump good distances. One arrived at the bottom of the landing slope fast enough to shoot over half the length of the soccer pitch on straw, which was a glorious sensation.

We had only had one practice jump each when the band of the Welsh Guards, who were considerably more on schedule than we were, came on to the pitch and we had to hustle into the tunnel under the scaffolding from where we were due to march out on parade. Percy assured us it was going to be a "complete farce". The loudspeaker didn't seem to be working very well and we wondered when we were supposed to start moving. When we did, we passed under a torrent of water, from the hosepipe left running on the plastic, and Percy, who always cut a dignified figure with the flag on his paunch, struggled to keep in step with a Frenchman who was already suffering from a hangover which had nothing whatever to do with ill-health. With the parade over, the competition at last started.

Many of us looked out of season and out of form. There were falls galore that evening and ironically three of the most famous men all suffered damage on their first jumps. Otto Leodolter, the Austrian bronze medallist at Squaw Valley, landed flat as a pancake and although he gave an old hand's astonishing how-to-do-it in terms of limb preservation, he considered his bloodied features and bruises enough to put him *hors de combat*. George Thoma, Germany's Olympic Nordic Combined Champion, and the veteran Finn Hemmo Silvennoinen, also followed suit in spectacular fashion, to the bewilderment of everybody who had heard them lauded by the commentator.

One-eyed Helmut Wegerscheider of Germany won the first performance and his jump of 115 feet remained the longest for both days. He

gained the last 10 feet only by picking his skis up and landing with bent knees.

In between the two rounds of jumping there was a display of Swiss flag throwing to the accompaniment of a trio of Alpine hornblowers. This was followed by the entry of an American Air Force band who provided some light entertainment with their marching and playing, and at the same time three Norwegians went off the jump dressed in strange attire to provide more comedy.

With the second round of the jumping over—competitors continued to go down like nine-pins—we awaited the Norwegian acrobat Magne Engeseth, who was due to "loop the loop" from a specially built ramp on the landing slope. Unfortunately the brave fellow made a complete mess of it, rebounding off his back. He complained that the slope was not steep enough, and that he failed to get up enough speed, which left us wondering why he only took a 25 ft. run at it. It was a spectacular fall, much in keeping with what had gone before.

We then assembled for a last parade and the prize-giving, kindly done by Brigadier Sir John Hunt. At this function the pronunciation of names was so bad that we were frequently left wondering who was being referred to. It was often to result in the wrong man eventually coming forward, or even doing so twice if he thought he heard his name again. It was quite a pantomime. Percy was tickled pink!

Incidentally, and as it later received as much comment as the jumping itself, I feel mention must be made of the lamentable efforts of the commentator at all three performances. Names and Christian names were continually mixed up, imaginary heroics were dreamt up, and as if that wasn't enough we also had to endure his appalling sense of humour.

"This Norwegian baker uses his loaf," came the cackle over the loudspeakers. "He needs lots and lots of dough to be a great jumper."

It was enough to bring a camel to tears. When it was suggested after the first evening that he be replaced by someone better informed or at least intelligent, the reply was that as his name had been published in all the programmes, he would have to continue. And continue he did, to the thorough embarrassment of all sane people present.

On Thursday we had two performances, but it was more like November 1st than June 1st. Rain poured almost incessantly from a sky that remained as grey as the empty terraces, and even under cover it was windy and chilly. However, the jumping for us was still terrific fun. Veikko Kankkonen (Finland) and Torgeir Brantzaeg (Norway) turned in magnificent performances, making it all look terribly easy. Wegerscheider fell. Behind these two Scandinavians came the Austrians and Italians, who all looked impressive. I won't easily forget the Swiss Heribert Schmid,



The author in flight.

*D.H.O. Team.
L. to R.:
The author,
Alex Sykes,
Tony Kennaway.
(photos: George Konig,
A.R.P.S.)*



who lay so far forward in the air it seemed he would nick his eyeballs with ski tips. The Norwegians who had a large entry ranging from their National Champion Ole Tom Nord down to 12-year-old Erling Stranden, were all interesting to watch, while for us Alex Sykes did particularly well that afternoon with two jumps of nearly 90 feet in comparatively good style, and without falling and splitting his pants.

An estimated total of 50,000 clicks at the turnstiles were needed to make the event pay, and that this did not happen was of course mainly due to the abominable weather on Thursday. This was shocking bad luck for Sir Charles Taylor, the sponsors and the S.C.G.B. Frankly, however, I could not help feeling that there were other contributing reasons.

Firstly although the S.C.G.B. had done much advertising in London, it was hardly done at all in neighbouring counties.

Secondly much advertising was inadequate and ineffective. "International Ski Jumping", it was announced in evening papers and in tube stations, but there was nothing to tell the ordinary man in the street where the competitors were coming from, or what distances they were likely to jump, and how.

Urgently needed nearer the time in support of the posters was a back page write-up in the *Express* and the *Mirror* which would have informed over half the population. Who on earth can imagine a boxing promoter with £15,000 expenses to make pay, remaining in business without this publicity? Yet financially here were the S.C.G.B. in exactly the same position, when for

all their efforts, a small tip to a couple of sport columnists might have paid thousands of times over and also put British Ski Racing on its feet.

Thirdly the Londoner wishing to take his family along, and able to afford a few 7/6 seats must have wondered just how much he would be able to see on noticing that the best seats were at 30/-.

After another splendid cocktail party given by Sir Charles Taylor backstage, we returned late to the hotel, sad that it was all over, but anxious to prolong our enjoyment and to see something of London night life. Some had friends' addresses to look up and others claimed to know of some worthwhile night spots. It was to one such establishment in Kensington that I drove Yvon Mazino of Chamonix and the three other Frenchmen. A crowded, dark and dubious basement run predominantly for French students, it had that old-hair-combings-in-a-brush atmosphere of heavy smoke swirling in a dimly-lit and unventilated centre which characterises any night club in Chamonix. Satisfied that they were very much in their element, I went off to enjoy a hilarious trip to Soho with some Scandinavians.

On Friday we had to clear up the stadium and entertain our visitors further. For the latter purpose Rosemary Tennant gave me a suggested itinerary for a London coach tour.

Unfortunately, and as luck would have it, it was a very hot day and at such times London must be a loathsome place to the foreigner. The mood for the tour was set as we crawled down Park Lane and with sour faces they surveyed the endless shambles of the improvement

scheme. Right down to Victoria every street seemed under permanent repair with pneumatic drills jabbing on the brain, and the dusty air became as stale as the inside of a telephone booth. A short stop at Westminster Cathedral before going to Buckingham Palace for the changing of the guard, resulted in our losing Kjell Sjoberg of Sweden. His compatriot Lars Bergseije and I searched in vain for him. We gave up and ran along to rejoin the others at the Palace where there seemed enough to interest them to bring out their cameras. But when the spectacle was over I realised there was simply nothing else worth showing them. Most looked bothered by the heat and I apologised for the

lack of conveniences. We decided to spend the rest of the day visiting shows and after rounding up those who had gone astray, we returned to the hotel for an early lunch, and there we were greeted by Sjoberg who introduced the girl he had apparently just picked up. In the afternoon we went to the Royal Tournament and later to the Moscow State Circus and all had a thoroughly enjoyable time for no expense at all.

Early next morning when we had to see them off, everything felt quite flat. Wembley had been wonderful fun. I had been away from work for just four days, but what an effort it was to go back again!

OTTO KONZETT

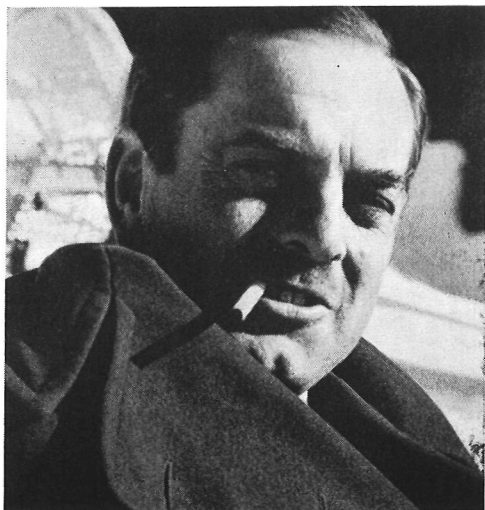
ON arriving at Scheidegg towards the end of November last year, I was sad to find my dear friend Otto Konzett gone. His shop had been taken over by his son-in-law, Sammy, and all was in order just as he would have wished. Otto was a familiar figure to generations of winter sports visitors throughout the long Scheidegg winter season. He was a true craftsman, turning out careful, thorough work and giving sound advice, helped by his son and son-in-law and his wife and daughter who run the most successful bazaar. In between seasons he and his family, together with his grandson, Toni, returned to their beloved Grindelwald. We offer them our sympathy in their loss.

H.R.H.

TOM WOOD

THE sudden death of Squadron Leader T. B. Wood—Tom to all his friends in England and Wengen,—occurred on April 4th after a short illness at the early age of 52. Educated at Cheltenham College and St. Catherines, Cambridge. He married in 1938, Doris Thynne-Eaton. Tom Wood served with the Royal Canadian Air Force from 1939-1946 since when he practised as a Marine Engineer at Henley-on-Thames. A devoted skier and ultra conservative supporter of Wengen, he could never be persuaded that any other ski resort had such charm, such good ski-ing, or such delightful local inhabitants and visitors. He first visited "our" Swiss village with me in 1928 and, apart from the War years, has returned to Wengen each Season. A great companion, friend and the kindest of men, his place can never be filled.

J.D.W.





22nd December, 1960

K. D. Foster, Esq.,

Dear Kenneth,

Thank you very much for the copy of the *D.H.O.* Journal the reading of which has given me much pleasure.

Your feelings about safety bindings and your recollections of the development of diagonal tension and all that parallel very closely with my own, but alas I have, in the end, succumbed to the blandishments of Swiss Sales Talk and the cunningly concealed jealousy of my ski-ing friends all of whom, on noting the ease with which I got into 1938 Alpina Bindings, added their persuasion to that of the Ski Shop Owners but from less worthy motives. The consequence of this pressure was that being unable to bring myself to the stage of desecrating my beautiful solid hickory 1936 Norwegian skis with the assortment of ironmongery said to be necessary for my own safety I, last season, bought not only new bindings but new skis as well.

In doing this I may say I was not uninfluenced by the idea of getting some of my own back on my friends for whom I had so frequently waited in cold blizzards while they cleaned their skis, their boots and all the rat-trap mechanism and reset the tension with micrometer gauges, etc., after the trap had, in my opinion, sprung too soon. The funny part was that they swore that if the trap had not sprung they would have broken a leg in spite of the fact that under similar circumstances without safety bindings no leg had been broken before.

Well, as I say, I succumbed and on my first morning on the new skis, proudly, and as I thought efficiently, attached them to my feet, not forgetting an essential part of safety bindings, i.e., the thong to be attached to the ankle, which thong is attached to the cable part of the binding which is in turn attached to the fixed part of the binding thus forming a continuous if tenuous link between the body ski-ing and the ski.

This was at the top of the Hornberg and the start down is bounded on the right hand by a very steep slope through woods dropping 2,000 feet to the Gstaad Valley below. Within 100 yards I had fallen and while collecting myself I noticed a ski below me running without a body and slowly gathering speed towards the near precipice. It occurred to me that some fool had failed to attach his thong and I was encouraged to note that someone else had also bought a new pair of skis of the same make and colour as mine. Then I realised that while my thong and cable were still attached to my foot there was no ski attached to the cable, and that the tenuous link had broken. You can imagine my feelings as I saw my new ski heading for destruction in the valley below after 100 yards use. However, by a miracle the ski swung round until it was travelling backwards and just short of the ultimate edge the heel dug into the snow.

Had it not done so I should have been saved from thereafter competing with the Senior Officers of Bomb Disposal Groups, and from the present quandary of whether on the 19th of January I take my old skis or my new skis or both.

Kind regards and best wishes for Christmas and your holiday.

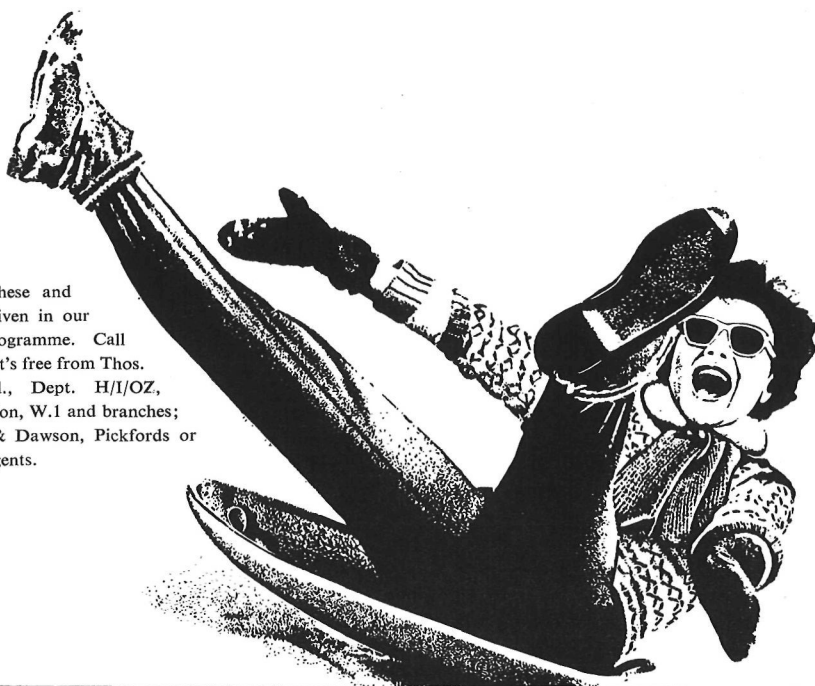
Yours sincerely,
Stephen Inledon.

Page Seventy-three

Winter Sports COOKS — to be sure !

Ask the Man at Cooks about your Winter Sports holiday—he'll be glad to arrange the whole thing for you in no time at all—and at very reasonable cost ! For example, you can have a week's holiday by air to Wengen for only £34 9s.; or 2 weeks for £46 7s.; or if you prefer rail, 8 days for £26 15s., 15 days £38 13s.—with the added advantage of couchette accommodation both ways at no extra cost !

★ Full details of these and other holidays are given in our 'Winter Sports' programme. Call or write for a copy—it's free from Thos. Cook & Son Ltd., Dept. H/I/OZ, Berkeley Street, London, W.1 and branches; or offices of Dean & Dawson, Pickfords or appointed booking agents.



ALWAYS CARRY COOKS TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

FIXTURE LIST—SEASON 1961-62

Dec. 1	D.H.O. Office Opens
Dec. 11	Full Training starts
Dec. 25	Wengen Christmas Slalom (<i>O</i>).
Dec. 26	Training Slalom (<i>DH</i>).
Dec. 31	Mackintosh Cup Jumping Handicap (<i>DH</i> Grade 3)
Jan. 1	Wengen New Year Slalom (<i>O</i>).
Jan. 3	Wengen (British) Jumping Championship (Grade 2).
Jan. 2—6	D.H.O. RACE WEEK: Downhill and Slalom for:—Wengen Junior Championship group (<i>BG18</i>). Cova Cups (all nationalities) Straight race only for Railway Cups (<i>W</i>) and Baidland Cup (<i>T 32</i>). Giant Slalom for:—36th No-fall Championship for the "Sunday Times" Cup (<i>DK</i>). Wengen Ladies No-Fall Cup (<i>DK</i>). "Sunday Times" Junior Cup (<i>B19</i>) and L.S.C. Salver (<i>G19</i>).
Jan. 8—9	Coggins Races (<i>BG 15, 12 and 10</i>). Family race for the David McLaren Cup (<i>T 2</i>). Fleas & Flukes (all nationalities). Goya Prize (<i>WN</i>).
Jan. 12—13	32nd INTERNATIONAL LAUBERHORN CUP.
Jan. 18	Odling Cup (<i>DH</i> No-Fall).
Jan. 25	Roped Race (<i>WSC</i> and <i>DHO</i>).
Feb. 1	Polytechnic Cups (<i>WN</i>).
Feb. 8	Heinz Cup (<i>W</i>).
Feb. 15	McMillan Cup Long Distance Race (<i>DH</i>). Jarvis Cup (<i>DH40</i>). Bathchair Cup (<i>DH50</i>).
Feb. 22	Finnigan Cup (<i>DH</i>). SCGB Spoon (<i>SCGB</i>).
Mar. 1	Arlom.
April 4—18	Easter Training Scheme.
April 16—17	Wengen Golden Ski and Wengen Ladies Golden Ski (<i>W</i> -Slalom). Scalded Cats and Scalded Kittens (<i>DH</i>).

Abbreviations:

- B15, 17 etc.* Open to British boys under the stated age (15 years, 17 years, etc.) on the advertised day of the race.
DH Open to members of the D.H.O. only.
DH 1 Open to members of the D.H.O. who are SCGB 2nd class standard and over.
DH 2 Open to members of the D.H.O. who are not SCGB 2nd class standard.
DK. Open to skiers who are amateurs under British rules and who qualify under the Duke of Kent qualifications set out in the SCGB. "Officials' Handbook".
G15, 17 etc. Open to British girls under the specified age (as *B15*).
O. Open to all-comers.
N. Open to Novices (i.e., those who have never won a ski race and who are below SCGB 2nd class standard).
T32 For teams of 3 (2 to count). Competitors must be under 18 and either still at a Public School or having left at the end of the Christmas term. They must also be visitors to Wengen, Mürren or Grindelwald districts.
W. Open to visitors to Wengen district (i.e., Lauterbrunnen to Scheidegg inclusive).

ALICE THROUGH THE GRINDLEGLASS

(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

This verse appears by kind permission of the Editor of "The Eagle Ski Club Year Book".

T'was schnillig and the ski-ey toves
 Did wyre and weigle in the schabe,
 All icely were the Laubergroves
 And the stem raths abgrabe.

Beware the Windcrustbreak, my son,
 The trumfold *piste*, the edges' catch,
 Beware the Spinnefrip and shun
 The fruminous meat-hook's snatch.

He took his baskril sticks in hand,
 Longtime the blinndig snow he fought—
 So rested he by the pink Pinkhut
 And stood awhile in thought.

And as in ski-ish thought he stood
 The upsnezzug with bulgy frame
 Came whiffing from the tulgy wood
 And breathshook as it came.

"Wab one, wab two," he cried, "I'm through!
 No sundish fight with fraube ski rack.
 The Eagle club must take my sub."
 He did the standard back.

"Oh hast thou slain thy *piste*-ing, love?
 Come join the club, my Eagluf boy!
 Oh swellsab day! Gletschoo! Gletschay!"
 They chortled in their joy—

M.D.

Club Notes

BIRTHS

To Verity and Brian Thornton, a daughter Kim.
To Angela and Anthony Hawker, a daughter.
To Sheila and Charlach Mackintosh, a daughter Sarah.

To Lesley and Ron Allan, a daughter Jane.
To Sheena and Ruaridh Hilleary, a daughter.
To Penelope and Bevil Mabey, a son David.
To Erica and Kaspar von Almen, a son Urs.
To Pat and Iain Mackintosh, a son Ross.
To Brenda and Clifford Crook, a daughter Sarah.

MARRIAGES

Belinda Gold to Jeremy Pinckney.
Gilda Clark to Malcolm John Saw.

DEATHS. We regret to announce the deaths of Otto Konzett and of Tom Wood, whose obituary appear elsewhere and of Joseph Reinert late of the Hotel Regina.

D.H.O. GOLD BADGES have been awarded to Addy Raeburn and Tania Heald.

D.H.O. HONORARY MEMBERS. The following have been elected—Mrs. K. D. Foster, Herr Paul Ruch and Herr Edward Gertsch.

INTERNATIONAL COLOURS have been awarded to Anna Asheshov, Wendy Farrington, Tania Heald and Cynthia Petre.

NATIONAL COLOURS have been awarded to John Rigby.

D.H.O. RACING ARROWS have been awarded to Divina Galica, Clive Mitchell and John Mason.

THE S.C.G.B. JUNIOR GIRLS RACING SCHOLARSHIP has been awarded to Patricia Murphy.

RAFFLE

A raffle in aid of the D.H.O. Junior Racing Training Scheme will be drawn at the Annual Dance at the Savoy on November 17th. Tickets will be in books of 21 at 1s. each or £1 per book, providing a commission of one ticket for each book sold. Members are invited to apply to the Hon. Secretary for books so that as many tickets as possible may be sold before the dance as well as during the evening.

Prizes include the loan of a chalet for four people on the shores of Lake Windermere during Spring or Autumn 1962, two tickets for a concert at the Royal Albert Hall, a refrigerator, a miniature camera donated by James Lloyd & Son Ltd. of Guildford, a free week for two people in a chalet in Wengen, premium savings bonds, etc., etc.

The committee hopes that EVERYONE will support this raffle and their sincere thanks are due to the generosity of those who have given such magnificent prizes.

SPRING TOURING

Owing to repeated requests it has been decided to re-introduce the D.H.O. Spring Touring Week on the lines of those tours run in 1956 and 1957. It has been suggested that start be made from Wengen, sometime during the first week in May, ski to Morel or Fiesch and then go to Saas Fée where we could consider the Alphubel and/or Rimpfischhorn. Continue to Zermatt for the Breithorn and further our plans from there. Standard required equivalent to good S.C.G.B. 2nd Class with some previous experience. Two or three days training beforehand is advisable and further details on costs, etc. available from the Editor.

REPRESENTATIVES. Any member with the necessary qualifications wishing to become a Representative in future seasons is invited to apply to the D.H.O. Office in Wengen.

WANTED. British Ski Year Book for 1921 (vol. 1, number 2). Editor will pay any reasonable price.

WENGEN STANDARD. The Wengen Standard will be held weekly down the usual course (1½ miles in length and 1,650 ft. drop). Times required are:

Silver Standard 6 min. for men, 7 min. for women
Gold Standard 4 " " " 5 " " "
Racing Class 3 " " " 3½ " " "

CLUB INSIGNIA—PRICE LIST

	Frs.
Ties	12.0
Silver Badges	5.0
Bronze Badges	3.0
Associate Badges	3.50
Coggins Badges	3.0
D.H.O. Ashtrays	3.0
D.H.O. Ski-Maps	0.50

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. Our thanks are due, once again, to David Cornwell who did the drawings; to Herr Baumann of Wengen, who gave us so many photographs, to Messrs. Stone & Cox and Messrs. Gade Engraving for their help and advice and to John Doddington for his assistance in proof-reading.



CURLERS' SUPPLEMENT



WENGEN CURLING CLUB

INSTITUTED 1911

Affiliated to

Royal Caledonian Curling Club 1920

OFFICE BEARERS 1960-61

President: W. K. ROBERTSON
 Vice-President: G. BOYD ANDERSON
 R.C.C.C. Representatives: H. P. McMASTER, D. CLARK
 Hon. Secretary: W. K. ROBERTSON
 Hon. Treasurers and Instructors: W. B. BLACK, H. DUERR

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G. Carmichael, C.B.E.		F. Molitor		Dr. C. Zahnd

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				MME. ZAHND

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M. BRENNER	J. K. F. GLEN	A. KOCH	—, PORTMANN	C. G. VIOLI
F. A. BROWN	C. R. GLOVER	M. KOCH	M. RALIS	H. VIGLINO
—, BURI	—, GORBA	E. KOCHER	J. REIBEN	—, VON BUREN
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R. M. EASDALE	H. R. HADOW	J. H. MANN	E. SCHUPBACH	H. ZINNIKER

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MME. EGLI	MME. GORBA	MME. JACOBI	MME. NIEBERDING	MME. ZINNIKER

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP 311

Curling commenced 22nd December and ended 13th March

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS

Opening Bonspiel	T. V. Hollingworth, H. Fritschi, S. Rupp, J. M. Storey
Hewitt Cup	L. W. Strong, J. M. Dykes, J. B. Remington, Mrs. Cripps
Reinert-Stofer Cup	L. W. Strong, J. B. Remington, O. Reinhardt, Mme. Ralis
D.H.O. Bowl	Cancelled
International	"Scotland", W. B. Black, N. O. Liddell, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Walker
Baumann Prizes	T. V. Hollingworth, N. Hamilton-Smith, F. A. Brown, C. K. Harper
B.O.C.A.	"Adelboden", W. Spiess, A. Osterwalder, J. Cestreich, A. Germann
Otto-Lehmann Bonspiel	A. Kohler, Ed. Luthi, F. Hausmann, Mrs. Barclay
B.E.A. Trophy	N. O. Liddell, L. W. Strong, T.P. Stewart, M. Beevor
Hotel Cup	Cancelled
Wright Bowl	Cancelled
Buhlmann Cup	L. W. Strong, K. Glatthard, Miss N. Fisher, E. L. Bliss
Molitor Cup	"Grindelwald", E. Steuri, O. Füllemann, Mme. Dimtza, Mme. Ritter
Wengen Cup	W. B. Black, F. H. Jarvis, Mrs. Maris, C. R. Glover
Silberhorn Prizes	L. W. Strong, F. Burgener, C. K. Harper, Lord Walpole
Wyllie Shield	C. G. Vieli, T. Itten, A. Maire, H. Keppner
Holland Cup	H. Fritschi, J. Weir, K. Gurtler, E. Ulrich
Bols Cup	W. Beldi, A. R. Dixon, R. Frei, E. Hames
Jungfrau Cup	Cancelled
Neuweiler Cup	P. U. Lehmann, H. Viglino, R. Frei, E. Hames

CURLING JUBILEE

Gilbert Carmichael

STRANGE though it may seem to those who indulge in winter sports of other kinds and who, in their promenades of the village street between funiculars (and drinks), have their ears assailed by weird and raucous noises from the adjoining rink, the curlers of Wengen are a profoundly reserved and reticent set of people: so much so that, last winter, the Club allowed its 50th anniversary to pass without calling attention in any way to this significant milestone in its history. Indeed, it was only as a result of the publicity given in the British Press to the similar Jubilee of a neighbouring club, that many Wengen curlers woke up to the fact that they too had reached such a ripe age. Nevertheless, the cold fact is recorded in the Royal Caledonian Club Annual that the Wengen Club was instituted in 1911 and was admitted to membership of the Royal Club in 1920.

Of the earliest pioneers no written record alas appears to exist, but it is a safe assumption that

the majority of them came from north of the Tweed: and Dr. Zahnd, Secretary of the Wengen Kurverein, assures me that a photograph taken 50 years ago shows curling to have taken place then on the rink as we still know it today. This photograph unfortunately is not available for reproduction here.

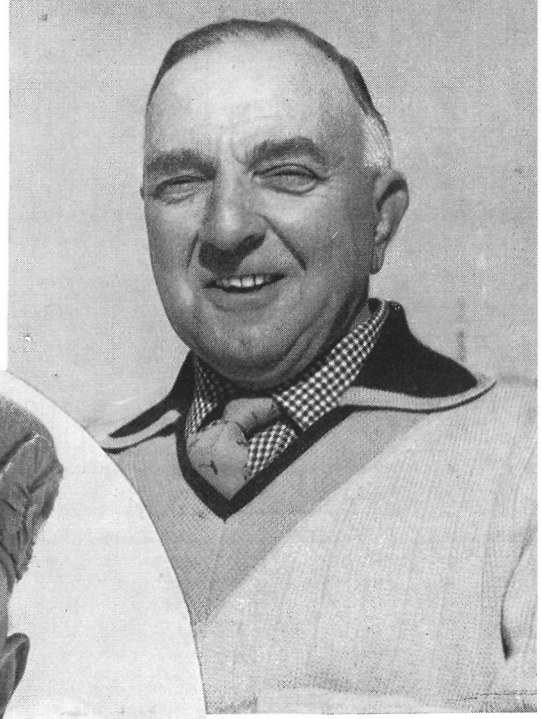
The records for the years immediately following the First World War are uninterrupted and voluminous; and in some respects they afford strange reading today. In 1928 for instance, the Committee discussed the desirability of requesting lady members to curl in skirts, but, after solemn deliberation, the conclusion was reached that such a request would border on interference with the liberty of the subject and the matter was dropped.

In those early post-war years the Club membership was almost entirely British with a sprinkling of local Swiss. So predominant in fact was the Scottish element that the writer recollects a match once taking place between Dumfriesshire and the

**THE PRESIDENT
AND PAST
PRESIDENTS
PRESENT IN
WENGEN LAST
SEASON**



*N. O. Liddell,
1955/57.*

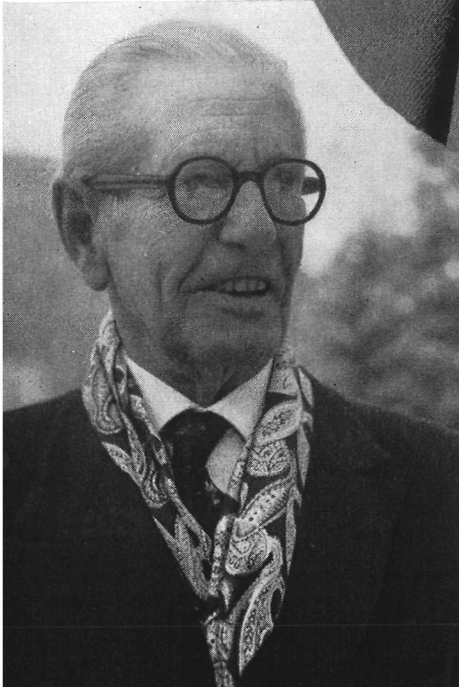


*G. Carmichael,
C.B.E., 1957/59.*

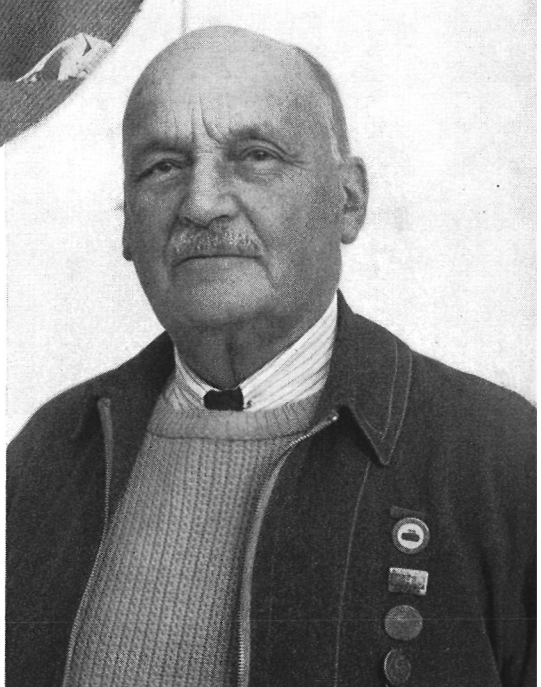


*W. K. Robertson,
President.*

(photos: Baumann)



*G. Paxton,
1951/53.*



*N. L. Hamilton-
Smith, 1936/38.*

Rest of the World! The Second World War, however, brought about a marked change in the membership, which now embraces most European nationalities west of the Iron Curtain; and with an active strength of 311—which surely constitutes a record number for a Swiss club—the babel of tongues to be heard in the course of a game is at times indescribable. Yet the traditional fellowship of earlier curling days has in no sense been lost. In no game does the doctrine of playing for the side find fuller expression. Where too is manifest a finer spirit than that of the absolute equality of all on the ice, subject only to the benevolent overlordship of the skip who reigns supreme by the free election of free subjects. It was of one such of his day and generation that the greatest of Scottish poets wrote:

“When to the lochs the curlers flock,
 wi’ glesome speed,
 Wha’ will they station at the Cock?
 Tam Samson’s dead!”

Could any leader of men wish a finer epitaph?

For the first 16 years of the Club’s existence curlers had but the rink itself on which to meet, but in 1927, through the generosity of a number of members and with the active help and co-operation of the proprietor of the Silberhorn Hotel, the present Clubhouse was erected. On its walls are inscribed the names of the holders of office over the years, sundry curling exhortations evolved by prominent members and the results of the principal competitions up to the present day. What memories all these evoke and how often do curlers, denied a game through the vagaries of the weather, reflect on past records and live over again some of their curling triumphs—aye and perchance their disasters too—for where are human happiness and misery so closely allied as on the curling rink.

In former days the activities of Wengen curlers were by no means confined exclusively to the rink itself. One remembers initiation ceremonies in the Curlers Arms preceded by uproarious fancy dress processions through the village with impromptu bands in attendance; the Curlers Courts where fines were exacted for breaches of curling rules some more fanciful than real; the Church Parades where, led by the Club Chaplain, the members, brooms aloft, marched from the rink to the English Church for their annual service. All these, alas, seem to be a thing of the past—autres temps, autres moeurs. Who would deny that we are much the poorer in consequence.

To one feature of its organisation Wengen has steadfastly adhered throughout the years, viz., the system whereby, at the appointed daily times, all curlers assemble “on the mat” and ballot to take part in the various games. Here is no question of favouritism of a select few. Each curler plays with the fellow curlers with whom he is drawn, irrespective of individual skill or capacity. This

does, it is true, sometimes produce odd results, but after all the unexpected is the very spice of curling and for promoting good fellowship and understanding what could be better than the “free for all”.

To catalogue those who have held office in the Club in the last half-century would be tedious and unprofitable. But the Club has been well served by many outstanding personalities and this brief record would not be complete without acknowledgement of their services, not only to the Club but to Wengen itself; and perhaps mention of one or two names may not be thought invidious. First and foremost was the “Old Man”, Allan C. Young, who, as President, guided the Club through the difficult and formative years following the First World War. Sir Percival Bates who succeeded him also exerted a powerful influence over the shaping of the Club’s affairs, as subsequently did Halford Hewitt. The latter’s name is perpetuated through his gift to the Club of the Hewitt Cup and it was characteristic of the donor, who incidentally had a strange penchant for gazing at the Mannlichen while actively skipping a rink on the ice, that one of the conditions of gift was that the Cup should be filled with some form of wine by the winner who should pass it round as a loving cup when the trophy was handed over. Happy days indeed!

The Club has been especially fortunate also in its Hon. Secretaries. The present holder of this office, W. K. Robertson—who at the time of writing combines it with that of President—together with his predecessor H. W. Foote, have between them served the Club for no less a period than 32 years with acceptance to all.

At one time it seems that there was also a Club Bard. What a pity that the post no longer exists so that the deeds and prowess of such doughty curlers could be justly acclaimed in noble verse.

A recent and welcome development remains to be recorded—the annual Wengen reunion at the Edinburgh Ice Rink sponsored with his customary enthusiasm by the present Vice-President, G. Boyd Anderson. This goes from strength to strength, so much so that Edinburgh seems almost in danger of becoming a suburb of Wengen! But the Scottish Capital can take all this in its stride and can in turn impress its character and atmosphere as the historic home of curling on all who from home and abroad journey there for the first time to take part in the great game.

And so to the next 50 years. Are they to be heralded by the erection of an artificial rink so that curling may go on regardless of adverse weather? May it be so. But may the original village rink remain inviolate and long may “Piccadilly” and the Lauterbrunnen Valley itself echo and reverberate with the cries of “Soop hard”, “Crack an egg on it”, “Never a kowe”, and all the other time-honoured expressions dear to curlers the world over.

Members' List 1961-1962

The abbreviations used after the figures giving the year of election are :

P PRESIDENT or PAST PRESIDENT. RA D.H.O. RACING ARROW.
 HM HONORARY MEMBER. S D.H.O. SILVER BADGE.
 FM FOUNDER MEMBER. GL S.C.G.B. GOLD RACING LION.
 G D.H.O. GOLD BADGE. SL S.C.G.B. SILVER RACING LION.

Will members please advise the Hon. Secretary of any errors or omissions ?

1	ADAMS, Lt.-Col., R.N., '36 S	86	BRYANT, Miss C., '60	171	CRABBE, C. B., '54
2	ADAMS, Mrs. B., '46	87	BUCKLEY, Capt E. S., '52	172	CRABBE, K. H. M., '59
3	ADAMS, John., '46	88	BULLOCK, G. P., '59	173	CRIDLAN, A. G., '58 S
4	ADAMS, T. F., '46	89	BURN, C. H., '29	174	CRIDLAN, J. G., '59
5	ADAMSON, Mrs. M. H. W., '37	90	BURNFORD, Dr. D. W., '56	175	CRITCHLEY-WARING, A., '48 S SL
6	ADAMSON, R. McK., '37	91	BURNFORD, J. M. W., '56 S	176	CROCKER, P. H., '58
7	ADDISON, John, '57	92	BURNFORD, Mrs. M. M., '60	177	CROCKER, Miss E. A., '60
8	AITCHISON, I. G., '32 S	93	BURROUGHS, J., '37	178	CROMPTON, Alan, '57 RA GL
9	AITCHISON, Mrs. N., '54 S	94	BURTON, R. M., '53	179	CROOK, Clifford, '56 S
10	AITKEN, The Hon Max, d.s.o., D.F.C., '35 S	95	BURTON, Miss S., '55	180	CROOK, Mrs. Brenda, '57 S
11	AITKEN, The Hon. Mrs. Max, '49	96	BURTON, Miss A. R., '59	181	CROOK, E. P., '58
12	AITON, W.-Cdr., J. M., '36 S	97	BUTCHART, Miss J. B., '56	182	CUTLACK, Mrs. E., J.P., '46
13	ALLAN, Mrs. J. R., '54 RA GL	98	BUTLER, Miss J. E. R., '61	183	CUMBERLEGE, L., '57 RA
14	ALLEN, Mrs. E. L., '26	99	BUTLER, Mrs. S. J., '57	184	DALY, Mrs. D. M., '36
15	AMBLER, Mrs. V., '37	100	BUXTON, G. M., '52	185	DALY, D. M., '61 S
16	ARCHER, A. G., '30	101	BUXTON, M. A., '36 S	186	d'AMBRUNENIL, D. P., '50
17	ARMSTRONG, D. F., '56	102	BUXTON, J. B., '61	187	DANE, Lt.-Cdr. P. P. R., R.N., '37
18	ASHBURNER, T. P. D., '54 G SL	103	CAMPBELL, C. W. J., '60	188	DANIELS, P. R., '61
19	ASHESHOV, Miss A. M. C., '57 RA GL	104	CAMPBELL, Lady, '34 S	189	d'ARCY, Lt.-Gen. J., C.B., C.B.E., M.C., '33 S
20	ASHTON, Miss C., '60	105	CAMPBELL-GRAY, Mrs. I., '52	190	DARRAH, N. G., '49
21	ATKINS, D. R., '61	106	CAMPBELL, JOHNSTON, G. F., '58 S	191	DARRAH, N., '50
22	BAILEY, C. P., '46	107	CAREY, D. S., '56 S SL	192	DAVENPORT, Mrs. G., '56
23	BAILEY, Mrs. I., '59	108	CAREY-WOOD, Miss P., '55 S	193	DAVIDSON, J. G., '50
24	BAKER, A., F.I.C., '36	109	CAREY-WOOD, C. J., '57 S	194	DAY, J. G., '59
25	BAKER, E. T., '38 S	110	CARR, John B., '56	195	DE KLEE, Mrs. M., '51 S SL
26	BANNISTER, Dr. M. J. R., '51	111	CARROLL, Miss B. E. M., '36 S GL	196	DENNY, R., '54
27	BARBOR, D., '60	112	CAULFIELD, B., '25 HM FM S	197	DENTON, G. A. E., '55 RA
28	BARLOW, C. S., '38	113	CAULFIELD, Mrs. V., '25 FM S	198	DERVILLE, P. L. T., '54 S
29	BARNARD-HANKEY, H. M. J., '36 S	114	CAVE, W. S., '51 S	199	DESPARD, T., '50 S
30	BARNARD-HANKEY, Mrs. H. M. J., '46 S	115	CAWTHORNE, C. B., '60	200	DE FEISSIER, I. G. D., '61
31	BARNARD-HANKEY, M., '46 G GL	116	CECIL, Hon. C., '59	201	DILNOTT-COOPER, K., '56 S
32	BARR, J. M., '53	117	CEVAT, Mrs. Dorothy, '59	202	DIXON, Mrs. M. I., '37
33	BARRACLOUGH, Major T., M.C., '55	118	CHAMIER, Lady, '57 S SL	203	DIXON, R. M., '37 HM S
34	BARRACLOUGH, Mrs. M., '55 S	119	CHAPMAN, Mrs. G., '39	204	DOBBS, W. R., '25 FM
35	BARRETT, H. E., '53 S	120	CHATELANAT, Mrs., '53	205	DOBBS, D., '58
36	BAUMAN, K., C.B.E., d.s.c., '36 S	121	CHRISTENSEN, A. P., '60	206	DOBBS, W. E., '58
37	BEALE, R. A., Sr. J., '58	122	CIVVAL, Miss C., '61	207	DOBBS, Robert, Miss E. M., '38 S
38	BEBB, Mrs. Montfort, '59	123	CIVVAL, Miss M., '61	208	DODD, Mrs. M., '51
39	BEDDINGTON-BEHRENS, S., '61	124	CIVVAL, Miss J., '61	209	DOGGART, N. A., '36
40	BEEVOR, J. R., '53	125	CLARABUT, D. S., d.s.c., '56	210	DOLLAR, D., '56 S
41	BEEVOR, A. R., '58	126	CLARABUT, Cdr. G. S. C., d.s.o., d.s.c., R.N., '55	211	DOMJAN, R. B., '59
42	BEEVOR, Miss H., '58	127	CLARE-HUNT, Mrs. F. A. R., '39	212	DONALD, D. A., '52
43	BELLERBY, G., D.F.C., '38	128	CLARK, Mrs. B., '49 S	213	DONALD, Mrs. S. C. M., '56
44	BENN, J., '58	129	CLARK, D. G., '49 S	214	DORAN-WEBB, Miss C. E., '50 RA SL
45	BENN, M. A., '57	130	CLARKE, Miss G., '59 S	215	DORAN-WEBB, Sq.-Ldr. J. E., R.A.F., '36
46	BERCKEL, D. M. van, '60	131	CLAYTON, Mrs. D., '47	216	DORAN-WEBB, F. J., '55 RA
47	BEVAN, Jones, Dr. H., '54 S	132	CLAYTON, J., '46	217	DOUGLAS, Dr. C. A., M.D., '36
48	BICKERTON, Miss G., '58	133	CLEAVER, G. N. S., '58 S	218	DOWTY, Lady, '60
49	BICKNELL, B. C., '57	134	CLOUGH, Geoffrey, '57 S	219	DREDGE, Miss E. M. A., '59 S
50	BLACKBURN, Miss J., '59	135	CLOUGH, Robert, Jr., '56	220	DREW, Col. I. S., '53 S
51	BLACKWELL, D. N., '59	136	CLYDESDALE, Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, '54	221	DREW, Mrs. A. H., '59
52	BLANDY, Miss E., '52	137	COCHRANE, H. B., '49	222	DREW, A. S. G., '57 RA
53	BLAXLAND, Cdr. R., d.s.c., '39	138	COCHRANE, Lt.-Col. J. D., '46	223	DREW, Miss V. J., '56 RA
54	BLAYNEY, Mrs. D. P., '46	139	COCHRANE, Mrs. D. M., '46	224	DRUMMOND-HAY, Miss K., '61
55	BLENKINSOP, R. P., '54 S SL	140	COGHLAN, H. St. J., '46	225	DU BOULAY, Mrs. F. H., '37
56	BLENKINSOP, Miss G. R., '54	141	COGHLAN, Mrs. M. L., '47	226	DURLACHER, R. F., '51
57	BLUM, R., '59 S	142	COGSWELL, J. J., '53	227	EDGAR, H., '55
58	BODEN, Lt.-Col., P. A. D., '51 S	143	COGSWELL, Miss S. E., '53	228	EDMONDS, B. E., '37 S
59	BOLTON-CARTER, J. F., '59	144	COLLETT, M., '54 RA	229	EDMONDS, R. E. H., '50 S
60	BOLTON-CARTER, Mrs. J. F., '56 S	145	COLLETT, N. W., '56 S	230	EDMONDS, Mrs. R. E. H., '58
61	BOONE, F. L., '49	146	COLLINS, C. D., '59	231	EDWARDS, S. L., '61
62	BORRADAILE, D. A., '59	147	COLLINS, D. R., '55 S	232	EDWARDES-KER, M., '60
63	BORRADAILE, R. G., Lt.-Col., '57 S	148	COLLINS, Miss A., '60	233	ELLIOT, Miss D., '50 HM S GL
64	BORRADAILE, Mrs. Audrey H., '57	149	COLLUM, H. R., '58	234	ELLIOT, E. L., '31 S
65	BORTHWICK, A. M., '52	150	COLMAN, K. R., '46	235	ELLIOTT, G. A., '56
66	BORTHWICK, M., '55	151	COLVILLE, H., '36	236	ELLIOTT, I. C., '56
67	BOSTOCK, Maj. N. S., M.C., '34	152	COLVIN, A. J. C., '58	237	ELLIS, Capt. G. R., '39
68	BOULTON, P., '53	153	COOKSON, Gerald, H., '57	238	EVERED, Major C., '61
69	BOURNE, Gen. Sir Alan, K.C.B., d.s.o., M.V.O., '37	154	COOPER, J., '61	239	EWBANK, M. H., '46
70	BOWLEY, Major G. M. S., '58	155	COOPER, Captain P., '46	240	FAIRLEY, Miss J., '52
71	BOYD, Mrs. J., '25 FM S	156	COOPER, R. H., '56	241	FANGHANEL, P. F. W., '46 RA
72	BOYD, R. D., '55	157	COPELAND, D. R. M., '54 S	242	FARRINGHAM, A. D., '55
73	BOYES, C. R., '58	158	COPELAND, R. S. G., '54 S	243	FARRINGTON, Miss M. W., '58 G GL
74	BRADLEY, Miss C., '46	159	COQ, Mrs. J. le, '49	244	FELTHAM, W. H., '35
75	BRANDON, M., '57	160	CORLETT, P., '56	245	FERGUSON, C. M., '36 S
76	BRASHER, C. W., '52	161	CORNELIUS, R. S., '36	246	FERGUSON, L., '49
77	BRECKNOCK, Earl of, '53 S	162	CORNWALL-LEGH, Miss J., '59	247	FINLAYSON, F. W., '61
78	BROCK-HOLLINSHEAD, R., '59 S	163	CORY, R., '61	248	FINNIGAN, B. W., '29
79	BROOKS, E. B., '51	164	COTTON, P. E., '58	249	FIRTH, C., '51
80	BROWN, C. E., '29	165	COTTRELL, R. P., '61	250	FISH, D. H., '37
81	BRUCE, Mrs. E. M., '53	166	COUSSMAKER, Miss N., '55	251	FISH, Mrs. D., '37
82	BRUNEAU, A., '61	167	COWAN, Lt. P. B., R.N., '37	252	FISHER, Sir John, '36
83	BRUNEAU, Miss A., '61	168	COWDY, Miss N., '55 S	253	FISHER, I. C. S., '54
84	BRUNEAU, D., '61	169	COX, N. D., '39	254	FLETCHER, K., '55
85	BRUNEAU, R., '61	170	COX, Mrs. T. R., '59	255	FOLLETT, Miss T., '58 S
				256	FORBES, Col. Sir J., Bart., d.s.o., d.l. '55

- 257 FOSTER, D. K. D., '46 S
258 FOSTER, N. J. D., '55
259 FOSTER, K. D., '25 *HP FM S*
260 FOSTER, Mrs. K. D., '36
261 FOX, Mrs. J., '31
262 FOX, J. W. R., '46 S
263 FOX, T. R., '26 *P HM G*
264 FREEMANTLE, H. R., '55 S
265 FRYE, J., '54
266 FRYER, G. W. L., '54 *RA GL*
267 FULLERTON, Ma, R. A. D., '28 *P S*
268 FURNIVAL, Miss J., '46
269 GABRIEL, R. P., '57
270 GALICA, Miss D., '60 *RA*
271 GALPIN, Miss J., '55 S
272 GARDINER, N. W., '28
273 GARDINER, P. J., '51
274 GARDNER, C. E., '30
275 GARDNER, H. P., '36 S
276 GARDNER, Dr. N. H. N., '50 *G GL*
277 GARDNER, Mrs. N. H. N., '54 S
278 GARDNER, L. L. le P., '55
279 GARDNER, R. E., D.S.C., '33 *G GL*
280 GARNHAM, F., '38
281 GARTHWAITE, W. F. C., '46
282 GASKELL, Mrs. G. G., '36
283 GASKELL, S., '36
284 GASKELL, Vaughan, '57
285 GIBBONS, P. E., '46
286 GIBBONS, Miss P. F., '46
287 GIBBS, Air Marshal Sir Gerald, K.B.E.,
C.I.E., M.C., '37
288 GIDDINGS, Miss A. H., '52
289 GIDDINGS, I. P., '59
290 GIDDINGS, C. J., '51
291 GIDDINGS, R., '49 S
292 GILBERT, R. J., '60
293 GILES, M. V. SL., '58
294 GILL, M. O., '36 S
295 GILLHAM, H. F., '53 S
296 GILLIGAN, A. E. R., '29 *HM S*
297 GILLIGAN, Mrs. A. E. R., '28 S
298 GILLIGAN, A. H. H., '27 S
299 GILLIGAN, Mrs. A. H. H., '36
300 GLADSTONE, Miss J., '56
301 GLOVER, H. N., '38
302 GODFREY, R. H., '38 S
303 GOLDSMITH, E. J. K., '39 S
304 GOLDSMITH, Mrs. E. J. K., '51
305 GOLDSMITH, T. J., '50
306 GOMME, D., '55
307 GORDON, Mrs. G., '58
308 GORDON-CUMMING, A. R., '59
309 GORDON-LENNOX, G., '56 S
310 GOWRIE, Earl of, '55
311 GRAHAM, Miss M., '55
312 GRAHAM, J. O., '61
313 GRAHAM, Mrs. J. O., '61
314 GREEN, H. S., '32
315 GREEN, Mrs. S. E., '51
316 GREENLEES, H. S. K., O.B.E., '52
317 GREGSON, J. M. A., '58
318 GREIG, Mrs. M., '57
319 GRIFFITHS, W. H., '56
320 GRIFFITHS, Mrs. W. H., '56
321 GUNNING, Mrs. P., '54
322 HACKETT, R. S., '60
323 HADOW, Maj. H. R., '36
324 HAINES, Mrs. J. R. S., '36
325 HALL, A. A., '36
326 HALL, W.-Cdr. H. W., M.C., '34 *P S*
327 HALL, M. J., '52
328 HAMILTON-SHARP, G., '55
329 HAMILTON-SMITH, D. B., '56
330 HAMILTON-SMITH, N. L., '33
331 HAMILTON-SMITH, P. L., '30 S
332 HAMPTON, E. F., '60
333 HAMPTON, E. R. D., '59 *RA*
334 HANBURY-TENISON, A. R., '61
335 HANKEY, Mrs. H., '36
336 HANKEY, Major T. S. d'A., '29
337 HANKIN, Mrs. S. R., '57
338 HARARI, P., '55
339 HARBERN, G. W., '54
340 HARFORD, P. S., '53
341 HARGREAVE, J. M., '54
342 HARRIS, W., '58
343 HARRIS, Miss J. W., '60
344 HARRISON, E. J., '37
345 HARRISON, Air V.-Marshal, R., C.B.,
C.B.E., '37 S
346 HART, Miss D. A., '61
347 HART, Lt.-Col. L. E. O. T., O.B.E., '61 S
348 HART, O. W., '61
349 HAWKER, Mrs. A. R., '51
350 HAWKER, Miss C. S., '36
351 HAYWARD, R. MCL., '54 *RA*
352 HAYWARD, Mrs. R. MCL., '52 *RA GL*
353 HAYWOOD, T. C. S., '53
354 HEAD, Mrs. Doris B., '53
355 HEALD, M. W. B., '39 *RA SL*
356 HEALD, S. A., O.B.E., '39 S
357 HEALD, Mrs. S. A., '39
358 HEALD, Miss T. E., '58 *G GL*
359 HEATH, I., '60
360 HEATH, B., '60
361 HEBDEN, M., '59
362 HEBDEN, Air Commodore, W. S. (Rtd.)
'59
363 HELLER, P. L., '60 S
364 HENDERSON-HAMILTON, J. C., '36
365 HENDERSON-HAMILTON, C. J., '59
366 HENSMAN, Mrs. R. F. B., '51 S
367 HEPBURN, Mrs. J. A., '51
368 HEPWORTH, Mrs. P. M., '31 *RA SL*
369 HEYMAN, T. R., '61
370 HIGHAM, B., '52
371 HILL, Mrs. C. L., '49
372 HILLEARY, R., '53 S
373 HILLEARY, Mrs. R., '52 *G GL*
374 HILLS, Capt. M. P., '51
375 HILTON-JONES, G., '60
376 HILTON-JONES, Miss D., '60
377 HINDE, Miss V., '59
378 HOARE, M. R., '59
379 HOARE, R., '36 *RA*
380 HOARE, Miss R. A., '59
381 HOARE, Mrs. R., '49 S
382 HOBHOUSE, R. O., '55 S
383 HOGG, J. C., '61
384 HOLDERNESSE, J. B. W., '46
385 HOLE, J. R., '57
386 HOLLINGSWORTH, R. D., '50 S
387 HOLLINGTON, A. J., '57 S
388 HOLLINGTON, Mrs. A. J., '57 S
389 HOLT, Dr. L., '48 S
390 HOYLE, Mrs. H., '60
391 HUGGINS, P. S., '46
392 HUGHES, Mrs. J., '53
393 HULSE, E. S. W., '52 S
394 HUNT, P. de Vere, '60 S
395 HUNTER, Miss A., '56 S
396 HURST-BROWN, A. D., '55 S
397 HUTCHESON, A. D., '49
398 ILLINGWORTH, Lt.-Col. G. H., M.B.E.,
'51 S
399 ILLINGWORTH, Mrs. G. H., '55 S
400 ILLINGWORTH, M. A., '58 S
401 ILLINGWORTH, M. H., '46
402 ILLINGWORTH, Miss M. M., '59
403 IRVINE, Mrs. R., '55
404 IRVINE-FORTESCUE, Maj. H., '51 *RA GL*
405 IRVINE-FORTESCUE, Miss M. A., '58
406 IRVINE-FORTESCUE, Lt.-Col. W. G., '52
407 IRVINE-FORTESCUE, Mrs. W. G., '52 S
408 IRVINE-FORTESCUE, W. A., '58
409 IRWIN-BROWN, R., '51
410 JAMIESON, Miss H., '60
411 JAMIESON, Mrs. H. M., '58
412 JAMIESON, Miss S., '56 S
413 JAMIESON, Miss V., '56
414 JAMIESON, D., '58 S
415 JANSON, J., '49 S
416 JANSON, H., '57
417 JARVIS, Sir Adrian, Bart., '34 *P S*
418 JARVIS, F. A., '57 S
419 JOANNIDES, J. A., '47 S *GL*
420 JOEL, L. G., '39
421 JOHNSTON, P., '56
422 JOHNSTON, Mrs. P., '55 S
423 JOHNSTON, W. S., '50 S
424 JOHNSTONE, C. W., '55
425 JONES, G. A. C., '55
426 JONES, P. H. I., '54
427 JONES, Mrs. E. L. M., '38
428 KEDDIE, P. F. M., '54
429 KELLY, W. J., '57
430 KEMBALL-PRICE, A., '57
431 KEMSLEY, The Rt. Hon. Lord, '51 *HM S*
432 KENNARD, Mrs. J. R., '51
433 KENNAWAY, W. A. L., '56 *RA*
434 KENNEDY, A. M., '61
435 KENNEDY, Miss J., '52
436 KENTISH, Major B. L., '59
437 KENWARD, Mrs. B., '50 *HM S*
438 KENYON, Miss V. W., '57
439 KESSLER, W. D. H., '31 *G GL*
440 KESSLER, Mrs. W. D. H., '31 S *GL*
441 KILLWICK, Mrs. V. M., '36
442 KING, Mrs. B., '61
443 KING, D. F., '58
444 KING, Miss M. J., '58
445 KIRBY, Mrs. M., '39
446 KIRKPATRICK, Y. J., '33 S
447 KIRWAN-TAYLOR, J., '51
448 KIRWAN-TAYLOR, P., '47 *RA GL*
449 KNOWLES, Miss G. N., '37
450 LACOSTE, G., '49
451 LAING, Miss H., '54 S *GL*
452 LAKEMAN, J. A., '58 S
453 LANCASTER, J. M., '49
454 LANE, C., '57 S
455 LANE, G., '59 S
456 LANG, H., '50 S
457 LANG, Mrs. L. M., '50
458 LATHAM, A. H., '53 S
459 LAVERS, A. G., '55 S
460 LAWRENCE, G. G., '49
461 LAWRENCE, Miss H., '60
462 LAWRENCE, T. P., '61
463 LEARMOND, P. A., '55
464 LEATHAM, Dr. A., '61
465 LEISE, Miss H., '39
466 LEGARD, Lt.-Col. F., '54 S
467 LEONARD, J. T., '39
468 LESLIE, Lady, '55
469 LEWIN, Capt. R. O., '46
470 LEWIS, Mrs. L. A. F., '60
471 LEWIS, Sqn. Ldr., P. H. T., '60
472 LEWIS, Miss P., '55
473 LEWIS, E. P., '30 *G GL*
474 LIDDELL, P. D. O., '39
475 LIDDELL, Miss V. S. A., '59
476 LILLEY, R. P., '51
477 LILLEY, W. G., '52
478 LIMBERT, Mrs. D. H., '37
479 LIMBERT, I. R., '29 S
480 LIMBERT, N. A., '29 S
481 LIMBERT, N. J. R., '38 S
482 LINNELL, M. J., '61
483 LONSDALE, N., '61
484 LOWINSKY, M., '52 S
485 LUND, H. N., '56
486 LUNN, Sir Arnold, '31 *HM S*
487 LUNN, Maj. P. N., '30 *HM G GL*
488 LYDALL, E. H., '54
489 LYLE, Dr. T. K., '46
490 LYON, E. R., '56
491 MABANE, The Rt. Hon. Sir William, P.C.,
'49
492 MACANDREW, Lt.-Col. J. O., '36
493 MACDOUGALL, C. L., '37 S
494 MACDOUGALL, Mrs. I. V., '37
495 MACINNES, Mrs. E. M., '52
496 MACKAY, The Lady Lucinda, '58
497 MACKINTOSH, Mrs. C. E. W., '49
498 MACKINTOSH, C. E. W., '46 *G GL*
499 MACKINTOSH, C. R. D., '53 *G GL*
500 MACKINTOSH, Douglas, '46 *RA GL*
501 MACKINTOSH, Mrs. Ian, '51 S
502 MACKLIN, Miss L. E., '56
503 MACKLIN, Mrs. R. E., '55
504 MACKLIN, P. T., '55
505 MACKLIN, R. W., '55
506 MACLEAN, Commander H. C., '59
507 MACMILLAN, Miss S., '60 S
508 MAHER, G. V., '46
509 MAHER, Mrs. G. V., '46
510 MALKIN, L. S., '53
511 MALKIN, P., '53
512 MALKIN, Miss S., '53
513 MANUEL, J. G., '52 S
514 MARCUARD, Mrs. H. N., '54 S
515 MARIS, R. M., '49
516 MARIS, R. W., '60
517 MARSH, Maj. H. R. W., '39
518 MARSH, P. J. P. W., '36
519 MARTINEAU, M., '36
520 MARTINEZ, A. F., '52
521 MARX, Mrs. M., '49 S
522 MASON, Dr. R. M., '52 *RA*
523 MASON, J., '60 *RA*
524 MATHEWSON, Dr. J. G., '59
525 MCARTHUR, J. G., '61
526 MCCARTHY, H. C., '38
527 MCCORMICK, I. W., '58 *RA SL*
528 MCCORMICK, N. A., '58
529 MCCOWAN, Dr. W. H., '53
530 MCCOWAN, Mrs. D. E. E., '54
531 MCCOWAN, M. O., '53
532 MCCOWAN, D. H. E., '54
533 MCCUTCHEON, S. W., '54
534 McGRATH, B. H., '58
535 McMULLEN, F. A., '39
536 McKANE, T. O., '55
537 McLAGAN, Miss J. G., '59 S
538 McNAIR, Sir Douglas, M.B.E., '36
539 McNEIL, D., '59
540 MIALI, R. A., '57
541 MICHELL, D. R., '59
542 MILLER, A. J., McC., '55
543 MILLER, M. R., '59
544 MILLER, Miss S. M., '59
545 MILLER, H. D. T., '49
546 MILLER, Miss M. E., '57 S
547 MILLIGAN, Lt.-Col. J. L., '55 S
548 MILLS, D. C. B., '51

549 MINOPRIO, F. H., '53
 550 MINOPRIO, M. R., '57
 551 MINOPRIO, Miss M., '53
 552 MINTER, J., '59
 553 MITCHELL, A. M., '59
 554 MITCHELL, Miss M., '59
 555 MITCHELL, A. N., '59
 556 MITCHELL, Mrs. B., '55
 557 MITCHELL, C. A. J., '59 RA
 558 MITCHELL, Col. Sir, H., Bart., '36 S
 559 MOLLET, P. C. P., '56 S
 560 MONTEITH, Mrs. Michael, '61
 561 MOORE, Lt.-Col. D., '39
 562 MORANT, S. N. G., '59
 563 MORGAN, E. C., '56
 564 MORGAN, N. G., '56
 565 MORLAND, R., '57
 566 MORRIS, J. H., '59
 567 MORRISON-BELL, Sir C., '46
 568 MORRISON-SCOTT, T. C. S., '34 S
 569 MORTON, G. T., '33 S
 570 MORTON, Mrs. J., '33
 571 MUIRHEAD, Mrs. N., '51 S
 572 MULHOLLAND, Mrs. D., '59
 573 MULHOLLAND, M., '59
 574 MULLEN, L. E., '56
 575 MURPHY, Miss S. M., '55 S
 576 MURPHY, Miss P., '58 RA SL
 577 MURRAY, Mrs. D. N. T., '54 S GL
 578 MUSKER, J. H. L., '38
 579 MUSSON, A. R., '52
 580 MYLES, Maj. R. B., M.C., '60
 581 NEALE, R. K., '38
 582 NEEDHAM, J. G., '30 S
 583 NELSON, P. H. M., '59
 584 NESBITT, Miss J., '39
 585 NEVILLE, Miss M., '54
 586 NEWALL, Miss B., '60
 587 NEWBURY, G. C., '50
 588 NEWMAN, Lt.-Col. G. C., '36 S
 589 NEWMAN, Mrs. N. M., '52
 590 NICHOLSON, Mrs. D., '60
 591 NICHOLSON, R. R. V., '56
 592 NIEMEYER, A. J. T., '59
 593 NORWELL, P. S., '59
 594 NORWELL, Mrs. E. M., '59
 595 NUENT, Mrs. P., '55 S
 596 ODLING, Col. C. J., T.D., '25 P FM HM
 597 O'GORMAN, G., '55
 598 O'HALLORAN, Miss J. Z., '61
 599 OHLSON, C. M., '56 S
 600 OHLSON, T. G., '55
 601 ORR, R. G., '33
 602 OWSLEY, C. H., '50 S
 603 PAINE, G. A., '61
 604 PAINE, R. J., '61
 605 PALETHORPE, R. H. I., '49
 606 PARKER, Captain T., '46
 607 PANTER, D., '59
 608 PARNELL, Hon. C. P., '56 S
 609 PARNELL, J. D., '51
 610 PARRINGTON, C. R., '37
 611 PARRINGTON, Miss H. M. K., '37
 612 PARRINGTON, R. F. C., '37
 613 PARSONS, Mrs. Angela, '54 RA SL
 614 PASSMORE, T. S., '53
 615 PASSMORE, Mrs. J., '53
 616 PATERSON, J. C., '37
 617 PAUL, K. R., '60
 618 PAXTON, G., '49 HM S
 619 PAXTON, P. G., '54
 620 PAXTON, Mrs. G. N., '29 S
 621 PAXTON, J. N., '50
 622 PAXTON, Miss P., '58
 623 PAYNE, G. D., '53
 624 PAYNE, H. F., '52
 625 PAYNE, R. H., '52
 626 PEACOCK, D. I., '29 S
 627 PEARSON, M. B., '58
 628 PENMAN, W. G. S., '56
 629 PENNEFATHER, J. K. K., '33
 630 PERKIN, R. D., '46
 631 PERSHKE, M., '61
 632 PERTWEE, C. F., '55 S
 633 PERTWEE, J. F., '55
 634 PERTWEE, N. F., '51 S
 635 PETRE, B., '58 S
 636 PETRE, Miss C., '57 RA GL
 637 PETRE, M., '58 S
 638 PHILLIPS, Dr. T. B. W., '51 S
 639 PINCKNEY, Mrs. B., '50 S
 640 PINCKNEY, Dr. C. P., '46
 641 PINCKNEY, D., '60 S
 642 PIROUET, J., '57 RA
 643 PLUMMER, G. D. G., '50
 644 POLLOCK, G. F., '46 RA SL
 645 PORTWAY, Miss D. L. M., '58
 646 POTTS, H. G., '36
 647 POWELL, Mrs. G., '50
 648 PRINS, J., '52 S
 649 PROCTER, Miss S., '55 S
 650 PUXLEY, H. W. L., '37 S
 651 PYMAN, M. F., '39
 652 PYEMONT, C., '60
 653 PYEMONT, Miss C., '60
 654 QUILTER, T. E. C., '53 S
 655 QUILTER, W. R. C., '55
 656 RADCLIFFE, S., '53
 657 RAEBURN, Brigadier W. D. M., '60 S
 658 RAEBURN, Mrs. W. D. M., '61 G GL
 659 RAEBURN, Miss P. M., '59 S
 660 RAMPTON, J. M., '54 S
 661 RAMSAY, A. G. P., '51 S
 662 RAMSAY, A. W., '61
 663 RANKIN, H. D., '46 S
 664 RANKIN, J. M. N., '49 S
 665 RANKIN, H. P. D., '51
 666 RANKIN, Mrs. H. P. D., '46 S
 667 RANKIN, P. N., '57 S
 668 RATCLIFF, J. G., '59
 669 RAVENSCROFT, G., '30 S
 670 RAYNSFORD, Capt. A. E. M., R.N. (Ret'd.) '59 S
 671 RAYNSFORD, Mrs. J., '51 S
 672 RAYNSFORD, R. W., '59
 673 REICHWALD, Mrs. A. H., '55 S
 674 REICHWALD, O. F., '55
 675 REICHWALD, P., '55 S
 676 RENDAL, Mrs. E. G., '57
 677 RICHARDS, Mrs. B., '46
 678 RICKABY, W., '61
 679 RICKABY, Mrs. W., '61
 680 RIDDELL, Mrs. J., '29 G GL
 681 RIES, Mrs. E. M. B., '38
 682 RIGBY, A. J., '57 RA SL
 683 RITCHIE, D. F., '54
 684 ROBERTS, Mrs. P. H., '58
 685 ROBERTSON, H. F., '52
 686 ROBERTSON, Mrs. S., '52
 687 ROBERTSON, T. P. V., '60
 688 RODGER, Mrs. M., '56 S
 689 ROE, J. W., '59
 690 ROGERS, M. S., '46 S
 691 ROGERS, R. S., '36 S
 692 ROGERS, Mrs. R. S., '36 S
 693 ROGERS, S. S., '37 S
 694 ROGERS, T. S., '49 S
 695 ROGERS, Mrs. T. S., '59
 696 ROSTRON, K. W. B., '49
 697 ROWELL, H. M., '36
 698 ROWELL, W. A., '36 S
 699 ROYLE-BANTOFT, F. N., '57 S
 700 RUDYERD-HELPMAN, Miss N., '37 S
 701 RUSSELL, D. V., '50 RA
 702 RUTLAND, F. E., '60 S
 703 SALM, Miss E. A., '61
 704 SALM, R. P., '56 RA SL
 705 SANDAY, P. D., '48
 706 SANDERSON, Miss R., '57
 707 SCHMIEGLOW, Miss P. K., '56
 708 SCOTT, J. L., '54
 709 SCOTT, Miss M. M. L., '59 RA
 710 SCOTT-AITON, Miss M., '57
 711 SCOTT-HOPKINS, Major J. S. R., '55
 712 SCOTT-NOBLE, Lt.-Col. J. R., '39 S
 713 SCRIMGEOUR, S. J., '56
 714 SEGER, E., '52
 715 SEIFFERT, Miss B., '59 S
 716 SELBY, P. M., '46
 717 SELIGMAN, P. W., '57
 718 SELIGMAN, R. M., '54 S
 719 SELWYN, A. P., '54
 720 SEMPLE, Mrs. H., '49
 721 SEMPLE, H. B., '54
 722 SEVERNE, Capt. M. M. W., '37
 723 SEYMOUR, D. L., '59 S
 724 SHANE-SUMMERS, Miss D., '54
 725 SHAW-HAMILTON, A. E., '61
 726 SHAW-HAMILTON, M. V., '61 S
 727 SHAW-STEWART, Mrs. J. W. A., '52 S
 728 SHEARLING, Mrs. J., '39 G GL
 729 SHELTON, R. H., '37
 730 SHEPPARD, C. E., '57
 731 SHERGOLD, M. J., '61
 732 SHEWELL, M. G., '52
 733 SIMON, A. L., '52
 734 SIMS, Miss C. M., '54 G GL
 735 SKIPWITH, Mrs. L., '36
 736 SKYRME, T. W. C., C.B.E., T.D., J.P., '54
 737 SMITH, Mrs. K. C., '37 S
 738 SMITH, Miss L. M., '58
 739 SMYTHE, Miss Pat., '52
 740 SPAULL, P. A., '54 RA
 741 SPAULL, Miss E. A., '54 S
 742 SPENCE, J. D., '57
 743 SPICE, G., '57
 744 SPIRA, Mrs. M., '50 RA SL
 745 SPROT, H., '56
 746 STAFFORD, H. J. W., '33
 747 STARES, Miss C. M., '59
 748 STEBBING, Mrs. P. S., '58 S
 749 STEDHAM, Major J. E. C., '36
 750 STEED, G. P., '56
 751 STEPHENSON, Miss P. J., '51
 752 STERN, Mrs. D., '54
 753 STOCKWELL, Mrs. B., '39 S GL
 754 STOKER, K., '26
 755 STONE, H. E. M., '56
 756 STRADLING, G.-Capt. A. H., '49
 757 STRONG, Mrs. L. W., '49
 758 STRONG, Miss F. J., '55 RA
 759 STROUD, C., '56
 760 STROUD, Mrs. E. F., '28 S
 761 STURGESS, C. M. T. M., '54
 762 SUDLEY, The Lady, '46
 763 SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, Earl of, '56 S
 764 SUMMERS, Mrs. S., '37
 765 SUMNER, A. J., '56
 766 SUTCLIFFE, J., '53 S
 767 SUTCLIFFE, Miss J., '53
 768 SVEJDAR, F. V., '57 S
 769 SVEJDAR, Lady Honor, '59
 770 SWINDELLS, G. M. G., '54
 771 SWIRE, Mrs. H., '54
 772 SYDENHAM-CLARKE, T. S., '61 S
 773 SYKES, Major H. H., '58
 774 SYKES, J. H. A., '58 RA
 775 TAYLOR, Sir Charles, M.P., '39 S
 776 TAYLOR, J. E. J., '34 S
 777 TAYLOR, Dr. H. McC., '55 S
 778 TAYLOR, J. A., '55 RA
 779 TAYLOR, Mrs. J., '55 S
 780 TAYLOR, J. J. K., '60 S
 781 TAYLOR, W. R., '36
 782 TEDDER, Marshal of the R.A.F., Lord, G.C.B., '50 HM
 783 TEDDER, Lady, '50 HM
 784 THOMPSON, E. W., '38
 785 THOMPSON, Miss J. A., '51
 786 THOMSON, F. D., '58
 787 THOMSON-GLOVER, Maj. P., M.C., '38
 788 THORNTON, Mrs. B., '54 RA SL
 789 THORNTON, K., '49
 790 THORP, H. M. B., '59 S
 791 THORPE, Mrs. R., '36
 792 TITE, I. D. C., '54 S SL
 793 TOLHURST, J. E., '54
 794 TOLHURST, Miss D., '54
 795 TOPHAM, A. M. R., '34 S
 796 TOPHAM, Miss P., '34 S
 797 TORIN, Miss P., '58 S
 798 TRAPMAN, J. A., '49
 799 TREDINNICK, N. W., '36
 800 TROURBRIDGE, Lt. P., R.N., '53
 801 TRUMPER, P., '52
 802 TUFNELL, C. J. R., '49 S
 803 TULLOCH, E. A. W., '61
 804 TURNBULL, J. H. S., '55 S
 805 TURNER, M. P., '50
 806 TYNAM, M. J., '49
 807 UPTON, M. J., '56
 808 VALLANCE, M. B., '55
 809 WADDILOVE, Miss S., '53
 810 WADE, Mrs. A., '53
 811 WADHAM, Lt.-Col. E., '38
 812 WADLEY, P. J. H., '60
 813 WAGHORN, Mrs. A. L., '60
 814 WAGHORN, J. D. D., '60
 815 WAGNER, P. J., '50 S
 816 WAKEFIELD, Sir Wavell, M.P., '51 S
 817 WALDUCK, H. N., '29 S
 818 WALDUCK, R., '61
 819 WALDUCK, H. S., '49 S
 820 WALDUCK, Mrs. H. S., '52
 821 WALDUCK, Richard, '58
 822 WALDUCK, Tom, '58
 823 WALKER, Miss P., '60
 824 WALKER, M. R. O., '59
 825 WALLACE, A. M., '55
 826 WALLROCK, J., '39
 827 WARD, Lt.-Col. R. E. H., M.C., '37
 828 WARLAND, Lt.-Col. G. E. J., '53
 829 WARMOLL, B. P., '57
 830 WATKINS, A. T., '49
 831 WATSON, Miss A., '61
 832 WAUGH HARRIS, Miss S. J., '61
 833 WEBB, Mrs. Clarkson, '51 S
 834 WEBSTER, J., '53 S
 835 WEINER, Maj. J. M., '51 S
 836 WELFER, P. H., '61
 837 WESTBY, E. A. C., '46 S
 838 WESTON, Mrs. E. M., '59
 839 WHEELER, J. P., '46
 840 WHITE, A. R. M., '58

- 841 WHITE, Brig. C. J., m.c. '25 P FM S
842 WHITE, G. C., '56
843 WHITE, Miss H. M., '58
844 WHITE, N. M., '61
845 WHITE, R. H., '55
846 WHITEHEAD, M. J. C., '54
847 WHITELEY, E. R., '57
848 WHITELEY, R. F., '46
849 WHITLEY, A. P. C., '51 S
850 WHITLEY, Miss E., '52 RA SL
851 WHITLEY, J. D. R., '51
852 WHITLEY, J. S., '52 RA SL
853 WHITTING, Major F. le G., '59
854 WHITTING, P. F., '59
855 WHYTE, J., '59
856 WILKIN, Miss W. E., '36
857 WILKINSON, D. G. B., '59
858 WILKINSON, L. D., '57
859 WILLES, D. W., '46 S
860 WILLES, G., '59
861 WILLIAMS, Mrs. P., '60
862 WILLIAMS, S. L., '60
863 WILLIAMS, S. C. D., '60 S
864 WILLIAMSON, I. A., '57
865 WILLIAMSON, R. B., m.B.E., '46
866 WILLIS, Mrs. J., '38 S
867 WILLOUGHBY, Colonel M. F. V., '56 S
868 WILLOUGHBY, Mrs. N. W., '56 S
869 WILSON, A. T., '30
870 WILSON, Maj. K. P. L., '36
871 WILSON, Dr. M. A., '57 S
872 WILSON, O. F., '48 S
873 WILSON, Dr. T. H., '51
874 WINDUS, Miss S., '58
875 WITHER, J., '50
876 WITHINSHAW, P. K., '55
877 WITTS, G. A., '61
878 WOLFSON, V. H., '38
879 WOODWARD, G. P. S., '56 S
880 WREY, Lady, '59
881 WYATT, Col. J. D., '54
882 YOUNG, Mrs. P. M., '59
883 YOUNGHUSBAND, Mrs. J. M., '46
884 ZWANENBURG, H. van, '38
885 ZWANENBURG, J. van, '50
886 ZWANENBURG, R. M. A. van, '55
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- 887 ABBUHL-BORTER, Fr. M. L., '47 HM S
888 ASPER-BOLLETER, Fr. W., '49
889 AYER, R., '53 S
890 AYER, Mrs. R., '54 S
891 BEAUMANN, A., '47 HM S
892 BELDI, A., '50 HM S
893 BERGAUD, Mlle. L., '58
894 BERKHAUSER, Miss N., '58
895 BLASKOPF, H., '59
896 BORGERHOFF-MULDER, R. L. G., '51
897 BORGERHOFF-MULDER, Mme. R. L. G., '51
898 BORTER, F., '25 HM FM S
899 BORTER, Fritz Jurg, '47 HM S
900 BORTER-GAILLARD, Mme. M., '55 HM S
901 BRADFORD, S., '50
902 BRUNER, Franz, '51 S
903 BUHLMANN, E., '50 HM S
904 BURGERHOUT, D., '61
905 CEVAT, D. H., '59
906 CONNOR, Mrs. S., '46
907 COVA, A., '57
908 DEVOLZ, A., '53
909 EDWARDS, A. R., '37 S
910 EWING, Mrs. Carolin, '58
911 FRIE, Hert Direktor, G., '48 HM S
912 FUCHS, Karl, '46 HM S
913 FUCHS-GERTSCH, Mrs. E., '61 HM
914 GALLAGHER, C. M., '58
915 GERTSCH, Ernst, '30 HM S
916 GERTSCH, O., '52 HM S
917 GILTAY, J., '60
918 GILTAY-NYSSSEN, Mrs. Leni, '60
919 GRAF, F., '61 HM S
920 HAUSER, Fr. G., '55
921 JAEGER-STEIGER, Frau Irene, '50 S
922 KERRY, R. J., '56
923 KONZETT, B., '48 HM S
924 LAUENER, Stephan, '49 HM S
925 LAUGHLIN, J., '50 S
926 LEHMANN, P., '46 HM S
927 LEHNER, Frau Dr. R., '51 S
928 MAUERHOFER, A., '50 S
929 MAUERHOFER, Dr. Med. Herbert, '51 S
930 MAUERHOFER, R., '50 S
931 METSCHIK, N., '50 S
932 MICHEL, G., '61 HM S
933 MITARACHI, C., '58
934 MOLITOR, Karl, '46 HM S
935 MOLITOR-MEYER, Frau A., '60 HM S
936 MONTALTO OF FRAGNITO, Ruggero, '56
- 937 MUSSAT, H., '36 HM S
938 OETIKER, Frau Dr., '36 HM S
939 OETIKER, Frau Dr. Zus., '39 HM S
940 PERLER-GLOOR, Heinz, '56 HM S
941 PHILIPPI, Mrs. J. S., '55
942 RAMUS, C. L., '53 S
943 REINERT, J., '48 HM S
944 REINERT, Mlle. M., '48 HM S
945 RIDDER, H., '52 HM S
946 ROTHSCHILD, Mme. la Baronne Guy de, '55
947 RUBI, Adolf, '37 HM S
948 RUBI, Mme. A., '37 HM S
949 RUBI, Christian, '30 HM S
950 SHAW, A., '54 S
951 SIEBER-FEHR, Mme. U., '52 S
952 STAGER, Fritz, '52 HM S
953 STAGER, Werner, '61 HM
954 STOFFER, H., '36 HM S
955 STRATEN-WAILLET, Baroness van der, '36
956 TERLINDEN, Max, '57 S
957 TERLINDEN, Rosa, '57 S
958 VAN DE STEEN DE JEHAY, G., '55 S
959 VOGUE, Comte G. de, '33 S
960 VOGUE, Comtesse, G. de, '33 S
961 VON ALMEN, F., '29 HM S
962 VON ALMEN, Mme. F., '36 HM
963 VON ALMEN, F., Jr., '49 HM S
964 VON ALMEN, Mme. F., Jr., '49 HM S
965 VON ALMEN, H., '52 HM S
966 VON ALMEN, K., '57 HM S
967 VON ARX, Dr., '53 HM
968 WEID, B. van der, '38
969 WILEY, J. J., '37 HM S
970 YOUNG, Nathaniel J., Jr., '57
971 ZAHND, Dr. C., '32 HM S
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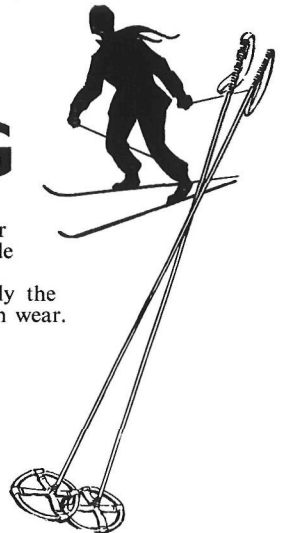
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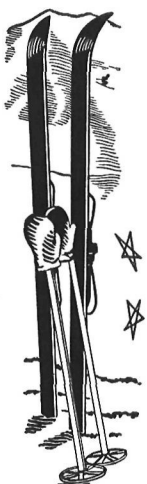
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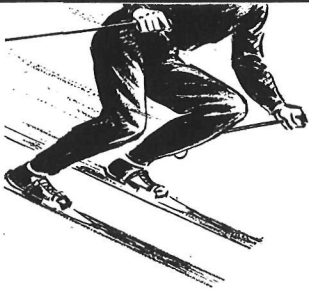
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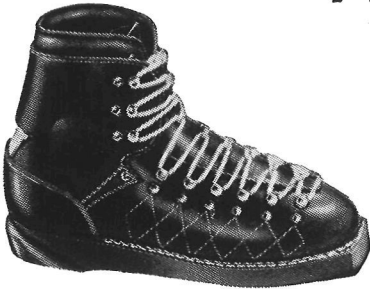


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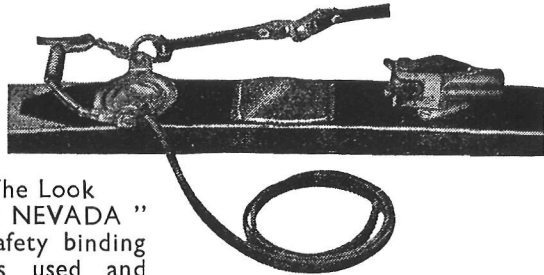
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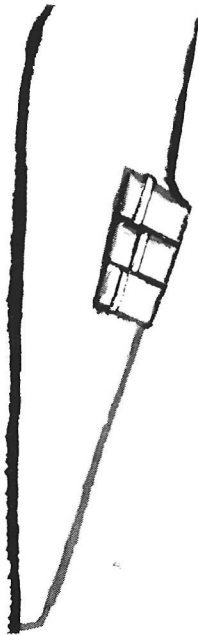
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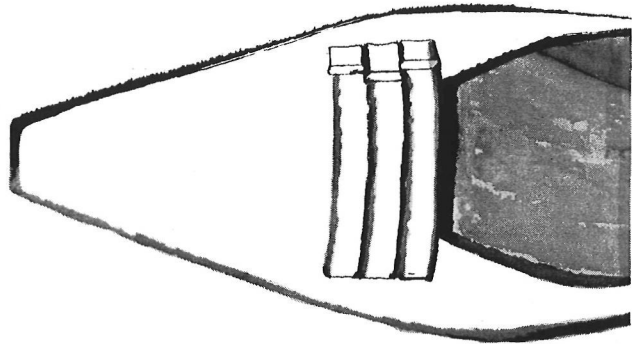
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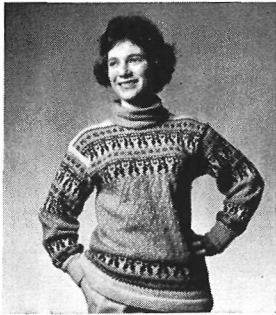
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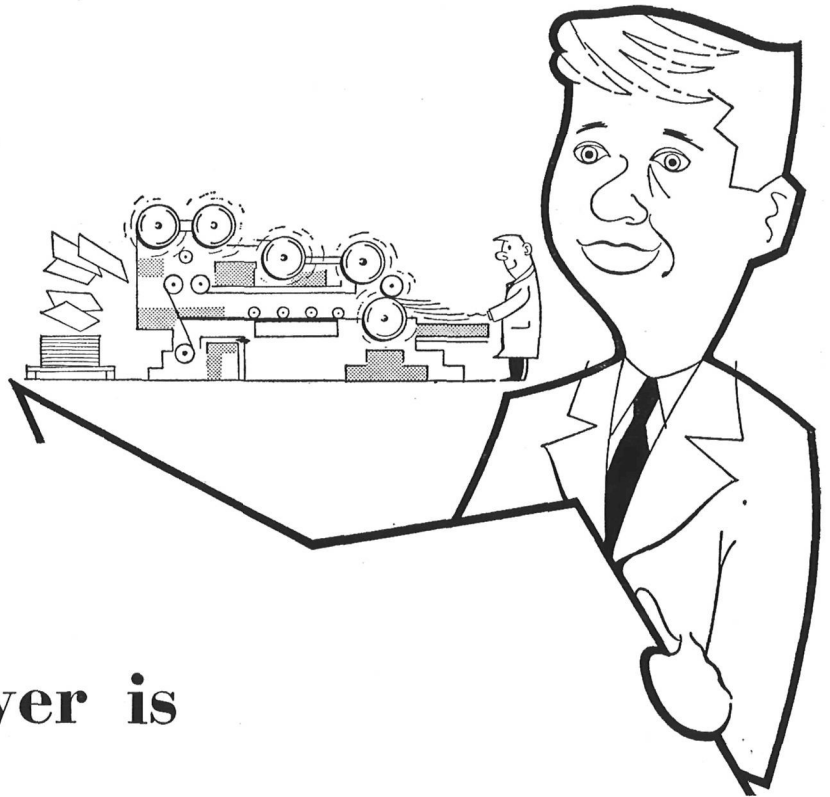
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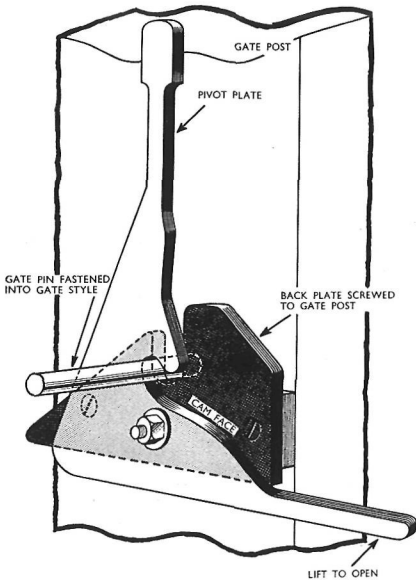
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378/381 The Dower House, Doggersfield, Hants.
382 The Old Manor House, Letcombe Regis, Wantage, Berks.
383 2 Upper Harley St., London, N.W.1.
384 54 Rutland Gate, London, S.W.7.
385 The Hermitage, Shelton Park, Shrewsbury.
386 Archer Hall, Standon, nr. Ware, Herts.
387/388 Great Hayes, Stow Maries, Chelmsford, Essex.
389 18 Halliwell St., Chorley, Lancs.
390 Holdsworth House, Holmfield, Halifax, Yorks.
391 Summerfold Cottage, Pitch Hill, nr. Cranleigh, Surrey.
392 Timbers, Willingdon, Sussex.
393 Breamore House, Breamore, Hants.
394 4 Kensington Square, London, W.8.
395 Huntingtower Field, Almond Bank, Perthshire.
396 Norney Cottage, Eashing, nr. Godalming, Surrey.
397 5 Oswald Rd., Edinburgh, 9.
398/400 Bouchiers Hall, Aldham, Colchester, Essex.
401 Boreham Lodge, Boreham, Chelmsford, Essex.
402 Bouchiers Hall, Aldham, Colchester, Essex.
403 Brooklands House, Follifoot, nr. Harrogate, Yorks.
404 Tittensor Cottage, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.
405/408 Brentwood, Beldside, Aberdeenshire.
409 c/o Barclays Bank, Haslemere, Surrey.
410/414 Grove Rd., West Ferry, Dundee.
415/416 Seabank, Seafort, Hayling Island, Hants.
417 Admirals Walk, Pirbright, Surrey.
418 High Elms House, Harpenden, Herts.
419 10 Highbury Rd., Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.
420 Holly House, Bakewell, Derbys.
421/422 Flowton Priory, Harpenden, Herts.
423 Milland House, Liphook, Hants.
424 c/o Lloyds Bank, Cox & Kings, 6 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
425 14 Oriel Crescent, Scarborough, Yorks.
426 41 Beech Hill Rd., Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.
427 Manston House, Sturminster Newton, Dorset.
428 Winton Haw, Church End, Rochford, Essex.
429 Martinden, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.
430 20 Mallory Rd., Hove, Sussex.
431 Chandos House, Queen Anne St., London, W.1.
432 c/o Barclays Bank, Chichester.
433 Not known.
434 5 Pentland Avenue, Colinton, Edinburgh.
435 75 Swan Court, Chelsea, S.W.3.
436 The Lawn House, Kelvedon, Essex.
437 c/o The Queen, Burtleigh St., London, W.C.2.
438 The Laurels, 243 Manchester Rd., Accrington, Lancs.
439/440 26 Moore St., London, S.W.3.
441 Whispers, Hill Brow, Hove, 4, Sussex.
442 22 Ave. Miremont, Geneva, Switzerland.
443/444 New Lodge, Anslow, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.
445 22 Drayton Court, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10.
446 The Ulster Club, Belfast, N. Ireland.
447 4 Reeves House, Reeves Mews, London, W.1.
448 The Grove House, Alveston, nr. Bristol.
449 c/o Midland Bank, Henley-on-Thames.
450 Godfreys, Broxted, Dunmow, Essex.
451 39 Egerton Gardens, London, S.W.3.
452 High Branches, Collington Rise, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.
453 11 View Rd., Highgate, N.6.
454 Ashton, Peterborough, Northants.
455 12 Petersham Place, London, S.W.7.
456/457 Grandon Lodge, Holmwood, Surrey.
458 39 Tite St., London, S.W.3.
459 Mannings Wood, Westerham, Kent.
460 Little Easton Manor, Dunmow, Essex.
461/462 Farnborough Rectory, Wantage, Berks.
463 53 Cadogan Lane, Belgrave Sq., London, S.W.1.
464 75 Albert Drive, London, S.W.19.
465 52 Gordon Place, London, W.9.
466 The Leat House, Maltot, Yorks.
467 c/o Barclays Bank, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.
468 57 Yeomans Row, London, S.W.3.
469 c/o Drummonds Bank, 49 Charing Cross, London, W.C.
470/471 22 Castlehill Rd., Belfast, 4.
472 19 Chesham Mews, London, S.W.1.
473 27 Egerton Gardens, London, S.W.3.
474 c/o Dunlop Rubber Co. (S.S.) Ltd., Far East Dept., St. James St., London, S.W.1.
475 18 Ladbroke Grove, London, W.11.
476/477 St. Anton, Sandhurst Close, Sanderstead, Surrey.
478/480 21 Palmeira Avenue, Hove, Sussex.
481 24 Collington Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea.
482 9 Talbot Rd., Oxford.
483 41 Chelsea Square, London, S.W.3.
484 Guards' Club, 16 Charles St., London, W.1.
485 Holywch House, Cowden, Kent.
486 c/o S.C.G.B., 118 Eaton Square, London, S.W.1.
487 Westminster Bank, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.
488 Fairlawn, The Glade, Kingswood, Surrey.
489 6 Chesterfield St., Mayfair, London, W.1.
490 8 Rue Gustave Flaubert, Paris, 17e.
491 Lamb House, West St., Rye, Sussex.
492 South Park, Ayr, Scotland.
493/494 West Lodge, Hempstead Rd., Watford, Herts.
495 Mark Ash, Abinger Common, Surrey.
496 Chemin des Oches, 29 bis, Pully (Vaud), Switzerland.
497 Primrose Cottage, Holyport, nr. Maidenhead, Berks.
498 18 Half Moon St., London, W.1.
499 c/o Pacific Petroleum Co., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.
500 Maitlands, nr. Brockville, Ontario, Canada.
501 c/o H.Q., N.R. Police, P.O. Box 203, Lusaka, N. Rhodesia.
502/504 c/o Midland Bank, Library Place, St. Helier, Jersey, C.I.
505 c/o Lloyds Bank, St. Helier, Jersey, C.I.
506 Westfield House, Elgin, Scotland.
507 9 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.
508/509 Ballinskeele, Ennisecorby, Wexford, Eire.
510/512 24 Grinwade Avenue, Croydon, Surrey.
513 10 Belleisle Avenue, Uddington, Glasgow.
514 29 Dufourstrasse, Berne, Switzerland.
515/516 The Old Rectory, Alwalton, nr. Peterborough, Northants.
517 Cherry Hill, 50 Arbrook Lane, Esher, Surrey.
518 30 Plats Lane, London, N.W.3.
519 Lessworth, Esher, Surrey.
520 86 Sloane St., London, S.W.1.
521 37 Sussex Lodge, Sussex Place, London, W.2.
522/523 44 Harley House, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.
524 The Oake House, Fleet, Hants.
525 New Zealand Embassy, Paris.
526 4 Barton St., Westminster, London, S.W.1.
527/528 New Hall, Sutton, Rochford, Essex.
529/532 Finchampstead House, Berks.
533 c/o Barclays Bank, Bradford.
534 20 Hertford St., London, W.1.
535 The Nies, Craigavon, Co. Downe, N. Ireland.
536 High St., Dunmow, Essex.
537 Little Rissington, Nutbourne, Pulborough, Sussex.
538 Horseford Lodge, E. Worlington, Crediton, Devon.
539 Hazelhurst, Wisborough Green, Sussex.
540 Lower Sharnon, Mayfield, Sussex.
541 Cloudhills, Clifton Rd., Parkstone, Dorset.
542/544 Windlebrook House, Windesham, Surrey.
545 Wates House Farm, Layham, nr. Hadleigh, Suffolk.
546 43 Percy Gardens, Tynemouth, Northumberland.
547 Leacroft, Noctorum, Birkenhead, Ches.

- 548 c/o Barclays Bank, Gerrards Cross.
549 Hesse Wall House, Walbrake, Hesse, Ches.
550 The Old Mill House, Coln St. Aldwyns, Glos.
551 120 Wigmore St., London, W.1.
552 Cheshunts, Boxted, nr. Colchester.
553 Ferry Reach, St. George's, Bermuda.
554 15 Magdala Crescent, Edinburgh.
555/557 c/o Westminster Bank, Sanderstead, Surrey.
558 Marshalls Island, Bermuda, B.W.I.
559 Orchard House, Nailsea, Som.
560 Cranley, Cleghorn, Lanarkshire.
561 c/o Lloyds Bank Ltd., 114 High St., Kensington, W.8.
562 Royden Manor, Brockenhurst, Hants.
563 Fullerton, Andover, Hants.
564 9 Thorney Court, London, W.8.
565 Wick Hollow, Glastonbury, Som.
566 Parc Arthur House, Cadole, Mold, Flintshire.
567 Highgreen Tasset, Hexham, Northumberland.
568 Upperfold House, Fernhurst, Sussex.
569/570 Fritwell Manor, nr. Bicester, Oxon.
571 The Old Vicarage, West Anstey, S. Molton, Devon.
572/573 The Grange, Muckamore, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.
574 37 Rutland Gate, London, S.W.7.
575/576 Sweffling, Grateley, nr. Andover, Hants.
577 Phillimore Lodge, Allen St., London, W.8.
578 c/o Lloyds Bank, Pall Mall, London.
579 c/o Mrs. Brigstocke, c/o Barclays Bank, 137 Brompton Rd., S.W.3.
580 Carnbeg, Dundalk, Eire.
581 Fontley Weston, Hitchin, Herts.
582 Flat 2, Gordon House, Ridgemont Rd., Sunningdale.
583 Brockhampton Grange, Andoversford, Glos.
584 c/o Midland Bank, Westminster, S.W.1.
585 c/o Barclays Bank, Earls Court Road, London, S.W.5.
586 South Eggardon House, Askerswell, Dorchester.
587 20 Albion Gate, Hyde Park, London, W.2.
588 Fairfield Hall, Braintree, Essex.
589 The Strawberry Tree, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey.
590 Wallop House, Nether Wallop, Stockbridge, Hants.
591 Chesterwood Grange, Haydon Bridge, Hexham, Northumberland.
592 Waterton House, Ampney Crucis, nr. Cirencester, Glos.
593/594 Luncarty Cottage, Luncarty, Perthshire.
595 Willards Farm, Dunsfold, Surrey.
596 Crown Wharf, 132 New North Rd., London, N.1.
597 The Square House, Peppard, Oxon.
598 Flat 6, 53 Rutland Gate, London, S.W.7.
599/600 32 Stafford Court, Kensington High St., W.8.
601 9 Heyington Place, Toorak, Victoria, Australia.
602 United States Resident Delegation and Consulate General, Geneva, Switzerland.
603/604 2 South Parade, Summertown, Oxford.
605 Aston Cottage, Claverley, Wolverhampton.
606 6 Cadogan Court, Draycott Avenue, London, S.W.3.
607 c/o Carritt Moran & Co. Ltd., Fort Cochin, S. India.
608 West Farm, Ebbesbourne Wake, Dorset.
609 Little House, Braywick Rd., Maidenhead, Berks.
610/612 Backwood Hall, Neston, Ches.
613 The Abbey House, Buildwas, Ironbridge, Salop.
614/615 28 Astell St., London, S.W.3.
616 77 Charlotte St., Glasgow, C.1.
617 Whitcombe, Dorchester, Dorset.
618/619 195 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1.
620/622 Berry Narbor, Devonshire Avenue, Amersham, Bucks.
623 The Tudor House, Underriver, Sevenoaks, Kent.
624 Bull House, Bull Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.
625 Field Barn, Broughton, Kings Lynn, Norfolk.
626 c/o Midland Bank, Kensington High St., W.8.
627 24 Enmore Rd., Putney, S.W.15.
628 Itchenor Ship Yard, nr. Chichester, Sussex.
629 Penn Lodge, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.
630 Manor Place, Wanborough, nr. Guildford, Surrey.
631 19 Orchard St., Chichester, Sussex.
632/634 Westridge, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex.
635/637 27 Avenue d'Albigny, Annecy, France.
638 Cokes Lane House, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
639 Plush, Dorset.
640/641 76 Albert Hall Mansions, London, S.W.7.
642 Rose Farm House, Mapledurham, Reading, Berks.
643 c/o Bank of West Africa, 37 Gracechurch St., London, E.C.3.
644 Applegarth, The Hildens, Westcott, nr. Dorking, Surrey.
645 33 Millington Rd., Cambridge.
646 42 Charterhouse Chambers, Charterhouse Square, London, E.C.1.
647 The Grange, Pulloxhill, Beds.
648 St. Martins, Guernsey, C.I.
649 Eastwick Manor, Hatlow, Essex.
650 Langley End, nr. Hitchin, Herts.
651 3 Park Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2.
652/653 White Lodge, Willingdon, Sussex.
654/655 Poplar Tree Farm, Copdock, Ipswich.
656 Imberley Lodge, E. Grinstead, Sussex.
657 Muir House, Tidworth, Hants.
658 c/o Lloyds Bank, Cox & Kings Branch, 6 Pall Mall, S.W.1.
659 c/o Lloyds Bank, 6 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
660 Gort Lodge, Petersham, Richmond, Surrey.
661 5 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.
662 20 Caroline Place, London, W.2.
663/664 Broomhills Rochford, Essex.
665/666 Little Stambidge Hall, Rochford, Essex.
667 The Byeway, Helensburgh, Scotland.
668 Widney Cottage, Knowle, Warwicks.
669 Lodgelands, Balcombe, Sussex.
670/672 6 St. James's Terrace, London, N.W.8.
673/675 Hill Top, Butley, nr. Prestbury, Ches.
676 Warren Court, Mapledurham, Reading, Berks.
677 St. Josephs, Herongate, Essex.
678/679 Falcon Lodge, Newmarket, Suffolk.
680 17 Hyde Park Gardens Mews, London, W.2.
681 c/o Lloyds Bank, Camberley, Surrey.
682 Mariville, Princes St., Durham City.
683 Kings College, Cambridge.
684 Hoggetts End, Bishops Stortford, Herts.
685 Crogen, Llandrillo, Merioneth, N. Wales.
686 The Manor, Barton Mills, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.
687 Oaklands House, W. Lavington, Midhurst, Sussex.
688 Lassams, Selborne, nr. Alborn, Hampshire.
689 51 Capel St., Dublin, Eire.
690 Redgrove Cottage, Fiddlers Green Rd., Cheltenham.
691 15 Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.2.
692 71 Portland Place, London, W.1.
693 Sampford Farm, Sampford, Arundel, nr. Wellington, Som.
694/695 52 Cumberland Mansions, Seymour Place, London, W.1.
696 Penquite, Lelant, nr. St. Ives, Cornwall.
697/698 Knotfield, Douglas, I.O.M.
699 Boyton Knoll House, nr. Woodbridge, Suffolk.
700 Brokenbrow, Kings Rd., Fleet, Hants.
701 30 Egerton Crescent, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.
702 Chalet Prairial, Fontanivent, S/Clarens-Montroux, Switzerland.
703/704 Fairacres, Graffham, Sussex.
705 The White House, Rotherfield, Sussex.
706 Summerhayes, North Ferriby, Yorks.
707 Woodland Court, Hartopp Rd., Four Oaks, Warwicks.
708 70 Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater, W.2.
709 13 Clevedon Gardens, Glasgow, W.2.
710 24a Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, London, S.W.1.
711 c/o Westminster Bank, Brompton Square, London, S.W.3.
712 Wood Norton, Hawick, Roxburghshire.
713 c/o Barclays Bank, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.
714 62 Cholmley Gardens, London, N.W.6.
715 12 Hans Crescent, London, S.W.1.
716 Penybanc, Buckland, Surrey.
717 Ridge Farm, Capel, nr. Dorking, Surrey.
718 Ridge Farm, Capel, nr. Dorking, Surrey.
719 Roman Sands, Fitzgerald Avenue, Seaford, Sussex.
720/721 Glengarrig, Kilmalcolm, Scotland.
722 22 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.
723 4065 Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal 25, Canada.
724 Thenford, nr. Banbury.
725/726 North Cray Rectory, Sidcup, Kent.
727 Linplum House, nr. Haddington, East Lothian, Scotland.
728 Sweffling, Grateley, Andover, Hants.
729 Stock Exchange, London, E.C.2.
730 75 Clarewood Court, Crawford St., London, W.1.
731 Red Mullions, London Rd., Headington, Oxford.
732 The Mount, Ifield, Crawley, Sussex.
733 Hoe Farm, Hascombe, Surrey.
734 6 Astell House, Astell St., London, S.W.3.
735 Springfield, Bideford, N. Devon.
736 16 North Court, Gt. Peter St., London, S.W.1.
737 Cockshut, Reigate, Surrey.
738 92B Ranmoor Rd., Sheffield, 10.
739 Miserden House, nr. Stroud, Glos.
740/741 El Carmen, Warren, Ontario, Canada.
742 Coopers Bridge, Bramshot, nr. Liphook, Hants.
743 Wintney Court, Hartley Wintney, Hants.
744 Plush, Dorset.
745 Stravithie Mains, St. Andrews, Scotland.
746 Graingingfold Farm, Billingshurst, Sussex.
747 Bridge House, Britford, nr. Salisbury, Wilts.
748 46 Porchester Rd., Bayswater, London, W.2.
749 c/o Lloyds Bank, Montpelier, Cheltenham, Glos.
750 Finglesham, Deal, Kent.
751 29 Warnborough Rd., Oxford.
752 Chorlton House, Backford, nr. Chester.
753 Hartwell, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.
754 Normans Hall, Prestbury, Ches.
755 Dalveen, Park View Rd., Woldingham, Surrey.
756 4 Parkway, Rotton Manor, Willingdon, Sussex.
757/758 47 Cholmeley Lodge, Highgate Hill, N.6.
759 148 Purley Oaks Rd., Sanderstead, Surrey.
760 c/o Westminster Bank, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.
761 Laleham, Horsell Rise, Woking, Surrey.
762 53 Lyall Mews, London, S.W.1.
763 Charlton Park, Malmesbury, Wilts.
764 Thenford House, Banbury, Oxon.
765 Camp End, St. Georges Hill, Weybridge, Surrey.
766/767 Houghton Hall, nr. Carlisle, Cumberland.
768/769 Clonsilla Stud, Co. Dublin, Eire.
770 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, B.F.P.O. 16.
771 7 Ennismore Garden Mews, London, S.W.7.
772 Hildesley, Old Woking Rd., Woking, Surrey.
773/774 7 Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.
775 51 Cadogan Square, London, S.W.1.
776 Absaloms, Underriver, Sevenoaks, Kent.
777/779 197 Huntingdon Rd., Cambridge.
780 51 Cadogan Square, London, S.W.1.
781 11 Chelsea Embankment, London, S.W.3.
782/783 26 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3.
784/785 Gatacre Park, nr. Bridgnorth, Shropshire.
786 Holylee, Walkerburn, Peeblesshire.
787 c/o District Bank, Old Bond St., London, W.1.
788 Little Easton Manor, Dunmow, Essex.
789 Woodside Cottage, Windsor Forest, Berks.
790 Stonehurst, Hibbert Lane, Marple, Cheshire.
791 c/o W. A. Rowell, Knottfield, Douglas, I.O.M.
792 Larchgrove, North Woodchester, Stroud, Glos.
793/794 Shoebury Cottage, Shoebury, Essex.
795 32 Ebury St., London, S.W.1.
796 c/o Westminster Bank, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
797 Platcock, Fortrose, Ross-shire, Scotland.
798 c/o Westminster Bank, Crawley, Sussex.
799 Warren Lodge, Newbury, Berks.
800 Oakshott, Hawley, Liss, Hants.
801 Sowton Barton, Dunsford, nr. Exeter.
802 Pinbury Park, Sapperton, Cirencester, Glos.
803 Gillespie, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire.
804 Reidhaven, Grantown-on-Spey, Morayshire, Scotland.
805 c/o National Provincial Bank, Staines.
806 13 Brookfield Rd., Bedford.
807 42 Rednal Rd., Kings Norton, Birmingham.
808 Thornton Hall Farm, Bradford, Yorks.
809 Clos du Ruisseau, Territet, Switzerland.
810 Fontley Weston, Hitchin, Herts.
811 c/o Lloyds Bank, Tidworth, Hants.
812 Myrtle Cottage, Lymington, Hants.
813/814 Manor Farm, Astwood Bank, Worcestershire.
815 Toat Farm, Itchingfield, Sussex.
816 32 Upper Brook St., London, W.1.
817/818 Lower Woodside, Hatfield, Herts.
819/822 Long Meadow, Woodside Lane, Hatfield, Herts.
823 Parsonage Farm, Henfield, Sussex.
824 Newark Castle, Ayr, Scotland.
825 Endrick Lodge, Stirling, Scotland.

- 826 5 Curzon Lodge, Curzon Place, London, W.1.
827 Coverack, Southmeads Rd., Leicester.
828 100 Ebury St., London, S.W.1.
829 Haileybury College, Hertford, Herts.
830 Marlow Lodge, Marlow, Bucks.
831 South Court, Queens Hill, Ascot, Berks.
832 Pontesford House, Shropshire.
833 32 Upper Brook St., London, W.1.
834 Westwood Farm, Ollerton Rd., Tuxford, Newark, Notts.
835 Cavalry Club, 127 Piccadilly, London, W.1.
836 11 Chantry View Rd., Guildford, Surrey.
837 Trehedry, Peterston-super-Ely, Glamorgan.
838 c/o Midland Bank, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.
839 Bockingfold Manor, Marden, Kent.
840 Roslyn, Sutton Park Rd., Redhill, Surrey.
841 Point Cottage, Porth Navas, Falmouth, Devon.
842 9 Lindisfarne Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
843 Roslyn, Sutton Park Rd., Redhill, Surrey.
844 601 Nell Gwynn House, Sloane Avenue, London, S.W.3.
845 Moorbank, Ilkley, Yorks.
846 15 Stafford Mansions, Stafford Place, S.W.1.
847/848 75 Clarewood Court, Crawford St., London, W.1.
849/852 56 London Rd., Chelmsford, Essex.
853/854 Little Orchard, Shalford, Surrey.
855 Kayell, 2 Westfield Rd., Beaconsfield, Bucks.
856 c/o Barclays Bank, Byfleet West, Surrey.
857/858 Brook, nr. Godalming, Surrey.
859 The Old Rectory, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
860 The Croft, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
861/863 Crouchiers Farm, Apuldram, nr. Chichester, Sussex.
864 c/o Williamson Balfour & Co., Cassilla 118D, Santiago, Chile.
865 Baker's Barn, Codmore Common, High Wycombe, Bucks.
866 47 Markham Square, London, S.W.3.
867/868 c/o Glyn Mills & Co., Whitehall, London, S.W.1.
869 c/o Midland Bank, Cornhill, London, E.C.3.
870 The Pheasant, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
871 11 The Comyns, Bushey Heath, Herts.
872 5 Queen's Elm Parade, Old Church St., London, S.W.3.
873 6 Carlisle Rd., Eastbourne, Sussex.
874 Truleigh Manor, Henfield, Sussex.
875 Awthirk, Stranraer, Scotland.
876 Wern Menai Bridge, Anglesey.
877 Parklands, Leigh Woods, Bristol, 8.
878 c/o Barclays Bank, 1 Pall Mall, S.W.1.
879 Llandough Castle, Cowbridge, Glam.
880 Tawstock, nr. Barnstaple, N. Devon.
881 Hurst Barton, Martock, Som.
882 Little Hill Cottage, Harpsden, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.
883 Westminster Bank, Southsea, Hants.
884 The Arches, Wargrave-on-Thames, Berks.
885 20 Belvedere Rd., Ainsdale, Southport, Lancs.
886 Highfield, Virginia Water, Surrey.
887 Seestrasse, 91, Zollikon, Switzerland.
888 Viktoriast. 117, Wabern, B.E. Switzerland.
889/890 Bar Harbour, Maine, U.S.A.
891 Photo Bauman, Wengen, Switzerland.
892 Hotel Siberhorn, Wengen, Switzerland.
893 1 Rue Jacques Jachond, Fribourg, Switzerland.
894 15 Elisabethenstrasse, Basel, Switzerland.
895 16a Pedder Rd., Bombay 26, India.
896 Not known.
897 Not known.
898/900 Palace Hotel, Wengen, Switzerland.
901 Allen Farm, Meriden, Connecticut, U.S.A.
902 Hotel Kreuz, Wengen, Switzerland.
903 Park Hotel, Wengen, Switzerland.
904 Duindigt 3, Den Haag, Holland.
905 114 Rue Pasreur, St. Aubin-S-Mer, Calvados, France.
906 5724 Bradley Boulevard, Bethesda, Maryland, U.S.A.
907 Falken Hotel, Wengen, Switzerland.
908 18 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris, 7e.
909 3 Hamilton Place, Park Lane, London, W.1.
910 Villa Nova, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
911 Wengernalp Bahn, Interlaken, Switzerland.
912/913 Hotel Eiger, Wengen, Switzerland.
914 Via E. de Amicia, 28, Milan, Italy.
915 Central Sports House, Wengen, Switzerland.
916 Wengen, Switzerland.
917/918 Heideweg 7, Blaricum, Holland.
919 Wengen, Switzerland.
920 Muhlebachstrasse 41, Zurich, Switzerland.
921 Wehrlweg 4, Muri, Berne, Switzerland.
922 c/o Department of State, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.
923 Hotel Bellevue, Onnens Vaud, Lake of Neuchatel, Switzerland.
924 Wengen, Switzerland.
925 Meadow House, Norfolk, Connecticut, U.S.A.
926 Hotel Metropole, Wengen, Switzerland.
927 Allewinder 4, Lucerne, Switzerland.
928/930 10 Dufourstrasse, Berne, Switzerland.
931 25 Belpstrasse, Berne, Switzerland.
932 Schloss Unterseen, Interlaken, Switzerland.
933 Lausanne Palace Hotel, Lausanne, Switzerland.
934/935 Wengen, Switzerland.
936 Villa Fioravanti, Bellosguardo, Florence, Italy.
937 Ski Club de Paris, 127 Av. des Champs Elysee, Paris.
938 Wengen, Switzerland.
939 c/o Palace Hotel, Wengen, Switzerland.
940 Hotel Bernerhof, Wengen, Switzerland.
941 5221 Schaefer Rd., Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A.
942 Brookside, Ewen, nr. Cirencester, Glos.
943/944 Villa Madeleine, Meggen, Lucerne, Switzerland.
945 Chalet Viglino, Wengen, Switzerland.
946 21 Avenue Foch, Paris, France.
947/949 Wengen, Switzerland.
950 513, 12th Street, Juneau, Alaska.
951 Attisholzbet Solothurn.
952 Guide, Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland.
953 Hotel Oberland, Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland.
954 Regina Hotel, Wengen, Switzerland.
955 Le Long Pont, Grand Leez, Brussels.
956/957 Alteld Strasse 39a, Kusnacht, Zurich, Switzerland.
958 Jehay, Belgium.
959/960 Hotel de Vogue, Dijon, Cote d'Or, Dijon, France.
961/964 Scheidegg Hotel, K. Scheidegg, B.O., Switzerland.
965 Wengen, Switzerland.
966 Scheidegg Hotel, K. Scheidegg, B.O., Switzerland.
967 Wengernalp-Jungfrau Bahn, Interlaken, Switzerland,
968 Boulevard de Perolles, Fribourg, Switzerland.
969 The Microchemical Speciality Co., 1834 University Avenue, Berkeley, 3, California.
970 47 Pinckney Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
971 Kurverein Office, Wengen, Switzerland.
972 Eaton House, Duffield, Derby.
973 Silvermere, 35 Harestone Valley Rd., Caterham, Surrey.
974 Devonshire Club, St. James' St., London, S.W.1.
975 Millbuis, Gogarbank, Edinburgh, 12.
976 c/o Glyn Mills & Co. Ltd., Kirkland House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.
977 27. Ennismore Gardens, London, S.W.7.
978 The New House, Boreham Street, nr. Hurstmonceaux, Sussex.
979 24 Albert Rd., Watford, Herts.
980 Dormers, Sketty, Swansea.
981/982 Parkside, Welwyn, Herts.
983 Broad Lodge, Bracknell, Berks.
984 Bushey House, Bushey, Herts.
985 Brookside, Chefford Rd., Macclesfield.
986 Old Rectory Farm, Oakham, Ripley, Surrey.
987 Cotton House, Rugby School, Rugby.
988 The Plantation, Quarndon, Derbyshire.
989 Kingston House, Winnington Rd., London, N.2.
990/991 19 Lawrie Park Avenue, Sydenham, London, S.E.26.
992 Ashfield House, Boston Spa, Yorks.
993 Chilsham Green Farm, Hurstmonceaux, Sussex.
994 George Hotel, Inverary, Argyll.
995 c/o Barclays Bank, Crowthorne, Berks.
996 The Limes, Marks Tey, Colchester.
997 Public Works Dept., Aden.
998 East Grinstead Vicarage, E. Grinstead, Sussex.
999 103 Abbotsbury Rd., Holland Park, London, W.14.
1,000 Minety House, Malmesbury, Wilts.
1,001 5 Trinity College, Dublin.
1,002 Threeacres, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim.
1,003/1,004 The Spinney, 268 Myton Rd., Warwick.
1,005 28 Frithwood Avenue, Northwood, Middlesex.
1,006 Drakelowe House, nr. Burton-on-Trent.
1,007 Dovercourt, Hurworth-on-Tees, Darlington.
1,008 Queen's Gate Lodge, Elvaston Place, London, S.W.1.
1,009 Highdown, Whydown, Bexhill.
1,010 c/o Barclays Bank, Egham, Surrey.
1,011 22 Boghily Rd., Kirkcaldy, Fife.
1,012 c/o H.E. Holdings Ltd., Blackfriars House, London, E.C.4.
1,013 703 Beatty House, Dolphin Square, London, S.W.1.
1,014 c/o Midland Bank, Mount St., London, W.1.
1,015 22 Worcester Crescent, Woodford Green, Essex.
1,016 32 Cheyne Court, S.W.3.
1,017 36 Newlands Avenue, Radlett, Herts.
1,018 Kildonan, Isle of Elgg, Inverness-shire, Scotland.
1,019 Tunstall Manor, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham.
1,020 2 Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.
1,021 Longford Hall, Newport, Shropshire.
1,022 Dooks, Glenbigh, Co. Kerry.
1,023 20 Harley Street, London, W.1.
1,024 Timbers, Church St., Willingdon, Eastbourne, Sussex.
1,025 Crewe House, Alveston, Glos.
1,026 Burnside, Rickwell Valley, Sidmouth.
1,027 Rose Farm, Burrow Hill, Chobham, Surrey.
1,028 12 Rectory Chambers, Old Church St., London, S.W.3.
1,029 Ashton, Peterborough, Northants.
1,030 Moorings, Beaulieu Rd., Cooden, Sussex.
1,031 Edenshead, Fife.
1,032 The Paddocks, Tutshill, Chepstow, Mon.
1,033 Barth, 164 Aldwick Rd., Bognor Regis, Sussex.
1,034 Meribel, Quarry Rd., Oxted, Surrey.
1,035/1,036 Ivy House, Inverary, Argyll.
1,037 Brimpton House, Brimpton, Reading, Berks.
1,038 Bucklands, Furze Hill, Kingswood, Surrey.
1,039/1,040 36a Inverleith Place, Edinburgh, Scotland.
1,041 Brightwell, Beaconsfield, Bucks.
1,042/1,043 11 Cleveland Row, St. James's, London, S.W.1.
1,044 North Bank Buildings, Crieff, Perth.
1,045 Woodlands, Church Vale, London, N.2.
1,046 Fritwell Manor, Biester, Oxon.
1,047/1,048 38 Lancaster Avenue, Hadley Wood, Barnet, Herts.
1,049 South Eggardon House, Askerswell, Dorchester.
1,050 Dunvarlich, Aberfeldy, Perthshire, Scotland.
1,051 Old Knowles, Camberley, Surrey.
1,052/1,053 Backwood Hall, Heston, Ches.
1,054 Longhurst, Hascombe, Godalming, Surrey.
1,055 72 Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, London, S.W.6.
1,056 Manor House, Barkway, Royston, Herts.
1,057 Fairlie House, Kilmarnock, Scotland.
1,058 Imberley Lodge, E. Grinstead, Sussex.
1,059 Brookside, Ewen, nr. Cirencester, Glos.
1,060 46 Wish Hill, Willingdon, Eastbourne, Sussex.
1,061 c/o Barclays Bank, 1 Pall Mall East, S.W.1.
1,062 Norton Cottage, Yarmouth, I.O.W.
1,063 c/o Midland Bank, Library Place, St. Helier, Jersey, C.I.
1,064 West Thorpe, Cheviot View, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
1,065 Strathallon Castle, Auchterarder, Scotland.
1,066 Merton Lodge, Narkington, Canterbury, Kent.
1,067 Hotel d'Angleterre, Geneva, Switzerland.
1,068 Crogen, Llandrillo, Merioneth.
1,069 The Ross, Hamilton, Scotland.
1,070 The Hey House, Lapworth, Warwicks.
1,071 The Bumbles, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.
1,072 Winloed, Pangbourne, Berks.
1,073 Dulargy House, Ravensdale, Co. Louth, Eire.
1,074 Grey Gables, Charlton Park Gate, Cheltenham, Glos.
1,075 Sawdrie Close, Hoby, nr. Leeds.
1,076 17 Bedford Mansions, Deringate, Northants.
1,077 Whitehouse Farm, Warninglid, Sussex.
1,078 Old Blari, Blair Atholl, Perthshire.
1,079 Harps, Bishops Stortford.
1,080/1,081 340 West End Lane, London, N.W.6.
1,082 12 Furness Rd., Eastbourne, Sussex.
1,083 Cutt Mill House, Puttenham, Surrey.
1,084 Endrick Lodge, Stirling, Scotland.
1,085 The Manor House, East St., Bovey Tracey, S. Devon.
1,086/1,087 The Highlands, Northallerton, Yorks.
1,088/1,089 Penketh Lodge, Warrington, Lancs.
1,090 The Thatched House, Fishbourne, Chichester, Sussex.

